

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
BRITISH POETS

FROM THE TIME OF
CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

BY
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It appeareth that Poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and delectation

Lord Bacon

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler hopes and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight in endless lays.

Wordsworth.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Committee of Public Instruction having experienced the difficulty of procuring a Poetical Class-book for the more advanced students of the Hindu College and other similar institutions under their superintendence, I was requested to prepare a new work especially adapted to the purpose. The scheme of the present publication was accordingly laid before them and it was honored by their approval. Mr. Macaulay, who was then President of the Committee, favored me with several hints of which, with a few exceptions, I readily availed myself, and since his return to England, I have been in occasional communication on the subject of the work with his successor, Sir Edward Ryan, at whose desire I have added to the original plan the Biographical and Critical Notices which precede the Selections. I sincerely wish that his excellent suggestion had been turned to a happier account. But the task required more literary leisure, research, and meditation than occasional sickness, and daily duties which could not be interrupted, permitted me to bestow upon it. It was not until the Poetical Selections had nearly passed through the press that I commenced upon the prefatory notices, and there was then so much impatience manifested in different quarters to obtain the work that I fear I have made more haste than is quite compatible with a due regard for my own credit. In this "City of Palaces," works of reference are not easily obtained, and sometimes to avoid delay I have been compelled to pass over a point on which a little research might have thrown a

new light*. Rather than keep the press waiting, I have sometimes allowed a sheet to pass through my hands without a sufficiently deliberate revisal, and every literary man is aware how often a hasty alteration without a careful consideration of the context may mar both the sense and grammar. But with all their imperfections, of which no one can be more painfully sensible than I am, I cannot help thinking that such a connected series of miniature memoirs of all our best poets from the dawn of our literature to the present period will materially enhance the value of the work, and be highly interesting to the young Hindu student, who would find it impossible to meet elsewhere with a similar chain of poetical biography in a single volume. The chain is indeed slight, but it is unbroken. Nothing of the kind has hitherto been attempted. Chalmers's collection of the British Poets in twenty-one royal octavo volumes, and Anderson's in thirteen, are of course too bulky and expensive to be of the least general use in any scholastic establishment, and even these works do not bring down their specimens or biographies later than Beattie. Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets begin with Cowley and end with Lord Lyttleton. Of poetical compilations in one volume those which most nearly resemble the present publication are Southey's Select Works of the British Poets, and Aikin's collection under a similar title. Southey's series extends from Chaucer to Lovelace, and Aikin's from Ben Jonson to Beattie. Thomas Campbell's compilation entitled Specimens of the British Poets comes nearest to this volume in the general design, but his work is divided into seven volumes, and though it contains some very just and beautiful criticisms he has been singularly capricious in the distribution of his favors, honoring some poets with a comparatively elaborate memoir and critique and dismissing others with a laconic tombstone memento of their birth and death. Dean

* To save time I have used an author's privilege to borrow from himself, and in a few instances have repeated some critical remarks which I had published in the *Literary Leaves*.

Swift, for example, has no other notice than that he lived and died. Campbell's *Specimens* commence with Chaucer and conclude with one poet later than Beattie, namely Christopher Anstey, the author of *The Bath Guide*, who died in 1805. Dr. Knox's well-known work, the "*Elegant Extracts*," contains a vast quantity of verse, but it is chaotic and fragmental; and the worthy compiler was much too indulgent to bad writers. Hazlitt has left us a collection of specimens from Chaucer to Burns, but he has affixed no memoirs, and has given us on the average scarcely half a dozen lines of criticism to each poet. Though his selections are generally made with taste and judgment he has admitted one indecent poem that has probably excluded the book from schools. The present work is the first attempt to comprise in one volume an uninterrupted series of specimens *from Chaucer to the latest living poets*.

Campbell has cited a few fragments of dramatic scenes, but Southey, Aikin and Hazlitt have rigidly excluded the drama from their collections. It appeared to me that so important a part of the poetical literature of England ought not to be overlooked, and that to mince Shakespeare's mighty productions into small 'beauties' was not the way to do him justice or to satisfy the reader. Some entire plays therefore have been cited from that prince of poets, and from other great dramatists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. Neither before nor since that period have the English had reason to boast of extraordinary excellence in the serious drama. Addison's *Cato* has been selected as an example of the Frenchified-English school of dramatic declamation. Otway and Rowe, though they are by no means in the highest rank of genius, were entitled to a place in a collection of this nature. Amongst the dramatic works of later or living writers no remarkable performances seem to stand out conspicuously for decided preference over all others; the choice was therefore too delicate and perplexing to enable me to fix on any one or two plays for citation, and I could not have afforded room for more. But the omission is of little consequence, as this is by no means a dramatic age, though we have abundance of ready play-wrights, many of whom understand the machinery of the

stage. There are others who know how to write very elegant poems in the form of plays, but where shall we look for any large and decided development of the dramatic faculty—that peculiar power which enables a writer to lay aside his own identity and enter the hearts of other men. The poets of the present day are eloquent and impassioned egotists and nobly pourtray their own characters; but they cannot raise the curtain of any other individual mind. They have no dramatic invention. There is not one essentially new character in all the dramatic poetry of the nineteenth century. A great dramatist soon makes us conscious that the personages to whom he introduces us are genuine specimens of human nature, not a mere repetition of old stage portraits, but transcripts from real life. These never relax their hold upon our memories, and they become at last a portion of our minds. But the dramas of the day leave a vague and indeterminate impression that fades like breath from the polished mirror. Since the time of Shakespeare two centuries and a half, loaded heavily with literary productions, have passed away, and yet Lear and Hamlet and Macbeth and Othello are as fresh as ever! In a third of that period—where will be the plays of the present age?

With the exception of Dr. Knox's "*Elegant Extracts*," the various poetical compilations to which I have already alluded, have been prepared on the chronological system, which is certainly preferable to every other. Poetry is of too subtle a nature to admit of a minute and rigid classification. The blending together the poetry of different ages for the sake of arranging the pieces according to their subjects or the predominant faculty or feeling displayed in the execution, produces nothing but confusion; while the chronological order gives us at once a clear and general view of the various wealth of our literature, and enables us to trace the history of its birth and progress.

That all readers will be equally satisfied with the propriety of every citation in this volume, is not to be expected. A compiler must not attempt to imitate the painter who tried to please every body, and pleased no one. No reader takes up a work of this kind who does not at once feel that he could improve it by

some rejection or insertion. He who collects specimens of art, of which the value must always remain a question of taste, would be very unreasonable to expect unqualified approbation from any man who considers himself capable of forming an independent opinion. The compiler himself is not always satisfied with his own selections. He does not invariably take what may seem to him the *best* of an author's works, because it sometimes happens that want of space compels him to act on a more mechanical principle than the consideration of intrinsic merit. It may be deemed advisable to give a specimen of a poet whose rank does not entitle him to occupy many pages, but whose longest work may be decidedly his best and yet afford no separate passages that could be advantageously extracted. Or it may be necessary to insert a production of little real merit but of great adventitious interest, as for example the *Cato* of Addison, which though of small value in itself affords a very fair specimen of the dramatic poetry of the time, and is therefore prominently connected with the history of our literature. He who would form an impartial and correct opinion of a work of selections must take many things into consideration before he ventures to condemn it.

I ought, perhaps, to apologize for the somewhat peremptory tone of the critical remarks in the prefatory Notices; but it is very difficult for any one, however unpretending, to seat himself in the critic's chair without assuming for the time a manner somewhat foreign to his nature. Doubt and indecision seem inconsistent with the dignity of his office, and in compliance with the almost universal custom he speaks as one possessed of supreme authority on all questions of taste. But it is not the public critic only who plays these 'fantastic tricks.' In questions so difficult to decide, because so subtle and undefined, as many of those which relate to works of imagination, every man is an authority to himself, and his self-esteem is pretty sure to take the alarm at any difference of opinion. In private society a dispute respecting the merits of a poet has sometimes caused such mortal collision, such a "clash of arguments and jar of words," that

the opposing parties have seemed to threaten each other's annihilation with deadlier weapons. It is natural for a man to protect his opinions with a jealous care, when his taste is called in question by his opponents ; and a public critic is often conscious that many of his readers may dispute his decisions and perhaps despise his judgment. A feeling of this nature gives edge to his censures and carries his praise into extravagance. I cannot be sure that I have always escaped such influences myself, but I have at least endeavored to communicate my own impressions with fidelity and clearness. I have spoken frankly and freely of great men, because great men have nothing to lose by honest criticism, and because every one is entitled to express his opinion, let it be what it may, of the noblest poets of the world. Though the critic himself should be utterly unable to write a single line of tolerable verse, he may yet be a very accurate judge of the productions of others. I have tried to weigh praise and censure in the scales of justice, and I have been the more anxious on this point because there is observable in modern criticism when employed on the intellectual pretensions of men of poetical genius a disposition to run into the opposite extremes of idolatry and contempt. There have been the most startling differences of opinion amongst even the leading intellects of the present age, and young students are so bewildered and perplexed by such conflicting authorities that they know not which guides to trust. One eminent writer for example will not allow that Pope is a poet in any sense of the word, while another thinks him equal, if not superior, to Shakespeare himself. There is surely no presumption in steering between these distant points and pronouncing both parties to be equally in error.

A compilation of this kind has not only to incur the hazard of censure on account of defects of execution but to meet the sneers of those rigid philosophers who deem the perusal of poetry something worse than a mere waste of time. It is useless to talk of music to the deaf or of colour to the blind ; and it is perhaps equally idle to argue with the opponents of the *art divine*, for they are confessedly deficient in that sense of beauty to

which poetry is addressed, and which has only been bestowed upon the favorites of nature. To cold and vulgar minds how large a portion of this beautiful world is a dreary blank ! They recognize nothing but an uninteresting monotony in the daily aspect of the earth or sky. It is the spirit of poetry which keeps the world fresh and young. To a poetical eye every morning's sun seems to look rejoicingly on a new creation. Poetry widens the sphere of our purest and most permanent enjoyments. It makes the familiar new, the past present, the distant near. It is the philosopher's stone discovered ; it transmutes every thing into gold. " It accommodates," says Lord Bacon, " the shows of things to the desires of the mind." Not that it throws on objects a false appearance, but that it puts them in the happiest point of view, just as we place a picture or a statue at its proper distance or elevation, that all petty details and slight roughnesses and imperfections may be lost in the general effect, which is thereby rendered more complete and true. It strikes off all petty excrescences ; it disdains all local prejudices, temporary topics and mere conventionalisms, and goes at once to the heart of those universal questions which interest mankind as human beings.

It has been objected to poetry that it has not always been employed on the side of truth and virtue. But an art is not answerable for its artists, nor a science for its professors. There are men who from some strange obliquity of mind are apt to apply the noblest instruments to the worst of purposes. It is gross injustice to denounce poetry as profane and false because a few of the base and insincere have used its external form for their own wretched ends. He who can pierce beneath the surface is aware that impurity and meanness are inconsistent with the nature of poetry in its highest sense. A forced connection has sometimes been effected between poetry and immorality. but they do not actually amalgamate. Those critics, however, who are so dull of apprehension as to hold fiction and metre to be constituent parts of poetry, and to confound the meanest passages of grovelling prose in verse with those immortal lines which glow with inspiration, must be pitied and forgiven if they see no

distinction between the empyrean spirit of poetry itself and the grosser matter with which it may be brought into conjunction. Their error is indeed a melancholy one, but they cannot help it. It is rather their misfortune than their fault. There is an affinity between the purest virtue and those sublime emotions with which the highest poetry is conversant. Our very communion with God, and all our thoughts of another world are poetical in proportion as they are elevated. The pages of the Bible glow with the finest poetry: its holiest parables are poems. Dr. Isaac Watts, whose piety and virtue are beyond suspicion, expresses his surprise that "the profanation and abasement of so divine an art as poetry, should have tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at least, that verse is only fit to recommend trifles and entertain our looser hours." "It is strange," he adds, "that persons who have the Bible in their hands should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion." He describes poetry as "an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety into resisting nature and melt the hardest souls to virtue." Well might Milton tell us of "*what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry both in divine and human things.*" His own *Paradise Lost* is a noble illustration of the power and majesty of his favorite art. Archbishop Sharp advised all young divines to unite the reading of Shakespeare to the study of the Scriptures, and John Wesley, the celebrated Methodist, recommended his young disciples to add to the study of the Bible the perusal of the *Faery Queen* of Spenser.

The poets who have made use of their divine endowment in the cause of vice are like those philosophers who have employed their reasoning powers to throw a veil over the face of truth. Both act in opposition to the still small voice of conscience; both are equally sensible that their noble gifts are shamefully misused; but neither Poetry nor Philosophy change their original nature whatever may be the sins of individuals. Has not Religion itself been sometimes turned to a bad account? In this our imperfect state the greatest good is easily converted

into the greatest evil. We must be content with the preponderance of desirable results. If we are to close the volume of our poetical literature because it is sometimes sullied, we must do the same with our prose.

“Poetry,” says Lord Bacon, “is taken in two senses, or with respect to words and matter. The first is but a character of style and a certain form of speech not relating to the subject; for a true narration may be delivered in verse and a feigned one in prose—but the second is a capital part of learning, and no other than *feigned history*.” Poetry is indeed history—the history of all time; of man, not of men; and its fiction or feigning is only a form of truth. The philosophers who would deem this remark a paradox are like those very unpromising little children who because they have never heard the talk of wolves and lions conclude that Gay’s fables are nothing but wicked falsehoods. Fiction, however false in respect to particular facts, can only charm us by its general truth. It signifies little whether Othello and Iago ever lived and died; it is enough to know that the passions represented under those names still burn and breathe in the human heart. Aristotle justly pronounced poetry, “a more philosophical thing than history” (so called). “For poetry is chiefly conversant with *general* truth; history with *particular*.” If literature is of value to the world the poets demand no inconsiderable share of our gratitude and applause. When we look back to the writers of Greece and Rome it is impossible to deny that poetry forms by far the most precious portion of their legacy to mankind. The ancient poets sin less frequently than the ancient historians against the cause of truth. We know that the pictures of general nature by the greatest poets of antiquity are exactly to the life, and even their representations of national and temporary manners have the strongest internal evidence in their favor. But the ancient historians with more importunate calls upon our faith are much less trusted. They relate with gravity, and as if they were on oath, particular facts too ridiculous to deceive the children of the nineteenth century. Even modern historians so mix up truth and falsehood that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish the one

from the other. Dr. Johnson said of Robertson's histories that they were mere romances, and every one knows that Hume's enchanting narrative can rarely be relied on when his prejudices are concerned. Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was writing the History of the World, discovered that even they who aim honestly at the collection of particular facts must often despair of obtaining an exact knowledge of even those details which seem most within their reach. He heard the noise of a violent contention under his window, whence he could neither see nor hear distinctly. Of one person after another, as each entered his apartment, he made inquiries concerning the disturbance, but so inconsistent were the several accounts that he was unable to trace the truth. "What," said he, "can I not make myself master of an incident that happened an hour ago under my own window, and shall I imagine that I can truly understand the history of Hannibal or Cæsar?" There is not this difficulty with respect to the poet's truths. The human heart lies bare before him.

There has been a great deal of vulgar and shallow objection to poetry on the score of its supposed inutility. Because it cannot do every thing it has been thought that it can do nothing. Poetry, indeed, does not teach a man how to make a fortune or to feed a starving family.* Neither does morality nor religion. In a narrow sense of the word Cocker's Arithmetic is more *useful* than Milton's Paradise Lost, or the Bible itself. If man's life were merely bestial—if he had no spiritual existence, the objection to poetry would be well founded. The butcher and the baker would be more useful than the poet and the philosopher. But as we have a soul to feed as well as a body the case is widely different. Our happiness depends more upon spirit than on matter. Poetry cannot cure the grief of a bodily wound; but it can administer to a mind diseased, and it can heighten our truest pleasures. "Poetry," says Coleridge, "has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." It is not poets

only who have experienced the *useful* influence of the Muse. The greatest statesmen and even the most celebrated warriors have felt her charms. Alexander the Great carried the works of Homer about with him in a silver box and used to place them under his pillow at night. On the evening before the battle of Quebec, General Wolfe listened with intense delight to the recitation of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. "I would rather," exclaimed the hero, "have been the author of that piece than beat the French to-morrow!" He preferred the glory of a poet to that of a conqueror. He was not the worse soldier, however, because he loved the Muse; nor were Fox and Burke less efficient statesmen because they venerated the poet's art.

It is gratifying to find that the most powerful organ of the Utilitarians, the *Westminster Review*, has latterly adopted a far more liberal tone respecting works of imagination than that which characterized its earlier numbers. Jeremy Bentham, under some strange misconception of its real nature, has asserted that poetry is "essentially opposed to truth:" but his disciples do not now uphold him in this unhappy error*. A *Westminster Reviewer* acknowledges that "song is but the eloquence of truth—the truth of our inmost souls—the truth of humanity's essence, brought up from those abysses which exist in every bosom, and just moulded into metre without being concealed or disfigured by the workmanship. Poetry is an essence distilled from the fine arts and liberal sciences; nectar for the gods. It tasks the senses, the fancy, the feelings, and the intellect, and employs the best powers of all in one rich ministry of pleasure. It must be by a rare felicity that the requisite qualities for its production are found in a man; and when they are, we should make much of him—he is a treasure to the world." "So far," says the same reviewer, "from there being any natural incongruity between the reasoning and imaginative faculties, as dunces have always delighted to believe, it

* I have been told by more than one of Jeremy Bentham's intimate friends, that he was by no means incapable of being affected by the charms of poetry, though he deemed it proper for certain reasons to discountenance it in his public writings.

may rather be affirmed that they have a natural affinity, and rarely attain their full development but when they exist in union."

Poetry improves us by a direct appeal to the finest sensibilities of our nature. It extends our sympathies, and purifies our thoughts. The true lover of the Muses cannot be base and mean without a perpetual struggle against his better nature. It is the part of poetry to lift us above the reach of petty cares and sensual desires, and to make us feel that there is something nobler and more permanent than the ordinary pleasures of the world. It is a species of religion. Poets are nature's Priests. They lead us "from nature up to nature's God." They "vindicate the ways of God to man." They breathe a soul into the dry bones of moral science, and invest them with an ethereal beauty. They teach us to

" Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The precepts of the prose writer do not enter the hearts of youthful readers like the living examples on the poet's page. No lecture on guilty ambition leaves so vivid and permanent an impression on the mind as the agony of Macbeth. There is scarcely a moral axiom in prose that has not been inculcated in verse with infinitely greater force. The sentiment which meets with cold approbation in the page of the prose moralist is sent alive into the deepest recesses of the soul by the poet's magic. The effect is at once electrical and lasting.

With respect to the young Hindus, for whom this series of specimens has been chiefly prepared, I exult in the thought that in the performance of my duties at the Hindu College I have already been the means of introducing many of them to a more intimate acquaintance with the writings of our greatest poets than they might otherwise have obtained; and I can anticipate no more delightful source of self-reflection in my latest years than the good which may happily be effected by the introduction of this volume into all the Government schools in India. Let it not be apprehended that an undue preference will be bestowed upon poetical studies. A companion prose volume of the same size as the present is now preparing, and is in the hands of Dr. John

Grant. His fine taste, his extensive reading, and the general character of his mind peculiarly qualify him for the task. After an uninterrupted friendship of nearly twenty years he will excuse the liberty of this public tribute. At the several Government Colleges prose and verse studies are very equally divided. At the Hindu College, for example, Lord Bacon and Shakespeare are read alternately. History, General Literature, and English Composition have each their turn, and the exact sciences obtain as they ought to do, a proportionate share of the student's time. There is accordingly no reason to fear that the Indian alumni will be too much absorbed in poetical delights to give the requisite attention to graver studies. At the same time it may be as well to allude to the generally acknowledged fact, that the chief defect at present in the character of the people of India is *a want of moral elevation*. There is little chance of making them too romantic.

Nothing can more effectually beguile men from the circle of mean and selfish thoughts than an art which enriches the mind with lovely images, and intenerates the heart with generous sentiments. "This I have observed," says Feltham, "to the honor of poets,—I never found them covetous or scrapingly base. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men; and may not this embrace more of heaven and God?" We need not make *poets* of the natives—this is not the object—poets indeed are not to be *made*; but we may cultivate in young minds that fine sense of the true and the beautiful to which poetry administers. At present the majority of those natives who have not received an English education are compelled for want of intellectual resources to spend all their leisure in frivolous and vulgar amusements. .

Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pulse with finer joy.

That system of education is essentially defective which is addressed exclusively to the understanding through the medium of science. Science *by itself* is hard and cold. Its influence is ungenial unless accompanied by the study of those glorious arts which

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through the imagination stir the feelings. The heart is at least of as much importance as the head. We should neglect neither. If science may teach us to number and measure the stars of heaven, let poetry teach us to feel their mysterious beauty. He who has clothed the visible universe in light and loveliness could never desire us to be insensible to its glory or to confine our notice of it to measurement and calculation. Let Milton and Shakespeare instruct the young natives of India how to appreciate the beauty which God has lavished upon the creation. He who is so taught has within his reach those sources of pure and serene delight that are wholly inexhaustible. When he quits the struggling crowd and shakes off the cares of life,

The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale ;
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Let us teach the people of Bengal, who are now too apt to think that the loss of riches is the loss of every thing, that even in penury and solitude a mind of true refinement can echo the noble sentiment of Thomson.

I care not Fortune what you me deny,
You cannot bar me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face.

The Indian students read our English poets, as English collegians read the poets of Greece or Rome, not only to familiarize their minds with beautiful images and pure and noble thoughts, but to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language in which the poetry is embodied. Pope has justly and emphatically asked us—

What can a boy learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?
What's long and short, each accent where to place
And speak in public with some sort of grace ?

Passages frequently occur in a course of poetical reading which not only put the student's intellect to the utmost stretch, but

afford a severe trial of the teacher's powers of explanation. I allude chiefly to those dream-like and evanescent images of truth and beauty which sometimes float through the minds of thoughtful men and mock all their efforts to retain them, but which the poet knows how to fix for ever in their own ethereal hues. These exquisite revelations of our spiritual nature are peculiarly difficult to explain, for as they are embodied in the choicest poetical diction they cannot be transferred to prose without sacrificing their more subtle meaning and lowering their lofty tone. This is especially the case when it is necessary to render them intelligible to an immature capacity. The teacher, in such a case, must be content to let his pupil arrive as nearly as possible at the general meaning. We cannot force a sense of intellectual beauty into the mind of a child. It will come in due time, if his nature be favorable and his teacher skilful.

It is still, however, advisable to make the young student struggle as hard as he can to discover the purport of what he reads, and even to let a difficult sentence pass through a whole class, that every boy may have his chance of supplying an accurate explanation. There is no mental exercise for the student when assistance is too easily obtained. In some schools the boys read one hundred pages in less time than is taken in others to get through ten; but the latter, it cannot be doubted, read to a better purpose. But though it is proper that the student should be thus *severely tasked*, a teacher should avoid all *severity of manner*. A boy cannot reasonably be expected to trace out a hidden meaning when his thoughts are in a state of confusion from the impatience or displeasure of his superior. Even the clearest explanation is thick darkness to an agitated student. "You may as well," says Locke, "try to write on a trembling paper as on a trembling mind."

It is incumbent upon me to mention that the Rev. Mr. Pearce, the late pious and truly amiable secretary of the Calcutta School Book Society, (who have divided with the Committee of Public Instruction the expense of this publication,) was extremely anxious that I should scrupulously omit every line or

word in the Selections that might seem in the least degree to militate against the interests of morality and religion. I have been equally anxious to act up to the spirit of this praise-worthy suggestion. I have often taken the liberty to suppress objectionable passages (indicating the blank with stars), but I could not be so ridiculously presumptuous as to supply their place with words or sentiments of my own. It has sometimes happened that particular passages of which I could not wholly approve were so interwoven with the general texture of the poem that it was impossible to separate them without injury and confusion. In the fields of literature a weed is sometimes so closely connected with a flower that one is not to be extracted without the other. I hope, however, that the purest-minded reader may go through this large volume with very little offence from particular passages or expressions, because the general tendency of the poetry is decidedly in favor of virtue and religion. In the words of Bacon, it “serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation.” It is of course the duty of every instructor of youth into whose hands this book may fall to point out for suitable reprehension any objectionable thought or word, and to make a due distinction between the pure ore and the dross with which it may be connected. It is equally his duty, however, to avoid confounding a representation of character and manners with the personal sentiments of the poet. In the pages of the dramatist especially, are many sentiments and expressions highly obnoxious in themselves, but which are not intended for approval or imitation, but rather for our hatred and avoidance. The writer who professes ‘to hold the mirror up to nature and give the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure,’ cannot consistently confine himself to pictures of purity and refinement. Even the satirist and the didactic poet must sometimes utter sentiments and language not their own when they aim at a representation of life and manners; and it is of course the height of absurdity and injustice to confound the painter himself with the character he pourtrays. It is very advisable at the close of each play or poem to call upon the student to give as well as he can some description of the performance and to deduce the general moral.

This practice enforces attention and accustoms the youthful reader to think for himself. The teacher of course must correct his pupil's misapprehensions.

It will be seen at once that the student cannot go regularly through the present volume from the beginning to the end. The earliest selections will be the last read. It is left to the teacher to select at first the easiest pieces of the easiest authors. Perhaps amongst the poets best suited to beginners are Gay, Green, Tickell, Addison, Parnell, Swift, Goldsmith, Cowper, Beattie, Scott, Crabbe, Mrs. Hemans, Rogers, Montgomery, and Southey. One great advantage of this collection in a single volume is the temptation it will offer to every student to extend his reading beyond his daily lesson, while the chronological arrangement of the memoirs and specimens will assist him to give unity and completeness to the knowledge he may thus acquire. In this work he has a rich and varied garden of English Poetical Literature spread out before him, and he may wander as he lists from flower to flower, luxuriating in pleasures that are followed by no sickening satiety or vain repentance, and hiving up a store of nectarean wisdom.

D. L. R.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

BY THE COMPILER OF THIS WORK.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in England in (1328) the second year of the reign of Edward the Third, and died in (1400) the second of Henry the Fourth. The particular county which should be honored as his place of birth, has been a subject of contention. Some of his biographers have fixed upon Oxfordshire for that distinction, and others upon Berkshire. But the poet himself, in a prose work entitled *The Testament of Love*, seems to intimate very clearly that the city of London, which has produced so many other distinguished ornaments of our literature, was the place of his birth and of his early education.

Chaucer's descent is more uncertain. He is by some biographers supposed to have been the son of John Chaucer, a gentleman who attended Edward the Third and Queen Philippa in an expedition to Flanders and Cologne.

Though very little indeed is positively known of the personal history of the father of English poetry, Mr. Godwin published in the beginning of the present century four large octavo volumes upon the subject. This work is an amusing specimen of conjectural biography and the art of book-making. It is quite unworthy of the eloquent and ingenious author. Mr. Tyrwhitt's abstract of the historical passages of the life of Chaucer, prefixed to his excellent edition of the poet's last and greatest work, *The Canterbury Tales*, is comprised in twelve small pages, which may, however, be consulted with greater safety and satisfaction than Godwin's ambitious attempt at a complete biography by all who prefer unembellished truth to extravagant and fanciful hypotheses.

Chaucer is supposed to have been partly educated at Cambridge and partly at Oxford, and it is interesting to hear of his connection with those ancient and noble seats of learning. After finishing his studies he travelled into France and Holland. On his return he attracted the notice of Edward the Third, who, though there is no proof that he had a love for poetry, was a wise and liberal prince, and could not overlook or undervalue the learning and capacity of a man like Chaucer. The poet held successively various appointments of honor and profit in the King's household. He was first made a Royal Page, then gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and afterwards His Majesty's Shield-bearer. His income, for the greater part of his life, was amply sufficient to support him in the elevated sphere in which he moved. For much of his worldly prosperity he was indebted to his munificent patron, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, to whom he eventually became more nearly connected by espousing the sister of a lady who was for many years the mistress of that prince and ultimately the wife. In the year 1367 he received from Edward the Third a pension of 20 marks per annum, a sum in those times, equal to £300, at the present day. In his forty-eighth year he accompanied two other gentlemen, Sir James Pronan and Sir John de Mari, upon an embassy to Genoa, and for his services on that occasion he was rewarded with a grant of "one pitcher of wine daily." He was soon after appointed Comptroller of the customs of wool and wine in the port of London. Some biographers have conjectured that after concluding the business of his mission at Genoa, he paid a visit to Petrarch, and it is greatly to be regret-

ted that we have no better foundation for the belief in so interesting an interview than the poets' having made one of the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales* declare that he learnt his story (that of patient Grisilde) from the "clerk of Padua." The story was not originally Petrarch's, but translated by him into Latin from the Italian of Boccacio. In the last year of Edward's reign he was appointed joint envoy to France with Sir Guischart D'Angle and Sir Richard Sturmy to treat of a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales, and the daughter of the King of France. In the reign of Richard the Second, in supporting the interests of John of Gaunt and Wyckliffe the Reformer, he fell into disgrace with the Court, and was compelled to quit the kingdom. In this distress he retired first to Hainault, then to France, and finally to Zealand. He supported many of his fellow-fugitives who accompanied him in exile, and so impoverished himself by his liberality that he was obliged to sell his pensions. Unable to endure poverty and exile, he soon returned to England, but was immediately arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained about three years, and, as the price of his liberation, was compelled to make some confession respecting his political associates, to which he seems to have had the less reluctance as they had behaved with great treachery and ingratitude towards himself. He does not appear, however, to have made any revelation injurious to the interests of his patron. While in prison he wrote his curious prose work entitled *The Testament of Love*. By the aid of the Duke of Lancaster, he seems to have once more obtained the favor of the Court. In 1389 he was appointed Clerk of the works at Westminster, and in the following year Clerk of those at Windsor. But he soon resigned those offices, and in his sixty-fourth year retired to Woodstock, where it is said he composed his last and best production, *The Canterbury Tales*. In 1394, he received a pension of £20 a year, and in the last year of Richard's reign a yearly tun of wine. A few years before his death he is supposed to have fallen into great pecuniary distress, and Richard the Second appears to have granted him "a patent of protection" from his creditors. The succeeding King extended his patronage to the old poet, who did not, however, long stand in need of the assistance of his fellow-men. He died on the 25th of November 1400.

Of Chaucer's personal character we know but little, and that is rather to be inferred from the tone and nature of his productions than from the circumstances of his private life. We may gather, indeed,

from his success in the highest circles, and his different public employments that, with all his learning, he had found leisure to cultivate the lighter graces and accomplishments that attract favor in courts and drawing rooms, as well as to acquire the tact and readiness of a man of business. We may also presume, from his forty years' friendship with the poet Gower, that he was capable of a warm and steady attachment, and could "bear a brother near his throne" without jealousy or ill-will. At this day the poetry of Gower is regarded as quite incapable of standing a moment's comparison with that of Chaucer; but Gower was the elder both as a man and a writer, and probably during their lives they often divided the popular opinion. They were both highly learned, both in affluent circumstances, both well received at Court, and each had his distinguished and influential patron. It is a melancholy circumstance that this long and interesting literary friendship should at last have been dissolved, by some unhappy misunderstanding.

England owes to the father of her poetry

"A debt immense of endless gratitude."

Chaucer did that for the English language which Dante* did for the Italian—he taught the most polite of his countrymen to speak and write it without a blush for its vulgarity or imperfection. From the Norman conquest, all our authors of any celebrity or genius had written in French or Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon was banished not only from courts but from schools. Gower, who had little or no genius, but much learning and many accomplishments, had probably neither the courage nor the inclination, and certainly he had not the power, to originate a revolution in the literature of his country. It was very late before he even ventured to follow the example of his noble rival. Chaucer began to write English poetry at the age of eighteen, and Gower at the age of sixty. He found a congenial associate in Wyckliffe, the Reformer, who translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue, and thereby helped the cause of literature as well as that of religion. Wyckliffe was warmly supported by Chaucer's patron, the Duke of Lancaster.

Chaucer's first considerable poem was *The Court of Love*, which was written in 1346, the year of the Battle of Cressy,—his last and greatest is *The Canterbury Tales*, which, as they were written when he was upwards of sixty, may be adduced as a satisfactory illustration of the freshness of fancy that may be

* Dante died seven years before the birth of Chaucer.

preserved in a green old age*. Unhappily the *Canterbury Tales* were left unfinished: the number of tales contemplated by the poet is said to have been 60, of which we have only 24. Dryden and Pope have both modernized some of these Tales, and the former has paid a glowing tribute of praise to the genius of the patriarch of British poets. He observes in his preface to the *Fables* that "as he is the father of English poetry, so he holds him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans, Virgil."

It is impossible to peruse the works of Chaucer without forming a lively idea of the author's shrewd sagacity, his quick powers of observation, and above all the serenity and happiness of his temper. He generally looks at all objects from a cheerful point of view, and he seems to describe human enjoyment and the brightest aspects of external nature with a peculiar zest. His forte perhaps is broad humour, but he has sometimes a manly pathos that goes directly to the heart.

With the exception of Shakespeare no English writer has exhibited an equal versatility of power. He is highly dramatic and picturesque. There is an endless variety and great force and truth in his delineation of character, while his descriptions of external nature, particularly his morning scenes, are so exquisitely fresh and vivid, that he carries the reader into the open air.

His versification, to a modern and unpractised ear, seems harsh and rugged; but a familiarity with the ancient accent and a due attention to what appears to be the fact that he wrote rhythmically rather than metrically, leads a reader to the conclusion that the style of our venerable bard was by no means so unworthy of his matter as is generally supposed.

JOHN GOWER.

JOHN GOWER died about 1408. The year of his birth is uncertain. If little is known of the personal history of Chaucer, still less is known of his accomplished friend and contemporary, John Gower. The precise date of Gower's birth has not yet been discovered, and even that of his death has been the subject of disputation. Though it has been well ascertained that he possessed considerable landed property, that he was a person of influence and note, and mixed in the first circles of society, the

most learned and industrious of our antiquaries have hitherto failed to discover from what family he sprung. Mr. Todd, in his "*Illustrations of the Life and Writings of Gower*," repeats the report of Leland*, that he was of the ancient family of the Gowers of Stittenham in Yorkshire; but a writer in the last volume of the *Retrospective Review* has endeavoured to show, in despite of "a proud tradition" in the family of the Marquis of Stafford, "the head of the illustrious house of Gower," that the poet was not connected with it.

Though Gower was perhaps the senior of Chaucer, both as a man and as an author, he has no claim to priority as an English Poet. Chaucer had written all his poems except the *Canterbury Tales* before the appearance of Gower's first and greatest English poem, the *Confessio Amantis*; and had it not been for the generous courage with which Chaucer first broke through the restraints of fashion, and, discarding the Latin and French, showed that his vernacular tongue was perfectly well fitted for the highest purposes of poetry, it is probable that Gower would to the last have confined his attention exclusively to a dead or a foreign language. Gower had devoted the greater part of his life to the study of Latin and French, and did not condescend to dress his thoughts in English until Chaucer had long set him the example. Gower's greatest production is a work in three parts under three distinct titles, and in three different languages. The first part is written in French, and entitled *Speculum Meditantis*; the second in Latin, entitled *Vox Clamantis*, and the third in English, and entitled *Confessio Amantis*. The two first are yet preserved in manuscript, but have never been printed. It is upon the third alone that Gower has founded a reputation. The subject of the *Speculum Meditantis* is said chiefly to relate to the repentance of a sinner. The *Vox Clamantis*, or the voice of one crying in the wilderness, relates to the insurrections of the Commons in the reign of Richard the Second. The *Confessio Amantis* was written at the desire of that king, who meeting Gower rowing on the Thames, invited him into the royal barge, and requested him to *book some new thing*. The poem consists of a dialogue between a Lover and his Confessor, and includes a variety of tales having reference for the most part, directly or remotely, to the tender passion. A few Latin verses are occasionally introduced. The Tale of the Coffers or Caskets, is chiefly borrowed from a

* Dryden wrote his admirable versions of Chaucer and Boccaccio in his 67th year.

* A well-known antiquary who enjoyed the patronage of Henry VIII.

curious old collection of tales entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, from which Shakespeare seems to have derived the incident of the three caskets in the *Merchant of Venice*. In the first year of the reign of Henry the Fourth the poet lost his eyesight, a deprivation which he has recorded in a very pathetic strain.

Gower was one of the most learned men of his time, and Chaucer seems to have greatly respected his judgment. According to Thomas Warton, the ingenious and tasteful historian of English poetry, Gower was the early guide and encourager of Chaucer's studies. The latter, however, had incomparably more intellectual power, and the student far surpassed the teacher. They publicly complimented each other. Chaucer styles his friend "the moral Gower," and the latter in his *Confessio Amantis* has made Venus remember Chaucer with admiration.

And greet well Chaucer whan ye mete
As my disciple and poete,
For in the flowers of his youth
In sundry wise as he well couth
Of dities and of songes glad
The which he for my sake made, &c.

Gower was not perhaps very highly gifted by nature, and suffers severely by any comparison with Chaucer, but he aided the exertions of his friend in refining his native tongue. The matter of his verses would have lost little by being transferred to prose. He was sententious and didactic, had little imagination, and was fond of details too purely literal. His learning was very extensive but inexact, so that his poems are full of ludicrous anachronisms. The following observations respecting Gower's learning are from Warton's *History of Poetry*, and well explain the cause of the pedantry observable in most of our early writers.

"Perhaps, in estimating Gower's merit, I have pushed the notion too far, that because he shews so much learning he had no great share of natural abilities. But it should be considered, that when books began to grow fashionable, and the reputation of learning conferred the highest honour, poets became ambitious of being thought scholars; and sacrificed their native powers of invention to the ostentation of displaying an extensive course of reading, and the pride of profound erudition. On this account, the minstrels of these times, who were totally uneducated, and poured forth spontaneous rhymes in obedience to the workings of nature, often exhibit more genuine strokes of passion and imagination, than the professed poets. Chaucer is an exception to this observation: whose original feelings were too strong to be suppressed by books, and whose learning was overbalanced by genius."

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

SIR THOMAS WYATT was descended from an ancient family. His father, Sir Henry Wyatt, was a Privy Councillor to Henry the Seventh. He was present with Henry the Eighth at the memorable *Battle of Spurs*, where his valour met with notice and reward.

Sir Thomas Wyatt was born at Allington in England, in the year 1503. At the early age of 17 he married, and five years afterwards he was one of fourteen challengers who distinguished themselves in some feat of arms at Greenwich. He was celebrated for his martial spirit, and is supposed to have served several years in the army. He was a great favorite at Court and is said to have made himself especially agreeable to Henry the Eighth by his cheerful, polite and witty conversation. It is reported that he once incurred the jealous suspicion of the king on account of the great favor shown him by Anne Boleyn. His innocence, however, was soon acknowledged, and he was restored to Henry's entire confidence. In 1536 he received the honor of Knighthood. He was sent Ambassador to the Emperor Charles the Fifth (in 1537), but finding his expenses beyond his income, he was recalled at his own earnest and repeated solicitations. He was however reappointed in 1539, and again grew weary of his office, solicited his recall, and returned to England about the middle of the same year. On his return he found his friend Cromwell out of favor, and Bishop Bonner, who was unfriendly to Wyatt and jealous of his political superiority, charged him with holding a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole. On this charge he was imprisoned in the Tower, but was soon tried and acquitted, and regained the favor of the king.

On the arrival of some Ambassadors from the Emperor, Wyatt was ordered to meet them at Falmouth and conduct them to London. In his eagerness to do his duty on this occasion he overheated himself on his journey, and was seized with a malignant fever of which he died on the 10th of October 1541. The virtues and accomplishments of Wyatt have been very gracefully recorded by the muse of his friend Lord Surrey. He appears to have been eminently handsome in his person, of polite and cheerful manners and of a generous and manly disposition. His poetry is differently estimated by different critics. His partial friend Surrey, asserts with the exaggeration of poetry and friendship that he had

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme,
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.

HENRY HOWARD.

His poetry is not of a high order. It is often elegant and ingenious, but is deficient in natural feeling. In his amorous verses he shews himself too fond of the cold conceits of the Italian poets.

HENRY HOWARD.

HENRY HOWARD earl of Surrey was the eldest son of Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Henry VIII. He was born in or about the year 1516. It is supposed that he was chiefly educated under the paternal roof. He passed some portion of his youth at Windsor, where he had for his companion Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, the King's natural son, whose early death our poet lamented with a sensibility highly honorable to his heart. At the age of sixteen he was contracted in marriage to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John Earl of Oxford, but he does not appear to have lived with her as his wife until three years after. Towards the close of the year of his marriage contract (1532) he was present at the memorable interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I., and thus made his first appearance in public life at the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, a scene highly calculated to excite the imagination of a youth of so much martial spirit and poetical enthusiasm.

In 1536 he was present with his father at the trial of his unhappy cousin Anne Boleyn. It was a little subsequent to this period that he is conjectured by many of his biographers to have gone to Florence, and having there fallen in love with the "*fair Geraldine*," the supposed object of most of his amatory poems, to have published a challenge to all who should dispute her beauty. Warton, who is the most credulous of all the admirers of Surrey, relates with much minuteness of detail and an air of historical gravity, the most romantic of the numerous fictions that have been connected with the name of that gallant and accomplished personage. He does not even omit to add that the poet became acquainted with the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa, an adept in magic, who displayed before him, in a mirror, a living image of Geraldine, reclining languidly on a couch, and reading one of his tenderest sonnets by the light of a waxen taper. Until the appearance of Chalmers's Life of him in the edition of the British Poets published in 1610, and the Life and Works by Dr. Nott, the Earl of Surrey seems to have been very unfortunate in his biographers. Even writers

of considerable repute for historical accuracy have indulged their imaginations respecting him at the expense of truth, and have paid very little attention to the facts within their reach. Horace Walpole, Ellis and Warton inform us (after Anthony Wood) that he was conspicuous for his bravery at the battle of Flodden Field, a victory which was gained before Surrey was born.

His love for Geraldine seems to have been purely a poetical fancy, suggested by a little girl of thirteen years of age. His heart was otherwise engaged. He was actually married before the period of his supposed romantic tour to Italy as her knight-errant. Dr. Nott is of opinion that Geraldine was the daughter (as Walpole thought) of one of the Earls of Kildare, who was descended from the Geraldini of Florence. In 1540 Surrey is said to have attracted great attention at the jousts and tournaments in honour of the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, and towards the close of the same year he first entered upon active public life, being sent over to France in company with Lord Russel and the Earl of Southampton, to see that the English possessions on the coast were in a proper state of defence, as an attack upon them was anticipated. He returned to England the same year, having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his royal master. Shortly after his return he was made a Knight of the Garter, and served under his father in a military expedition into Scotland. Some time after or about this period (1542) he was twice committed to prison, on one occasion for a violent private quarrel, and on another for eating meat in Lent, and for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones from his cross-bow. The last mentioned misdemeanour would have seemed only a foolish frolic, had not Surrey in his defence very oddly attributed it to a desire of correcting "the licentious manners of the citizens" by "breaking in suddenly upon their guilty society," and thereby reminding them "of the suddenness of that punishment which the Scripture tells us Divine Justice will inflict on impenitent sinners." In making this grave defence we suspect the gay young criminal of a secret joke, but Dr. Nott seems to think him quite sincere, and attributes what would appear a mere outbreak of youthful folly to a naturally romantic turn of mind. Soon after this his high spirits had a nobler vent. He was employed in very responsible military commands in France, and displayed great skill and courage. He, however, lost a battle, with inferior numbers, but his retreat is said to have been conducted in a style that did infinite credit to his

coolness and sagacity. The king seems to have been irritated at the result of the engagement. Surrey was recalled and was superseded by the earl of Hertford, the bitter enemy of the family of Howard. On his return Surrey spoke with violence of Hertford, and with discontent and disgust at the conduct of the king. His expressions being reported to the latter he was sent as a prisoner to Windsor, but after an early liberation re-appeared at Court. The faction of Hertford, however, intrigued against him. He was arrested on the 12th of December, 1546, and committed to the Tower. The principal charge against him was his having quartered in his escutcheon the arms of Edward the Confessor, for which he proved that he had an hereditary right, that he had worn them himself in the presence of the King, and that his ancestors had also worn them in the presence of Henry's predecessors. But the reign of Henry VIII. was not a period in which innocence or truth could defend itself successfully against the self-will of despotism. The law was no barrier between the King and subject. A jury trembling for their own heads dared not protect that of Surrey, and notwithstanding a clear, manly and eloquent defence, obsequiously found him guilty of high treason. He was executed on Tower hill on the 21st of January, 1547, in the 31st year of his age.

Surrey's merits as a writer have been a good deal exaggerated from various causes. He is a light in the dreary chasm in our literature between the time of Edward the Third and that of Queen Elizabeth. He shines by contrast. The romantic fictions so long interwoven with his personal history, and his real heroism, his generous disposition, and his numerous and elegant accomplishments have all contributed to win the favour and influence the judgment of his critics. But the public in general are less open to a bias of this nature, and the consequence is that the poetry of Surrey is more praised than read. He was, however, greatly superior to his friend Wyatt, who scarcely deserves the name of poet, and who would have been long ago forgotten had he not been so fortunate in the time of his appearance, when in the absence of larger luminaries the smallest stars were visible. Surrey himself would have made little sensation in another age. From the time of Elizabeth to that of Anne there was not a single new edition of his Poems, until in consequence of Pope's allusion to him as *the Granville of a former age*, the booksellers employed Dr. Sewall to reprint his poems together with those of Wyatt, and of a few "Uncertain Authors."

The experiment was a total failure. Dr. Nott, however, nothing daunted, published in 1815, two large quarto volumes of the poems of Surrey and Wyatt, and what with memoirs and copious notes, produced a work of considerable importance to the poetical student, but of very little interest to the public.

Surrey's poems are chiefly amatory sonnets and brief lyrical pieces, and generally in imitation of Petrarch. Though occasionally marred, like all the poetry of the time, with cold and extravagant conceits and a pedantic stiffness, they are far less affected with these vices than the poetry of most of his contemporaries, and they not unfrequently display an elegance and finish that would have done no discredit to the poets of a much later day. He was a *true* poet though not a *great* one. His translation of two books of the *Æneid* is spirited and faithful, and considering that it is the first specimen of blank-verse in the English language it must be acknowledged that he has employed that noble instrument with a successful hand. We miss, however, in Surrey's unrhymed verses that varied modulation which we are accustomed to meet with in those of modern writers.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

THOMAS SACKVILLE (Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset) was born at Withyam in Sussex in 1536. His mother, after the death of his father Sir Richard Sackville, married John Powlet, Marquis of Winchester. He studied for sometime at Oxford and then removed to Cambridge where he greatly distinguished himself by his compositions in English and Latin verse. On leaving the University, he entered at the Inner Temple, as it was the practice of the time for young men of family and fortune to acquire some knowledge of the law. It was at this period of his life that he wrote his tragedy of *Gorboduc*, subsequently entitled *Ferrex and Porrex* after the names of two of the principal characters in the piece. In this composition it was long supposed that he was greatly assisted by Thomas Norton, but the unity of style throughout the piece, and the great inferiority of Norton as a writer, are justly urged by Warton as an argument in favor of Sackville's claims to the exclusive merit of the performance. It is the earliest English tragedy. It was first exhibited in the Great Hall of the Inner Temple before the author's fellow students and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall

THOMAS SACKVILLE—GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

in 1561. It displays but little dramatic talent, and has more rhetoric than poetry. The speeches are long and tedious. But notwithstanding these defects it is an extraordinary performance for the time, the diction being singularly pure and perspicuous, and free from those wretched conceits and quibbles which found their way into the pages of his immediate successors, who with more genius had less taste. Pope was particularly pleased with this old play, and persuaded Spence to prepare an elegant edition of it which was published in 1736. The subject of it is briefly but clearly stated in the following advertisement prefixed to the early editions.

ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDIE.

Gorboduc, King of Brittain, divided his realme, in his life-time, to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to disention. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels, and afterwards, for want of issue in the prince, whereby the succession of the crowne became uncertaine, they fell to civil warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

Sackville was elected a member of Parliament at the age of thirty. On the death of his father, in 1566, he succeeded to a princely inheritance and was very soon after raised to the peerage by the title of lord Buckhurst. He was not created Earl of Dorset till 1604. He was frequently employed as a statesman in high and responsible offices;—he was sent by Elizabeth Ambassador to Charles IX. King of France,—he was selected to perform the delicate and painful office of communicating to Mary Queen of Scots the sentence of death passed on her by the Parliament,—he was appointed Ambassador to Holland to settle some disputes occasioned by the haughty Earl of Leicester,—he became Chancellor of the University of Oxford at the Queen's express desire,—and in the 41st year of her reign he was Lord High Treasurer of England, an office in which he was confirmed for life on the accession of James the First. In 1607 he was seized with a disorder which so reduced his strength that his life was despaired of. The king took a deep interest in his condition, and sent him a gold ring set with diamonds, and this message, that, "his Majesty wished him a speedy and perfect recovery, with all happy and good success, and that he might live as long as the diamonds of that ring did endure, and in token hereof required him to wear it and keep it for his sake." He apparently recovered from this illness,

but soon after died suddenly at the Council table of serous apoplexy in the 72nd year of his age, leaving behind him a memory of which his remotest descendants may be proud.

The poem by which he is best known is his Induction to "A Mirrour for Magistrates," a work which is thought in its plan and character to bear a resemblance to the *Inferno*, of Dante. It was intended to embody a series of narratives of the most illustrious and unfortunate characters in English History, who were to pass in review before the poet who descends into Hell under the guidance of Sorrow. Sackville, however, only completed the induction and one of the stories, that of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. It was continued very imperfectly by other writers. The Induction, which is remarkable for the power of fancy it displays, is undoubtedly a noble evidence of Sackville's poetical genius. Its bold and vivid allegories seem to have made a strong impression upon the mind of Spenser, who has paid him the compliment of imitation.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, was born (about 1540) of an ancient and honorable family in the county of Essex. He was disinherited by his father, Sir John Gascoigne, on account of certain youthful irregularities. The poet spoke of this harsh act of his father as "*a froward deed*," but did not suffer it to lessen his filial affection and respect. At a later age he lamented his errors, and became grave and pious. He could not gratify himself with the reflection that he had written "no line which dying he could wish to blot," but he made all the amends in his power for his early indiscretion, by confessing his errors and improving both his writings and his life. There was a licentious air in some of his first productions which will not be found amongst his latest. The severity of his father drove him to seek employment abroad. He enlisted himself in the service of William, Prince of Orange, who was endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the tyranny of Spain. He distinguished himself so much on the field as to gain the particular favor of his master. Being at last taken prisoner by the enemy, after four months' confinement he made his way back to England, and renewed the study of the law which had occupied some portion of his earlier years. He grew weary, however, of this pursuit, and being introduced to the Queen by some influential friend (perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh) he accompanied her on one

of her progresses to Kenilworth, and recited before her some dramatic verses composed on the occasion. He married and settled at Walthamstow, amusing himself with poetry and gardening, but soon after died of a lingering and wasting disease. His poetry is smooth and elegant, but without much force or originality. He has the merit, however, of having written the first *prose comedy** in our language, entitled *The Supposes*, a translation from Ariosto, and his tragedy entitled *Jocasta* (borrowed from Euripides) was the second of our blankverse tragedies.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

JOHN HARRINGTON was the father of the Sir John Harrington who published a translation of Ariosto, a production which Ben Jonson described as the worst of its kind. When Sir John asked the old dramatist to tell him the truth respecting some of his epigrams, he was told that "he loved not the truth, for they were narrations not epigrams." John Harrington was imprisoned by Queen Mary for his suspected attachment to Elizabeth. Campbell thinks his love verses have "an elegance and terseness more modern by an hundred years, than those of his contemporaries." Perhaps this praise requires a little qualification. John Harrington was born in 1534 and died in his 48th year.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Queen Elizabeth considered him the chief ornament of her court, and when he was named as a candidate for the kingdom of Poland she interposed her authority against it, "refusing," says Camden, "to further his advancement, out of fear that she should lose the *jewel of her times*." Sir Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst in Kent, November 29, 1554. He was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, the bosom friend of Edward the Sixth who died in his arms. After studying at Christ Church Oxford, and Trinity College Cambridge, according to the custom of the time he set off on his travels. While at Paris the French King, (Charles IX.) made him gentleman of his bedchamber, but it has been supposed that this distinction was an insidious arti-

* The first regular comedy in verse in our language was *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, written, it is supposed, by Mr. Still afterwards Bishop of Eath and Wells. It was published in 1551. It is written chiefly in long (12 syllable) rhyming couplets.

fice to conceal his design of destroying the protestants, for Sidney had not held the appointment many days before he became a spectator of the brutal massacre of the Huguenots (in 1572). He saved his life by taking refuge in the house of the English Ambassador, and when the danger was over he went to Frankfort where he became intimately acquainted with the celebrated Hubert Languet, the minister of the Elector of Saxony. He subsequently went to Vienna. In 1574 he visited Italy, and at Padua became acquainted with the illustrious Tasso. He returned to England in the following year. In 1576 he was appointed ambassador to the Court of Vienna, ostensibly to condole with the Emperor on the death of his father, but secretly to promote a league amongst the protestant states against the papal influence of Rome and the tyranny of Spain, an object which he achieved to the satisfaction of his Royal Mistress. Three years after this, when Queen Elizabeth seemed disposed to accede to a proposal of marriage with the Duke of Anjou, Sidney addressed a letter to her on the subject, explaining with great freedom the danger of such a match to the protestant religion and the interests of the nation. It does not appear that he lost her majesty's good will by this courageous remonstrance, though other persons suffered severely for offering similar advice. An author and his printer had their right hands cut off, the one for penning and the other for printing a pamphlet against the match. In 1580 a grand tournament was held at Court, in which, though Sidney greatly distinguished himself the victory was adjudged to the Earl of Oxford. A quarrel ensued between that nobleman and Sidney, when the Queen interposed to prevent a duel. Being irritated and disgusted at this interference he retired to Wilton the seat of his Brother-in-Law, the Earl of Pembroke, where he employed his leisure in the composition of his celebrated Pastoral Romance of "Arcadia," which is written in prose but interspersed with many passages in metre. In the latter he has vainly attempted to naturalize the measures of Roman poetry. This work was once exceedingly popular. It ran through fourteen editions and was translated into many languages. It is utterly unsuited, however, to the taste of modern times. It is characterized by a fine poetic feeling, and a vein of noble sentiment; but the style is strained and fantastic, and though a few pages of it can be read with pleasure, the continued perusal of it is a tedious task. Soon after the composition of his *Arcadia*, Sir Philip published his eloquent and able "Defence of Poesy," one of the earliest and best specimens of English criticism. It may still be

read with profit and delight. "There are few rules and few excellencies of poetry, especially Epic and Dramatic," observes Dr. Joseph Warton, "but what Sir Philip Sidney, who had diligently read the best Latin and Italian commentaries on Aristotle's Poetics, has here pointed out and illustrated with true taste and judgment."

In 1583 he married Frances, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a young lady of great beauty and worth. He received the honor of knighthood in the same year. Shortly after Sir Philip Sidney composed a zealous defence of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, in answer to a violent publication entitled "*Leicester's Commonwealth*," written by Parsons, the notorious Jesuit who concocted plans for the murder of the Queen. Sir Philip formed a design about this time of accompanying Sir Francis Drake in a voyage of discovery to America, but the Queen issued peremptory orders to restrain his purpose.

In 1585 he was appointed Governor of Flushing in the Netherlands and Colonel of all the Dutch regiments. The protestant inhabitants of the Netherlands were then suffering under the tyranny of the Spaniards. On the 22nd of September 1586, he fell in with a convoy of the enemy marching towards Zutphen: an engagement took place and the English troops, though greatly inferior to the enemy in number, gained the victory, which was dearly purchased by the loss of Sir Philip Sidney. A musket bullet entered a little above the left knee and passed up the thigh. After lingering sixteen days his wound mortified, and he was released by death from the dreadful torture which he had endured with characteristic fortitude. He was the first to perceive the approach of death, and endeavoured to divert his mind from his torments by composing an ode and causing it to be sung to solemn music. The anecdote of his heroic and generous conduct on the field just after receiving his wound ought never to be forgotten. Being faint and thirsty from loss of blood, he called for water, but just as he was putting it to his lips, he observed a dying soldier, who was looking wistfully at it. He immediately resigned it to him.—"*This man's necessity*," said he, "*is still greater than mine.*" This highly interesting incident has been commemorated in a well-known painting by Benjamin West.

His remains were brought to England, and after having lain in state for some days, were deposited with extraordinary pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. Such was the general admiration of his character and the public sorrow for his loss that for many months after his death it was considered indecent in any gen-

tleman to appear in gay costume or out of mourning. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge lamented his death in elegiac poems in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Italian, the whole of which were collected and published in three volumes.

So much has been said, and with so much eloquence, upon the character of this most accomplished man, that it is difficult to find any terms of eulogy that have not been already applied to him. Thomas Campbell has very felicitously observed that "*the life of Sir Philip Sidney was poetry put into action.*" He had "*high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.*" He was looked up to by all his contemporaries as

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword :
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers !

Hamlet.

His poetry has no doubt been a little overrated out of a respect for the man. Still, however, it possesses intrinsic merit though not of the highest order. It is often quaint and pedantic, but it is evidently the production of a refined and cultivated intellect. If Sir Philip Sidney had concentrated his powers he might have compassed some noble undertaking, but in aiming at too many accomplishments he lost the opportunity of attaining extraordinary excellence in any single art or science.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER descended from the ancient and honorable family of that name, was born near the Tower of London about the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary; but as that bigotted and heartless princess died when he was only about five years of age, he belongs, *as a writer*, exclusively, to the happier reign of Elizabeth, a period equally distinguished for political prosperity and the display of native genius in the walks of literature. Though it is pretty well ascertained that he was of the noble family whose name he bore, nothing whatever is known of his parents, except that the Christian name of his mother was Elizabeth. Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire, in his interesting memoirs of his own life and writings makes a striking allusion to the glory which the genius of a great poet may confer, even more than the triumphs of a warrior, upon an honorable kindred. "*The nobili-*

ty of the *Spensers*," says he, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet." In 1569 Spenser was admitted a sizar at Pembrokehall, Cambridge, where in six or seven years he took his degree of Master of Art. At this college he formed an intimacy with Gabriel Harvey, a learned man and a writer of verses, but who at an after period evinced so little taste as to condemn some specimens of the *Fairy Queen* then in progress, while he praised Spenser's minor poems. He would fain have discouraged his friend from proceeding with that immortal work, and expressed a wish that "God or some good angel would put him in a *better mind*." It is certain that Spenser's smaller poems would not have saved his name from a speedy oblivion. From the university, Spenser went to reside with some friends in the north of England where he composed a pastoral poem entitled the "*Shepherd's Calendar*," a work which is greatly injured by intricate allegories and theological and poetical allusions. It is supposed that some passages in this poem gave offence to Burleigh who became Spenser's enemy for life. Spenser tried in vain to soften the mighty peer's displeasure. This ill will was probably increased by the poet's being taken under the patronage of the Earl of Leicester. In 1580 Spenser received the honorable appointment of Secretary to Arthur Lord Grey, then nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He returned to England with that nobleman two years afterwards. Having obtained from Queen Elizabeth by the interest of his friends, a grant of the castle of Kilcolman in the county of Cork, and three thousand and twenty acres out of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, he returned to Ireland to take possession of the property. During his residence at Kilcolman he wrote the first part of the *Fairy Queen*, and was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh who persuaded him to prepare it immediately for the press. For this purpose he returned again to England in the company of Raleigh who introduced him to Queen Elizabeth; and her majesty conferred on him a pension of fifty pounds a year. In 1590 he published the first three books of the *Fairy Queen*, and then returned to Ireland where about four years after he was married. He visited England in 1591. In 1595 the next three books of the *Fairy Queen* were published. There is an old but unauthenticated story that the remaining six cantos were lost by his servant in his passage from Ireland. There is very little reason to believe that Spenser ever

wrote more than six cantos and a few fragments. In the same year he presented to the Queen his prose work, entitled "*View of the state of Ireland*," which, however, remained in manuscript until 1633. In 1597 he returned to Ireland and was recommended by Her Majesty to the Office of Sheriff for Cork. But Tyrone's rebellion now broke out with dreadful fury. Spenser's goods were robbed and his castle burned. He was compelled to fly with such precipitation that an infant child of the poet's perished in the flames and his wife very narrowly escaped. Spenser arrived in England with ruined fortunes and a broken heart. He died in January 1599, and was buried at the expense of the Earl of Essex in Westminster, and according to his own wish near the tomb of Chaucer. Many of the poets of the day attended the funeral and threw tributary verses into his grave. It is conjectured that Ben Jonson held his pall, and perhaps his great admirer Shakespeare, was also amongst the mourners.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen* is undoubtedly and beyond all comparison his noblest production. It places him in the first rank of British poets. That it was left unfinished deducts little from its value, for no share of its merit depends upon the general plan, which even by the poet's own explanation, in a letter to Raleigh, is confused and intricate in the extreme. It is a painful task to thrud one's way through such labyrinthian confusion, and the exhausted reader is glad to relax his attention from the long series of obscure allusions, riddles, and double meanings, to refresh his mental eye with the detached personifications which are as distinct and as richly coloured as the paintings of Rubens, and to delight his ear with the liquid melody of the verse. It would take up too much space to point out the general design of this poem and explain the particular meaning of the several parts. It is sufficient to state that the leading purpose is to exhibit twelve virtues in the conduct of the same number of knights. Besides the twelve knights there is Prince Arthur (so famous in old British Legends) who is apparently the hero of the poem, who occasionally rescues them from danger, and in his own person shadows forth *Magnificence* (or magnanimity), which virtue is deemed the perfection of all the rest. The heroine is *Gloriana* or glory—the *Fairy Queen*. But though in the general intention Prince Arthur personifies a single virtue, it is supposed that he is occasionally the representative of the poet's patron Sir Philip Sidney, and *Gloriana* the sovereign of *Fairy Land* is a type of Queen Elizabeth; her distinguished courtiers are often

alluded to in the characters of the knights. It is not surprising that even Spenser himself should call his poem a "dark conceit," and confess that the meaning is "cloudily enwrapped in allegorical devises." It is the inextricable confusion of the design, much more perhaps than the frequent obscurity of the antique diction, that perplexes the general reader. There are few persons who are wholly insensible to the extraordinary force and beauty of the personifications of the passions, the accurate and vivid descriptions of nature, and the exquisite music of the versification, though there are still fewer who can go regularly forward from one canto to another without a sense of weariness. But if Spenser's narrative is uninteresting he makes ample amends by those exquisite passages in which he displays the richness of his imagination and his delicate sense of beauty. He is emphatically the poet's poet. His favorite stanza, which has been called after his name, was borrowed from the Italian, with the exception of the ninth line, which gives it a majestic fulness and completeness of sound that is a perfect luxury to the ear. Latter writers have given this stanza a greater force, freedom and variety of modulation, but in mellifluous sweetness the Spenserian measure from the hands of its first master remains unrivalled.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest poet that the world has yet seen, was born at Stratford upon Avon, April 23, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, enjoyed a small patrimonial estate, but falling into difficulties was compelled to increase his income by trade. He is said to have been a wool-stapler. He appears, however, to have possessed some influence in his native town, and once filled the office of High Bailiff or Chief Magistrate. He had a family of ten children. William Shakespeare was the second son. Our illustrious poet appears to have received but an indifferent school education. What little learning he possessed was acquired at the Free School of Stratford. It was here that he obtained what his contemporary Ben Jonson called his "*small Latin and less Greek*." But as it is justly observed by Dr. Drake, though his attainments as a linguist were truly trifling, his *knowledge* was great and his *learning* in the best sense of the term, was multifarious and extensive beyond that of most of his contemporaries. It is said that on leaving school he was placed for a brief period in the office of a country Attorney. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, the

daughter of a farmer in his neighbourhood. The lady was eight years older than himself. Shortly after his marriage he formed an intimacy with some young men of a thoughtless and dissipated character who were in the habit of deer-stealing. Being young and gay himself, he joined them in what he probably deemed a mere frolic, the capture of some deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, by whom he was prosecuted with such severity that the poet by way of revenge wrote a satirical ballad upon the knight and affixed it to his park gates. He subsequently held up the memory of his persecutor to immortal ridicule in the character of Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Soon after this he went to seek his fortune in London, but left his wife at Stratford, and visited her once a year. Tradition informs us that he held the horses of those who rode to the theatre, and thus for awhile gained a scanty livelihood; but his care and civility were so conspicuous, and his humble services came into such request, that he was obliged to employ others under him, who went by the name of *Shakespeare's boys*. This story, however, rests on a very slight foundation. It is certain that he became an actor, and that he was not a good one. The part he performed best, was the ghost in *Hamlet*. He also appeared in the character of Adam in *As You Like it*, and in that of Old Knowell in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. He soon showed that he could delineate a character much better than he could act it. His first literary performance was the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, which he dedicated to his patron, the Earl of Southampton. Which was the earliest of his thirty-five invaluable dramas can only be matter of conjecture. In the beginning of King James the First's reign he was one of the principal managers of the Globe theatre. He rapidly accumulated wealth, and in 1597 he purchased a house at Stratford to which he gave the name of New Place. He did not wholly retire from an active life until the year 1613, when he left the metropolis for ever, and settled himself in his native town, determined to devote the remainder of his existence to social and domestic happiness. Shakespeare died on his birth-day, 23rd April, 1616, when he had nearly completed his fifty-second year. His great contemporary, Cervantes, died in Spain on the same day. Shakespeare had by his wife, who survived him, a son named Hamnet (who died in 1596), and two daughters.

To speak of Shakespeare's genius in a manner at all worthy of the subject, would require unrivalled critical acumen and powers of expression almost

equal to his own. In the very small space which is allotted to these notices his excellences must rather be alluded to than analyzed. That he is the first in the first rank of poets is now almost universally admitted. Even the French who were at one time disinclined to acknowledge the pre-eminence of a writer whose style is so directly opposed to the general character of their own literature, begin to regard him with a liberal and enlightened admiration, and the fine enthusiasm with which his plays are now received in Germany is a proof that the English are not blinded by national pride in their estimate of his genius. The best and most laudatory of his critics is a German—the brilliant and able Schlegel. That Shakespeare was not a faultless writer may be admitted without much reluctance, because with all his wondrous endowments he was still a man, and no human production has yet resembled a sun without a spot. His defects however, though numerous, are generally of a superficial and unimportant character. He who studies mankind and observes the appearances of the external world, when he comes to the perusal of Shakespeare, must be struck with wonder at the intuitive sagacity of his moral discoveries, and the unrivalled truth and beauty of his descriptions. There is something almost super-human in the precision with which he reads the innermost secrets of our nature. He lays bare the heart. He is the poet of the world. His true and inimitable delineations of humanity are not confined to particular times or countries, and his fame and influence are accordingly independent of those varieties and changes of circumstance and external manners which at last throw into oblivion all those writers who exhaust their powers on local or temporary materials.

Shakespeare was not, like other poets, remarkable for some solitary perfection or for one predominant quality. His vast mind was well balanced and many-sided. He was not distinguished for wit alone, or humour, or pathos, or sublimity, or a vigorous understanding or a fine imagination. He combined *all* these different qualities in his individual genius, and every author eminent in each has been surpassed by Shakespeare even in the single characteristic excellence.

The different conceptions which are formed of some of the characters in Shakespeare's plays have seemed to certain critics an argument against their truth and nature. The case is exactly the reverse. It is a glorious proof of that dramatic power which enabled him so entirely to forget himself—to enter into the hearts of others—and to pourtray men exact-

ly as they are, in every change of position and with all their inconsistencies, both real and apparent. To understand them thoroughly requires the same studious observation and knowledge of human nature, as are employed in an intercourse with the living world. His characters are not described;—they act. They are not allegorical personages. They are not automaton or lay figures. They “live and move and have their being.” The characters in the plays of those poets who do not possess the dramatic faculty, however capable may be the writers of pourtraying with truth and vigour their own feelings, are by no means so difficult of comprehension. Not being persons but descriptions, he who runs may read them. They remind us of caricatures, with labels in their mouths, or paintings accompanied with written explanations. *How natural!* is the instant exclamation of the same crowd, who are struck with the incomprehensible inconsistencies of Shakespeare's characters! It is always thus with superficial observers. They see not that the human character is of “a mingled yarn,” and discover only the broader traits unqualified by those nice gradations and varieties of shade, those virtues that border upon vice, and those vices that lean to virtue's side, which are often so mysteriously blended in the same human being. This ignorance of our nature is the cause of the instability of friendships. The common crowd know but of two characters in the world—a good man and a wicked man. When they discover a single vice or failing in one whom they had placed in the former class, they instantly transfer him to the latter. They generally add to this injustice by attributing their mistake to the culprit's hypocrisy, instead of to their own want of discernment.

We are told by Collins, in a compliment to Fletcher, at the expense of a greater poet, that

“Stronger Shakespeare felt for *man* alone.”

Even Dryden has expressed a similar opinion, and Walter Scott echoes him. Some living critics too have remarked, that the female characters in Shakespeare's plays are less prominently marked and less variously distinguished than those of the sterner sex. If this criticism is to be taken in an unfavorable sense, it is quite erroneous, and the censure might be very fairly turned into a compliment. We often hear objections made to certain characters in Shakespeare's plays that only tend to shew more unequivocally the perfect truth and nature of the poet's delineations; and the criti-

cism, just alluded to, is of this description. If Shakespeare had brought out the lines of his female characters as strongly as those of the other sex, he would have been guilty of an error into which he of all men was the least likely to be led. His knowledge of human nature was nearly infallible, indeed almost god-like; and he well knew that in spite of occasional and even striking deviations arising from original organization or accidental circumstances, the fairer and gentler half of our kind are less individually distinguished by prominent and peculiar traits than men. Partly from their primal nature and partly from the uniformity of their conventional condition, they are generally as like one another in their moral and intellectual character as in the delicacy of their external conformation. The characters of men are necessarily more diversified, owing to the greater variety of positions into which they are thrown, and the many powerful excitements which stir their minds and hearts to the lowest depths. The nearly all-absorbing passion of a woman's breast is love, but, as Byron has made Julia in *Don Juan* finely tell us, men indulge in a variety of other emotions of equal strength.

"Man's *ov.* is of man's life a thing apart,
Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange,
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
 Men have all these resources; we but one,
 To love again, and be again undone."

As all men and women are very much the creatures of circumstances, the comparative uniformity in the characters of the one and the endless variety in the characters of the other, present a problem not very difficult of solution. Still, however, nature does not allow of an absolutely perfect similitude between any two living creatures. There are no two countenances in every respect alike, and still more positive is the diversity of minds. To the general eye a flock of sheep presents no distinction excepting that of size or colour; but the shepherd knows every face by its peculiar lineaments, as perfectly as a father knows the features of his children. In the same way, a profound student of human life, may often trace individual distinctions in the crowd, which escape the notice of ordinary observers. These minute and subtle traits, our great dramatic poet has shown us reflected in that mirror which he so successfully held up to nature; but it happens that as he did not exaggerate the truth to make it palpable to the more

vulgar eye, the finer distinctions which are unseen in the reality by common observers are equally unrecognized in the imitation, by common readers. Pope has told us that

"Most women have no character at all;"

and it is quite true that they have none whatever if that only is to be called a character which all who run may read. But what sound and sober critic will echo the smart but shallow dogma of the leading wit of the days of Anne? We would rather go back to the time of Elizabeth, and listen to the philosophy of Shakespeare, who contradicts, by anticipation, the satirist's flippant libel upon the gentlest and fairest of all God's creatures. In the pages of the Prince of Dramatists, we meet again with many of those lovely and delightful beings whose delicate varieties of character enchant us in real life. Of Shakespeare's endless variety of male characters it is unnecessary to speak, for even the dullest reader owns the truth and force of his portraits of men. Who that has once become acquainted with Lear and Hamlet and Macbeth and Iago and Othello could ever forget them? When we are presented with such full-length portraits of humanity as these, so distinct and animated, we receive an impression that can never fade but with life itself. But he who wishes to keep up his acquaintance with the modern drama, must have a strong memory indeed, if he does not find it necessary to refresh it with occasional reperusals.

They all wear out of us, like forms with chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors for one feast night.

Though Shakespeare knew so well how to portray the darkest passions, his own heart was one of the purest and gentlest that ever breathed.

RICHARD BARNFIELDE.

RICHARD BARNFIELDE. Scarcely any thing is known of this poet's personal history or even of his writings. Little more than his name and the title of his works have been preserved. The poem we have quoted, has been often attributed to Shakespeare, a compliment that renders it worthy of preservation. Barnfielde published a poem entitled, "*The Affectionate Shepherd*" in 1595. Several other productions of his appeared between that period and 1604.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, was born at Budley in Devonshire, in 1552. At the age of 16 he was sent to Oriel College, Oxford. At this early period Lord Bacon foretold his future eminence. In the following year he embarked for France with the English troops who were sent by Queen Elizabeth to assist the Queen of Navarre in defending the French Protestants. In this service he continued about six years and then returned to England. But he did not long remain inactive. In 1577 he accompanied the troops sent from England to assist the Dutch against the Spaniards. Soon after this, he sailed with his half brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert to North America. On his return he obtained a Captain's commission under Lord Grey of Wilton, the Deputy of Ireland, and soon after distinguished himself greatly in assisting to suppress the Munster Rebellion. On his return he obtained the Queen's favor by an act of gallantry. Her majesty walking out one day, having stopped at a miry spot, the polite young soldier threw off a magnificent mantle from his shoulders and cast it on the ground before her. The Queen was pleased with such flattering attention, and the well proportioned frame and graceful demeanor of Raleigh added greatly to the effect of his romantic compliment. He is related to have written the following line on a window, which the Queen could not fail to pass.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall :

Her majesty, it is said, condescended to write this reply directly under it :

If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.

In 1584 he obtained letters patent for discovering unknown lands, by virtue of which he took possession of a fine country, called *Windangocoo*, to which the Queen gave the name of *Virginia*. Soon after this he received the honour of Knighthood. He grew into such favor with her majesty that even Leicester regarded him as a rival. He obtained a large grant of land in Ireland, where he visited Spenser the poet, whom he brought to England and introduced to her Majesty. In 1585 he sent a fleet of ships to Virginia commanded by his relation, Sir Richard Grenville, who left a colony at Roanah. It was from this colony that tobacco was first imported into England. In 1588 he assisted by his skill and bravery to destroy the Spanish Armada. A few years after he commanded an expedition against Panama. He fell into temporary disgrace at court on account

of an intrigue with the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour, whom he afterwards married. In 1595 he projected the conquest of Guiana, where he took possession of the city of San Joseph. In the following year he was one of the admirals engaged in the successful expedition against Cadiz. On the accession of King James in 1603 he was accused of conspiring with Lord Cobham to place Arabella Stewart on the throne. He was condemned to death, and though his life was spared, he was confined for twelve years in the Tower where he wrote his celebrated *History of the World*. After his release he was entrusted with the charge of another expedition to Guiana. The enterprise was unsuccessful. On his return he was arrested and sent to the Tower, not for any late misdemeanor, but in consequence of his former attainder. He is said to have been sacrificed by the pusillanimous monarch to appease the Spaniards. He received sentence of death, and was beheaded, Oct. 29, 1618.

The calm heroism with which he met his death was in fine keeping with his conduct through life. In bidding farewell to his friends on the scaffold, he told them "he had a long journey to go and must therefore speedily take leave." He took the axe in his hand, and passing his finger along the edge of it observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a cure for all diseases."

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL, was the son of a music-master, and was born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1562. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. He was warmly patronized by the noble family of Pembroke, under whose favor he continued after leaving the University to pursue his favorite studies of Poetry and History. He was also fortunate enough to obtain the notice of Queen Anne, the consort of James the First, who appointed him a groom of the Privy Chamber. He was for some time tutor to the accomplished and celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, who always remembered him with affectionate respect. On the death of Spenser he was made Poet Laureate. Daniel's greatest prose work was a *History of England* extending to the reign of Edward the Third. He also wrote an elegant defence of Rhyme which is published in Chalmers's collection of the poets. He wrote several dramatic works, which have all

fallen into oblivion ; but some of his miscellaneous poems are still read with pleasure and instruction. His principal poem was upon rather an unfortunate subject for the Muse—the “History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster.” The details are generally too minute, and the reader feels throughout that nothing is gained by forcing the grave materials of the annalist into the form of verse. His Sonnets and Epistles are amongst his happiest efforts, and in many of them he is elegant and pathetic. His diction is singularly pure and perspicuous. He has been styled the Atticus of his day. He has no force or fire, but there is a chaste propriety in his sentiments and his style that honorably distinguishes him from most of his contemporaries. He was the intimate friend of Shakespeare and Marlowe. A few years before his death, which happened on the 14th of October, 1619, he retired from public life and amused himself with agricultural pursuits.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER were so closely connected in literature and friendship, that it is neither convenient nor desirable to separate them. They were not only conjoined in their authorial toils and reputation, but shared between them the necessities of life. They were both bachelors ; they lived together in the same house ; and had even their clothes in common. Francis Beaumont was descended from an ancient family of that name at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, where he was born in 1586. His father, who was one of the judges of the Common-pleas, was anxious that his son should study the law, but young Beaumont could think of nothing but the Muses. He was educated at Oxford. He died in his thirtieth year, ten years before his friend Fletcher. Though his life was thus brief it was well employed, for he had a hand in the greater part of the fifty-three plays which are published in the collected works of these united authors. John Fletcher was the son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London. He was born in the metropolis in 1576, and was educated at Cambridge. He died in the great plague in London in 1625. In the plays written jointly by these celebrated literary partners it is impossible to determine the exact share of merit due to each writer. It was generally said by their contemporaries that the wit and invention were Fletcher's, and that Beaumont,

though the younger man, had more gravity and judgment, and confined himself chiefly to the serious and pathetic parts. So highly was the taste and judgment of Beaumont esteemed by Ben Jonson, who was not deficient in self-confidence, that he frequently sought his advice, and submitted his plays to his correction. In comedy the critics of their own day seem to have placed these writers above Shakespeare himself ; and even so late as the time of Dryden, that poet tells us “their plays were the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of their's being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's.” In the present day, however, though their great merits are readily allowed, they do not interfere with the superior fame of Shakespeare, who now carries away the suffrages of both the critics and the people. But perhaps they stand next to him as dramatic poets, if we reject the claims of Ben Jonson, who had a larger share of learning than of genius, and gathered more from the school-room or the library than from human life. Beaumont and Fletcher exhibit a luxuriant fancy, and great richness and fluency of poetic diction ; and occasionally they show that they understood human passion ; but they seem too often to think of stage effect and are too anxious to create surprise. They have nature in them, but they do not always trust it. Their greatest fault is an utter disregard for decency. Their sentiments are often immoral and their language shamefully indelicate. If it were not for these serious defects their plays would no doubt still be highly popular ; for they abound in exquisite descriptions, in strokes of genuine wit, and are not without scenes and passages of true pathos.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was the son of a tanner, and from this low extraction he rose to high worldly honours. He was appointed just before his death Chief Justice of the King's Bench in England. He was born about the year 1570 and died in 1626. His philosophical poem of *Noxæ Teipsum*, written by him at the age of 25, was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It is undoubtedly a very remarkable production ; and there is not in the English language a happier example of ingenious argumentation in verse. The illustrations are admirable, and the diction is singularly pure and easy for the period at which he wrote. In his versification he anticipated the precision and harmony of a later day.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born at Harshull in Warwickshire in 1563. Very little is known of his personal history. He seems to have acquired a few distinguished patrons, but he was not much indebted to royal favor. He presented King James on his accession with a congratulatory poem; but it is said that his majesty was so dissatisfied with it, on account of some want of dexterity in the compliments, that he could never forgive the author. The piece is not inserted in the general collection of his poems. Drayton never reprinted it, though he did not hesitate to express his own favorable opinion of its merits, and to remind his majesty that he had "taught his title to this isle in rhyme." The king, perhaps, did not wish the subject of his right to the throne to be too frequently or too familiarly discussed. His *Polyolbion* was published in 1613. This extensive topographical poem, composed in a long and lumbering kind of verse, can never be read without a sense of weariness, and a feeling of surprise that a true poet should have chosen such an unhappy subject. It is occasionally relieved with passages of considerable beauty; but upon the whole it exhibits more of the learning of the historian, the antiquary, the naturalist, and the geographer than the imagination of the poet. The celebrated Camden honored it with notes, and the text and commentaries together cannot but be highly interesting to the antiquarian reader, especially as the poet has been scrupulously faithful and laborious in his details. Drayton was equally unhappy in the choice of the subject of *The Barons' Wars*. An historian is expected to make the most of minute facts, however uninteresting, but we are disgusted with such details in verse. A poet must deal only with those select events which are best suited to stir the feelings and kindle the imagination. He was more at home in his "*Nymphidia*." This poem is full of sportive grace and sparkling fancy. Dr. Johnson, in one of his notes to "*the Midsummer Night's Dream*," says, that "it will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with the play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakespeare wrote first, I cannot discover." If Malone be right in his chronological arrangement of Shakespeare's Plays, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was published in 1592. The *Nymphidia* was published in 1598. Drayton died in 1631. He

was a great poet in bulk but not in spirit, and perhaps his very voluminousness throws his real powers into an unfavorable point of view. He had not sufficient vital energy to give animation to so large a mass. But his smaller pieces are graceful and unaffected,—the diction is clear and the verse harmonious.

JOHN DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London, in 1573. He was descended from a very ancient family in Wales. So early as in his eleventh year he was sent to Oxford, being at that time already a good French and Latin scholar. In his fourteenth year he was removed to Cambridge. On the death of his father, about three years afterwards, he came into the possession of three thousand pounds. His parents were Roman Catholics, and he had been educated in the same creed, but in his nineteenth year, after much conscientious inquiry, he became a Protestant. He was appointed secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmore, but lost that situation by a stolen marriage with the niece of Lady Ellesmore, which gave great offence to the family. Donne, before his appointment of secretary, had spent the greater part of his fortune, and being now discountenanced by his connections he was thrown into great pecuniary distress. He, however, had subsequently some offers of employment in the church, which he declined at first on certain modest and conscientious scruples, but at last at King James's especial desire, his majesty having a great respect for his learning, he became a clergyman. Before he died he had risen to be Dean of St. Paul's. His death was occasioned by consumption in 1631, the 58th year of his age.

During his last illness he caused himself to be wrapped in a winding-sheet, leaving nothing but his pale thin face exposed. Then closing his eyes, as if in death, he had his likeness taken. When the picture was finished he placed it by his bedside.

Donne was a learned man and a vigorous writer; but not a good poet. He was the first of the school of poets whom Dr. Johnson in his life of Cowley styles the metaphysical poets. He has more wit and ingenuity than fancy and feeling; and he had so bad an ear for the music of versification that no poet in the language has more miserably failed in the mechanism of his art. His metre is peculiarly harsh and crabbed. Two or three of his smallest pieces, however, may be excepted from this censure. Pope modernized some of his satires.

. BENJAMIN JONSON.

BENJAMIN JONSON was born in Westminster, June 11, 1574, about a month after the death of his father who was a clergyman. He was early sent to Westminster School, where Camden, the celebrated antiquary, was his master. While at this school, his mother married a second husband, who was a brick-layer, and the boy was taken home to follow the trade of his father-in-law. Taking an extreme disgust for that humble employment, he went into the Low Countries as a soldier, and distinguished himself by his bravery in battle, killing and despoiling an enemy in the view of both armies. On his return home it is said that he went for a short time to the University of Cambridge, but that his poverty compelled him to seek his fortune in London where he soon became both a playwright and a player. In both capacities he was for some time unsuccessful, especially in the latter. While a retainer to the stage he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel with another player. He killed his opponent, and was himself severely wounded in the arm by his adversary's sword, which was ten inches longer than his own. For this offence Jonson was committed to prison, and it is uncertain how long he remained in confinement. A popish priest availed himself of the poet's dejection of mind to convert him to the Catholic religion, in which he continued for twelve years, and then returned to the Church of England. Soon after his liberation he married a woman who is described as a shrew. In or about his 24th year he commenced an acquaintance with the immortal Shakespeare. Ben Jonson had put a play into the hands of some supercilious person connected with the management of a theatre, and who was just returning it to the author with the answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare, casting his eye over it, met with sufficient indications of merit to induce him to read it through, and from that time he became an active and generous friend of his brother-dramatist. Soon after the performance (in 1605) of his best comedy, *Volpone or the Fox*, he joined with Chapman and Marston, in writing a comedy called *Eastward Ho*, which reflected very severely on the Scottish nation, and gave so much offence at Court, that the authors were thrown into prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses in the pillory. They, however, obtained a pardon. Ben Jonson's mother, on hearing a rumour of the barbarous punishment that was likely to be inflicted upon

them, prepared a strong poison, a share of which she had intended to drink herself, and then mix the rest in her son's liquor, had the sentence been carried into execution. In 1613 he visited Paris and was introduced to Cardinal du Perron. When the Cardinal shewed him his translation of Virgil, Ben, with characteristic bluntness, told him "it was nought." Four years after this trip to Paris he travelled from London to Scotland on foot, and visited the celebrated Scottish poet Drummond, of Hawthornden, who preserved a few memorials of the dramatist's conversation. In 1619, Jonson was appointed Poet Laureate. The latter part of his life was darkened by poverty and disease. The small salary attached to the office of Poet Laureate was irregularly paid, and his constitution failed him. He was attacked by the palsy and had also a tendency to dropsy. He died the 6th of August, 1637, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Over his grave is a common pavement stone on which are engraved these words:

O RARE BEN JONSON !

Jonson was the most learned of the poets of his time, and was a truly robust and manly writer. But his learning somewhat overlaid his natural powers, and he often translated from the ancients when he should have been studying human nature, and drawing upon the resources of his own powerful understanding. Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*, compared him to a blind Samson, who pulled down the ruins of antiquity on his head and buried his genius beneath them. His representations of humanity are too much confined to externals. He does not, like Shakespeare, lift the curtain of the human heart, and describe man in general; but he delineates with infinite wit, and in the spirit of a satirist, certain whimsical peculiarities and superficial traits. Instead of introducing us to individuals of mixed emotions and desires, he personifies independent passions. His characters are mere abstractions. His style is upon the whole harsh and unpleasing, though he has occasional passages that compel admiration, and it is clear that he always writes with a full mind. He seldom captivates us with those sparkling gems of pure poetry which are sprinkled so profusely over the pages of Shakespeare, and there is a roughness and ferocity in his satire of which that gentler and finer nature was wholly incapable. These remarks apply exclusively to his dramas, for in his lyrical pieces there is occasionally a rare degree of elegance

and grace. He wrote upwards of 50 dramas, including his *Masques*. Ben Jonson's disposition is said to have been reserved and saturnine, and his manner abrupt and rude; but under a rough exterior, he concealed a generous heart. His person was so bulky that he is said to have resembled his great contemporary's portrait of Sir John Falstaff.

THOMAS CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW was born in 1589. The place of his birth is not exactly ascertained. It was probably in Gloucestershire, where his ancestors resided. He received his education at Oxford. After leaving College he travelled for the improvement of his mind and manners, and came back a finished gentleman. On account of his graceful accomplishments he was received with high favor, at court, and was appointed by King Charles the First, gentleman of the privy chamber. The greater portion of the remainder of his life he appears to have spent in affluence and gaiety; though his last hours were clouded with remorse on account of his occasional irregularities. He died in 1639. The neatness, sprightliness, point and ingenuity of most of his little poems render them fully deserving of even more admiration than they have obtained. They often want substance, but they never want grace.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON was born in the county of Kent in 1568. His family was an ancient and honorable one. He was educated at Oxford, where he contracted an intimate and lasting friendship with Dr. Donne. On leaving college he spent nine years in visiting foreign countries. On his return to England in his thirtieth year he became Secretary to the Earl of Essex, whom he accompanied in two naval expeditions against the Spaniards. When the Earl fell into disgrace, Sir Henry Wotton precipitately quitted the kingdom, and took up his residence in Florence. Shortly before the death of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Tuscany intercepted certain letters that betrayed a design on the part of some Italian Jesuits to poison the King of Scots. The Duke employed Sir Henry Wotton to proceed immediately but secretly to Scotland and give the king notice of his danger. Sir Henry was well received by his majesty and soon returned again to Florence. On the king's accession to the throne of England he sent for

Wotton and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. He was subsequently appointed ambassador to Venice. The year before King James died, Sir Henry Wotton returned home and was appointed to the provostship of his majesty's of Eton. He then entered into holy orders. He had proposed to himself to write a history of Martin Luther; but in this design he was interrupted by Charles the 1st, who urged him to write a history of England. In this undertaking he was checked by a greater power than an earthly king. He died in the midst of his labours in 1639. There is a fine moral tone in most of his productions.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER was born at Salisbury in 1584. His father, Arthur Massinger, was employed in the family of Henry, the second Earl of Pembroke, not as a common servant, but as a respectable retainer. That nobleman died in the younger Massinger's sixteenth year, and though the father continued in the service of the succeeding Earl, who was a great patron of the muses, our poet failed to obtain the least share of his favor. The Earl's neglect of the dramatist seems to have been occasioned by the latter having embraced the Catholic Religion. At least this reason for such harsh conduct is conjectured by Mr. Gifford, the poet's last and best editor, who has correctly observed, that of his personal history we know little more than that he lived and died. He appears to have suffered all the inconveniences of poverty, and to have gone to his grave with as little attention from mankind as he experienced in his lifetime. No stone or inscription marked the place where his dust was laid; and even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: "*Murch 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger.*"

It is only since Dodsley's reprint of our old plays and Gifford's edition of his dramas in four volumes, that Massinger has held a high place in the esteem of the present generation. His works were so rapidly falling into oblivion that Rowe thought it perfectly safe to turn the materials of Massinger's *Fatal Dowry* into a new play, and under the name of the *Fair Penitent* to pass it off on the public as a perfectly original production. The latter is a popular and pleasing play, but Rowe cannot be excused for suppressing all allusion to its original source. Massinger not only suffered from the dishonesty of Rowe, but the carelessness of Mr. Warburton, the Herald,

in whose hands were no less than fifteen of his plays in manuscript. Mr. Warburton placed these treasures in the hands of an ignorant servant, and after the lapse of some years when he made an inquiry about them, he discovered that no less than twelve of them had been destroyed by the cook who had burnt them from a motive of economy, not wishing to use more valuable paper for culinary purposes. Massinger is distinguished for the dignity and harmony of his verse, but excels more in description and declamation than in the art of making his characters unfold themselves. He has no wit, but he has occasional humour, and his imagery is sometimes vivid and poetical. Nineteen of his dramas are preserved in Gifford's edition of his works.

Mr. Monk Mason had remarked the general harmony of Massinger's versification, which he pronounced superior to that of any other writer with the exception of the generally acknowledged monarch of the English Drama. Mr. Gifford most unreasonably objects to this exception and asserts that rhythmical modulation is not in the list of Shakespeare's merits! He thinks that Shakespeare has been overrated; that Beaumont is as sublime, Fletcher as pathetic, and Jonson as nervous; and that *wit* is the only quality by which he is raised above all competitors! Here is a critic that would have pleased Voltaire. It would have been amusing enough if Mr. Gifford had been compelled to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He would have afforded a strong illustration of the absurdity and presumption of a mere satirist—an acute fault-finder—

"A word-catcher that lives on syllables,"

attempting to take the measure of such a gigantic mind as that of Shakespeare. It is not difficult to understand why a critic who counts syllables upon his fingers should prefer the verse of Massinger to that of Shakespeare. It is more uniformly smooth, correct, and regular. But it has nothing of the freedom, the variety, and expression that characterize the voice of

"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

There is no occasion to underrate the real merit of Massinger's versification. The march of his verse is noble and majestic, and his diction is singularly pure and perspicuous. The latter has quite a modern air, though written two hundred years ago. Perhaps both his metre and his diction are preferable to those of Jonson; but in neither respect does he equal Shakespeare. For though Massinger's language and

metre have fewer faults, they have also incomparably fewer beauties, and the beauties very rarely indeed compete with those of the Prince of Dramatic Poets. They have not the same irresistible enchantment. The anticipated tones of Massinger always satisfy, but never surprise or ravish us. But the wild music of Shakespeare is like that of the Æolian harp touched by the wandering breeze. It reminds us of the music of the genius, who, in the habit of a shepherd, appeared before Mirza on the hills of Bagdad. He had a little musical instrument in his hand. As Mirza looked towards him, the genius applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. "*The sound of it,*" says Mirza, "*was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard.*" The enchanting melody of Shakespeare's softer passages may be described in his own delightful words—

"O it comes o'er the ear, like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Coleridge once remarked that he thought he might possibly catch the tone and diction of Milton, but that Shakespeare was absolutely inimitable. This was a very just and discriminating observation. We need be under no apprehension that the music of Shakespeare will ever pall upon the ear in consequence of its frequent repetition by a servile flock of mocking birds. It will never be said of him, as it was said of Pope, that he

"Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every warbler had his tune by heart."

The only superiority to Shakespeare that can be discovered in Massinger, is in the greater general clearness and more sustained dignity of his language, and in the judicious abstinence from those puns and quibbles which so unhappily deform the pages of a writer who would otherwise be almost too perfect for humanity.

The texture of Shakespeare's composition is sometimes most vexatiously involved, and there are riddles in his pages that still remain unsolved by the most patient and clear-headed of his commentators. These are his weightiest sins, and every school-boy can point them out for reprobation; but, as it is hardly necessary to observe, they are redeemed by a galaxy of beauties that may be sought in vain in any other region of the world of literature.

Massinger has comparatively few of those fine and unaffected strokes of nature, for which Shakespeare is so remarkable. The "*What man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,*" addressed to Macduff when he receives the afflicting intelligence of the destruction of his family, and endeavours to suppress and conceal his agony:—the single exclamation, "*Ah!*" in Othello, when a lightning-flash of jealousy first breaks upon the Moor's tempestuous soul;—his "*Not a jot, not a jot,*" when Iago observes that he is moved;—the "*Pray you undo this button,*" of Lear when his heart swells almost to bursting;—and a thousand other simple but most expressive touches of a similar kind, are amongst the truly characteristic excellencies of Shakespeare and are never to be found in the stately lines of Massinger. But yet, if we compare Massinger with the Dramatic writers of the present day, in whom shall we find his equal? The golden age of the Drama has passed away. Our present poets can paint the moods of their own minds and can write dramatic poems, but not plays. Their mirrors reflect themselves alone. They do not hold them up to nature and give the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.

In reviewing the characters in his play, one cannot help wondering that Gifford, notwithstanding his narrow views in criticism, should not have seen the immeasurable inferiority of Massinger to Shakespeare in all the higher attributes of genius. But the critic appears to have been so taken up with the regularity of Massinger's plots, the accuracy of his metre and the purity of his diction, that he overlooked every consideration of a weightier and nobler nature. If in Shakespeare there are greater faults of style, there are far fewer errors of delineation, and in the highest sense of the word, he was a more correct writer than either Massinger himself, or the learned and laborious Jonson. The faults of Shakespeare are errors of taste, and not defects of genius. Where the heart is to be touched or the imagination kindled, he rarely fails. Massinger had an intellect of great force; but, like Dryden, he had no power over the pathetic. Even his eloquence, his most characteristic merit, is the eloquence of the mind, and not of the heart.

It was more than once urged against Shakespeare by his competitors as a weighty objection, that "*nature was all his art.*" It would have served some of these writers justly if he had retorted that art was all their nature.

NOTE. The Title of Massinger's play—*A New Way to pay Old Debts*—was inadvertently omitted in the Selections, Col. 257.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Of the life of this poet we know but little. He was born in Devonshire, in 1590. By the patronage and assistance of Wilham, Earl of Pembroke, he was enabled to purchase an estate. He died in 1645.

William Browne's "*Britannia's Pastorals*" are far more fresh and natural than most poems of the same kind, and well deserve to be rescued from that oblivion into which they seem to be falling. They are full of true poetical fancy, and evince a lively and just appreciation of the charms of nature. The versification is fluent and harmonious. Though these pastorals are somewhat deficient in human interest, and are occasionally deformed with extravagant conceits, they form a vast storehouse of rural imagery and description, and it is thought that Milton did not disdain to be indebted to Browne's now neglected pages.

Browne published his Pastorals in his twenty-third year. They not only display, as already intimated, great richness and originality of fancy, but a turn for observation and reflection not a little remarkable in so young a man. Pope's Pastorals were published in his twenty-first year, though it is said that they were written earlier. It would be an interesting task to compare minutely the eclogues of these two writers so essentially opposed in their cast of mind and born at different periods when such opposite styles of poetry were in fashion. There is an air of greater learning in those of Pope, and of more truth and originality in those of Browne. In the former there is not a single new image, but there are many ingenious imitations of the Greek and Roman classics; in the latter there are many fresh transcripts from nature, and very few echoes of other poets. Pope is artful and elegant; Browne is natural and free. In smoothness of versification Pope has infinitely surpassed his predecessor. Browne's merit consists in the excellence of particular passages, for there is no regularity or completeness in his design. The reader is often disgusted with his tedious minuteness, his occasional abruptness, his confusion and his want of refinement. But his flowers of fancy are so fresh and vivid, and are thrown about in such magnificent heaps, that a genuine lover of poetry can overlook a great deal of less agreeable matter for the sake of such rare enjoyments. They who read him for his narrative or fable must always be disappointed. His embellishments, consisting chiefly of the most elaborate yet felicitous comparisons, are

always more valuable than the general groundwork of his poems.

Browne made his native country—the garden of England—the scene of his Pastorals. He is to be honored for his courage, his good sense and his patriotism, in breaking through the silly custom of carrying the British Muse to foreign regions in search of beauties that are no where more easily found than in our own delightful land.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born at Whitton in the county of Middlesex in 1608. He is said to have been very early a prodigy in learning. He spoke Latin at five years of age and wrote it at nine. He studied at neither of the Universities, and when his father had given him all the instruction obtainable under his own roof he sent him on his travels. In his twentieth year he joined the standard of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, and was present at three battles and five sieges within the space of six months. On his return he associated with men of genius and learning. He was well acquainted with Davenant and Ben Jonson. He wrote a few plays which are now deservedly forgotten, but his brief occasional pieces are still admired for their ease, archness, ingenuity and sprightliness. When the Civil Wars broke out Sir John Suckling equipped a regiment for the king's service, and spent 1200 pounds (a large sum at that day) on their dress and decorations. The regiment however behaved ill in an engagement with the Scotch, and were disgracefully defeated. There was much ridicule thrown upon their finery and cowardice, and Sir John Suckling seems to have felt it deeply. Some biographers say that it shortened his existence; but his death was occasioned by a singular accident. Having heard that his valet had robbed him and made his escape, he drew on his boots in passionate haste, when a nail that was concealed in one of them by his faithless servant, pierced his heel, and produced a mortification of which he died, in his 33rd year.

Sir John Suckling's personal character was not entitled to much respect. It is said that he was a gambler, and got certain marks known only to himself fixed on all the cards that came from the great card-makers in France. The goddess of his poems was Lady Dorset who was so shameless as to boast of her familiarities with the poet.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, a descendant of an ancient Scottish family, was born at Hawthornden, his father's seat in Scotland, on the 13th of December, 1585. He received his education at the University of Edinburgh. At the age of twenty-one he went to France to attend Lectures on the civil law; but he did not long prosecute that study. He returned to Scotland in 1610, the year in which his father died, and inheriting the paternal estate, he lived as an independent gentleman. About six years afterwards he published a number of his Sonnets. He became enamoured of a very lovely young woman, who accepted his offer of marriage, but died of a fever on the very day fixed for the wedding. This bitter disappointment so severely shocked him that he attempted to relieve his mind by a change of scene, and he travelled through different countries for eight years. On his return he wrote a history of the five James's, kings of Scotland, "a work abounding," says Thomas Campbell, "in false eloquence and slavish principles," though according to Horace Walpole, Drummond proved himself by this publication to be one of the best of modern historians, and no mean imitator of Livy. The work is now rarely met with. In his forty-fifth year Drummond married a young lady in whom he fancied a resemblance to his former mistress. He was so warm a Royalist, that his grief at the fate of Charles, is said to have shortened his days. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Drummond was the first Scottish poet who wrote in pure English. His poetry is deficient in strength and originality, but it is elegant and graceful. He was a great admirer and imitator of Petrarch, and sometimes not only took a hint from the Italian poets but translated entire passages without acknowledgment.

It is reported that Ben Jonson was so great an admirer of the genius of Drummond, that he travelled on foot from London to Hawthornden*, to pay him a visit of friendship and respect. During Ben Jonson's stay with Drummond, the latter appears to have occasionally taken down memoranda of the heads of conversations on literary subjects, and to have accompanied them with remarks upon the character of his guest. About half a century after Drummond's death they found their way into print, but there is no evidence to show

* The poet's residence, "Hawthornden House," was about seven miles from Edinburgh.

that he contemplated their publication. Ben Jonson's host naturally felt so great an interest in his guest, that we ought not to be surprised that he should have entered in his private diary these reports of his conversations and notices of his manners. Some of the latter may be rather severe, but no one questions their truth, not even Gifford himself, though he so madly accuses Drummond of a desire to blast the memory of his friend. Jonson's manners were rough, dogmatical, and offensive; but Drummond's were precisely the reverse*. Mr. Gifford has given no shadow of a reason for his absurd and ungenerous assertion that Drummond "inveigled" Jonson into his house with the detestable motive he has attributed to him. As a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has well observed, if this had been Drummond's object he would have painted Ben Jonson in colours far more hideous, and would have published his calumnies either in Jonson's life-time, towards the close of which he was comparatively imbecile and feeble and not in a condition for a literary warfare, or after his death;—for Drummond survived him nearly twelve years. We cannot conceive any reasonable cause for a hostile or malignant feeling in Drummond towards Jonson. The latter's pedestrian pilgrimage from London to Edinburgh, then regarded as a formidable undertaking, was as high a compliment as one poet could well pay to another; and while there is abundant evidence of a reciprocity of kind and cordial sentiment between these distinguished men, there is nothing that can be construed into the slightest indication of an opposite feeling, except Drummond's character of Jonson, which (though drawn with that freedom which almost of itself implies that it was not intended for publication, and those vivid and minute touches that a close intimacy with his subject and a subtle observation would naturally inspire), exhibits nothing like jealousy or

* "He was a tender father, a kind husband, and one who would not willingly give offence; a man of pleasing habits, alluring conversation, and strict piety. In addition, he was a methodical man, somewhat given to sallies of wit and humorous sayings. *Kept books in which he noted down the verses of other men as well as his own*: had his letters too in order; and preserved whatever struck him as clever in the remarks of his companions or correspondents, or pleased him in the compositions of his own pen."—*Cunningham's Life of Drummond*.

Is it at all strange that such a man and with such habits should have recorded the conversations of so celebrated a person as Ben Jonson? Would it not have been more strange if he had omitted to do so? Yet Mr. Gifford can only attribute such an act to personal hatred: He calls Drummond "an accomplished artifice of fraud," and characterizes his conduct as the "blackest perfidy."

falsehood, and betrays no motive that is inconsistent with the reputation for integrity and honour which Drummond is acknowledged to have enjoyed in his life-time, and that nobility of mind which may still be traced in the works which have so long survived him. It is strange that Drummond's notes upon the character of a celebrated contemporary should be so harshly censured by a modern critic, at a time when a similar practice is so generally tolerated,—when the minutest actions and the most trivial observations of men of eminence are so commonly recorded by their literary associates,—and when the private history and the personal peculiarities not only of the dead but of the living, are to be met with in every periodical that is adapted to the public taste.

It is said that Ben Jonson wrote a poem descriptive of his journey to Scotland which was inadvertently burned with other papers at his death. Perhaps this accident is unfortunate for the memory of Drummond, and the poem might have included much interesting and valuable evidence as to the manner in which these two eminent contemporaries met and parted.

With respect to the character of Drummond's poetry, the critics are at variance. Phillips, the nephew of Milton, who is supposed to have often echoed the sentiments of his immortal relative, speaks of Drummond's sonnets in the following terms.

"To say that these poems are the effects of a genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a recommendation not to be rejected, (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits,) yet it is not the highest that can be given him; for should I affirm that neither Tasso nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves."

But these sentiments are evidently the original and exclusive property of Phillips himself; for it is not to be credited that Milton, however he may have recognised the real merits of Drummond, would have sanctioned such extravagant commendation.

There are certainly passages in Drummond's poetry the style and tone of which seem to have suggested some of the poetry of Milton, who, though he did not perhaps rate Drummond so highly as some have done, appears to have read him with attention and delight. There is an Italian air in much of the poetry of Drummond that would naturally be pleasing to an Italian scholar like Milton. Dr. Symmons, in speaking of the poet of Hawthornden as the earliest writer of the *true Sonnet*, observes

that he was "the peculiar object of Milton's applause and imitation." The author of *Paradise Lost*, however, in no instance condescended to become an imitator in which he did not immeasurably excel his models. His feeling for the beautiful and the true was so generous and ardent, that he would recognize merit even in less worthy pages than those of Drummond; but he invested the thoughts of others with the light of his own master-spirit, and gave them a glory which belonged originally to himself. Drummond has not been imitated by Milton alone. The comparative obscurity into which he has fallen, and the undeniable beauty of his productions, have tempted many modern authors to rifle his poetic treasures. Pope has not only stolen his thoughts, but imitated his versification. In his *Eloisa to Abelard* is the following line.

"The crime was common, common be the pain."

This is a very close imitation of the first line of one of Drummond's sonnets:

"The grief was common, common were the cries."

Pope rarely hesitated to borrow a beautiful thought or an elegant turn of words, because he knew that he could generally make them his own by some exquisite improvement. In the following lines, however, he has not surpassed his model.

"To virgins, flowers; to sunburnt earth, the rain;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return."

Pope's Pastorals.

"Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to laborers faint with pain;
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me."

Drummond's Fourth Feasting.

Gray also seems to have read and imitated him.

"Far from the madding worlding's hoarse discords."

Drummond.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Gray's Elegy.

It was Drummond's poem of *Fourth Feasting* of which Ben Jonson envied him the authorship. It is not, however, his miscellaneous poems which are now the most admired. In these he has many superiors, but there are few early writers of the Anglo-Italian sonnet who may be compared with him in that particular class of composition. With the exception of the illegitimate couplet close, the disposition of the rhymes is after the strict Italian model. Though quite Petrarchan in their tone,

they also occasionally evince the author's admiration of the style of his English predecessors and contemporaries. It is certain that he was familiar with the Sonnets of Shakespeare; for in his list of books read by him in 1606 he gives the "Passionate Pilgrim," which was the title of our great Dramatic Bard's first collection of sonnets. This was no doubt the surreptitious edition published by Jaggard in 1599. The Rev. Alexander Dyce, in his Aldine edition of Shakespeare's poems, erroneously asserts that they were *first* printed in 1609. Drummond's sonnets are superior to Shakespeare's *as sonnets*, however inferior to them *as poems*: that is to say, they are more rigidly constructed according to the laws of the sonnet, and have more unity and point, and are altogether better finished; but they have less richness and originality of thought, and comparatively few of those bold felicities of expression in which Shakespeare surpasses all other poets. Considered merely as sonnets, they are almost equal to those of Milton and of Wordsworth; but they have neither the sublime energy of the one, nor the profound sentiment of the other. Nor are they, indeed, so strictly legitimate in the disposition of the rhymes. But in grace, ingenuity, delicacy, and tenderness, they are not surpassed by any sonnets in the language. Drummond may justly be styled the British Petrarch.

It is much to be regretted that Drummond did not regularly translate the whole of Petrarch's sonnets. No British poet could have done them more justice. Mr. Campbell would say that we have sonnets enough already in the English language; and as far as their number only is referred to, it must be admitted; but this elegant exotic has perhaps not yet been brought to perfection in our country, and both its intrinsic merits and the labors of its cultivators have been often very unfairly treated by the critics, notwithstanding the authority in its favor of such names as Shakespeare, Drummond, Milton, and Wordsworth.

The old comparison of the sonnet to the bed of Procrustes, was first used by Ben Jonson, and it has been regularly repeated by every opponent of the sonnet since his time. The objection to its limits has been successfully answered by an explanation that it equally applies to all other forms of verse. There must be a limit of some kind or other; and it would be difficult to give a reason why Spenser's favorite stanza is restricted to nine lines that would not be equally cogent in defence of Petrarch's stanza of fourteen. A sonnet does not

necessarily stand alone any more than a Spenserian stanza, and a long poem may be constructed of the one as well as of the other. It has been found, indeed, that the sonnet on account of its greater length may be more easily rendered independent and complete in itself than the Spenserian stanza, which, however, is subjected to much the same rules. The sense ought to conclude with the last line, which should wind up with point, emphasis, and fulness. A fresh subject cannot properly be introduced into the middle of it. It is the opinion of the Italian critics, that a single sentiment or emotion may be more happily developed in a sonnet than in any other form of verse: and it seems as if its limits were particularly well calculated for the purpose. If it were longer, the leading idea would be weakened by too much diffusion; and if it were shorter, there might be too much compression and a consequent failure in point of perspicuity and completeness.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

RICHARD CRASHAW was one of those of our elder poets from whom Pope occasionally borrowed a good thought, and worked it into his own more polished verses. The date of his birth is not positively known. Mr. George Ellis thinks it was 1615. He was ejected from the University of Cambridge, where he was a fellow of Peterhouse, by the parliamentary army in 1644. After his ejection, he went to France, renounced the religion of the Church of England and embraced the Roman Catholic faith. The poet Cowley saw him in Paris in a state of great distress, and introduced him to the exiled Queen of Charles the 1st, who gave him letters of recommendation to persons in Italy, by which means he was appointed Secretary to one of the Roman Cardinals, and was made a canon of the Church of Loretto. He died of a fever in 1650. Crashaw's original verses are full of extravagant conceits; but in the midst of all their irregularities there are unequivocal indications of true poetical genius. Some of his translations are admirable, and show an extraordinary command over the resources of the language. The well known line which has been attributed to Dryden and other poets,

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit:
The modest water saw its God and blushed,

first appeared in a volume of Crashaw's Latin poems published in 1634.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON was born in 1605 of a Roman Catholic family. His mother was daughter to Lord Morley, and is reported to have written the famous letter of warning which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The poet married a daughter of Lord Powis, and it is to this lady that his poems under the title of *Castara* were all addressed. These poems have much tenderness of sentiment and elegance of diction. Habington wrote a *History of Edward the IV.* and *Observations upon History*. He died November 13, 1654.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

RICHARD LOVELACE, son of Sir William Lovelace of Woolwich, in Kent, was born in 1616. After having served in the army, he returned to his native county and took possession of his paternal estate worth 500*l.* per annum. He was deputed by the county of Kent to present a petition to the House of Commons in favor of the king, and got thrown into prison for his trouble. It was during this confinement that he wrote his *Song to Althea*. He spent his whole fortune in support of the Royal cause, and at last died (in 1658) in extreme want at a mean lodging in an obscure lane in London.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in London in the year 1591. His father was a goldsmith. The poet's best known publication, entitled *Hesperides; or Works both Human and Divine*, was published in 1633. He was presented by Charles the First to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, from which he was ejected during the civil war. He subsequently resided in London, where it is supposed he died, but in what year is not even conjectured. Some of his longer poems are unreadable, but most of his brief lyrics are remarkably sprightly, fanciful, and harmonious. Many of them are characterized by a true Anacreontic spirit. Some of his graver effusions have considerable tenderness and a fine moral tone.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in London in 1618. His father, who was the son of a grocer, died before the birth of the poet. His mother though struggling

with poverty, was extremely ambitious to give her son a literary education, and contrived to procure his admission as a king's scholar at Westminster school. He afterwards obtained a scholarship at Cambridge. He gave very early indications of genius. He began to write verses at the age of 13 and published them at 15. In 1643 he was ejected by the parliament from that university because he had distinguished himself by the warmth and boldness of his loyalty. He then went for awhile to Oxford, where he published a satire called *The Puritan and the Papist*. When Oxford was surrendered to the Parliament he followed the Queen to Paris as Secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, and during an absence of ten years abroad he was employed in decyphering the letters that passed between the King and Queen. He returned to England in 1656, when he was seized and imprisoned; but though it appeared on examination that he had been mistaken for another person, he was not released without the security of a thousand guineas from Dr. Scarborough. On the death of Cromwell he went again to France where he remained till the Restoration. On that event his services were not very gratefully remembered; for when he applied for an appointment which he had been promised by both Charles the 1st and Charles the 2nd, the Lord Chancellor told him that his pardon was his reward. Because he had lived peacefully for a time under Cromwell's government his loyalty was suspected. It was thought also a bad sign of his respect for regal authority that he had published an Ode to Brutus. He became disgusted with public life and sighed for rural retirement. He at last, however, by the influence of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans, obtained a competence of about 300*l.* a year from a lease of the Queen's land, which enabled him to gratify his eager desire for the quiet of a country life. He retired to Barn-elms and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surrey. He did not long, however, enjoy his retirement. According to his friend, Dr. Sprat, who wrote a history of his life, he died of a severe cold caught by staying one evening too late in the field to give some directions to his labourers. His death occurred on the 28th of July, 1667, in the 49th year of his age. He was buried with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey near the ashes of Chaucer and Spenser. His personal character was singularly amiable. King Charles when he heard of his death declared, "that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

Cowley's longest poetical work is *The Davideis*, a sacred poem on the troubles of David; in four

books. The plan of the work is incomplete; for he had designed to extend it to 12 books. It is a dreary task to peruse it. It has little poetical beauty, and is full of false wit and the most absurd conceits. His Pindaric Odes are his most celebrated productions, but they are greatly more talked of than read. Here and there they exhibit a striking thought or an ingenious fancy, but they have not much genuine fire, and the versification could hardly be worse. The most agreeable specimen of Cowley's poetical genius is the "Chronicle." His Anacreontics also are extremely elegant and lively, and are still read with pleasure. Cowley, had he trusted more to truth and nature, would have been a far greater poet, for he was by no means deficient in imagination and feeling: but his perverted taste and diversified learning tempted him, in compliance with the fashion of the time, to seek for such extraneous ornaments as rather surprise us with their oddity than please us with their fitness. He was the best, however, of that class of writers which Johnson has not very happily styled the Metaphysical School of Poets*, but his able and judicious criticism upon its characteristic features in his Life of Cowley is highly interesting and instructive. Whatever may be the fate of Cowley's poetry there can be but one opinion of his prose. It is exquisitely easy and natural, and gives us a far more just and delightful idea of the author's personal character than is communicated by his verse. His poetry is now little known to the general reader who will seldom take the trouble to dwell upon excellencies that are thickly surrounded with defects. A new edition of his works is rarely called for. In his own day his peculiarities were popular, but no poetry will long continue to please that has more art than nature. We soon grow weary of far-fetched illustrations and cold extravagance. The poetry of Cowley had lost its attractions in the time of Pope, who asks,

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
Yet still I love the language of his heart.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT was born at Oxford in 1605. He was the son of a wealthy vintner who kept the Crown Inn, a house frequented by Shake-

* Perhaps Johnson took the hint of this designation from Dryden, who in speaking of Donne, says, "he affects the metaphysics."

speare in his annual journeys from London to Warwickshire. His mother was exceedingly beautiful, and very elegant both in her conversation and address. Davenant himself in his jocose moments used to insinuate that Shakespeare was his father. One day when he said he was going to see his godfather Shakespeare, he was cautioned not to take God's name in vain. The great dramatic bard, it is said, took much notice of him and encouraged his very early attempts in poetry. He had not, however, long the benefit of the advice or assistance of so distinguished a friend. Shakespeare died when Davenant was only ten years of age, and the boy-poet wrote some verses to his memory. His tragedy of *Albion, King of the Lombards* was his first play, and being acted with great success, it brought him into notice. He succeeded Ben. Jonson as Poet Laureate. Thomas May, the poet and historian was his unsuccessful competitor for the laurel. His life was strangely varied. He was first a page to the Duchess of Richmond—then he became manager of a theatre—then a general of ordinance (and was knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester), and then an envoy from the Queen to King Charles the 1st. During a residence abroad he collected a body of men and set sail for the new colony of Virginia. He was intercepted by one of the Parliament ships, and confined in Cowes Castle and afterwards in the Tower. He owed his life to the grateful interference of two Aldermen, whom in his military capacity he had arrested, but generously gave them an opportunity to escape. Milton, it is said, also made an appeal in his favor, and Davenant returned the kindness at the Restoration by a similar piece of service. On his liberation he employed himself in a zealous attempt to restore the stage to its former influence. He, it was, who first introduced painted scenery, and obtained female performers, whose parts were before his time supported by young men. Davenant's own plays enjoyed a temporary success, but they are now all forgotten. He died in 1668.

Davenant was a remarkably handsome man until he lost his nose by a dishonorable disease—an affliction which exposed him to the poetical raillery of Sir John Suckling in his "*Sessions of the Poets*."

The best known of Davenant's works is a long Epic Poem entitled *Gondibert*, which has been much praised and little read. It is the production of a vigorous mind; but with many energetic passages, it is upon the whole a tedious poem; and though Dr. Aiken a few years ago made an attempt to recall it to public notice it is fast sinking into oblivion.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin in 1615. His father was chief baron of the Irish Exchequer; and two years afterwards being appointed one of the barons of the Exchequer in England brought his son with him from his native country and educated him in London. In 1631 our poet was sent to Oxford where "being looked upon as a slow, dreaming young man, addicted more to gaming than study, they could never imagine he could ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain, as he afterwards did." After three years' residence at the university he was removed to Lincoln's Inn, where though he seemed to apply himself to the common law, he did not get rid of his unhappy fondness for gambling. His father at last lost all patience and seriously threatened to disinherit him. This checked him for a while, and to prove the sincerity of his repentance he wrote an essay on the vice of gaming; but when two years afterwards his father died, his old propensity returned with double violence, and he speedily squandered his patrimony. In 1612 he published his tragedy of *The Sophy*, a poor performance, but which was not ill received, and helped to bring him into notice as a follower of the muses. He was soon after appointed high Sheriff of Surrey and made Governor of Farinham Castle for the king; but he resigned his appointment and joined the king at Oxford, where he published his best work, *Cooper's Hill*. An attempt was made to defraud him of the merit of this poem by spreading a report, that he had bought it of a clergyman for forty pounds. When the excellence of a work can no longer be disputed, the casting a doubt upon its authorship is the last resource of literary envy. Addison, Akenside, Pope, and Garth were all treated in a similar manner by malignant and unfair opponents.

With *them* most authors steal their works or buy,
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

In the civil wars he served the king in the dangerous employment of carrying the correspondence of the Royal family. In 1648 he is said by Anthony Wood, to have conveyed James Duke of York from London to France, and delivered him there to the Queen and Prince of Wales. Clarendon however asserts that the Duke went off with Colonel Bamfield only, who contrived the means of his escape. At the Restoration he was made surveyor of the king's buildings in succession to Inigo Jones, and at the coronation he received the honor of knighthood. By this time he seems to have grown more prudent, and he saved

money from his appointment, but his latter days were rendered miserable by an unfortunate marriage, and he was afflicted with a temporary derangement of mind, an infirmity which Butler made the subject of ungenerous ridicule in a poem in which he repeats the mean report of the purchase of *Cooper's Hill*. On recovering the use of his understanding, he wrote his verses on the death of Cowley whom he did not long survive. He died on the 19th of March, 1668. The poetry of Denham has been celebrated by Pope for its strength. It has certainly considerable freedom and vigour both of thought and expression, though it is occasionally somewhat obscure, and is deficient in the lighter graces.

GEORGE WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire. At 16 he was sent to Oxford; but as his family, though once opulent, were in narrow circumstances, he was soon called home to hold the plough. With all his passionate admiration of the country he had no inclination for this rustic employment, and went to London to seek his fortune at court. When he found that he could not well be a successful courtier and yet preserve an honest independence, he gave vent to his disappointment and disgust in a satire entitled *Abuses reapt and stript*, for which he was committed to prison for several months. While in confinement he wrote his best poem, the *Shepherd's Hunting*. His poetry at last gained him friends. In 1639 he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots, but when the civil wars broke out, he sold all he possessed to raise a troop of horse for the parliament, and soon afterwards rose to the rank of major. In 1642 he was appointed by parliament to the command of Farnham Castle. He gave up the place, with no great honor, to Sir William Waller, and found it necessary to publish a defence of his own conduct. He was afterwards taken prisoner by the Royalists, but Denham is said to have solicited that the king would not hang him, for as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. He was afterwards appointed by Cromwell major-general of all the horse and foot in the county of Surrey. At the Restoration he was deprived of his estate, and because he publicly remonstrated with somewhat too much freedom, he was condemned to endure a three years' imprisonment. He died in 1669 aged seventy-nine. Though it was his bad fortune to be perpetually embroiled in some dispute, he is said to have been

an amiable and honest man. His verse is an odd compound of genuine poetry, and the merest doggrel. It is said that he could make verses as fast as he could write them down—"a fatal facility," which led him to imagine that where there was no difficulty there was much inspiration. Any one can write verses with rapidity who is convinced that he is producing poetry when the lines "clink at the end." But amidst a vast mass of carelessly measured prose set off with rhyme, Wither's has occasional passages that display a fine poetic fervor. If he had less easily satisfied himself he would have more easily satisfied his readers.

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December the 9th, 1608. His family was an ancient one. In his sixteenth year he was sent to Cambridge. He was at this time eminently skilled in the Latin tongue. He is said to have been the first Englishman who wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. When he left the university he returned to his father, then residing at Horton in Buckinghamshire, with whom he lived five years, in which time he read all the Greek and Latin authors. It was not long after he left the University that he wrote his *Comus*, *l'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* and *Lycidas*. In the following year he went abroad and visited Hugo Grotius, then residing at the French court. From France he went to Italy where he was received with great attention. He visited Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition. Hearing of the political disturbances in England he hastened home to take his share in the struggle of his countrymen for liberty and right. As his father's income was narrow, Milton established a school in London for his own support. In 1641 he published a "Treatise of Reformation" against the established Church. In the following year he produced "The Reason of Church Government against Prelacy," in which he expresses with calm confidence a high opinion of his own powers, and intimates a hope that by "labour and intent study" he may "leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." In his thirty-fifth year he married the daughter of Mr. Powell, a Justice of the Peace in Oxfordshire. His wife does not seem to have been very well fitted to be the companion of such a man, and, finding her home dull, was glad to accept of an invitation from her friends. The lady had little inclination to return, and paid no attention to her husband's letters of recall.

He dispatched a messenger to her who was sent back with contempt. Her father was a zealous Royalist, and probably the daughter imbibed his hatred of Milton's republicanism. Mr. Fenton observes, that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the separation. Milton repudiated his wife for disobedience, and soon after published "The Doctrines and Discipline of Divorce" to justify himself for putting away his wife, without any legal form. In this work he undertakes to prove that the Scripture sanctions a divorce whenever a man and his wife find it impossible to live together in tranquillity and mutual kindness. The clergy were so much dissatisfied with his book that they occasioned him to be called before the Lords, who however, soon dismissed him. Conceiving that he had a right to put away for ever the wife who had thus defied him, he paid his addresses to the daughter of a Doctor Davis. One day on a visit to a friend, he was surprised to see his wife come from another room and implore forgiveness on her knees. His heart relented. About this time he published his tract on Education and his "Areopagitica, a speech of Mr. John Milton for the liberty of unlicensed printing." His next work was the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, in which he justified the execution of King Charles the First. He was soon after this appointed Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth. In 1645 he published a collection of his Latin and English poems, including the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Charles the Second, while in Holland, engaged Salmasius, a man of vast learning, to write a defence of Monarchy. The task was soon finished and was published in 1649 under the title of *Defensio Regia*. To this Milton wrote an answer entitled *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, for which he was rewarded with a thousand pounds. In 1652 he buried his wife, who died of a consumption not long after the birth of her fourth child. About the same time he lost his eyesight by a *gutta serena*. His eyes had always been naturally weak, and he himself tells us that from 12 years of age he hardly ever left his studies or went to bed before midnight. Even stronger eyes and a better constitution might have given way before this early and unceasing literary toil. He was subject to frequent head-aches. When Cromwell took the reins of Government in his own hands Milton still held his office. Notwithstanding his loss of sight he could yet select and obtain a wife. In a short time after the death of his first wife he married the daughter of Captain Woodstock. The lady died in childhood about a year after. At the Restoration, Milton absconded, feeling himself to be in no slight

danger. It is said that he gave out a report of his death and had a public funeral procession. He was protected, however, by the Act of Oblivion. The political storm being over, he married a third wife, the daughter of a Mr. Minshull. She was recommended to him by his friend Doctor Paget, but she seems to have been an illiterate person who was quite insensible of Milton's greatness. She survived her illustrious husband several years. He now occupied himself in the composition of the *Paradise Lost*, which was first published in 1667. For this wonderful production, the noblest Poem in the language, he received but five pounds, with a contingent agreement that he should be paid ten pounds more on the sale of two thousand copies. His widow subsequently sold the whole of the copyright for eight pounds. In 1671 he published *Paradise Regained* which was suggested by Elwood the Quaker, who observed to him, "Thou hast said much upon *Paradise Lost*: but what hast thou to say to *Paradise Found*." Of these two great poems, *Paradise Regained* was the favorite of the author, though it is so much less valued by the public. Milton died in London, on the 10th of November, 1674, at the age of sixty-six. A monument has been erected to him in Westminster Abbey, but his remains were laid next to the grave of his father in the chancel of St. Giles at Cripplegate.

Milton was eminently beautiful in his person, and used to be called the Lady of Christ's College. His stature was about the middle size, and his limbs were well proportioned. His complexion was clear and delicate, and his long light brown hair was parted on his forehead and hung down upon his shoulders. He himself tells us that his eyes were blue. He was abstemious in his diet and had a strong aversion for spirituous liquors. His manner was affable and open and his conversation cheerful and instructive. His favorite author was Homer whom he was advised to translate, but he thought the task beneath him. He was born, he said, to be a speaker of what God made his own and not a translator. Dr. Johnson has given a most unfavorable account of Milton's disposition, but later and less prejudiced writers have shown how little the eminent biographer of our poets is to be trusted when speaking of a man who was strenuously opposed to every attempt to shackle the mind on the great questions of politics and religion. Milton was a genuine patriot and a truly pious man. The leading trait of his personal character was that noble fortitude under the ills of life which made him "content though blind." It is truly surprizing that Dr. John-

son should have been insensible to the magnanimity of mind and the serene pathos which inspire the noble sonnets on his loss of sight. Milton had no children by his second and third wives, but he had three daughters and one son by his first. The daughters alone survived him. The two youngest used to read to him in eight languages though they understood nothing but English. Of Milton's mighty powers as a poet it is almost needless to offer any remarks. His sublimity of conception and force of style are universally acknowledged. Even Dr. Johnson reluctantly acknowledges the strength and grandeur of the only great Epic Poet of whom our country can boast; though he betrays a perverse and ill concealed pleasure in the discovery and exposure of the imperfections in the *Paradise Lost*, occasioned by the incongruous mixture of matter and spirit in the machinery. Milton's subject was at once the noblest and most difficult that could possibly have been selected, and whatever may be the defects of the execution, they are, generally speaking, such as could have been avoided by no human powers. Sublimity of conception was the most characteristic quality of Milton's mind, yet there are passages of profound but quiet pathos, i. many of his poems that touch us like the tears of a manly spirit, unused to the melting mood; and he sometimes exhibits a most delicate appreciation of the minutest beauties of external nature. Johnson speaks contemptuously of most of his smaller poems as if they were deplorably deficient in grace and finish. The truth is that the critic had an ear that could take pleasure in no verses that were not countable on the fingers, and a certain mechanical exactness was to him the finest music of which verse is capable. The uniform smoothness of Waller was to him more delightful than those exquisitely varied harmonies—those Lydian airs "with many a winding bout of linked sweetness long drawn out," which,

Take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium. — — —
— — — Strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.

There is a blended sweetness and force in the diction and numbers of Milton's smaller poems that we must look for in vain in all other writers except Shakespeare. Milton's heroic blank verse and Shakespeare's dramatic verse are the best in the language of their several kinds. They are the only English poets who may be considered perfect masters of unrhymed versification, by far the most difficult form of poetical composition.

JOHN MARVELL.

JOHN MARVELL was born at Hull in Yorkshire, in the year 1620. He was admitted into Trinity College Cambridge, in 1633. He had not been long at the university when some Jesuits used their utmost efforts to convert him to the Roman Catholic religion. They so far succeeded as to induce him to quit College and accompany them to London. His father at last found him in a bookseller's shop, and after convincing him that he had acted imprudently, prevailed upon him to return to Cambridge. In 1640 his father, who was a clergyman, embarked on the Humber in company with a youthful pair whom he was about to join together in matrimony at Barrow in Lincolnshire. Though there was no appearance of bad weather, the old gentleman had a strange presentiment of danger. He threw his cane on shore, and cried out, "Ho! for Heaven!" A storm came on and the whole company perished. The gentleman whose daughter was to have been married adopted Marvell as his son. When Marvell had finished his education at Cambridge he travelled through the most polite parts of Europe. His first appearance in public life at home was as assistant to Milton when he was Latin Secretary to Cromwell. In 1660 he was elected a representative of the town of Hull, and was the last member of parliament who received, according to ancient custom, a regular allowance from his constituents. He was no orator but his opinion was always highly valued. Prince Rupert had so much regard for his advice, that whenever he voted on the popular side it used to be said that the prince had been with his tutor. Though he was warmly opposed to government, it is said that King Charles the Second took great delight in his conversation, and fancying that so agreeable a companion could hardly be an inflexible patriot endeavoured to win him with a bribe. He sent the Lord Treasurer to Marvell's lodgings with a handsome pecuniary compliment and an expression of the king's desire to give him an employment. Marvell humorously proved his independence by calling his servant to testify that a leg of mutton had served him for three successive dinners. The king's proffered favours were firmly but respectfully rejected. At the time that he evinced this noble stedfastness of mind, Marvell was by no means in comfortable circumstances, and after refusing a thousand pounds from the king was compelled to borrow a guinea from a friend. His political pamphlets and his public conduct gained him many bitter and ungene-

rous enemies amongst those whom no honest man would wish to number in the list of his friends, and he was frequently threatened with assassination. It is supposed that he was at last poisoned in the 58th year of his age. As a poet he does not maintain a very lofty rank, but some of his pieces possess considerable elegance and beauty. He may always be perused with pleasure; especially when the reader bears in mind his noble patriotism and inflexible integrity.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER, one of the most profligate of the wits of Charles the Second's reign, was born at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, in 1647. When he had finished his education he travelled through France and Italy, and at his return was made gentleman of the Bedchamber to the king, and controller of Woodstock Park. In 1665 he went to sea with the Earl of Sandwich who was sent against the Dutch East India fleet, and showed extraordinary courage in the attack that was made on the port of Bergen in Norway, when the Dutch fleet took shelter there. When it was difficult to induce any other person to carry a message from one ship to another, Lord Rochester volunteered the duty, and proceeded in an open boat through a thick shower of shot. After his return to England, he got into disgraceful froils, in which he evinced a degree of cowardice that was strangely inconsistent with his former conduct, and can only be accounted for on a supposition that his nerves were relaxed by his licentious life, or that conscious guilt made him unable to meet the aspect of danger which was once rendered pleasing to him by a sense of duty and the approbation of those whose applause was valuable. He soon made himself notorious by his extravagant frolics. On one occasion he dressed himself like an Italian mountebank and for several weeks dispersed his nostrums amongst the people. Sometimes he disguised himself as a beggar and prosecuted some mean amour. He was such a perfect actor on these occasions that he could deceive his most intimate friends. At one time he and the Duke of Buckingham engaged an Inn at Newmarket and passed themselves off as Landlords. It is said that they availed themselves of this opportunity to ruin many of the women of the place, and that they caused the death of an old miser who hung himself in a fit of frenzy on discovering that his young wife was in

the company of Rochester. The trick he is reported to have played upon Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch, as he is sometimes called, was less objectionable. In one of the king's nocturnal rambles in company with Rochester, the latter suddenly and secretly left his majesty in the house by himself, and as the king was unprovided with money he was exposed to the most ridiculous insults and suspicion. This anecdote has been made the subject of a popular play. Such a life as Rochester's could not be a long one. He died, with all the feebleness of age, in his thirty-third year, and not without many stings of conscience, and a sincere repentance. His poems are generally stained with obscenity, but it cannot be denied that they are sometimes smart and clever. Walpole calls him "a man whom the muses were fond to inspire and ashamed to avow." His well known character occasioned many prurient productions to be unjustly ascribed to him, so that his memory has been loaded with other men's sins besides his own.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the son of a respectable farmer, was born in the parish of Strensham in Worcester-shire, February 13th, 1612. He was educated at the Grammar School of Worcester. He was for some time at Cambridge but was never matriculated in that university. When his education was finished he was appointed clerk to a justice of the peace, and enjoying in this situation considerable leisure, he amused himself with music, poetry, and painting. He was afterwards admitted into the family of the Countess of Kent, and occasionally gave literary assistance to the learned Selden, who had charge of her estate. He was also for some time in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers. It was while he was in that service, (in what capacity is not exactly known,) that he planned and wrote the first part of *Hudibras*, in which it is supposed that he intended to ridicule the character of Sir Samuel Luke. The following passage evidently alludes to him.

" 'Tis sung there is a valiant mameluke,
In foreign land yclepp'd _____
To whom we oft have been compared
For person, parts, address and beard."
Both equally reputed stout;
And in the same cause both have fought.

On the return of Charles the 2nd, Butler was made Secretary to the Earl of Carbury, Lord President of Wales. About this time he married a Mrs. Herbert,

who brought him a fortune which was soon lost, it is said, by being put out on bad securities. In 1663 was published the first part of *Hudibras*, and it was received with such immediate and general applause, that poor Butler, who was then in great pecuniary distress, began to entertain very sanguine expectations of something more substantial than mere praise. Lord Buckhurst introduced the poem to the court. The king and his courtiers soon had Butler's witty couplets by heart, and were perpetually quoting them in conversation. The Lord Chancellor Clarendon made him an indirect promise of some valuable appointment, but the unhappy poet struggled on in poverty and obscurity, while his verses were adding to the cheerfulness of thousands.

"It is reported," says Johnson, "that the king once gave the poet three hundred guineas, but of this temporary bounty I find no proof." One of Butler's biographers tells us that the king ordered him 3000*l.* but the sum being expressed in figures, a person through whose hands the order passed, cut off the third cypher and reduced it to 300*l.*, which proved insufficient to pay the poet's debts. But so little is positively known of Butler's private history, that little more than vague reports can now be gathered. He died in 1680, and a subscription for his interment in Westminster Abbey was solicited in vain. He was buried at the cost of a friend in the Churchyard of Covent Garden."

Butler had great learning, which he made subservient to his wit. He was never at a loss for an illustration. The plan of *Hudibras* has little merit, and the poem was left unfinished: but it is wonderfully crowded with original thoughts and comical images expressed with unrivalled felicity. The odd and unexpected compound rhymes add greatly to the effect. The reader however gets at last dazzled and wearied with the rapid succession of brilliant witticisms, and takes more delight in two pages than in twenty. The interest is not continuous. Many of Butler's couplets, into which truth and good sense are compressed with singular power and apparent carelessness are often repeated by people who know nothing of the great work from which they are taken; for the temporary nature of the main subject and the obscurity of most of the allusions have so diminished its original attractions, that it cannot now be regarded as a popular composition. This is the unhappy fate of all local or temporary satires, and one cannot help lamenting that so great and original a genius as the author of *Hudibras* should have been employed on perishable materials.

THOMAS OTWAY.

THOMAS OTWAY, the son of a clergyman, born at Trotton in Sussex, March the 3rd, 1651. He was educated at Oxford. He went early to London and became a player, but was unfitted for the stage. In his twenty-fifth year he produced *Alcibiades*, his first tragedy, and the year following, *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, which it is said was acted for thirty nights together. His plays are nine in number; of these the most popular are *The Orphan*, and *Venice Preserved*. By his sprightly conversation Otway acquired the favor of Charles Fitz Charles, Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural sons of King Charles the Second, who procured him a cornet's commission in some troops then sent into Flanders. He, however, speedily returned, but from what cause it is now vain to conjecture; but it is certain that he reached his native shores again in very necessitous circumstances. Some of his biographers insinuate that he betrayed a deficiency of personal courage. The greater part of Otway's life was passed in such obscurity, that it is difficult to gather any facts connected with his personal history that can be spoken of with perfect confidence. Even the well known and pathetic narrative of his death has been questioned. However, it is generally supposed, that driven to a state of distraction by absolute starvation, he begged the loan of a shilling from a gentleman with whom he was but slightly acquainted. The gentleman, who was shocked at his distress, as well he might be, presented him with a guinea. The starving and half-naked poet immediately purchased a piece of bread and swallowing it too eagerly after his long fast, the first mouthful choked him and caused his death. This is the common story, but Pope relates, according to the report of Spence, that Otway died of a fever caught in the violent pursuit of a thief who had robbed one of his friends. It is at all events certain that he himself had nothing in his possession to tempt a robber. He died in a public house on Tower Hill, in the 33rd year of his age.

Otway's chief excellence as a dramatist consists in his power over the tender affections. Few writers for the stage have drawn so many tears. Dryden, who was personally hostile to him, was often heard to say, that Otway was an illiterate man; "but I confess," he would add, "that he has a power which I have not—that of moving the passions." It cannot be denied that there is something rather coarse and vulgar in Otway's productions regarded as literary compositions, but this defect is not observable in

their performance on the stage. Even in the perusal of them in the closet the critic is usually disarmed by an irresistible appeal to his feelings, and in the interest excited by the incidents and characters he forgets his cold objections to the author's style. Otway's smaller miscellaneous pieces have nothing in them that indicates the taste or feeling of a true poet. They are singularly bald and prosaic. His tragedies are the foundation of his fame.

EDMUND WALLER

EDMUND WALLER was born at Coleshill in Hertfordshire, on the 3rd of March, 1605. His father dying while Waller was yet an infant left him a yearly income of three thousand five hundred pounds. Mr. Bell has shown that Waller's mother was not, as Dr. Johnson relates, the sister of Hampden, the celebrated patriot, but the aunt. He received his education at Cambridge where he soon distinguished himself. A respect for his ancient family, the reputation of his talents, and his large property (for in that period it was accounted a princely fortune), occasioned him to be elected a member of parliament in his sixteenth year. He produced his first poem two years afterwards, and it has been justly remarked that what he wrote at eighteen was as smooth and fluent in the versification as what he wrote at eighty. He had naturally a delicate ear for the music of verse, and seemed to arrive intuitively at that degree of polish which in other poets has sometimes been the result of long and careful practice. In his two and twentieth year he paid his addresses to the daughter and heiress of Mr. Banks, a wealthy merchant, and her fortune was so large that she was an object of very general interest. The court, it is said, endeavored to obtain her hand for a Mr. Crofts, but Waller triumphantly carried off the prize. He did not, however, long enjoy her society. About three years afterwards she died in childbed, and left him a wealthy young widower and free to make another choice. He soon fixed his affections upon the lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he has given immortality under the name of Sacharissa, but who treated him with disdain. When Waller met her accidentally in her old age, she asked him when he would again write such fine verses upon her: "Oh! when you are as young, madam" said he, "and as handsome as you were then." When he had lost all hopes of Sacharissa, he celebrated the charms of Lady Sophia Murray

under the name of Amoret. At last he paid his addresses in plain prose and with happier effect to a lady of the name of Bresse, by whom he had afterwards a family of thirteen children. As his wealth made him independent, he mixed with men of all parties and spoke his mind freely. Being the kinsman of Hampden, the people calculated upon his good will, and for a time he acted the part of a patriot; and though there is no reason to suspect his sincerity, he soon showed that he was lamentably deficient in firmness and consistency of character. A few soft words from the king touched his heart and turned him into a courtier. When his majesty set up his standard at Nottingham, Waller sent him 1,000 'broad pieces.' He was not satisfied with affording the king this pecuniary assistance, but embarked in an extensive design to oppose the parliament with a view to bring the war to a conclusion. The discovery of Waller's Plot, as it was called, was made by the servant of a Mr. Tomkyns who had married one of Waller's sisters. The man lurked behind the hangings in the room in which his master and Waller held a conference, and with the hope of a reward, he immediately carried the intelligence to Pym, (on the 13th of May, 1643,) who was then in church*. The communication was made with an air of hurry and anxiety, and Pym mysteriously whispered it to his friends near him and then left the congregation, who were in a state of amazement and alarm. Waller and Tomkyns were that night apprehended at their houses. They both avowed themselves willing to tell all they knew, but Waller's conduct was especially pusillanimous and dishonourable. "He was so confounded with fear and apprehension," says Lord Clarendon, "that he confessed whatever he had said, heard, thought or seen: all that he knew of himself and all that he suspected of others without concealing any person of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse that he ever had upon any occasion entertained with them: what such and such ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of great wit and very good reputation, he had been admitted, had spoke to him in their chambers of the proceedings of the house; and how they encouraged

* This is Clarendon's account, but in the *Biographia Britannica* we are told that in a manuscript written by one of Waller's relations who lived in his family, it is said "he was betrayed by his sister Price, and her Presbyterian chaplain Mr. Good, who stole his papers; and if he had not strangely dreamed the night before he was seized, that his sister had betrayed him, and therefore burnt the rest of his papers by the fire left in his chimney, he had certainly lost his life for it."

him to oppose them ; what correspondence and intercourse they had with some ministers of state at Oxford, and how they derived all intelligence thither." Tomkyns and another conspirator were hanged ; but " Waller," says Clarendon, " with incredible dissimulation acted such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding." After a year's imprisonment and paying a fine of ten thousand pounds he was liberated from prison, but sentenced to perpetual banishment. He selected France as his place of exile, and with the property that remained to him even after his lavish distribution of bribes to his opponents while his life was in danger, he contrived to live in a style of considerable splendour, and to keep open house for his countrymen. Evelyn was one of his most frequent visitors. His resources at last failed him, and when he found himself obliged to dispose of his wife's jewels, he made interest with his friends in England, and at last obtained permission to return. He was received with kindness by the Protector, whom he repaid with his celebrated Panegyric. His estate was restored to him, and though it was reduced to half its original value, it still afforded him a genteel support. Waller's mother, though a zealous royalist, used to receive visits from the Protector, to whom she was related. She sometimes told him at her own table that his pretensions would not long continue to be supported by the people of England, and he used jokingly to fling a napkin at her and say he would not " enter into further disputes with his aunt." When however he found that she was not satisfied to confine herself to freedom of speech with him, but held a political correspondence with persons who were known to be strongly in favour of the king, he made her, for some time, a prisoner in her own house. At the Restoration Waller rendered himself as acceptable to Charles as he had been to Cromwell. His congratulatory verses, however, to Charles were very inferior to the Panegyric on the Protector ; and when the king candidly told him of this disparity, Waller replied with great readiness, that " poets succeed best in fiction."

At last the time came when neither bribes nor dissimulation could save his dearly-purchased life for a single hour. A swelling of the legs with which he had been long affected increased so rapidly that he thought it necessary to consult Sir Charles Scarborough the king's physician at Windsor. He entreated Sir Charles to tell him honestly what the swelling indicated. " Your blood, Sir," he replied, " will run no longer." Waller received his sentence

with calm resignation ; he repeated some verses from Virgil appropriate to the occasion, and on reaching home prepared himself for death. In this state of pious composure, he breathed his last on the 21st day of October, 1687, at the age of 82.

On Waller's public character it is painful to dwell. In private life there must have been something singularly attractive in his manners and conversation to account for the regard and good will which he excited, notwithstanding his many sins as a politician. His poetry is perhaps overrated on account of its liquid smoothness, but English verse before his time was by no means in so barbarous a condition as Dr. Johnson represents it to have been. Waller's metre is rather uniform than harmonious. It wants fluency and variety. No single line lingers on the ear, though each entire poem, may be free from any palpable defect of versification. It would be difficult, however, to praise too highly the grace and ingenuity of his amatory compliments. He does not often display energy or strength of thought ; but his Panegyric on the Protector is a free and masculine composition. His critical opinions were of little worth. He spoke of Milton as an old blind schoolmaster who had written a poem remarkable for nothing but its length.

CHARLES COTTON.

CHARLES COTTON, was the son of Charles Cotton, Esq. of Beresford, Staffordshire, of whom Lord Clarendon says, that " He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen : such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in the court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person : all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits made some impression upon his mind ; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less revered than his youth had been ; and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long." The son inherited many of these characteristics. He was born on the 28th of April, 1630. He received his education at Cambridge. In 1656 he married. On his father's death, two years afterwards, he succeeded to the

paternal estate which had already been so greatly diminished by imprudence and misfortune. The poet was not gifted with the art of making money, though he knew how to spend it with ease and gaiety. His affairs were soon so much embarrassed that he was glad to obtain a Captain's commission in the army, and went over to Ireland. This change of life was attended with adventures that suggested to him a humorous poem entitled "*A Voyage to Ireland.*" How long he continued abroad in the military profession is not known. In 1674 appeared his *Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie; a Mock Poem, on the First and Fourth Books of Virgil's Æneas, in English Burlesque.* This performance met with more success than it deserved. It ran through fifteen editions, but is now almost forgotten. The date of his first wife's death is not known. His second wife was Mary, Countess Dowager of Ardglass, widow of Wingfield, Lord Cromwell, second Earl of Ardglass, who died in 1649. She had a jointure of 1,500*l.* a year, which was secured from the poet's imprudent management. He died at Westminster in 1687. Cotton was the intimate friend of honest old Isaac Walton. They were both celebrated anglers. Cotton's house being situated on the banks of the Dove, a fine trout stream, he built a little fishing house dedicated to anglers, over the door of which the initials of the names of Cotton and Walton were united in a cypher. Cotton's burlesque humour is often easy and happy, and there is much earnest and weighty moral sentiment in his serious pieces, but he exhibits little of the fancy or feeling of the true poet. He often employed himself on translations from the French, and we are indebted to him for an excellent version of the *Essays of Montaigne*. It is reported that he lost an estate of 400*l.* per annum by an unlucky allusion in his parody of Virgil, to his grandmother's ruff. The old lady had settled her fortune upon him, but on this provocation, she altered her will and left all she had to a stranger. The poet sacrificed a great deal for a jest.

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, on the 9th of August, 1631. Of his father, Erasmus Dryden, nothing is now known except that he held a commission of the peace under Oliver Cromwell, and that he had a family of fourteen children. His eldest son, John Dryden, was admitted a King's scholar at Westminster School, under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Bushby, for whom he ever retained a reverential affection. From

Westminster he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, for which he seems to have contracted a strong dislike. In one of his prologues he thus contrasts the sister universities :—

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university :
Thebes, did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age."

The industrious Malone has discovered that Dryden was punished at Cambridge for "contumacy," and was compelled to read a confession of his fault in the presence of his fellow-students. His studies at Cambridge were interrupted by the death of his father in 1654. He left the university, on this occasion, to take possession of a small inheritance of about 60*l.* per annum. With this little patrimony he returned to Cambridge where he continued until the middle of the year 1657. After leaving the university, he entered the family of his cousin-german Sir Gilbert Pickering, a rigid puritan, one of the council of the Protector, and in the receipt of a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum. Sir Gilbert was not the only influential kinsman of the poet in the court of Cromwell. His uncle, Sir John Dryden, was also a zealous puritan and a person of some political importance. With such connections he might have pushed his fortune had he cultivated their good will, but though he embarked on the same side in politics, as he did not sufficiently sympathize in their fanaticism, he soon lost their favour. His first published poem was on the death of the Protector, but when the king was restored he changed his politics, and praised Charles the Second as warmly as he had praised Oliver Cromwell. In this sudden revolution of sentiment he had more than half the nation to keep him in countenance.

In the following passage of the poem to the memory of Cromwell, he is supposed to have intended a defence of the execution of Charles the First. He is comparing Cromwell with his predecessor :

"War, our consumption, was their gainful trade ;
We inward bled, whilst they prolonged our pain ;
He fought to end our fighting, and essayed
To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein."

When his success as a candidate for public fame raised a host of enemies, his opposite opinions were often brought into juxtaposition, and adduced as proofs of his insincerity.

Dryden's small patrimony was not sufficient to support him, and he soon fell into great distress. He was compelled to become a literary drudge to a bookseller of the name of Herringham, until he won the favor of Sir Robert Howard, who received him

into his family and treated him with the utmost kindness and consideration. He was introduced to Sir Robert Howard's father, the Earl of Berkshire, whose eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard, Dryden soon afterwards married, but not altogether with the approbation of her family. It was hinted by Dryden's enemies that the marriage was formed under circumstances dishonourable to the lady. However, the fact that Dryden continued for some time after to reside with his father-in-law, seems to imply that the Earl was reconciled to the match; and that Dryden had not wholly forfeited his good opinion. The marriage was a truly unhappy one, for the lady's temper was violent, and her understanding narrow. She took no interest in her husband's pursuits, and in his published works he sometimes gave vent to his mortification in the most bitter satirical allusions to unsympathetic wives.

Dryden had now acquired a high reputation, and on the death of Davenant, in 1668, he was appointed Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, with a salary of 200*l.* a year and an annual butt of canary from the king's cellar. As a consequence of his prominent station, he soon acquired many distinguished friends, and many powerful opponents. The celebrated Dramatic satire of *The Rehearsal*, projected by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and executed by a combination of wits, though first designed as a satire against Davenant, was now transferred to Dryden, who under the character of *Bayes* was most unmercifully ridiculed. Even his voice, dress and manner were mimicked on the stage by the actor who represented *Bayes*, and as the poet's personal peculiarities were pretty generally known, the audience were at no loss to discover the object of the satire. Butler, and Dr. Sprat, the friend of Cowley, are said to have assisted Buckingham in the composition of this play. Its success was unprecedented. Dryden did not stand alone in this dramatic pillory; a host of other writers had their place beside him, and were pelted with some of the same paper pellets of the brain. He could not have been quite unmoved at having his writings and his person thus held up to public derision, but he had the prudence to suppress all external manifestation of uneasiness. He even allowed that the farce was not without merit. He subsequently revenged himself most amply on the Duke of Buckingham, on whom, under the character of *Zimri*, in "*Absalom and Achitophel*," he has conferred an unenviable immortality. In 1673 Dryden was engaged on the absurd task of putting Milton's *Paradise Lost* into rhyme. It is said that he asked the author's

permission for the profane attempt, and that Milton contemptuously answered, "*Aye, you may tag my verses, if you will.*" The work was published under the title of "*The State of Innocence or the Fall of Man.*" Nothing can be more deplorably ludicrous than this attempted improvement upon Milton. Even Dr. Johnson, with all his bigotted hatred of blank verse, confesses that he could not prevail on himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymers. Lee, the Dramatist, in some wretched verses, had the folly to compliment Dryden upon his having refined the golden ore of the *Paradise Lost*. Milton did not live to see his immortal work burlesqued by one whom he used to call *a good rhymers but no poet*. It was soon after this that Lord Rochester became the bitter enemy of Dryden, and was not satisfied with the use of his pen as an instrument of hostility, but with base and dastardly malice he hired some ruffians to waylay the poet, who was most brutally assaulted by the cowardly gang as he was passing one night from Will's coffee house to his own residence. As this occurrence took place in or near Rose street, Covent Garden, it was called the *Rose alley ambuscade*, and his enemies made it a never-failing subject of triumphant allusion. To enter, upon all the minute details of Dryden's personal or literary history would require more space than we can afford, and we must therefore hurry to a conclusion.

Dryden had long suffered both by gout and gravel, and at last erysipelas seized one of his legs. A slight inflammation in one of his toes terminated in gangrene. The surgeon proposed to amputate the limb, but Dryden would not consent to the operation. He thought he had not long to live, and would not part with a limb to preserve a short and uncomfortable life. The gangrene rapidly extended; and England lost one of her finest poets. He died on Wednesday morning, the 1st of May, 1701. His death excited a strong sensation and he was followed to the grave by all the rank and genius of the metropolis.

Dryden was for nearly half a century the most industrious and influential of English authors. There is a force of mind in all his productions that compels attention, even when he sins against truth and nature. He is never languid or effeminate. Every movement of his intellect, even when erroneous or ill-directed, is indicative of a fearless will and vast natural power. He is one of the most manly writers that ever lived, and one of the most truly national. No poet has yet appeared whose thoughts and expressions have a more thoroughly English aspect; and with all his faults his countrymen have abundant reason to be

proud of his noble genius. He has written the best Ode in the language, and the best *Satire*. He is the father of English criticism, and takes his place in the very first rank of our prose writers. The sagacity and knowledge displayed in his critical prefaces, and their free, idiomatic, and transparent diction can never be too highly appreciated. He has frequently given interest and animation to the driest subjects by the mere force and dexterity of his verse, and the felicity of his illustrations. His narrative poetry is unequalled for its clearness, its spirit and rapidity, and the power with which it communicates to the duller reader, the varying emotion of the poet's mind. Of his translation of Virgil, Pope has said, that it is "the most noble and most spirited translation that he knew in any language." In the mechanism of his art Dryden still stands unrivalled. His versification is vigorous, varied, and sonorous. He seems to have a perfect command over the language, and is never stopped for a rhyme or compelled to modify a thought to suit the verse, which seems as natural to him as the most colloquial prose. He betrays no toil or anxiety—no painful attention to minute details, but dashes boldly forward and thinks more of the end than of the means. Excellencies that in other poets are the produce of labour and meditation seem in him the effect of instinct or good fortune. But with all this assemblage of fine qualities Dryden was not perhaps a poet of the very highest order. Of his twenty-eight dramas only two or three are remembered, and even these scarcely deserve their happier fate. It is true that there are fine passages in his *Don Sebastian* and his *All for Love*, but even these plays, which are amongst his best, betray a total absence of true dramatic power*. They are full of noble declamation and vigorous sentiment; but the characters do not breathe the breath of life. There is no genuine passion in any of his dramas, and he himself was perfectly conscious of this deficiency; but as he was obliged to write for his bread he forced his mind to uncongenial efforts in compliance with the public demand for a species of poetry which had been so long suppressed by the rigid morality of the puritans, and in favor of which there was such a strong reaction. The muse of Dryden, perhaps, never drew a tear. He had no power over the finer sensibilities of our nature, and had little sympathy for the ideal. He loved the palpable and the familiar. There is true and vigo-

rous poetry in his verses, but it seems rather the free and majestic movement of a masculine understanding than the glow of a fine imagination or the expression of profound sensibility. But never were intellectual power and manly sentiments embodied with more consummate skill than in the pages of this admirable writer.

CHARLES SACKVILLE.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorset, was a direct descendant of the celebrated Thomas Sackville (Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset) the author of *Gorboduc* the earliest English tragedy in verse, and the *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates*. He was born on the 24th January, 1637. He was a little too gay in his youth and associated with the licentious and reckless Rochester. He was indicted for an indecent frolic, and one of his companions on the occasion (Sir Charles Sedley) was fined five hundred pounds: but what was the punishment of Sackville, then Lord Buckhurst, is not known. In 1665 he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and it is said either entirely composed or at least retouched and finished his well known song, *To all you ladies now at land*, &c. the night before the engagement in which eighteen of the enemy's ships were taken, fourteen destroyed, and Opdam the Dutch Admiral was blown up with all his crew. On his return he was made gentleman of the bed-chamber and sent on several embassies to France. He was a great favorite of Charles the Second, and received considerable notice from the Second James, whom, however, he eventually opposed on account of his innovations. He succeeded his father as Earl of Dorset in August, 1677. Having concurred in the Revolution, on the accession of William the Third he was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Household. When King William went to Holland the Earl of Dorset accompanied him. When they were a few leagues off Goree, His Majesty being impatient to land got into an open boat. Dorset was amongst the few who attended him. They were sixteen hours in a thick fog and so closely surrounded with ice that they could neither make the shore nor return to the ship. Dorset was so much affected by the long exposure and extreme cold on the occasion that the shock is said to have shortened his life. He died at Bath, January the nineteenth, 1705-6.

The Earl of Dorset was a person of courtly manners and sprightly conversation. He is now better known for his patronage of other men's works than

* Dryden preferred the scene between Anthony and Ventidius in the first act of *All for Love*, to any thing he had ever written in the dramatic line.

for any merit in his own, though Dryden in the fervour of his gratitude and in compliance with the fashion of the time, made him ridiculous by extravagant laudation, forgetting that "praise undeserved" must always wear the appearance of "censure in disguise." In his discourse on the Origin and Progress of Satire addressed to the Earl of Dorset, he tells his Lordship, that he is "the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge and the best patron;" that "there is not an English writer this day living who is not perfectly convinced that his Lordship excels all others in the several parts of poetry which he has undertaken to adorn;" that his lyric poems are "the delight of this age and will be the envy of the next;" and that he is "by undisputed title, the king of poets;" and that to prove the superiority of the modern writers over the ancients he "would instance his Lordship in satire and Shakespeare in tragedy." "Would it be imagined," says Johnson, "that of this rival to antiquity, all the satires are little personal invectives, and that his longest composition was a song of eleven stanzas?" The only excuse that can be offered for Dryden is the fact that he did but exaggerate the general opinion, for Dorset was a great public favorite, and a man to whom almost all his contemporaries looked up with respect and admiration; and there was a tone of adulation in all the dedications of the day, particularly in those addressed to his Lordship, that made moderate approbation seem by contrast cold and churlish. Dorset's verses are not below mediocrity, though they do not rise much above it. They have neither force nor dignity; but they are not without elegance and animation. Dorset owes his claim upon the regard of posterity to the enlightened generosity of his patronage of better writers than himself. Pope honored his memory with an epitaph.

JOHN PHILIPS.

JOHN PHILIPS was born on the 30th of December, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordshire. His father was Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop. He was early sent to Winchester School, where he made himself master of the Latin and Greek languages. He had an odd fancy at school to sit hour after hour while his hair was combed. He was so remarkable for the sweetness of his temper that his master, though a rigid disciplinarian, dispensed in his case with that strict observance of the harsh regulations of his school which he exacted from the other boys, who

did not complain of the distinction. In 1694 he was removed from Winchester school to Christ's Church Oxford. Here he contracted that inveterate habit of smoking which led him to celebrate so frequently the virtues of tobacco. His friend Aldrich, the Dean of the College, was such an incessant smoker that the pipe was never out of his hand. It is said that a young student laid a wager with his chum that the Dean at the particular instant of their conversation (ten o'clock in the morning) would be found smoking. The student went off at once to the Dean's room and mentioned the occasion of the visit. "You see," said the Dean, "you are mistaken, for I am not smoking, but only filling my pipe." The following passage is a specimen of Philips's grateful tributes to his favorite plant.

"The Indian weed, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distempered from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which, with vapours bland,
It gently mitigates; companion fit
Of pleantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well labored songs."

A later poet (Cowper) speaks of the same plant in a very different strain:

"Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys;
Unfriendly to society's best joys," &c.

He very early studied the poets ancient and modern, and was particularly delighted with the works of Milton. In 1703, his ear being haunted with the majestic harmonies of the *Paradise Lost* and his mind having naturally a humorous cast, he composed his *Splendid Shilling*, which, while it parodied Milton, showed an intimate acquaintance with his noble cadences. This poem, was at one time a little too highly estimated, but it undoubtedly takes a prominent place amongst the burlesque poems in our language. This production brought him into general notice, and being urged to the task by many distinguished friends, he celebrated the victory of Blenheim in verses that imitated not only the sound but the solemnity of Milton. Thomas Campbell thinks the grave imitation as much a burlesque as that which was humorous by design. Philips a third time imitated his favorite author in a poem on the subject and under the title of *Cyder*, in which there is more scientific truth than poetical beauty. He was meditating a poem on the last day when a slow consumption put a period to his

existence on the 15th of February, 1708. His poetry was more praised in his life-time than it has been since. It is now little read, and perhaps if it had been published in a later day it would have attracted less notice than attended its first appearance.

DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

DR. THOMAS PARNELL, was descended from an ancient family that had been settled for some centuries at Congleton in Cheshire. His father, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland where he purchased an estate. Our poet was born there in 1679. He was admitted into Trinity College Dublin, at the early age of thirteen. Wonderful stories are told of his memory in boyhood. It is said that he could repeat 40 lines of any book at the first reading, and that in one night he got by heart the whole of the third book of the Iliad. Goldsmith, alluding to these stories of Parnell, observes that they may possibly be true, but that similar things are said of most celebrated wits. "For my own part," he adds, "I never found any of those prodigies of parts, although I have known enow that were desirous, among the ignorant, of being thought so." Parnell took the degree of master of arts July the ninth, 1700, and in the same year was ordained a Deacon, by a dispensation from the Bishop of Derry, as he was under 23 years of age. Three years afterwards he was admitted into priest's orders, and in 1705 Dr. Ashe conferred on him the archdeaconry of Clogher. At this time he married Miss Anne Minchin, a lady of great personal charms and amiable disposition, by whom he had two sons and one daughter. The death of this lady so much shocked him that it served to hasten his own. In 1716 he was presented to the vicarage of Finglass, a benefice worth about four hundred pounds a year, in the diocese of Dublin. He died in the July of the following year, at Chester, on his way to Ireland. Parnell was not one of those writers who have caused poverty and poetry to be associated in the public mind. He early inherited a handsome landed property from his father, and was prosperous in the church. He was equally well received by all parties both in politics and literature. He was intimate with Addison, Steele, and Congreve and Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot and Gay. As soon as he collected his annual revenues he used to set out for England to enjoy the society of his literary friends,

and gave great offence to his Irish neighbours by his open preference of a London circle. The most popular of Parnell's poems is *The Hermit*, though the story is not original. His poetry is distinguished for suavity and smoothness, and in most of his compositions there is an air of natural feeling, guided but not altered or subdued by art, that is always pleasing. Of his facility in making Latin verses we may form some idea from the anecdote communicated by Goldsmith respecting his translation of a part of the *Rape of the Lock* into monkish verse. Before the *Rape of the Lock* was yet completed, the author was reading it to Swift. Parnell seemed to take no notice but went in and out of the room as if something else had occupied his mind. However he remembered the whole description of Belinda's toilet, and having put it into Latin verse, the next day when Pope was reading his poem again to some friends, he accused him of having stolen the account of the toilet from an old monkish manuscript. He produced his verses to Pope, who was overwhelmed with surprise and confusion until relieved by Parnell's confession of the trick.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire. He was born at Little-Berkford in Bedfordshire in 1673. He was first sent to a school at Hylgate and from thence he was removed to Westminster, and placed under Dr. Bushby, who had the honor of educating more eminent men of genius than perhaps any other schoolmaster of his day. At sixteen he was entered a student of the Middle Temple, but on his father's death, three years afterwards, he devoted himself entirely to the Muses. His patrimony was worth about 300 pounds a year. *The Ambitious Stepmother*, written in his 25th year, was his first attempt in the Drama. His next tragedy was that of *Tamerlane* which he always regarded as his best. In this play he aimed at a parallel between King William and Tamerlane, and the political allusions rendered it for some time extremely popular. His next production was the *Fair Penitent*, the plot of which he stole somewhat unhandsomely from Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*. In his time most of our elder poets were so little known to the public that it was thought they might be boldly and largely plundered with little risk of detection. Dr. Johnson bestows high praise on the *Fair Penitent*, and does not seem to have any suspicion of its

want of originality. It is the play by which the name of Rowe is still preserved, and though in this production he owed much to Massinger, he has also displayed in it resources of his own. Johnson says of it that "there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious and soft or sprightly as occasion requires." Next to the *Fair Penitent*, the most popular of his plays is *Jane Shore*. The author intended this play as an imitation of Shakespeare, but no critic has yet been able to trace the resemblance. "It was mighty simple," said Pope, "in Rowe to write a play now professedly in Shakespeare's style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age." If Pope had lived in these times he would hardly have ventured to express so strange an opinion. In 1709 Rowe undertook an edition of Shakespeare's Dramatic works, and helped to revive their popularity. The life of Shakespeare prefixed to that edition is still very frequently reprinted. Rowe was for three years Under Secretary of State, and when he lost that appointment on the death of his patron the Duke of Queensberry, it is said that he applied to the Earl of Oxford, the Lord High Treasurer of England, for some other employment. The Earl urged him to study Spanish. Imagining that he might be employed as ambassador to Spain, Rowe buried himself in the country for some months and then returned to Lord Oxford with an assurance that he had made himself master of the language. "Then Sir, said the Nobleman, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original." Pope, on whose authority the anecdote is given, was of opinion that no insult was intended and that it was only Lord Oxford's *odd way*. Warburton tells us that Addison once took such a disgust at Rowe's singular levity that he avoided his society. Rowe being much grieved, Pope, their common friend, attempted to bring about a reconciliation, and mentioned how much Rowe had rejoiced at Addison's good fortune. Addison replied, "I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged." Pope said, he could not deny that Addison understood Rowe well. There was perhaps more point than truth in this severe remark. Rowe's friend and biographer, Dr. James Wellwood, represents him as a man of the

warmest affections and the most amiable manners, and Pope himself in his epitaph on Rowe acknowledges that.

"Never heart felt passion more sincere."

In a letter to Mr. Edward Blount, Pope observes, "there was a gaiety of disposition almost peculiar in Rowe, which made it impossible to part with him, without the uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures." Upon the accession of George the First, Rowe was appointed Poet Laureate, and one of the Surveyors of the Customs in the Port of London. The Prince of Wales also made him clerk of his council. He was twice married. By his first wife he had a son, and by his second a daughter. He died the 6th of December, 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Rowe was handsome in his person and agreeable in his manners. He was so elegant and skilful a reciter that Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress, used to say that "the best school she had ever known was only hearing Rowe read her part in his tragedies."

Rowe's smaller miscellaneous pieces are now little known and perhaps do not deserve more notice than they receive, but his translation of Lucan has called forth the ardent praise of Dr. Johnson, who pronounces it "one of the greatest productions of English Poetry; for there is perhaps none," he adds, "that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original." "Colin's Complaint," one of the most harmonious of his smaller pieces, seems to have suggested Shenstone's Pastorals.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the first of May, 1672, at Milston near Ambrosbury Wiltshire, of which place his father was then Rector. He was apparently in so weak a state, that he was baptized the day of his birth, and it is even asserted that he was laid out for dead as soon as he was born. In his twelfth year, his father being promoted to the deanery of Litchfield, committed him to the grammar school of that city. It is said that he here made himself conspicuous by conducting a plan for *bar-ring out* the master, a kind of licence almost universal in the schools of that time. The scheme was usually carried into execution a day or two previous

to each vacation. It gave little offence because it was regularly expected. The general school discipline was not affected by an ebullition of this nature occurring at fixed and distant intervals. The wild irrepressible hilarity of the boys was met in a spirit of good-humoured toleration by the master, who was perhaps almost as well pleased as his pupils at the prospect of freedom and relaxation.

He was soon removed from the school at Litchfield to the Charter House, where he contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele which proved so fortunate for the happiness of both, and for the interests of the public. At the age of fifteen he was deemed qualified for a university and was entered into Queen's College Oxford, where two years afterwards a copy of some of his Latin verses fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards Provost of the college, who was so much struck with their merit that he resolved to forward the interests of Addison by all the means in his power. Through Dr. Lancaster's interest he was admitted into Magdalen College as a demy, "a term by which that Society denominates those who are elsewhere called scholars; young men who partake of the founder's benefaction and succeed in their order to vacant fellowships." In his twenty-second year, while yet at college, he addressed some verses to Dryden which have nothing in them remarkable, though the great poet to whom they were offered was pleased to honor them with his commendation. He soon afterwards published a translation of the fourth Georgic of Virgil (on bees,) omitting, however, the episode of Aristæus, and Dryden with his usual generosity of praise observed that after Addison's Bees his own "latter swarm was hardly worth the hiving." He also furnished Dryden with a prefatory Essay on the Georgics, and the arguments prefixed to the several books of that poet's Virgil. Dr. Johnson pronounces the Essay juvenile, superficial and uninteresting, without much either of the scholar's learning or the scholar's penetration. His next publication was his "Account" in verse of "the greatest English poets," of which it is difficult to say whether it is most contemptible as a poem or as a piece of criticism. In this account of our greatest poets he omits Shakespeare and inserts Roscommon as "the best of critics and of poets." Being determined to gratify a man of influence, he gives a place to Mr. Montague, then Chancellor of the Exchequer and afterwards Earl of Halifax, amongst the "greatest poets," and celebrates him in the following specimen of grovelling prose in the form of verse :

"I'm tired with rhyming and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more :
The noble Montague remains, unnamed,
For wit, for humour and for judgment famed," &c. &c.

After this he tells us, "*I've done at length*," &c. He seems quite to forget or else not to care, that the "noble" Shakespeare "remains unnamed." These verses are not addressed, as Dr. Johnson supposed, to the notorious bigot, Dr. Henry Sacheverell, but to a young gentleman of the same name who wrote a History of the Isle of Man, and died at an early age. Mr. Montague was not insensible to the compliment paid him by the poet; and it was by his persuasion that Addison gave up his design of entering into holy orders. He even wrote to the head of the college to request he would not insist upon Addison's going into orders. There was a melancholy want of integrity and talent, he said, "in the ranks of public men, and he therefore wished to reserve him for some civil employment." He concluded by saying that, "However he might be represented as no friend to the church, he would never do it any other injury than by keeping Addison out of it." We are furnished with this anecdote by Sir Richard Steele, who contradicts the assertion of Tickell that Addison entirely of his own accord relinquished his prospects in the church from a modest sense of his own unworthiness. In 1695, he published his poem to King William, with a brief introduction in rhyme, addressed to Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Somers was so well pleased with the poem and with the prefatory compliment that his friendship and patronage were secured; and four years afterwards understanding that Addison wished to travel, he procured him an annual pension of three hundred pounds to meet his expenses abroad. He proceeded first to France and then to Italy, where he wrote the Epistle to Lord Halifax, the most poetical of his works in rhyme. On his return he published an account of his travels in elegant prose, agreeably interspersed with illustrative quotations from the Roman poets. His patrons were now out of power; his pension had ceased, and he had very slender hopes of employment or reward. He passed two years in study and retirement; at last when the victory at Blenheim produced a general feeling of exultation, Lord Godolphin lamenting to Halifax that it had not been celebrated in a worthy manner, desired him to recommend a poet who could do justice to the subject. Halifax then named Addison. When the poet had advanced in his task as far as the simile of the Angel, being anxious for the approbation of

Godolphin, he sent him as much as he had done. His Lordship was delighted with the poem and immediately rewarded the author with the place of Commissioner of Appeals, a lucrative appointment in which he succeeded the celebrated Locke who was promoted to a higher office. This poem, which he entitled *The Campaign*, was perhaps rather too severely styled by Dr. Joseph Warton, a *Gazette in rhyme*. It is undoubtedly too full of minute detail, and is often sufficiently prosaic, but it is not without passages that are spirited and poetical. In 1705 he accompanied Lord Halifax to Hanover, and the year after was appointed Under Secretary of state. About this period Operas being much in fashion, he was induced by the solicitation of his friends to attempt a musical drama in which sense and sound should be united. He accordingly produced his *Rosamund* which was unsuccessful on the stage and is rarely read.

In 1709 Addison went to Ireland as Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, the Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom and father of the eccentric Duke immortalized by Pope. Through the recommendation of the Queen, our poet was also appointed Keeper of the Records in Bermingham's Tower, the salary of which was augmented for his accommodation. Swift informs us that Addison resolved, while in the execution of the duties attached to this office, "never to remit any of the fees in civility to his friends; because," said he, "I may have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two. The evil suffered, therefore, beyond all proportion exceeds the benefit done." That he was not basely mercenary, however, we have many proofs. He was resolute in refusing every thing in the shape of a pecuniary compliment or *douceur*. A letter of his has been preserved in which he politely but most firmly refuses a bank note of 300*l.* to induce him to expedite his exertions in favor of his correspondent with reference to some appeal to the Lord Lieutenant. He promises to serve him to the utmost of his power, but assures him that he never did, and never will on any pretence whatever accept more than the stated and customary fees of his office. While he was in Ireland, Steele began the *Tatler*, but Addison soon discovered the Editor by an observation on Virgil which he had himself made in their social intercourse; and he immediately favored his friend with his invaluable assistance. On the cessation of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator* was projected by Sir Richard Steele in conjunction with Addison. Twenty

thousand copies of this admirable periodical were printed daily. Addison's papers are all signed with one or other of the letters which form the name of the *Muse Clio*. In 1713 he produced his tragedy of *Cato*. Pope expressed a high opinion of it as a poem; but declared it to be his opinion that it would not succeed upon the stage. In considering it a poor acting play he was unquestionably in the right, but it happened to obtain for a while an extraordinary degree of success upon the stage; not owing to its intrinsic merit, but the spirit of party which then raged with uncommon fury. The audience seized eagerly upon the declamatory passages in favor of liberty and converted them into direct political allusions. Pope wrote a spirited prologue, and such was the timidity of Addison, or such the temper of the times, that he objected to the second word in following couplet:

"Britons arise, be worth like this approved,

And show you have the virtue to be moved;"

and fearing that he might be regarded as a promoter of insurrection he persuaded Pope to soften it into Britons *attend*, &c. The Whigs it is said, "applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories, and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt." The author himself was in the greatest agitation and perplexity behind the scenes, and kept a person continually going backwards and forwards from the stage to the place where he stood to inform him how it succeeded, and did not venture to move until its fate was decided. Not long after the appearance of *Cato*, Steele published the *Guardian* and Addison assisted him. The latter's papers in this periodical were distinguished by a hand.

Upon the death of the Queen, the Lords of the Regency appointed him their Secretary. His first duty was to announce the vacancy of the throne to the Court of Hanover, a task of no great difficulty to an ordinary man of business; but the imagination of Addison was so excited with the importance of the occasion, and he was so solicitous about his diction that the Lords tired of waiting, ordered Mr. Southwell, one of the clerks of the office, to announce the event. This duty he readily performed in the common style of business, and plumed himself upon having done that which was too difficult for Addison. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick who was not won with an easy courtship. Rowe's ballad of the *Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been suggested by Addison's feelings and situation previous to the union. The marriage was like that of Dryden

with lady Howard, an unequal and unhappy one. She always treated him as an inferior, and had no respect for his literature. She even taught the only child she had by him to despise his memory, and to feel an unconquerable aversion to the perusal of his works. The year after his marriage Addison was made Secretary of State, but soon discovering his inability to transact the multifarious duties of his office, he solicited his dismissal and retired from public life on a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

It is a melancholy fact that about two years after his marriage Addison's feelings towards his old friend Steele were cooled by a public controversy concerning the Peerage Bill. Some irritating expressions passed between them. It is consolatory, however, to know that the breach was healed before death separated them for ever.

Addison had long been afflicted with an asthmatic disorder which was at last aggravated by a dropsy. In this state when he felt that his end was rapidly approaching, he sent for Mr. Gay, the poet, and told him that he had injured him, but that if he recovered he would give some recompense. Gay supposed that he had probably obstructed some preferment by his intervention, but the precise nature of the injury was never known. Addison conscious that he was dying sent for his son-in-law the young Earl of Warwick who had led a gay and irregular life in defiance of all advice. When the Earl approached the bedside, Addison told him that he had sent for him that he might see how a Christian could die. He breathed his last on the 17th of June, 1719, at Holland House near Kensington. The personal character of Addison demands very high praise; but no man is absolutely perfect, and his solitary defect seems to have been literary envy. He was unhappily more ambitious to be thought a fine poet than an elegant prose writer, and of the superiority of Pope in poetical genius he could not help feeling conscious, nor could he easily forgive it. As a prose writer he is one of the most instructive and delightful authors in the language. Nothing can be more exquisite than his quiet humour in the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverly*, or more elegant, clear, and judicious than his moral and critical speculations. His prose fictions in the *Spectator* are inimitable. I's

vision of *Mirza* is beyond all praise for the elegance of the allegory and the grace and propriety of the diction. Though in the form of prose it seems to show a more poetical spirit than any of his verse-productions. The tragedy of *Cato* has been spoken of by some critics with unlimited commendation and by others with profound contempt. Voltaire wondered how a nation that produced the tragedy of *Cato* could admire Shakespeare. It is a fine dramatic dialogue, full of eloquent declamation and noble sentiment, but as a representation of human passion it is sadly deficient in truth and nature.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR, it is supposed, was the son of a joiner, though the poet kept not only his father's trade a secret, but even the place of his own birth. He sometimes called himself a native of Middlesex and at others of Dorsetshire. He was born July 21, 1664. On his father's death he was transferred to the care of his uncle, a vintner in London who sent him to Dr. Bushby's School at Westminster. His uncle who was not ambitious to give him a finished education, soon called him home for the purpose of bringing him up to his own business. At his house, which was called the *Runner Tavern*, was held an annual feast of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. It was here that the Earl of Dorset, the great patron of genius, first became acquainted with the poet. In a company at the tavern the discourse happening to turn upon a passage in Horace, a gentleman observed that he was very much mistaken if there was not a youth in the house who could set them all right, upon which he called for Prior, who when desired to give the meaning of the passage under consideration, performed his task so readily and yet with so much modesty that the Earl of Dorset from that moment determined to remove him from his humble station to one more suited to his genius. He in the first instance sent him at his own expense to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, in conjunction with whom he wrote his poem of the *City Mouse and Country Mouse* in answer to Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. This humorous piece led to the immediate advancement of Montague, whom the Earl of Dorset invited to town and eventually introduced to the king with this expression: "Sir, I have brought a *mouse* to

* It is said that Steele gave the original hint of this character; but Addison had certainly the chief merit in the filling up of the outline with colors of admirable delicacy and truth.

wait on your majesty." To which the king is said to have replied, "you do well to put me in the way of making a *man* of him." Prior, who was conscious that his own share of the poem was the least, was piqued at the neglect of himself and confesses his mortification to one of his early patrons.

"There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed
That one mouse eats while t'other's starved."

It is said that Dryden was so vexed at the tone of the poem, that the old poet shed tears at the thought that he should be so treated by those to whom he had always been civil; but there is reason to question the truth of the anecdote. After Prior had been about six years at Cambridge he wrote a poem on the Deity which attracted so much notice that it encouraged him to leave College and try his fortune in the world. On his arrival in London he was taken by the Earl of Dorset to the court, and was appointed in 1690 Secretary to the English Embassy deputed to the congress at the Hague. It was no slight honor for a young poet fresh from College to be called upon to take a busy part in the most splendid assembly of Princes and Nobles that the world had witnessed for many years. King William was so pleased with Prior's skill and judgment on this occasion that he made him a gentleman of his Bed-chamber. In 1696 he accompanied the king to Holland, and in the following year obtained the post of Secretary to the Embassy at the treaty of Ryswick. In 1698 he went to Paris as Secretary to the Earl of Portland, ambassador to the court of France. While in that kingdom one of the officers of the Royal Household showed him the apartments at Versailles which were decorated with the victories of Louis XIV. painted by Le Brun, with inscriptions so arrogant that Racine and Boileau deemed it necessary to make them a little more simple. Prior was asked if the Palace of the king of England was so honorably ornamented. "The monuments, sir," he replied, "of my master's actions are to be seen every where but in his own house." In 1701 Prior was chosen member of Parliament for East-Grinstead in Sussex, and it appears by his voting for the impeachment of the several Lords who were charged with advising the Partition treaty, in which he himself had been employed, that he had by this time changed his political party. His conduct on this occasion has left a stain upon his character. His only excuse was, that though he had a hand in the

treaty himself he had not a heart in it, and merely obeyed the order of the king. In 1710 the Tories who were then in power, sent Prior as Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of France with proposals of peace. On the accession of George the First in August, 1714, the Tories went out of power and Prior was recalled from France. On his arrival in England, he was confined a prisoner in his own house by an order from the House of Commons, and was subsequently examined by a Committee of the Privy Council regarding his share in the treaty of Utrecht. The Committee were not satisfied with his answers and directed him to be placed in more strict confinement. Mr. Walpole moved for an impeachment against him on June the 10th, 1715. He was at last, however, discharged, after an imprisonment of about two years, without a trial. During his confinement he amused himself with the composition of his *Alma*, the only piece amongst his works of which Pope said that he could wish to have been the author. He was now restored to liberty but not to comfort. He was deprived of all his former sources of income except his fellowship, which he was often taunted with retaining in his days of splendid emolument. His usual reply was that every thing else was precarious, and that in the hour of distress it would secure him his bread and cheese. He was now encouraged by his friends to print a complete edition of his poems and publish it by subscription. The price of the volume was two guineas and he collected no less than four thousand pounds. Lord Harley, the son of the Earl of Oxford, with a noble generosity added 4000*l.* more to the amount to enable the poet to purchase Downhall, a villa in Essex, on condition that it should revert to Harley after Prior's decease.

In this quiet retreat he employed his leisure in preparing a defence of himself and the ministry in the four last years of the reign of Anne, and also in writing a history of his own times. But he had not proceeded very far in either of these undertakings before he was seized with a fever of which he died on the 18th of September, 1721. As a *last piece of human vanity*, as he himself termed it, he left 500*l.* for a monument in Westminster Abbey. He seemed to forget that a true poet leaves a nobler monument than can be erected with marble and mortar. He left his library as a legacy to his College.

The personal character of Prior was not all that his best friends could have wished it. He occasionally indulged himself in low society, and the mistresses whom he profanes poetry by immortalizing, were "despicable drabs." That he was not, however, so

abandoned as his enemies have asserted may be gathered from the esteem in which he was held by a large and respectable circle of friends, from the vigour of mind and body which he preserved to the last, and from the delicate and important public undertakings with which he was repeatedly entrusted by the Government.

Prior's longer poems are tedious. They are deficient in spirit and true passion. But his smaller pieces are sprightly and ingenious. The versification is singularly neat, flowing and felicitous.

JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY was born at Barnstaple in Devonshire in the same year as Pope—the year of the Revolution 1688. After a brief education in a country town he was sent to London and placed apprentice with a Silk-mercator. He soon grew weary of an occupation so uncongenial, and obtaining an introduction to the Duchess of Monmouth he was in 1712 taken into her service as secretary. In the course of the next year he published his poem on *Rural Sports*. The *Shepherd's Week* soon followed. In the last year of Queen Anne's reign he was made secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, ambassador to the court of Hanover. He produced at various intervals with more or less temporary success his several dramatic works, but the only one of these that has survived is the *Beggars' Opera*. It was written in ridicule of the Italian musical drama, and was received with such unbounded applause that as it was pleasantly said, it had the effect of making Gay rich and Rich gay. Rich was the manager of the Theatre at which it was brought out. In 1726 he wrote a volume of Fables for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland. Next year he was offered the appointment of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa which he indignantly refused, and sent a message to the Queen that he was too old for the office. He passed the latter part of his life in the house of the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury, who both treated him with the most affectionate kindness. The Duke took charge of his money and gave it him as he wanted it, for he had the characteristic improvidence of a poet. He was affected like many of greater prudence by the celebrated South Sea Scheme, and thought himself sure of twenty thousand pounds. The bubble at last broke and he was none the richer. Fenton had importuned him in vain to sell in time as much as would purchase an annuity of 100*l.* for life,

“which will make you sure,” he observed, “of a clean shirt and a leg of mutton a day.” He died on the 4th of December, 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had great simplicity of character and a warm heart. No man was more tenderly beloved by his friends. As a poet he was not of a high order; but his works are often agreeable; and are generally moral and instructive. Perhaps his best works are his ballads.

MATTHEW GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN, had a post in the custom house. He was born in 1696 and died in 1737, and this is nearly all that is known of his personal history. His principal poem, the *Spleen* was composed by piece-meal and completed at the urgent solicitation of his friend Glover. It was not published until after his death. Pope said there was a great deal of originality in it, and Melmoth affirmed that the author had thrown together more original thoughts than he had ever read in the same compass of lines. This poem had also the good fortune to be praised by Gray in his correspondence with Lord Orford. Green's education was imperfect, but a fine natural understanding made ample amends for that misfortune. In allusion to the *Spleen*, Thomas Campbell remarks, that in that walk of poetry where Fancy aspires no farther than to go hand in hand with common sense, its merit is unrivalled.

THOMAS TICKELL.

THOMAS TICKELL was born in 1686 at Bridekirk in Cumberland. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1726 he married. On account of his political opinions Swift used to call him Whiggissimus. He was greatly esteemed by Addison. Tickell's version of the first book of the *Iliad* which came out in opposition to Pope's Homer, was corrected and improved by Addison, who even gave it the preference to that of Pope. This decision was the occasion of the celebrated quarrel between Pope and Addison. Pope suspected that it had been written by Addison himself in a spirit of jealousy and spite. When Addison went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Sunderland he was accompanied by Tickell, and when Addison was Secretary of state he made him Under Secretary. Their friendship was interrupted by death alone. When Addison died, Tickell had

the charge of publishing his works, to which he prefixed a pathetic elegy on the death of his friend and benefactor. In this performance he greatly surpassed the general character of his writings.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE was born in 1692, at Edston in Warwickshire, an estate which he inherited from a long line of ancestors. He was educated at Winchester School. His estate was worth 1500*l.* per annum, but he was of an improvident disposition, and Pope mentions that in the latter part of his life he was in distressed circumstances. He died July 19, 1742. His principal poem, *The Chase*, contains some spirited descriptions.

RICHARD WEST.

RICHARD WEST was born in 1716, and died in 1742. He was the friend of Gray. His elegant poem "To his Friends," which is a very elegant imitation of Tibullus, was written at the age of twenty.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE was the son of the Countess of Macclesfield by the Earl of Rivers. He was born on the 10th of January, 1698. His mother made a public confession of adultery for the purpose of procuring a divorce from her husband the Earl of Macclesfield. Soon after she had procured a legal separation, she married Colonel Brett. No sooner was Savage born than his mother discovered a resolution of disowning him. She gave him in charge to a poor woman, to bring him up as her own son, and enjoined her never to reveal the secret of his birth. When the Earl of Rivers was on his death-bed, he made such earnest inquiries after his son that the Countess of Macclesfield was compelled to answer him. With an almost incredible heartlessness she determined to deprive her son of the provision which the Earl was disposed to leave him. She therefore declared that he was dead. After this she endeavoured to banish him secretly to the American Plantations. In this design she failed. She then had him apprenticed to a shoe-maker. His nurse dying, he went to her house to take charge of the effects of his supposed mother, and in examining her papers discovered that the poor shoe-maker was the son of an Earl. He forsook the shop and tried every means of gaining an admittance

to his mother, before whose door he used to pace for several hours in the dark evenings with the hope of catching a glance of her as she came by accident to the window or crossed her apartment with a candle. He was now in the utmost distress, of which she was fully conscious, but nothing could soften her heart or open her hand. Savage discovered that he had literary talents and eagerly endeavoured to turn them to account. His first production was a controversial pamphlet of which he was afterwards so much ashamed that he destroyed every copy which he could obtain. In his eighteenth year he wrote a comedy entitled *Woman's a Riddle*. It was brought upon the stage, but Savage was allowed no part of the profit. Two years afterwards he wrote another comedy entitled *Love in a veil*. This did not fill his pockets, but it introduced him to the friendship of Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Willis, by whom "he was pitied, caressed and relieved." Being now continually at the theatre he excited the pity of Mrs. Oldfield, who settled upon him a pension of fifty pounds a year which she paid regularly as long as she lived. His next production was the tragedy of *Sir Thomas Overbury*. While employed on this play he was often without food and lodging, and composed many of the speeches as he wandered about the streets, stepping occasionally into a shop to beg for a few minutes the use of pen and ink to write what he had got ready on scraps of paper, picked up by accident. He at last brought his play upon the stage and he himself was permitted to undertake the part of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, very little to his own advantage. The poem was acted but for four nights. It however gave him a profit of an hundred pounds. Mr. Aaron Hill published the story of Savage's distress and his mother's brutality in the *Plain Dealer*. He also encouraged subscriptions to a miscellany of poems in the name of Savage, but most of which were from his own pen. In a few days, in consequence of the feeling excited in his favor by Mr. Hill's pathetic appeal, he realized seventy guineas. In 1727 he entered a coffee house late at night where he had the misfortune to kill a person of the name of Sinclair in a disgraceful brawl. He was tried for murder and condemned to death. His friends petitioned the crown for mercy, while his mother, strange to say, exerted all her art and interest to obstruct it. The case, however, being at last fully and fairly laid before the Queen, Savage obtained a pardon. He now saw that nothing was to be obtained from his mother by gentle solicitation. He therefore resorted to rougher methods to obtain the means of supporting

that life of which she had endeavoured to deprive him. He threatened her with lampoons and a full narrative of her conduct if she any longer refused a fixed allowance. This plan succeeded. Her nephew Lord Tyrconnel, to save the credit of the family, received him into his family and allowed him two hundred a year. He now published his *Wanderer* with a dedication to Lord Tyrconnel. Savage however did not long enjoy this sunshine of prosperity. His irregular habits and his mean and ungrateful behaviour towards his Lordship soon occasioned a separation. He was once more upon the world. Being no longer silenced by a pension he now published his *Bastard*, and inscribed it with mock reverence to his mother, who was soon saluted wherever she went with quotations from its caustic pages. She was at this time at Bath, and was compelled to leave the place in haste and hide herself in the heart of London. At the death of Eusden, Savage applied for the appointment of poet laureat, but it was bestowed on Colley Cibber. However, he wrote to the Queen begging of her to enable him to support that life which she had given him. On his publishing his poem called the *Volunteer Laureat*, her Majesty sent him fifty pounds with an intimation that he might annually write on the same subject and receive the same present until something better could be done for him. Johnson calls this conduct on the part of the Queen a kind of avaricious generosity by which flattery was rather purchased than genius rewarded. Savage got himself into a temporary scrape by violently attacking the clergy in a satirical poem called the *Progress of a Divine*. The Court of King's Bench was moved against him. He escaped unhurt, but he did not venture to reprint the poem when the first edition was sold. Savage was still in a state of destitution, notwithstanding his pension from the Queen, which no sooner reached his hands than it was expended in low indulgences. Until it was all spent he used to conceal himself from his friends and when he re-appeared he was pennyless. He sometimes in his distress passed whole nights in cellars in company with thieves and beggars. The death of the Queen deprived him of his small pension when he could least afford to lose it. At last his friends proposed that he should retire to some cheap place in Wales on an allowance from them of fifty pounds a year. Of the fifty pounds twenty were subscribed by Pope alone. Savage accepted the offer. He left London in July, 1739. But he had not advanced far on the road when he wrote to his friends to say that the money advanced for his travelling ex-

penses was all gone. They remitted a fresh supply with which he contrived to reach Bristol from whence he was to proceed to Swansea by water. He was delayed by an embargo on the shipping. In the mean time he entered into all the gaieties of the place. He so irritated his London friends with complaints by letter that all except Pope withdrew their subscriptions. He at length arrived at Swansea. Here he finished a new tragedy and resolved to return to London and bring it on the stage. On his way he stopped at Bristol where he was arrested for debt on his birthday. In the Bristol jail, he wrote a violent lampoon on the inhabitants. When he had been six months in prison he received a letter from Pope accusing him of having spoken of him with disrespect and ingratitude. He solemnly protested his innocence but appeared greatly affected by the charge. Some days afterwards he was seized with a violent pain in his back and side. He grew daily weaker; a fever came on under which he sunk on the 1st of August, 1743, in the 46th year of his age. He was buried at the expense of the keeper of the prison who had treated him with great indulgence. Dr. Johnson's life of Savage, of which this is but a very brief and imperfect abstract, is one of the most eloquent compositions in the language, but the strong personal feeling which has diffused over his narrative so much pathos and animation, has unfortunately led him to extenuate the vices and exaggerate the few good qualities of a man who would speedily have sunk into deserved contempt, but for the genius and generosity of his biographer. His poetry, notwithstanding the praise of Johnson, is rapidly passing into oblivion, and scarcely merits criticism. It has occasionally considerable energy and spirit, but is coarse and unpolished. It wants elevation and ideality; and is the work rather of talent than of genius. Neither the thoughts nor the diction are truly poetical.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was the son of an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, the 30th of November, 1667. At the age of six years, he was sent to a school at Kilkenny, where his name cut in school-boy fashion upon his desk or form is still shown to strangers. At the age of fourteen he was removed to Trinity College Dublin. He here paid so little attention to the prescribed studies that when he applied for the degree of Bachelor of arts, he was found on examination so grossly deficient in the

requisite acquirements that he only obtained it at last by a *special grace*, a term employed in the university of Dublin to imply an absence of due qualification in the candidate for scholastic honors. The degree was reluctantly conferred upon him on the 13th of February, 1685-6. This disgrace seems to have stirred up some of the worst parts of his nature, and that spirit of bitterness which made him so "good a hater" during his whole life, broke out in satirical attacks upon his teachers. His waywardness and self-will set all the rules of his College at defiance. In one year he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance and neglect, and at last being convicted of insolent conduct towards one of the masters and of exciting a spirit of rebellion amongst his companions, he was sentenced to a suspension of his academical degree and to crave public pardon for his offence. But though he disregarded the rules of the College and made no advance in the regulated course of study, his mind was not stationary; and his reading though desultory, was various and extensive. In the year of the Revolution (1688) Swift quitted College, and at the age of twenty-one entered the wide world without friends or money. His father died before the birth of his now celebrated son, and his uncle whose own income was extremely limited, and who had scantily supported him at the University, was now dead, and had left him nothing. His only resource was his mother, who was living in England on a small and precarious income. When he had crossed the water he travelled on foot to his mother's residence in Leicestershire. She recommended him to solicit the patronage of Sir William Temple who was her relation. The application was successful. Sir William employed him as a secretary, but that accomplished scholar soon discovered his inmate's imperfect education. Of this, however, he had not long to complain, for Swift became so heartily ashamed of his deficiency that with the ardor of genius he devoted eight hours a day to a course of study, and soon proved that his original backwardness in school learning was caused by no want of capacity. King William sometimes visited Sir William Temple when the statesman was confined to his chamber by the gout, and on these occasions Swift used to wait upon his majesty and walk with him in the garden. The King whose notions, as Johnson says, were all military, offered him a troop of horse. His majesty had also some notions of economy, and taught Swift to cut asparagus the Dutch way and eat the stalks. At the instigation of Sir William, Swift attempted some Pindaric

odes in the style of Cowley, in which he so miserably failed that when they were shown to Dryden, he said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Being disappointed in his expectations of substantial patronage from Sir William Temple, he left him in a fit of impatient displeasure and returned to Ireland to take holy orders. On his application to the Bishops they required a testimonial from Sir William Temple, and Swift was obliged, after many struggles with his pride, to write a penitential letter to his old patron and solicit in very humble terms a favorable certificate. The request was not refused and Swift obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, which gave him about a hundred pounds a year. Temple, however, who began to feel his absence, invited him back with some promise of preferment in England; and Swift consented. Sir Walter Scott gives the following interesting and characteristic account of the manner in which he resigned his prebend to a poor clergyman,

"While Swift hesitated between relinquishing the mode of life which he had chosen, and returning to that which he had relinquished, his resolution appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own,—rode to Dublin, resigned the prebendary of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for his new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which, at first, only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favor, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and renewed his situation at Moorpark, as Sir William Temple's confidential Secretary."

Swift resided with Sir William Temple till 1699 when his patron died, leaving him a pecuniary legacy and his manuscripts. Sir William had obtained for Swift a promise from the king, of the first prebend that should be vacant at Canterbury or Westminster. In his 27th year Swift had professed an attachment to a Miss Jane Waring. This lady, whom in his correspondence he styled *Varina*, from some prudential

reasons was averse to an immediate union. The Dean in one of the most extravagant and inelegant of amatory epistles, in which there is a deplorable deficiency of true passion, speaks of his irrepressible and impatient love. "I find himself," he says, "hugely infested with this malady." When four years afterwards his circumstances were favorable to marriage the lady frankly inquired whether his affections were unaltered. By this time he had formed another attachment, but not chusing to confess his inconstancy, he answered the lady with insulting coldness, and tells her that if she can agree to certain almost impossible conditions, he is still at her disposal. The lady of course was silenced. It was during his residence at Moorpark that he became acquainted with Esther Johnson, immortalized under the name of *Stella*. While she was yet almost a child, he took pleasure in being her instructor, and his beautiful pupil at last turned her respect and admiration for her guide and philosopher into a softer feeling. The affection was reciprocated. As in the case of Abelard and Eloisa, "love approached them under friendship's name." Swift accepted an invitation to accompany the Earl of Berkeley to Ireland as his chaplain and private secretary. He speedily obtained the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in the diocese of Meath. He now invited Stella to Ireland. She was accompanied by a widow woman of the name of Dingley. They lived in the neighbourhood, and when Swift was temporally absent they took possession of the parsonage, but he never saw Stella except in the presence of a third person. This precaution, however, did not save the reputation of Stella from unfriendly whispers. For some reason which has never yet been discovered Swift hesitated for several years to protect her name and secure her happiness by an honorable union. In 1710 Swift re-visited London, where he resided for two years, leaving Stella at Laracor, but keeping up a regular correspondence with her in the form of a diary. He was not long in London before he formed a fresh attachment for a lovely and lively young lady, a Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, now better known by her poetical appellation of *Vanessa*. Soon after he returned to Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's; and the lady followed him. Poor Stella soon exhibited symptoms of extreme anxiety and mortification, excited by the proximity of a rival. Swift explained that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony:—one was that he would not marry till he possessed a competence, and the other that if he married at all it should be with a prospect of seeing his children settled in the world before he himself

left it. He was still, he said, in embarrassed circumstances, and he had passed the age at which he thought marriage advisable. He agreed, however, if it would sooth the mind of Stella to go through the ceremony, provided that it should be kept a secret, and that they should live separately as heretofore. The unhappy Stella consented to those terms and she was married in the garden of the Deanery by the Bishop of Clogher in the year 1716. The moment after the marriage Swift is said to have betrayed the most extraordinary wretchedness and distraction. He did not discontinue his strange intercourse with *Vanessa*, who it appears remained for some time ignorant of Swift's legal union with her rival. At last she determined to remain no longer in suspense as to his ultimate intentions, and being somewhat perplexed by his undefined connection with Stella, she wrote to her at once and earnestly requested to know the nature of her long standing intimacy with Swift. Stella, in reply, confessed the marriage. *Vanessa's* letter was shown to Swift, who in a paroxysm of rage rode instantly to the writer, entered her apartment with a look of awful indignation, silently flung her epistle on the table and instantly left the house to return no more. The shock of this incident brought poor *Vanessa* to the grave. She did not survive it many weeks. In the meanwhile she revoked a will made in favour of Swift, and called upon her executors to publish all the letters which had passed between her and the Dean. Stella also gradually declined and on her death-bed vainly entreated Swift to save her reputation by a public acknowledgment of their marriage. After he had thus by his mysterious and unaccountable conduct broken the hearts of two women who passionately loved him, his own health began to give way and he became so gloomy and morose that his company was rarely endurable by the most indulgent of his friends. His thoughts were darkened by a melancholy anticipation of the madness which destroyed the noblest part of him so long before he sunk into the grave. One day while walking with Dr. Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*, he stopped at a fine elm of which the upper branches were withered. Pointing at it mournfully, he said, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at top." At one time he requested a female friend to mention to him any decay that she might observe in his faculties. "No, sir," she replied, "I have read *Gil Blas*." He resolved to leave all his fortune, his savings in the course of thirty years, to the endowment of an hospital for the insane. About the year 1740 he began to betray unequivocal symptoms of

a loss of intellect, and he was confided to the charge of friends. He was for a while outrageously violent, but preserved at last a melancholy silence. For some time he had an inflammation in one of his eyes which swelled to the size of an egg. It required many attendants to prevent his tearing out his eye. During the last three years of his life he spoke only once or twice. He was released by death from this awful condition, on the 19th of October, 1745.

The personal character of Swift was not very amiable. He could be just and even generous without attracting much regard or gratitude, for his manner was cold and cynical. He was never known to laugh. It is strange that two elegant young females should so passionately have loved him. He was a stern yet liberal master, and though he exacted much from his servants he knew how to reward their merits. His great talents made him at once dreaded and courted by men in power, and if his strong ambition had not been connected with a love of independence and great self-respect he would have gained from his influence with the government something more substantial and dignified than the deanery of St. Patrick's. He had no objection to ask favors for his friends, but he disdained to press his own cause. He expected honors to be thrust upon him. His numerous political pamphlets were all of great effect in their day, and are even yet read with considerable interest on account of their clear diction, their vehemence of invective and strength of argumentation. His *Tale of a Tub*, a religious prose satire, is a work of prodigious wit and humor, but the tone is almost too light and free, and exposed him to a charge of infidelity. Though a sincere believer in Christianity he showed little of the clerical character in his writings or in his personal manners. He was somewhat too much of a party zealot, and was far more ferocious than was quite becoming in a minister of peace. His *Gulliver's Travels* is one of the most original and amusing books in the language. It is read, by children as a wonderful tale, and, by those who understand its full import, as a profound satire upon poor human nature. It is interspersed with occasional sarcasms of a political and temporary application. The style, like that of De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, is admirable for its studied gravity and plainness, and the narrative of unheard of wonders is given with such an air of simplicity and truth that it beguiles the reader into a momentary belief of actual impossibilities. Swift's compositions both in prose and verse are the most unornamented in the language. He trusts entirely to his matter,

and anxious only that his meaning shall be clear, he selects the simplest and most expressive words. His diction suits his matter. He is never very elevated or refined, but the utter absence of all affectation precludes vulgarity. His sincerity and directness, the manly intrepidity with which he often tells plain truths in plain language, and the unrivalled force and fertility of his humour will always gain a crowd of readers and admirers, though a lover of man and nature, must wish that Swift's mind had been more susceptible of the finer emotions, and lament that his vigorous powers should have been employed in deepening the shadows of human life. Of his poetry little need be said. It hardly deserves the name. It has scarcely half a dozen lines that are elevated above plain prose. It is to the full, however, as witty and clever as his political pamphlets, and always pleases by the easy vigour and admirable perspicuity of its diction and the happiness and accuracy of its rhymes. His verses are in fact as good as can be made by mere wit and sound sense unaccompanied with a poetical imagination.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21st, 1688. The grandfather of the poet was a clergyman of the Church of England settled in Hampshire. He had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, went to Lisbon, where he became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. On his return to England he married the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. Of this union the poet was the sole offspring. His father made his fortune in a house in Lombard street, London, as a wholesale linen-merchant, and then retired first to Kensington and finally to Binfield in Windsor Forest. When Lord Harvey quarrelled with Pope, his Lordship condescended to the meanness of taunting him with the lowliness of his birth, and was admirably answered by the poet—"I think it enough that my parents such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear." Pope was from his infancy fragile and infirm; but though in almost perpetual pain his disposition until he engaged in literary warfare was remarkably mild and engaging. His life, as he himself tells us, was "a long disease." He inherited from his father a distorted frame and from

his mother a peculiarity of constitution which occasioned violent and frequent head-aches. He was so weak throughout his life that he usually wore stays as a support. Though his frame afforded a subject of heartless mockery and sarcasm to the dunces whom he has immortalized, his features were remarkably pleasing and intelligent; and his voice, in childhood, was so melodious that he was affectionately styled "the little nightingale." At a very early age he exhibited a passion for reading, and taught himself to write by imitating print. Owing to his miserable state of health, his education, which was chiefly carried on at home, was so irregular and imperfect, that he may be said to have been self-taught. At the age of twelve he resided wholly with his father at Binfield, and for a few months received some instruction from a priest, and "this," says Pope, "was all the teaching I ever had, and God knows that it extended a very little way." About this time he taught himself Latin and Greek, and at the age of fifteen he extorted the permission of his parents to go to London to learn French and Italian, both of which he acquired with surprising quickness. He could not himself remember how soon he began to write verses. He "lisp'd in numbers." "In the style of fiction," says Dr. Johnson, "it might be said of him as of Pindar, that when he lay in the cradle the bees swarmed about his mouth." Though his father was simple and unlearned he encouraged his son's taste for poetry by proposing subjects, pointing out what he deemed imperfect in the execution, and characterizing the little bard's more successful efforts as "good rhymes." Amongst the poets that charmed his boyhood Spenser, Waller and Dryden were his greatest favorites. Of these three Waller pleased him most at first, then Spenser, and lastly Dryden, whom he afterwards studied and admired more than any other English writer. His opinions of other poets were not always remarkable for their soundness. He seems to have felt no ardour of admiration for Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Shakespeare's style, he said, was professedly the style of a bad age. With this opinion it is not surprising that he produced a poor and unsaleable edition of the works of that incomparable Dramatist. Poets generally best appreciate that kind of poetry which is most nearly allied to their own, and Pope, who would have struggled in vain to compete with Shakespeare or Milton, soon discovered that he could walk by the side of Dryden. It flatters our own vanity when we can exalt a species of merit which we are secretly conscious is not entirely beyond

the reach of our own powers. Pope's delight in the poetry of Dryden excited an irrepressible desire to behold the author, and while he was yet a boy he was taken to see the illustrious object of his admiration at the Coffee-house which he frequented. His intense application to his studies about his 17th year so affected his weak frame, that he at last thought himself dying, and wrote solemn farewell letters to his friends. One of them, the Abbé Southcote, immediately applied to the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe for his advice, and having got full directions from him, he paid a visit to Pope in Windsor Forest, and prevailed upon him to throw off his despondency. By discontinuing his studies for a while and taking regular exercise he soon recovered. At the age of 16 he wrote his pastorals, but they were not published till five years after. Walsh, a small poet but a critic of considerable reputation, was so delighted with these poems that he sought the author's acquaintance, and it was by his advice that Pope aimed at correctness of style, which, as he was told, the English poets had hitherto neglected. In his twenty-first year, he published his *Essay on Criticism*, and at first without his name. For some time the sale was discouragingly slow, till Pope, in a fit of despair, addressed a number of copies to different individuals who had a reputation for taste and literature. This scheme succeeded. The work was talked of, the author's name discovered, and the bookseller was soon gratified with the demand for a new edition. In this poem are some lines describing an angry critic which occasioned a long war between Pope and Dennis, who rightly applied them to himself. The *Essay on Criticism* was characterized by Addison in the *Spectator* as "a master-piece in its kind," and was translated into French verse by General Count Hamilton, author of the life of the Comte de Grammont. Some of the Roman Catholics were indignant that in this poem the monks or "holy vandals" should be mentioned with disrespect; but though Pope was a papist he was not a bigot. "I have ever believed," he says, "that the best piece of service one could do to our religion was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and pious frauds, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies." "Nothing," he continues, "has been so much a scare-crow to them as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves."

The *Essay on Criticism* was speedily followed by the *Rape of the Lock*, the most fanciful and spright-

ly of all his compositions. The first draught of it was published without the machinery, but he infinitely improved it by a happy after-thought. When Pope mentioned his intention of extending the poem and introducing the sylphs and gnomes of the Rosicrucian system, Addison told him that it was "a delicious little thing," and advised him to leave it untouched. This was said to be the first indication of Addison's jealousy of Pope's rapidly rising fame; but an author in some new and untried scheme often surpasses the expectations of his warmest admirers, and Pope might have communicated what was passing in his mind too briefly or obscurely to do justice to his own conceptions. When Addison consulted Pope about the tragedy of Cato, he was told that it would be better to submit it to the public through the press than to bring it on the stage, as it was not sufficiently "theatrical." No one questioned the sincerity of this criticism, though the result seemed to contradict it, for owing to various adventitious circumstances it was acted with extraordinary success. The wisest of men are fallible, and it is hard that honest and friendly criticism, however erroneous, should be exposed to ungenerous interpretations. About this period he completed the *Messiah*, and wrote the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, a truly pathetic and beautiful composition. Of the history of the lady much has been conjectured, but little is known, for Pope purposely concealed it. On this subject he was absolutely deaf to the inquiries of his most intimate friends. The *Temple of Fame* in which Steele, saw "a thousand thousand beauties," followed. In 1713 appeared his *Windsor Forest*, part of which was written at the age of sixteen. In the same year Pope published in *The Guardian* his ironical praise of the pastorals of Philips, which he affected to prefer to his own. He now determined to unite profit with fame, and as his original compositions, though they had secured a high reputation, had added little to his fortune, he undertook to translate the whole of Homer's *Iliad* and publish it by subscription. The largest sum he had ever obtained from Lintot for the copyright of any of his original poems was thirty-two pounds. He got but seven pounds for the first copy of the Rape of the Lock, and fifteen for the second, which contained the addition of the machinery. Pope, on commencing this great undertaking, was for a while quite overwhelmed with anxiety. His apprehensions even haunted his pillow. He used to dream of impossible undertakings and long journeys in which he lost his way and which seemed to have no end. At last practice

made him more familiar with his task and his fears vanished. He cleared by the *Iliad* five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, which one of his biographers calls "an enormous sum," but which considering that it took up six years of his life, was not a very extraordinary remuneration for his vast labour and unrivalled skill. In these days successful literary toil is more handsomely rewarded. Scott and Byron gained fortunes by the industry of a few months. Pope had the prudence to purchase annuities with the money his Homer brought him. The success of this work raised him above all pecuniary difficulties, but it was so far from adding to his peace that it called up a host of envious and malignant scribblers who pursued him with incessant hostility. Even Addison was amongst those who were vexed at Pope's poetical supremacy, and it is believed that he instigated Tickell to produce a rival version of the first book of Homer. He was even suspected of being himself the secret author of it. It is certain that he openly gave it the preference to that of Pope, and that the manuscript copy bore numerous corrections and alterations in his own handwriting. This translation attracted so little general notice that Pope's anxiety respecting its chance of success was of very brief continuance. It occasioned, however, a breach between Addison and Pope that was never entirely closed. It was soon after this that Pope wrote his famous satiric sketch of the character of Addison which was subsequently inserted in the Prologue to the *Satires*. Soon after the completion of the *Iliad*, having lost some money in the South Sea speculation he endeavoured to recruit his means by a translation of the *Odyssey*, which he undertook to finish in three years. This work in which he was assisted by Broome and Fenton was not quite so profitable as the *Iliad*. About the year 1728, after suffering the severest provocations from unfriendly writers, upwards of sixty separate pamphlets having appeared against him, he determined to include all his enemies in one sweeping satire. Accordingly he surprised and appalled them with his *Dunciad* which rendered them

Sacred to ridicule their whole life long
And the sad burden of a merry song.

In 1733 appeared the first part of the *Essay on Man*, a work which has been more admired for its poetry than its philosophy. It was attacked as indirectly unfavorable to the Christian scheme. About this time Pope began to feel his weak frame growing daily still weaker, and perceived, as he expressed it, that he was "going down the hill." On sending out some presentation copies of his *Ethical Epistles* to his friends, he said,

"I am like Socrates, distributing morality amongst my friends just as I am dying." He was serene and cheerful to the last. On the very day of his death, when his physician remarked some favorable circumstances, he pleasantly answered, "Here am I, dying of a hundred good symptoms." He at last yielded his breath so tranquilly that the people who attended him were not aware of the exact moment of his death. He died May the twentieth, in the year 1744.

The character of Pope as a poet has been the subject of long and still continued controversy. Some critics deny that he is at all entitled to the name of poet, and others go into the opposite extreme and place him in the very highest rank. But that he is an admirable writer of some sort or other, if not a true poet, is almost universally admitted. He had beyond all question an intellect of extraordinary delicacy and acuteness, and possessed the power of expressing his thoughts with unrivalled closeness, elegance and precision. But when Byron compared him to Shakespeare he was guilty of an extravagance that could be of no use to Pope, while it injured his own reputation as a critic. With some hesitation regarding the rival claims of Dryden, he may safely be pronounced the first name in the second class of British poets, the first class consisting of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. These four great writers are fairly entitled to such high distinction, because they pierce beyond externals and mere conventionalisms. Their representations of humanity are not local or temporary. They do not describe manners but men. They wrote for all ages, and for all countries. Their language alone is not universal; and this was no fault of theirs. The curse of Babel falls with peculiar severity upon the poets, for the fresh bloom of poetic inspiration is always injured in the process of translation. But foreigners who master our language, however unfamiliar with our manners, can never fail to recognize those truthful delineations of general and everlasting nature which abound in the pages of the four great poets already mentioned. Shakespeare especially has addressed himself to the universal heart. The jealousy of Othello and the ambition of Macbeth are as perfectly apprehended by the intelligent Hindu alumni of an English College in Calcutta as by the students of a scholastic establishment in the poet's native land. But Pope was too much of a London poet of the eighteenth century. He is so local and temporary that many of his allusions are now wholly unintelligible even to his own countrymen. His satires especially are limited and obscure. It would be al-

most impossible, for example, to make a native of Hindostan, comprehend the greater portion of his Epistle on the Characters of Women. But Shakespeare's females are sketched with such marvellous power, and with such fidelity to general nature, that they are recognized in all countries and in all ages by every reader who can understand the language in which his plays are written. Some of the German writers have entered upon an analysis of Shakespeare's characters with perhaps more enthusiasm and judgment than any of our own critics, and even they who are acquainted with him only through the medium of translation acknowledge his merits with delight and wonder. Those critics who place Pope by the side of Shakespeare overlook some of the most palpably distinctive differences of poetic power. No two writers could be widely separated by the peculiarities of genius than were those eminent poets, though each was admirable in his way. Shakespeare trusted almost wholly to nature—Pope to art. Art alone, however, will never make a poet, and Pope was assuredly a poet of no ordinary excellence, though he was not in the first rank. Let those who think his station at the head of the second order not sufficiently distinguished, consider how few stand above him, and what a long list of bright and honorable names are placed beneath him. If Pope's verses owed so much to art, they owed still more to inspiration. It must be admitted that he was not distinguished for that irrepressible enthusiasm for truth and beauty, and that profound insight into general nature, which characterize the very highest order of poetic genius, but he was by no means sparingly endowed with the gifts of fancy and feeling. He possessed them far more abundantly than his predecessor Dryden. They were not, however, the predominant qualities of his mind. His genius seemed better fitted to satisfy the understanding than to touch the heart or kindle the imagination. No writer ever compressed so much sound sense into so narrow a compass and with so much elegance and ease. Condensation and perspicuity are amongst his most conspicuous merits. His satire wants breadth, but it never wants point, and no author in the English language has ever turned a compliment with more exquisite ingenuity and grace. His praise was the more valuable because it was always honest. It is said that Alderman Barber gave Pope to understand that he would make him a present of five thousand pounds for a single compliment. But the poet always boasted that he was "no man's slave

or heir." It is also reported that he was offered in vain a considerable sum of money by the Duchess of Marlborough if he would give a good character of the Duke*.

Though Pope could not stir the depths of the human heart or raise vehement emotions, he knew how to win our gentler sympathies. The sweetest and most unaffected passages in all his poetry are his domestic allusions. His egotism, when it is touched with tenderness, is inexpressibly engaging. He has not much humour, but his wit is always sharp and brilliant.

His versification has perhaps been overrated. It is highly polished, and is unrivalled in mere smoothness, but its uniformity in a long poem fatigues the ear. He was over fastidious, and confined himself too exclusively to certain favorite sounds. There is hardly a line in all his poetry that is novel in the construction. In the sonnets of Shakespeare and the works of still earlier poets we frequently meet with couplets of which Pope's are but the echo. In studying the versification of other poets he seems to have been attracted rather by separate lines than to have been charmed with the general effect, and in reproducing these in too close connection without the intermixture of other sounds, the music is marred indeed by no discord, but it is wearisomely deficient in variety. The notes are sweet enough in themselves, but they are not skilfully blended. We have rather a succession of familiar sounds than a continuation. There is no linked sweetness long drawn out, nor does he delight the ear with any musical surprise. When Pope borrows thoughts (and notwithstanding the richness of his own resources, he is a bold and frequent plagiarist), he is generally more successful than in his thefts of sound. He rarely appropriates another poet's idea without improving it.

Of Pope's character as a man one of his latest editors† has spoken with very unjust severity.

* The knowledge of these offers of payment for praise might possibly have suggested, however unjustly, the scandal respecting a supposed offer for the suppression of a satire on the Duchess of Marlborough (under the name of Atossa) and the poet's reported acceptance of it. Pope had also in his lifetime been accused of receiving a thousand pounds from the Duke of Chandos and ungratefully returning the kindness with a satire. The receipt of the money he flatly and indignantly denied. He proudly asserted that if he was a good poet there was one thing upon which he valued himself, and which was rare amongst good poets—a perfect independence. "I have never," he said, "flattered any man, nor ever received any thing of any man for my verses."

† The Rev. W. L. Bowles.

He was irritable and spiteful when brought into collision with those who were either indifferent or hostile to his literary fame, but considering that his life was "a long disease," and that his eminence as a poet drew upon him the envy and malice of a host of "creatures" who never ceased from their "dirty work," his occasional loss of temper ought not to be visited with a very harsh reproach. That he was a warm and generous friend cannot fairly be disputed, and nothing can be more engaging than his reverential affection for his aged mother, and his incessant attention to her smallest wants, when he himself stood quite as much in need of an indulgent nurse. No man was ever more tenderly beloved by his friends. Lord Bolingbroke wept like a child over him in his last hours, and observed that he never in his life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. "There is nothing," said the dying poet, "that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue."

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born in Scotland, the 7th of September, 1700. He was the son of a minister. Though his mother inherited a portion of a small estate, she found her means, even in conjunction with her husband's income, unequal to the education of her nine children, and a Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring minister, generously undertook to provide for the young poet who early exhibited the indications of genius. He was first sent to a school at Jedburgh and afterwards to the University of Edinburgh. The Divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by Mr. Hamilton, who prescribed to Thomson as a probationary exercise, the explanation of a psalm on the power and majesty of God. Of this psalm he wrote a paraphrase and illustration in so poetical a style that the professor told him if he meant to follow up his intention of entering the church he must put a check upon his imagination. This which was at once a rebuke and a compliment, made him turn his thoughts exclusively to literature, and he bent his steps towards London to seek his fortune as a poet. On his arrival in the vast metropolis of England he wandered about the streets absorbed in curiosity and wonder. He brought with him a number of letters of recommendation which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief, but as he loitered in the crowd of London, he was robbed of them by a light-

fingered rascal who probably mistook them for something of more general value. It is said that his first want was a pair of shoes, and that it was not easily supplied. His merit, however, was not very long concealed. Mr. Duncan Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Session in Scotland, received him with kindness, and recommended him to other gentlemen of taste and influence. In 1726 he published his *Winter*. It rapidly gained the favour of the public and established the author's reputation as a poet. It was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, who for some time took no notice of the poet, until Aaron Hill addressed some verses publicly to Thomson, in which he complained of the neglect of genius by men of wealth and station. The cold patron at last condescended to send for the author, and made him a present of twenty guineas. Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, introduced him to Lord Chancellor Talbot, who some years afterwards appointed him to accompany his eldest son upon his travels. *Summer* was published in 1727, *Spring* in the year following, and *Autumn* in 1730. Upon his return from abroad with the Lord Chancellor's son who died soon after, he was rewarded for his attendance by a small appointment which he lost on the death of his patron in 1736. He was now again in pecuniary distress, from which he was rescued by the Prince of Wales who received the poet with distinction, and on Thomson's confessing that his affairs "were in a more poetical posture than formerly," he gave him a pension of one hundred pounds a year. It was shortly after his return to England that he published his long dull poem upon *Liberty*, a subject that deserved a nobler treatment. In 1738 appeared his tragedy of *Agamemnon*. Pope who had a regard for Thomson, was present at the representation of the play, and was received by the audience with a round of applause. His next dramatic work, the *Masque of Alfred*, was written with the assistance of Mallet and at the command of the Prince of Wales. Then followed (in 1745) *Tancred and Sigismunda*, the most popular of his plays. About this time he wrote his *Castle of Indolence* which was the last piece of which he superintended the publication. In 1740 his friend Lord Lyttleton procured him the place of Surveyor general of the Leward Islands, from which after the payment of a deputy he received three hundred a year. He was about to prepare his tragedy of *Coriolanus* for the stage when he was seized with a fever which brought him to the grave on the twenty-seventh of August, 1748.

Thomson's personal character was extremely amiable, but he was of a singularly indolent disposition, and it is said that he was sometimes seen eating fruit from a tree with his hands in his pocket, as if it were too much trouble to pluck it with his hands. His dramatic writings are heavy and declamatory, and none of his works are now generally read, except his *Seasons* and the *Castle of Indolence*. Some critics prefer the latter, which is in the Spenserian stanza, to his great descriptive poem in blank verse; but exquisite as it is, the public have decided, and perhaps correctly, in favor of the *Seasons*. Thomson himself thought the poem on *Liberty* his best work. The vividness and fidelity of his pictures of external nature, and the true poetic feeling which they evince must always secure a wide popularity for the *Seasons*, notwithstanding the cumbrous verbosity of the style. His blank verse is nearly the worst in the language, from its formal and sluggish movement. He had no ear, and not much taste. Johnson mentions that amongst his peculiarities was a very ungraceful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn composition, and that Dodginton, himself an elegant reader, once snatched the book from his hands and told him he did not understand his own verses. All his excellence he owed to a happy genius. He was too lazy to polish his versification and retrench exuberances. It was said that his works contained

"No line which dying he could wish to blot."

In a moral sense this is a well deserved and noble compliment, but it must not be applied to his poetry as a purely literary decision. It is a pity that he had not struck out a great many ponderous lines and clumsy epithets in his *Seasons*. With all its defects, however, it is a wonderful production, and is still regarded as the best descriptive poem in any language.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

AMBROSE PHILIPS, descended of an ancient family in Leicestershire, was born in 1671. He was educated at St. John's College Cambridge, where he wrote some English verses on the Death of Queen Mary. He soon afterwards undertook to epitomize Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*, which he published in 1700. In this work he seized the opportunity of proving himself a zealous Whig. His *Pastorals* preceded those of Pope, and were very favourably received on their first appearance. Soon after their publication he went abroad, but in what employment or for what purpose is not known. In

1709 he published in the *Tatler* his poetical Epistle from Copenhagen. Pope said of this poem that it was the production of a man "who could write very nobly." On his return three years afterwards, his Whig friends being out of power, he was compelled to trust entirely to his literature for subsistence. Tonnson, the celebrated publisher, employed him to translate the *Persian Tales*. Pope, when he quarrelled with Philips, severely ridiculed him for having undertaken this humble task. He characterized him as

"The bard whom piffared pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown."

In 1712, Philips published *The Distrest Mother*, a tragedy, which is little more than a translation from the French of Racine. Addison and Steele were his active literary patrons, and they paid it many compliments in the *Spectator*. Steele prepared the public to receive it kindly by a notice of it while under rehearsal, and after its performance Addison described its effect upon Sir Roger de Coverly. The *Spectator's* patronage served the interests of the play, but the Pastorals were brought into contempt by an extravagantly eulogistic notice of them in the *Guardian* from the pen of Tickell, which excited the spleen of Pope, who subsequently contributed to the same periodical a paper on the same subject. In this paper he maliciously pretended to draw an impartial comparison between his own pastorals and those of Philips, in which he avowedly awards the preference to his rival, whom at the same time with what Johnson calls "an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony," he gives himself every possible advantage and makes the unhappy Philips cut a very ludicrous figure. It is said that Steele kept back the article for some time from a fear of displeasing Pope, but that Addison perceived its drift and was not unwilling to set Pope and Philips at mortal variance. In Ayre's life of Pope it is stated that Philips procured a rod and hung it up in a public coffee-room, frequented by Pope, and vowed to exercise it upon the offender as, soon as he should make his appearance there; but we have the assertion of Pope himself that Philips never offered him any personal indignity though he did his best to injure him by representing him as disaffected to the government. On the accession of George the First, which brought the Whigs into power, Philips was first made a justice of the peace and soon after a commissioner of the lottery. In 1722 he produced two plays, *The Briton* and a tragedy on the story of *Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*. They are now but little known. In 1724 Dr. Boulter, archbishop of Armagh invited him

to accompany him to Ireland, made him his secretary, and added such preferments as enabled him to represent a county in the Irish parliament. Two years afterwards he was appointed secretary to the Lord Chancellor, and in 1733, he became judge of the Prerogative Court. He returned to England in 1748 and purchased an annuity of £400. But he did not live long to enjoy it. He was struck with a palsy and died June 18, 1749, in his seventy-eighth year.

Philips does not stand very high in the list of British Poets. His pastorals are contemptible, and his poems in the seven-syllable measure are little better than nursery rhymes. It was on their account that he obtained the name of *Namby Pamby*. There was no objection to his employing this style when addressing a child in its mother's arms, as in the following lines to Miss Charlotte Pulteney.

"Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,³
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art
Babbling out the very heart," &c.

This idle prattle is well enough in the nursery, but it is ridiculous and disgusting when mixed with graver matters and addressed to a powerful minister. He pays his court to Sir Robert Walpole in the same Lilliputian lines with which he soothes the ears of babes.

"Votary to public zeal,
Minister of England's weal,
Have you leisure for a song,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and sweet in every measure;
Tell me, Walpole, have you leisure?" &c.

The Letter from Copenhagen evinces powers of description which cultivation might have brought to excellence. This indeed is written "nobly," and it is strange that a poet who could produce such a work should have composed and published so many verses that are almost too trifling for the perusal of children.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester in Sussex, December 25, 1721. His father was a hatter. At the age of twelve he was admitted a scho-

lar of Winchester College, where he remained for seven years. In 1740 he was elected a *demy* of Magdalen College. It was here that he wrote his Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer and his "Persian Eclogues," as they were originally called. He afterwards gave them the more general title of *Oriental Eclogues*, because he thought they were not distinctly national. They never, indeed, quite satisfied him as descriptions of Asiatic manners, and he was sometimes heard to call them his Irish Eclogues. They were at first very coldly received by the public. His father had died in debt and he depended wholly on a small stipend allowed him by his uncle, Colonel Martin. To relieve himself from pecuniary difficulties he issued proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning, but the work never appeared. He also planned several tragedies; "but he only planned them." In 1746 he wrote his "Odes, descriptive and allegorical," to supply his immediate necessities. They were purchased by Millar, an eminent and influential bookseller, but who could never succeed in his attempts to bring them into notice. They did not pay the expense of printing. Collins felt the disappointment with extreme acuteness. As soon as it was in his power he returned the purchase money, and with the bitterest indignation at the insensibility of the public he consigned the whole impression to the flames. Dr. Johnson became acquainted with him at a time when he was pursued by bailiffs. The booksellers advanced him a small sum for a promised translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which however was never completed. At the death of his uncle when he came into the possession of two thousand pounds he re-paid the booksellers and gave up all thoughts of dressing Aristotle in an English garb. Notwithstanding this improvement in his circumstances, his mind, having been long clouded with anxiety and disappointment, he fell into a nervous disorder, which was accompanied by the most deplorable languor of body and depression of spirits. His fine understanding was at last destroyed. He was for some time confined in a lunatic asylum, and he afterward retired to the house of his sister in whose arms he died, in 1756, in the 35th year of his age.

When Collins was at Oxford on a visit to Thomas Warton, Dr. Johnson, in his letters to the latter, repeatedly inquires after the unhappy poet whom he tenderly designates "Poor dear Collins." "Let me know," he says, "whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration." Dr. Johnson warmly loved the man,

but he could not cordially appreciate his merits as a poet. Collins required more imagination in his reader than his great biographer possessed. He was one of the *truest* poets that ever lived, and under happier circumstances he might have become a great one. Johnson was not a first-rate critic when called upon to characterize the pure poetry of a highly imaginative mind. He shone most on subjects requiring logical analysis. He asserts that the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure. But the critic here speaks only for himself. The majority of readers have judged and felt very differently.

JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER was born at Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, in 1700. His father was an eminent solicitor. He was educated at Westminster school. It was intended that he should study the law, but he had a strong turn for drawing and resolved to be a painter. His attention, however, to painting was not very lasting or exclusive, for he seems early to have discovered more powerful charms in a sister art to which eventually he entirely devoted himself. He published his *Grongar Hill* in 1727. He soon after visited Italy, and surveyed that interesting country with the eye of a painter and the enthusiasm of a poet. On his return he published *The Ruins of Rome*, a blank-verse poem of no ordinary merit, though it has never attracted much attention. He now gave up his profession as a painter and entered into orders. About the same time he married a lady of the name of Ensor, "whose grandmother was a Shakespeare, descended from every body's Shakespeare." 1759, he published his longest poetical work, *The Fleece*. Dodsley, the bookseller, was one day mentioning it to a critical visitor who inquired the author's age. The answer was that he was advanced in life. Well then, said the critic, he will be buried in woollen. The poet died in the following year. Akenside is said to have observed that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's *Fleece*; for, if that were ill received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence. It has never been popular and probably never will be. The subject in its details is ill adapted to poetical illustration. The poem contains a few noble passages, but the author generally betrays a painful struggle to support his humble subject at that elevation which true poetry requires. Wordsworth, however, is amongst the ad-

mirers of this production and gives expression to his sentiments in a complimentary sonnet. The *Ruins of Rome* has a nobler subject, and is treated with the skill and spirit of a poet. But the most popular of his poems, and perhaps the best, is *Grongar Hill*. It abounds in animated descriptions. The style however is negligent and inaccurate, and sometimes obscure. It is not very clearly intimated that the *Silent Nymph* addressed at the opening of the poem is Fancy. The poem was originally published in a volume of miscellaneous verses collected and published by the celebrated Richard Savage. The following were then the initial lines.

" FANCY, nymph that loves to lie
On the lovely eminence ;
Darting notice through the eye,
Forming thought and feasting sense.
Thou that must lend imagination wings
And stamp distinction on all worldly things
Come and with thy various hues
Paint and adorn thy sister muse.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was born in Hales Owen, Shropshire, in 1714. His father was an illiterate farmer, who cultivated an estate of his own called the *Leasowes*, which was eventually rendered so widely celebrated by the tasteful improvements of the son. He was taught to read by an old woman whom he has immortalized in his poem of *The Schoolmistress*. He lost both his parents early, and in 1732 when he went to Pembroke College, Oxford, he was under the guardianship of his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Dolman. When he had been five years at the University he published a small collection of poems without his name. On leaving College he retired to an old romantic habitation at Harborough, a property inherited from his mother. In 1741 he published his *Schoolmistress*. Five years afterwards died his kind uncle, Mr. Dolman, who had continued to manage his affairs. This led him to fix his residence at the *Leasowes*, where he occupied the rest of his life in poetry and gardening. He made the grounds a perfect paradise, but the house he lived in exposed him to the elements. He laid out all the money he could spare upon his garden, so that when he required a shelter from the rain his broken roof denied it, and he could not bring himself to devote those sums to the repairs of an old farm house which it was his delight to expend in the improvement of his landscapes. Johnson

tells us that he spent his estate in adorning it, and that his groves were at last haunted by beings very different from fauns and fairies ; that in plain language he was worried by duns and bailiffs. But his intimate friend Graves expresses his belief that, though he occasionally exceeded his income, he was never reduced to such extreme distress. He might sometimes, he says, have been pressed for ready money, but he could always guard against the clamours of creditors by anticipating a few hundred pounds, which his estate could very well bear, as appeared by what remained to his executors after the payment of his debts and his legacies and annuities to friends and servants. Shenstone died at the Leasowes, of a putrid fever, February 11, 1763.

He was rather a man of fine taste than of original genius. He was deficient in imagination. His style is feeble and artificial. His best production is *The Schoolmistress*. It was at first published as an avowed burlesque, and the author accompanied it with a ludicrous index "purely to show fools that he was in jest." He was apparently apprehensive that the author himself might be more smiled at than the pleasant allusions in the poem. He was afraid to trust himself to nature. But the simplicity, tenderness and humour of this production place it greatly above all his other works. His brief prose essays evince much delicacy and acuteness of observation.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

CHARLES CHURCHILL was born in the parish of St. John, Westminster, some time in February, 1731. At eight years of age he was sent by his father who was curate of that parish to Westminster School. On entering his 19th year he applied for matriculation at the university of Oxford, but was rejected on account of his deficiency in the learned languages. When he mentioned this repulse in after life he asserted that he could easily have passed the examination had he thought proper, but that he was disgusted with the trifling questions proposed to him, and only answered them with satirical reflections on the abilities of the Examiner. He was subsequently entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left abruptly, and going to London made a clandestine marriage. As the evil was without a remedy, his father though vexed and disappointed, received the young couple into his house for about a year. He was not long after admitted into orders, and in 1756 was ordained

by Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London. He for some time conducted himself with propriety, but his conduct at last became wild and indecorous, and so utterly unsuitable to his profession, that his superior the Dean of Westminster felt it his duty to rebuke him. Churchill had unfortunately become so determined a profligate that he could not submit to any further restraint, and at once resigned his curacy, threw off his clerical dress, and made himself remarkable for the gaiety and extravagance of his attire. His person being ponderous and ungainly made his foppery the more ridiculous. His wife and he soon grew tired of each other, and in 1761 they separated for life. It is said that her imprudence had kept pace with his own. Two years afterwards he seduced the daughter of 'a celebrated statuary,' and prevailed upon her to live with him. But within a fortnight she returned to her father's house, where she might probably have remained if she had not been perpetually insulted by her sister. This treatment became intolerable, and she flew back again into the arms of her betrayer. While Churchill's conduct in this affair was the talk of the town, he wrote the *Conference*, in which he alludes to his error in terms of the deepest contrition. His *Rosciad*, the work by which he is now best known, was published anonymously in 1761, but it was so well received that the author soon acknowledged it with pride and exultation. His other works *Night—The Prophecy of Famine*, (a satire on the Scottish nation)—*The Cock-Lane Ghost—Gotham—The Times*, &c. &c. are at present little read, though they are all more or less distinguished by a characteristic energy of style.

Towards the end of October, 1764, he went to Boulogne to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes who was then in exile. He was seized immediately on his arrival with a miliary fever of which he died on the 4th of November (1764) in the 33rd year of his age.

As a poet Churchill would probably have held a much higher rank than he has attained, if his subjects had been less local and temporary, and he had bestowed more care upon his composition. He had prodigious force of style, and his versification in its strength, freedom, and variety often reminds us of his favourite poet Dryden. He had a great contempt for the cautious accuracy of Pope, whose delicacy, closeness and precision were perhaps beyond his reach. But in earnest vehement invective he was unrivalled. He deals in no unmeaning general abuse, but seizes characteristic points with wonderful dexterity, and presents a clear and consistent

picture to the reader's eye. Nothing can be more spirited and powerful than the character of Mr. Fitzpatrick in the *Rosciad*. Its bitterness of contempt, its broad humour, and its extraordinary force and felicity of diction, render it a masterpiece of personal satire. His severity, however, is so withering, and he bears such a stern and unrelenting malignity towards the objects of his hostility, that the reader pities his victims, and is sometimes shocked at the absolute brutality of his attacks. It is said that with the exception of Hogarth (who represented him in one of his prints as a bear with a pot of porter), all those whom he assailed in his works were guiltless of the slightest personal provocation.

DAVID MALLET.

DAVID MALLET was born at Crieff in the county of Perth, Scotland, about the year 1700. He was educated at a school at Aberdeen. His family is unknown. When he was but 20 years of age he was appointed tutor in a private family where he was allowed no fixed salary, and was exposed to many insults and mortifications. He was at last by the kindness of his friends transferred in the same capacity to the family of the Duke of Montrose, where he was treated like a gentleman. In 1724 he published his ballad of *William and Margaret* in Aaron Hill's *Plain Dealer*. Attempts were made to defraud him of the merit of this elegant and pathetic little poem, by attributing it to Marvell. In 1728 he published *The Excursion*, a blank-verse descriptive poem. Of his *Life of Bacon*, Dr. Johnson observes, that "it is written with elegance, perhaps with affectation; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that when he afterwards undertook the life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher." When the Prince of Wales put himself at the head of the opposition and kept a separate court, he was desirous to secure the favour of the literati, and appointed Mallet his under Secretary. Pope, in one of his Epistles says,

"How can I chuse but smile
When every coxcomb knows me by my style."

Dr. Johnson gives an amusing anecdote which tends to show that if Mallet had any pretensions to superior sagacity in that way he was egregiously mistaken. "Pope, whom Mallet visited familiarly, when he published the *Essay on Man* concealed the author: and when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked

him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the newest piece was something called an *Essay on Man*, which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret." After the death of Pope, Mallet had the meanness to lend himself to Bolingbroke's savage revenge upon the memory of Pope, for his having printed an unauthorized number of copies of the *Patriot King*. He was rewarded not long after with the legacy of Bolingbroke's works. He was also employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, for which task he received a considerable pension. He was a literary hireling. His pen was always at the command of the highest bidder. Of his character as a poet little need be said. He is generally elegant and correct, but he has little fancy or enthusiasm. As an author of all work, he had considerable influence in his day, but his works are now almost forgotten.

EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG, the only son of Dr. Edward Young, fellow of Winchester College and rector of Upham, Hampshire. He was born at his father's living, in June 1681. When sufficiently qualified he was matriculated into All-Soul's College, Oxford. His father dying about this time left him very much his own master, and it is said that his conduct was not a little wild and irregular. Sir Herbert Croft, in his pompous and shallow composition entitled *A Life of Young*, in which he unconsciously parodies the style of Johnson*, tells us that at this time Young was not ashamed to be patronized by the infamous Wharton. "If virtuous authors," says Croft, "must be patronized only by virtuous peers who shall point them out?" Authors have at last discovered that no patron is to be compared to the public. But is it impossible that a nobleman should be virtuous? or could no virtuous and wealthy commoner be a poet's patron? Or would it not be better for an author to do without any patron at all than to solicit the smiles of the profligate and base? But Young was always deficient in independence and self-respect, and was a place and patron hunter all his life. His earliest

publication of any length was his poem of *The Last Day*. He inscribed it to Queen Anne in a very laudatory dedication that he suppressed upon her death which occurred not long after. On the accession of George the First his muse congratulated the nation on its extraordinary good fortune in the possession of such a prince. He grew ashamed of this piece of flattery also, and excluded it with several other similar productions from the collection of his works superintended by himself. His satires appeared separately at different periods, and in 1728 were gathered into one publication under the general title of "Love of Fame, the Universal Passion." Swift said of these satires that they should have been either more angry or more merry. They were well received, and brought him no less than three thousand pounds. In his forty-fourth year he took orders, and soon after was appointed Chaplain to George the Second. He now published a prose work full of sentiments well adapted to royal ears, entitled, "An Apology for Princes or the Reverence due to Government." In 1731 he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and the widow of Colonel Lee. She died in 1741. In 1736 his wife had lost her daughter by her former husband. Her daughter's husband, Mr. Temple, died four years after his wife. These domestic losses are supposed to be alluded to in the following passage in the *Night Thoughts*:

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?"

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

If the allusion be correctly applied, the rapidity of the succession of these losses is strangely exaggerated by the poet's imagination. He had only one child, a son, to whom the Prince of Wales was godfather. It has been conjectured that he is the Lorenzo of the *Night Thoughts*, but Herbert Croft has clearly shown that the supposition is unfounded. The *Night Thoughts* appeared soon after the death of his wife. In the last few years of his life he gave himself up entirely to the charge of his housekeeper to whom he left a legacy of 1,000*l*. The son and the father quarrelled about this lady, the son observing that an old man ought not to be in leading-strings. He died in April 1765, at the age of eighty-four.

Young produced three tragedies, *Busiris*, *The Brothers* and *The Revenge*. The last of the three is the best known. They are all somewhat turgid and melodramatic. The *Night Thoughts* is undoubtedly the greatest and most popular of Young's productions.

* Burke said of this inflated work, in opposition to Boswell who called it a good imitation of Johnson, that it had the nodosities of the oak without its strength—all the contortions of the sybil, without the inspiration.

It is, oddly enough, a favorite with the French, who look upon it as characteristic of the national genius. It is such a poem as they would consider congenial reading for "the gloomy month of November when Englishmen hang or drown themselves." Perhaps it is neither the solemn tone, nor the stern morality of the poem, that charms our neighbours, but the false sublimity and far-fetched wit. It contains occasional passages of genuine poetry and profound thought, but it throws a dreary shadow upon human life, and is sadly deficient in truth of feeling and simplicity of expression. We see more of the wit than the poet. The writer creates an impression that he is insincere; because his thoughts are rarely natural and spontaneous. He is apparently always on the look out for something new and strange. He often startles the reader's understanding, but he rarely touches his heart. From the sombre nature of his subject and his melancholy views of life, he produces a general feeling of depression, but not of tenderness. His sorrow never makes us weep, and his wit never makes us laugh. There is too much unconcealed art and trickery in both. The whole poem is one series of smart yet solemn antitheses. His fancy is always active and ingenious, but it rarely glows. His muse has a kind of ghastly vivacity, and his illustrations rather surprise than please. Had he lived in the time of Donne he would have been a leading member of the Metaphysical school of Poets. His versification is sometimes too much broken into short independent sentences, but where he allows it to flow in a more continuous stream it is vigorous, varied, and sonorous. His *Satires* preceded Pope's. They are, like the *Night Thoughts*, a collection of epigrams. The characters are almost all overwrought, and the attention is so much attracted to the painter's skill that it scarcely occurs to the reader to consider whether the portraits are true or not to nature. It is clear that the satirist himself is more solicitous to prove himself a wit than to reform his victims. He is never carried out of himself by an earnest attention to his subject. The smart wit ambitious of our applause comes between us and his subject. In some of Dryden's or Churchill's portraits we never think of the artist.

It was not only as a writer that Young thirsted for applause. He was inordinately desirous of attracting admiration and proportionately hurt at insensibility or neglect. He even carried this feeling into the pulpit. It is said that one day observing that his congregation were not listening to him with the respect he required, he sat back in his pulpit and burst into a flood of tears.

In spite of his defects, Young is a writer who will always enforce attention. He is an original thinker, and has great nerve and energy of style. It is said that, when he was composing one of his tragedies, the Duke of Grafton sent him a human skull with a candle in it, as a lamp for his study and that the poet used it.

MARK AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 9th of November, 1721. His father was a prosperous butcher, a circumstance which the son was anxious to conceal. He had, however, a halt in his gait occasioned by the fall of a cleaver on his foot, so that he was constantly reminded of his father's trade. His lameness was a painful memorial of his humble origin. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Edinburgh that he might prepare himself for the duties of a dissenting minister, but his views changed and determining to study physic he repaired in 1741 to the university of Leyden, where he took his doctor's degree in 1744. In the same year he published his *Pleasures of Imagination*, a wonderful production for a young man of 23 years of age. In this work he adopted the theory of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, and a prose note upon the subject was attacked by Warburton, and defended by Dyson who had been his fellow-student at Leyden. On his return from Leyden in 1745 he published his first collection of odes. His friend Dyson took to the bar, and when he was settled in London, being possessed of a large fortune he invited his friend under his roof and allowed him three hundred a year until he could make his way as a physician. Akenside published several medical works of considerable reputation but he did not gain many patients. Having taken his Doctor's degree at Cambridge he was admitted Fellow of the London College of Physicians. He was gradually rising in his profession when he was seized with a putrid fever of which he died, June the 23rd, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Akenside was a vain and irritable man, with warm passions. He was extremely ambitious to shine in conversation, but being somewhat positive and egotistical, he got into disputes which raised up a host of enemies and checked his prospects as a physician. When he was not flurried by opposition, he is said to have been a brilliant and agreeable companion. Mr. Murphy, the translator of Tacitus, used to frequent a bookseller's shop, the resort of literary men.

for the purpose of listening to Akenside's conversation, while he himself pretended to be engaged upon a book. He averred that nothing could be more delightful. Akenside's reputation as a poet depends exclusively upon the great production of his youth, the *Pleasures of Imagination*. His later works by no means kept pace with his splendid early promise. His brief inscriptions, indeed, are graceful and harmonious, but his Odes are truly contemptible; and when he attempted to revise or re-write his *Pleasures of Imagination* he rather injured than improved it. The original idea of the work was borrowed from Addison's elegant papers in the *Spectator* on the same subject. It exhibits throughout the resources of a refined intellect and a lively fancy. The versification is musical and flowing. The writer, however, is too much on stilts, and the diction is occasionally redundant. It is said that when this now celebrated didactic poem was first published without the author's name, a Mr. Rolt took the credit of it, and for some time enjoyed considerable distinction at Akenside's expense. The Epistle to *Curio*, an attack upon Pulteney, Earl of Bath, written originally in spirited heroic couplets, the author afterwards transformed into a feeble ode.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, November 20th, 1752. The office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of the family for more than 150 years. His father's uncle was the last of the family that held the office. He himself had somewhat risen in the world and was master of the Free School in Bristol. He died three months before the birth of his son. The wonderful "boy of Bristol," was sent at five years of age to learn reading, writing and arithmetic in the school of which his father was once the master. It was not long before he was sent back to his mother as a dull child incapable of improvement. She was much disheartened at this decision, until he "fell in love" with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript, with which she succeeded in teaching him the alphabet. He afterwards learned to read from an old black lettered Testament or Bible. When he was eight years old he was admitted into a Charity School. One of the masters, of the name of Phillips, used to write verses for the *Magazines*, and incite the boys by his example and advice to pay their addresses to the muse. It is singular that Chatterton for some time indicated no desire to join in this literary exercise or amusement.

About his tenth year he acquired a taste for reading, and used to make free use of the contents of a circulating library. Between his eleventh and twelfth year he made out a list of books that he had read in history and divinity. The number amounted to nearly seventy. About this time he wrote some satirical verses on his school-fellows and his master. In July 1767 he was bound apprentice for seven years to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol. His duty was to copy precedents which did not usually employ him more than two hours in the day. The rest of his time he devoted to literary studies. Mr. Lambert had only once occasion to correct him, and this was for having written in a feigned hand an insulting letter to his old schoolmaster.

In St. Mary Redcliffe's church there is a kind of muniment room in which were deposited six or seven old chests. The keys had been long lost, and as it was thought that they contained papers of value they were forced open by the proper authorities. One of these chests was called Mr. Carrynge's *coffre*. Mr. Carrynge an eminent merchant of Bristol in the reign of Edward the Fourth, was the founder of the Church, or at least rebuilt it. The boxes were full of parchments, some of which were deeds relating to the church and were carefully put aside, but the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Chatterton's father, through the favor of his uncle the sexton, gained free access to the church, and carried away large parcels of the parchments, which he deposited in a cupboard, and occasionally used for covers of school-books. Some of these parchments one day caught the eye of the young poet who was struck with the singularity of the characters. He at last discovered that they were poems and other compositions by Mr. Carrynge and Thomas Rowley. This is the statement which Chatterton himself gave out. It was supported by the testimony of his mother and his sister who were credulous and partial, and entertained no suspicion of those secret proceedings, which on their eventual discovery occasioned so remarkable a sensation in the public mind.

In 1768 the new bridge at Bristol was finished. On this interesting occasion Chatterton sent to a Bristol newspaper an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge. He intimated in an introductory letter to the editor that it was copied from an ancient manuscript. Such a paper very naturally excited great attention, and Chatterton was rather abruptly and harshly interrogated upon the subject. Being regarded as a mere child it was supposed that he might be frightened into a confession of the truth,

but he replied to all threats with haughty defiance or a sullen silence. When treated with greater mildness and consideration he was less reserved. He first said that "he was employed to transcribe ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love," but when he found himself pressed to mention the name of his employer he gave another version of the matter. He now asserted that the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, was found in one of the large chests in Redcliffe church. From this time he began to produce in rapid succession a variety of old English poems which he attributed to a Bristol poet of the name of Rowley of whom no antiquary had ever heard before. Many learned men, however, were completely entrapped by his skilful forgeries to which they were the more exposed by an impression that so much beautiful poetry and so close an imitation of the diction of old English authors could hardly have proceeded from a mere boy with scarcely any reputation even in his own circle for literary talents or acquirements. It is remarkable that his numerous verses in modern English have infinitely less poetry and spirit than his pretended ancient manuscripts, which seem to have been composed under the inspiring influence of a more intense enthusiasm. In March, 1769, Chatterton wrote to Horace Walpole, who had lately completed his *Anecdotes of Painters*, and offered to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had flourished in Bristol, and he remitted at the same time a few of Rowley's poems. Walpole was pleased with the offer and the verses and returned a polite letter soliciting further information. Chatterton felt encouraged and sending some more poetry, requested Walpole would assist him to emerge from his dull duties under Mr. Lambert. Walpole now consulted Gray and Mason respecting the poems, who immediately pronounced them forgeries, on which he returned an answer that Chatterton had better keep to his profession, and hinted his suspicions of the authenticity of the manuscripts. Chatterton was now disappointed and enraged, and his admirers at a later date attributed the melancholy end of the poet to Walpole's coldness and neglect. Walpole thought it necessary to enter upon a personal defence though it is difficult to say why a man should be compelled to receive into his especial favour, a person who endeavours to obtain his patronage by first making him his dupe. The youth did not plead poverty or starvation but an impatience of the drudgery of his profession.

Chatterton revenged himself by a ridiculous portrait of Walpole in the *Memoirs of a sad Dog* under the character of "the redoubted Baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures." In a poem on happiness, dated 1769, he openly rejects the Christian creed. About this time he exhibited great depression of spirits and an extreme disgust for the details of business. On the 14th of April, 1770, he wrote a paper, entitled *The last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton*, in which he professed a design of committing suicide on the following day. This paper falling in the way of Mr. Lambert he deemed it no longer prudent to insist upon his continuing in his employ, and he released him from the remaining term of his apprenticeship. He now resolved to try his fortune in the metropolis. When he was questioned respecting his prospects in London, he answered "My first attempt shall be in the literary way; the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever; and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my final resource is a pistol." In April, 1770, he arrived in London. He was for some time sanguine of success and received considerable encouragement from the booksellers. He took an active part in politics, but wrote with an utter abandonment of all principle on whichever side of a question it seemed most profitable to espouse. Sometimes he wrote on both sides. He was most inclined to support the cause of the opposition, but said he, "no money is to be got on that side of the question; interest is off the other side; but he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides." He had written both for and against the Lord Mayor Beckford's Remonstrance. His letter to Beckford, attacking the government and prepared for the North Briton, was suppressed on account of the Lord Mayor's death. Chatterton inscribed on the back of this epistle the following extraordinary memorandum.

"Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the North Briton, 21st June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death.

Lost by his death, on this essay,.....£	1	11	6
Gained in Elegies,.....	2	2	0
— in Essays	3	3	0
Am glad he is dead, by.....	3	13	0

Honesty, according to the old proverb, is always the best policy. The success of the profligate and unprincipled is generally brief and uncertain. Chatterton soon found himself mistrusted and despised. He fell at once from the highest elevation of hope in-

to the gulph of despair. He did not however, get rid of his sullen pride, and when he had been three days without a morsel of food, and was invited by his landlady to partake of her dinner, he construed her kind request into an insult upon his poverty, and indignantly assured her that he was by no means hungry. On the 24th of August, 1770, he swallowed arsenic and died in consequence on the following day.

It is difficult to read the history of this highly gifted but most unhappy youth without some emotions of tenderness and regret, though a stern morality would hardly justify our compassion for one who was so utterly regardless of every principle of honour or of virtue. His imperfect education and his extreme youth, ought to be remembered in extenuation of his errors. He was a boy of ardent passions, and became his own master, before he acquired sufficient experience and judgment to guide or check him in his progress through the world. Even gray hairs have sometimes been dishonoured by the irregularities of genius, and youths of the coolest temperament have been led astray. It is not wonderful then that a mere boy of fervid feelings and acute sensibility with more imagination than knowledge, should have conducted himself with an impropriety of which had he lived he might have heartily repented. He was his own most serious enemy, but it does not appear that he had any illwill towards his fellow-creatures. He had more levity than malice. He was always most affectionately attentive to his mother and his sister. It was said by one of his intimate friends that in spite of his strange haughtiness it was impossible to help liking him.

His poetry has been somewhat overrated. It was truly wonderful for a boy, but had it been written by a full-grown man there would have been nothing miraculous in it. He is the most extraordinary youthful prodigy in the records of British literature. But the promise of precocity is not always fulfilled. The critics fell into the most extravagant absurdities respecting his pretensions. Malone said, he was the greatest genius that England had produced since the days of Shakespeare. Dr. Gregory thought the same. Mr. Herbert Croft asserted, that "no such being at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known." It is almost enough to bring the race of learned men into contempt when we recollect the successful impositions of Chatterton and Ireland*. Stripped of their antique garb the

poetry under the name of Rowley is perfectly modern in its tone and spirit. It even abounds in plagiarisms from writers of a much later date than that attributed to the supposed ancient manuscripts, and has a smoothness and finish that ought to have raised the suspicion of every critic at all acquainted with the early effusions of the English Muse.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, London, Dec. 26, 1716. His father, who was a money-scrivener, had five children, four of whom died in infancy from suffocation produced by fulness of blood. The poet was saved by the courage of his mother who opened a vein with her own hand. His grammatical education he received at Eton school, where he formed a friendship with Horace Walpole. In 1734, he removed from Eton to Cambridge and entered as a pensioner at St. Peter's College, where on account of the delicacy of his complexion and his effeminate manners he was called *Miss Gray*. He left Cambridge four years afterwards, and occupied a set of Chambers in the Inner Temple where he studied the law, intending to make it his profession. But his legal studies were soon interrupted by an invitation from Horace Walpole to accompany him on a tour through Europe. When they reached Italy the two friends quarrelled and parted. Gray returned to England in September, 1741, and his father dying about two months afterwards and leaving but a very small fortune behind, Gray, thought himself too poor to continue his studies in the Inner Temple. He returned to Cambridge, and became a bachelor of civil law. With the exception of a brief residence in London, he lived here during the rest of his life. He had not much liking either for the place or the persons by whom he was surrounded; but he found Cambridge a convenient residence for a student with limited means. The *Ode on Eton College* was his first published English poem. It was printed in folio, and appeared in 1747, when it attracted but little notice. In 1750, an incorrect copy of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* found its way into a monthly Magazine. Gray commissioned a friend in London to publish it in a separate form. It very soon ran through eleven editions. In 1757, he published the *Progress of Poetry* and *The Bard* "two compositions," says Johnson, "at which the readers were at first content to gaze in mute amazement. Some confessed their inability to understand them." They

* Ireland fabricated Shakespearian Manuscripts which men of learning went down upon their knees to kiss.

were ridiculed by Lloyd and Colman in two odes to Oblivion and Obscurity. In 1757, on the death of Cibber, he was offered the Laureateship, but declined the honor, if such it could be considered. The wreath which had just fallen from the brow of Cibber was not perhaps a very complimentary offering to such a man as Gray. In 1762, he was urged by his friends to ask Lord Bute for the professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. He made the application and failed. Six years afterwards it was offered him by the Duke of Grafton, then at the head of the ministry, and he gladly accepted it. The appointment was worth 400*l.* per annum. But low spirits and declining health, together with extreme uneasiness at reflecting upon his new duties ("always designing lectures but never reading them,") made him resolve at last to resign an office which he felt himself unable to discharge. Before he had brought himself to follow up this resolution, death put an end to all his troubles and anxieties. He was afflicted with an hereditary gout, which on the 24th July, while he was at dinner in the College hall, seized his stomach. He died on the thirtieth of the same month, (1771,) in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Gray's manners were prim and fastidious. His nature was so timid that in the course of his travels he lost the sight of many a noble landscape from his horror of an exposure to the mere possibility of danger on commanding heights. He was so fearful of accidents from fire that he had a ladder to let down from his window, and some young men of the College used to set up a false alarm in order to make him resort to his means of escape.

It is said that Gray was one of the most learned men in Europe. It is not his learning, however, for which the world now cares. His small collection of brief poems, which might be compressed into a dozen pages, forms his sole title to lasting admiration. His odes have an air of grandeur, and the versification is exquisitely harmonious. They are undoubtedly very noble productions, though we trace in them more indications of consummate art, than of the enthusiasm of genius. If Gray had given way more to his natural impulses, as in his tender and pensive Elegy, he would not have raised so many doubts in the minds of critics as to his rank and character as a poet. Though there is unquestionably more art than nature in his celebrated odes, yet it is the art of a man of genius. His gorgeously elaborated composition possesses that kind of excellence which is recognized in the most perfect specimens of ornamental architecture in Gothic cathedrals. Dr. Johnson has done

extreme injustice to the odes of Gray in his harsh verbal criticism; but he has made him some amends by his high commendation of the Elegy. "Had Gray," he observes, "often written thus, it would have been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT was descended from an ancient and honorable family. He was born at Cardross in Scotland. In his novel of *Humphrey Clinker*, he has given a lively description of the home of his forefathers on the banks of the Leven. He obtained the rudiments of classical knowledge at the grammar school of Dumbarton. From thence he removed to Glasgow, where he studied medicine, much against his inclination, for he had a great fancy for an active military life. Before his eighteenth year he composed a tragedy, entitled *The Regicide*, which was not, however, published until ten years after, when it had undergone repeated revision. It was offered to Garrick, who rejected it as ill suited to the stage. This was the occasion of the severe ridicule of the celebrated manager in the novel of *Roderick Random*. In 1741, Smollett accepted the situation of Surgeon's mate on board a line of battle ship, and was present at the unfortunate attack upon Carthage, of which he gave a brief account in one of his novels, and a longer narrative in a *Compendium of Voyages*. He was disgusted with the harsh discipline of the Naval service at that period. He returned to England in 1746, and endeavoured to obtain practice in London. He was too haughty, however, to work himself into the good will of fretful patients, and too honest to affect a sympathy for imaginary diseases. He was obliged to have recourse to his pen. His own individual distress was thus the origin of delight to millions. He sent forth at brief intervals some of the most admirable prose fictions in the language.

The character of Smollett resembles, in its leading traits, that of many of his favorite heroes. He was proud, passionate and imprudent, but generous and warm-hearted. In all the domestic relations his character was immaculate; as a husband, a father and a son, he demands the highest praise. An interesting anecdote is recorded of his meeting with his mother after a long absence. "On Smollett's arrival he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs. Selfer, as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to pre-

serve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown ; but while his mother's eyes were rivetted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling : she immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, ' Ah, my son ! my son ! I have found you at last ! ' She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer, ' but your old roguish smile,' added she, ' betrayed you at once.' "

Smollett's poetry is less known than his works of prose fiction, nor does it stand in the same rank of excellence. It exhibits little imagination, but considerable grace and spirit.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the son of a clergyman, was born in the county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of Nov. 1728. Two years after his birth the family removed to Lissoy, a village in the county of Westmeath. The place is now classic ground, as besides having been long the residence of the poet it is supposed to be depicted in the *Deserted Village* under the name of Auburn. When he was about three years old he was given in charge of his first instructress, a Mrs. Dolap, who kept a village school. She characterized him as "impenetrably stupid." His school-fellows also considered him "a heavy blockhead, little better than a fool." At six years of age he was transferred to a schoolmaster of the name of Byrne, who had served in Spain as a soldier, and would sometimes delight his boys with a narrative of his adventures. He had a taste for poetry and used to translate Virgil's Eclogues into Irish verse. Goldsmith's turn for travelling very probably originated in the pictures of foreign scenes presented to his imagination by his garrulous teacher. He also early imitated his master in the composition of verses, but his genius was of very late development. His first attempts he had the good sense to destroy, but his mother with a natural partiality esteemed them wonderful performances. He was admitted a singer of Trinity College Dublin, June 11, 1745. He here offended the tutor under whom he was placed by his avowed contempt for mathematics. In his *Essay on Polite Literature in Europe*, he observes—"Mathematics are, perhaps too much studied at our universities. This seems a science to which the meanest intellects are equal. I forget who it is that says, 'all men might understand mathematics if they

would.'" Gray had a similar disgust for mathematics. Poets indeed rarely take much delight in the exact sciences, but as all men cannot be poets, and it is by no means desirable that they should be, mathematics cannot be omitted with propriety from a general system of education in an extensive Scholastic Institution. In 1747 the poet lost his father, and as the widow had but a bare subsistence he was left in a state of destitution from which he was only occasionally relieved by his uncle, Mr. Contarine. He was sometimes obliged to pawn his books, and at others he used to raise a small supply of money for his immediate necessities by the composition of street ballads for each of which he obtained five shillings from the publisher. None of these ballads have been recovered. His uncle Contarine was very desirous that he should enter the Church though Goldsmith himself felt that he was by no means fitted for it. Out of respect to his uncle's wishes he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin for ordination. His sister says that he was rejected as too young, but tradition asserts that it was because he had neglected his studies and led an irregular life at College. It has also been rumoured that he offended the Bishop by appearing before him in scarlet breeches. At length his uncle procured him the situation of tutor in a family, which he retained about a year, and then quitted with a determination to go abroad. With thirty pounds and a good horse he went no one knew whither. At the end of six weeks he unexpectedly returned destitute of horse and money. It appears that he had gone to Cork and had taken his passage in a ship bound to America. With characteristic thoughtlessness he paid the Captain, and while amusing himself at a distance from the city, the ship sailed without him. In a most humorous and delightful letter, but of too great length to quote in these columns, he gives an account of his adventures on this unfortunate trip. He was reduced to such extremity that he thought a handful of gray peas which a girl gave him at a wake, the sweetest repast he had ever tasted. His kind uncle who was not rich enough to support the improvident poet, now recommended him to study the law as a profession, and supplying him with fifty pounds sent him off to the Irish metropolis on his way to London. But when he reached Dublin he fell in with an acquaintance, who tempting him into a gaming house, stripped him of all his money. Poor Goldsmith with shame and mortification returned once more to his sorrowful but indulgent friends. His next design

was to proceed to Edinburgh and study physic. By the united contributions of his uncle, his brother and his sister he was enabled to put this scheme into execution. He reached Edinburgh in 1752. Having procured a lodging and deposited his baggage, he spent the whole day of his arrival in viewing the city. Night came on and it suddenly occurred to him that he had not asked the name of his landlady or the street in which she lived. He at last with great good luck met the very porter whom he had employed in the morning, and who now became his guide. When he had resided about eighteen months in Edinburgh he visited the continent for professional improvement, where he spent two years and then came to London. Not having any immediate means of subsistence he applied for the situation of usher in a school. Ashamed to be known under such clouded circumstances, he gave a feigned name and the master of the school requiring a recommendation or certificate he referred him to Dr. Radcliffe of Dublin. In the meanwhile he obtained probationary employment which gave him present food and shelter. He wrote to Dr. Radcliffe and told him to give no answer to the schoolmaster's inquiry, as it was obvious that the Doctor could not consistently with his own character recommend a person under a fictitious name; and Goldsmith dreaded the discovery of the deception. But the silence of Dr. Radcliffe was suspicious, and poor Goldsmith was treated with such contumely that he threw up his office in disgust, and was in as much pecuniary distress as ever. After many disappointments he at last gained employment in an apothecary's shop. Before he succeeded in this object he had been reduced to the extremity of distress. He probably alluded to this period when in after life in an elegant company he abruptly commenced a story in these words:—"When I lived amongst the beggars in Axe Lane."—His prospects now began to clear up a little. He became acquainted with Richardson the novelist, who was at that time a wealthy painter, and it is said that he employed Goldsmith for some time as a corrector of the press. Richardson introduced him to Dr. Young the author of the *Night Thoughts*. He soon got into a wide circle of literary friends and became a writer in the periodicals. About the latter end of 1758 he obtained an appointment in the medical department of the East India Company's service, but the difficulty of raising a sufficient sum of money for his outfit and voyage, and a disinclination to leave the literary society in which he now mixed, determined him at last to give up all thoughts of an Indian life. He had a horror of a long exile. Willing, however, to cling to

his profession, in December, 1758, he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination as an hospital mate, and to his extreme mortification was rejected as unqualified. It is probable that his presence of mind forsook him and that he became too anxious and confused to give clear and connected answers. In March, 1759, he published his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." Some time about the year 1764, he finished his novel of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Boswell records an interesting anecdote connected with this work. Goldsmith having been arrested by his landlady for arrears of rent, and being at a loss how to extricate himself, sent a message to Dr. Johnson in the morning before he was up, stating his distress and begging to see him. The Doctor to obviate immediate difficulty sent back a guinea by the messenger, and when dressed proceeded to his friend. He found him in a state of great agitation and very indignant at the conduct of the mistress of the house. The doctor begged him to be calm and then inquired what means he possessed of meeting her demand. The poet showed him the manuscript of his novel. Johnson dipped into it and at once discovering its merits carried the work to Newberry the bookseller, and obtained sixty pounds for it, which enabled Goldsmith to escape from his present difficulty. The bookseller, however, was so doubtful of the nature of his bargain that he kept it by him unprinted for nearly two years after the purchase. But it was no sooner published than it became popular with readers of every class, and it was speedily translated into all the continental languages. In 1767 he published a compilation in two volumes, now rarely met with, entitled "*The Beauties of English Poetry*, selected by Oliver Goldsmith," for which it was said he received two hundred pounds. When the magnitude of the sum was mentioned to him, his reply was, "Why, Sir, it may seem large; but then a man may be many years working in obscurity before his taste and reputation are fixed or estimated, and then he is, as in other professions, only paid for his previous labours." His comedy of the *Good Natured Man* was produced on the stage on the 29th of June, 1768. Dr. Johnson furnished the Prologue. It was favorably received by the audience but not so warmly as his friends had anticipated. The author was in some degree consoled for this disappointment by the rapidity of its sale when published: one large impression was disposed of in six days. Some of the scenes in the comedy were hissed on the first night of the performance. He went immediately afterwards to the club, affected more than ordinary

gaiety, and sung a favorite song, while by his own account he was "suffering horrid tortures;" and when all the company had retired except Dr. Johnson, he burst into a flood of tears. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of History to the Royal Academy, but no salary was annexed to his office. "I took it," said Goldsmith, "rather as an honor to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation, are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." In 1770 appeared *The Deserted Village*, which like his *Traveller* reached a second edition in a few days. His second comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was brought upon the stage in 1773 and met with a warm reception.

On Friday the 25th of March, Goldsmith was seized with a violent pain in his head attended with shivering. His pulse beat about ninety strokes in a minute. He was told that his pulse was in greater disorder than it should be from the state of the fever that was upon him, and he was asked if his mind was at ease. He answered, "It is not." Contrary to the advice of his medical attendant he insisted upon taking Dr. James's fever-powders which were considered an improper medicine for him at that time. His disease rapidly increased; and he died in strong convulsions on the morning of the fourth of April, 1774.

Goldsmith was more beloved than respected by his personal associates. His manners wanted dignity, and in conversation he had not that perfect ease and presence of mind which enables a man to make the most of his intellectual resources. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* abounds in illustrations of Goldsmith's blundering awkwardness and child-like simplicity. But though Boswell could hardly have exaggerated his personal eccentricities it is evident that his anxiety to present him as a kind of foil to his great idol, Johnson, and perhaps an original defect of taste which rendered him more easily charmed by the sonorous grandiloquence of Johnson's style, than the unaffected grace of Goldsmith, made him upon the whole extremely unjust to the latter's character as an author. With all his foibles Goldsmith was almost as amiable as a man as he is delightful as a writer. It is true that he was guilty of the most ludicrous vanity and imprudence; but he had neither guile nor malice; and a more generous heart never beat in a human bosom. Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other distinguished men received the news of his death with extreme emotion. When Burke heard of it he burst into tears.

The poetry of Goldsmith is almost universally

popular. It exhibits neither ambitious flights of fancy nor strained enthusiasm, nor wild bursts of passion; but no reader of taste or feeling can be insensible to its unaffected elegance, its quiet humour, its gentle pathos, and its harmonious versification. His prose is as exquisite as his poetry. It has the same suavity of manner, the same sportive grace, and ease and purity of diction.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, the son of a clergyman, was born at Castleton in Roxburghshire. Having completed his education at the university of Edinburgh he took his degree in physic Feb. 4, 1732. He is said to have been a connoisseur in painting, statuary and music, but he soon gave his chief attention to poetry and literature. Amongst the earliest of his poems is an imitation of Shakespeare which was praised by Thomson, Young, Mallet, and Aaron Hill. But notwithstanding their favorable opinion, which the publisher paraded in an advertisement, the poem excited no general notice, nor does it deserve to be rescued from the oblivion into which it has fallen. He published various medical pamphlets with a view of introducing himself into practice, but whatever expectations of success he may have formed from these evidences of professional knowledge and sagacity were destroyed by the publication of his *Economy of Love*, an indecent poem, which brought him into a very injurious and unenviable notoriety. *The Art of Preserving Health*, which was published in 1744, was a production of a very different stamp, and gave him a reputation of which he had reason to be proud. It is one of the most pleasing didactic poems in the language. The author has evinced no ordinary skill in the management of a subject so uncongenial to the muse. His diction is correct and chaste, and his imagery apt and pleasing. He has few "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," but he has great taste and judgment, and he has very happily availed himself of every legitimate means within his reach to preserve the elevated tone which poetry demands. His sentiments are manly and judicious, and his style is vigorous, accurate and clear. Two years after the publication of this poem he was appointed one of the physicians to the hospital for lame and sick soldiers behind Buckingham house. About this time he wrote a tragedy called *The Forced Marriage* which was offered to Garrick and rejected. In 1760 he was

appointed physician to the army in Germany, where in 1761 he wrote a poem entitled *Day*, and addressed it to Wilkes. It is in the couplet measure, and is singularly inelegant and incorrect. On his return, after the peace, he resided in London. In the latter part of his life he seemed to betray in various splenetic effusions the bitterness and gloom of a disappointed man, discontented with himself and with all the world. He complained of the neglect he met with as a physician, and the severity with which he had been treated as an author. He died September 7, 1779. His death was occasioned by an accidental contusion in his thigh while stepping into his carriage. To the surprise of his friends who supposed him to be somewhat pressed for money, he left behind him more than £3000, saved chiefly from his half-pay.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Litchfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th September, 1709. He was the son of a bookseller and stationer, who had made money by his trade, of which he lost the greatest part by speculating in the manufacture and sale of parchment. He had the misfortune to be afflicted with the scrofula, which left scars upon his countenance and by injuring his visual nerves rendered his sight defective. His hearing also was slightly injured by the same disease. He inherited from his father a morbid melancholy. His mother, yielding to the superstition upon the subject that yet prevailed, carried him to London, and had him *touched* by Queen Anne. Her Majesty was the last of our sovereigns who pretended to cure the King's evil with the royal touch. It appears by the newspapers of the time that on one day (30th of March, 1712; no less than two hundred persons afflicted with this disease attended the Queen in the full expectation of a cure. He was first taught to read by a widow of the name of Oliver, who kept a school at Litchfield, and who used to say that he was the best scholar she ever had. His next instructor was Thomas Brown who published a *Spelling-book* and dedicated it to the *Universe*. He received his first lessons in Latin from Mr. Hawkins. Mr. Hunter his second Latin Master used to beat all his pupils with great severity, and without justice or discrimination. Dr. Johnson was nevertheless all his life a great advocate for the free use of the rod. "My master," he used to say, "whipped me very well. Without that, I should have done nothing." At the age of fifteen

he was removed to the school of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then the Master. About this time he wrote occasional verses that gave promise of future literary excellence. In his nineteenth year he went to Oxford and was entered a commoner of Pembroke College. His tutor, Mr. Jordon, being a dull man, Johnson neglected his Lectures. Being one day fined for absence, he said to Mr. Jordon, "Sir, you have sconded me two-pence for non-attendance at a lecture not worth a penny." He, however, loved his master, but had no respect for his literature. At his request he translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse. When Pope saw it, he said "The writer of this poem will leave it a question with posterity whether his or mine be the original." About the year 1730 he was so overwhelmed with the dreadful hypochondria which clouded his whole existence that it was with great difficulty he could be excited to the full exertion of his faculties. He wrote a statement of his case in Latin and put it into the hands of Dr. Gunning who was struck with its eloquence and acuteness. Poverty compelled Johnson to quit the College sooner than he wished and without a degree. It appears from a statement of Dr. Hall, that he left Dec. 12, 1729, and returned to Litchfield, though his name remained on the College books nearly two years longer, a circumstance which deceived Boswell into a supposition that he had remained at College till Oct. 1731. His father, who was a bankrupt and could not support him, died two years after his son's return. In this forlorn condition he accepted the situation of usher in a school in Leicestershire where he was so disgusted with Sir Wolston Dixie, the patron of the school, that he threw up the appointment and was received under the roof of his friend Mr. Hector at Birmingham. He now earned a scanty pittance by translating for a bookseller and contributing essays to a provincial newspaper. In 1734 he wrote to Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with an offer of his literary assistance. The purport of Cave's answer is not known. He was now in his 26th year and fell in love with a widow lady of the name of Porter, whom he married on the 9th of July, 1736. There was a great disparity of age between them, Mrs. Porter being in her forty-eighth year. She was plain in her person and vulgar in her manners, but in Johnson's eyes she was all perfection. He now set up a private academy, but he obtained only three pupils, one of whom was the famous Garrick. Garrick described Mrs. Johnson as extremely fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, large red cheeks, a flaring

and fantastic style of dress, and a great deal of affection in her speech and manner. Johnson kept up the school for a year and a half, and then determined to try his fortune in London. His pupil Garrick accompanied him, and in March 1737 they arrived together in the great metropolis which they were both destined to adorn. Johnson soon after his arrival became a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Amongst other articles he furnished the debates of the *Senate of Lilliput*, in which he gave as nearly as he could gather them, the actual debates of both houses of Parliament, at a time when the press was not permitted to give regular reports of their proceedings. In 1738 he published his poem entitled *London*, which excited great attention. The first impression disappeared in a single week. He received ten guineas for the copyright. On the very same morning came out Pope's satire entitled *Seventeen hundred and thirty-eight*. Johnson's poem was published at first anonymously. Pope made inquiries after the author and generously praised his production. As Johnson continued to write for Cave, he was considered for some time as the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and received a hundred pounds per annum for his labour. In 1749 appeared his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. In the same year, through the kindness of his old pupil Garrick, he succeeded in obtaining a trial on the stage of his play of *Irene* which had been some time ready. It met, however, with very little success as an acting play, though the author obtained three hundred pounds for the copyright. In 1750 he commenced the periodical paper entitled the *Rambler*. The work was concluded on March 14, 1752, and three days after the author lost his wife, whom he deeply lamented, and whose memory he cherished with the utmost tenderness. In 1755 the degree of master of arts was conferred on him by the University of Oxford. In this year also he published his celebrated Dictionary. In 1758 Newbery, the bookseller, set up a paper called the *Universal Chronicle or Weekly Gazette*, and to give it attraction Johnson was engaged to supply it with a succession of essays, &c. under the title of *The Idler*. No. 41 of the *Idler* alludes to the death of his mother for whom he had always evinced the most filial regard. On this event he wrote his *Rasselas* to raise a sum to defray the expenses of her funeral. He wrote the whole of it in one week, and it is not surprising that it was tinged with no ordinary gloom of mind. In 1762 he was agreeably surprised by an intimation of the king's pleasure to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. From this time forth he was freed from all that anxiety about the means of

obtaining a bare subsistence which must have pressed so deeply on a spirit naturally disposed to indulge in melancholy contemplations. In the same year he received a diploma from Trinity College, Dublin, complimenting him with the title of Doctor of Laws. He now published his edition of Shakespeare's Plays, the preface to which is one of the most elegant compositions that ever proceeded from his pen. In 1767 he had a personal interview with the king who complimented him on his works. In 1773 he visited Scotland in company with Boswell. He was only two months absent. In 1779 he commenced the publication of his most important prose work, 'the Lives of the Poets. The book was, upon the whole, extremely well received, though many critics objected to his harsh treatment of Milton, Gray and Collins. It is strange that the public did not more indignantly complain of the omission of such names as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Jonson in a list which contained those of Sprat and Pomfret and Duke and Broome and King. Soon after this publication Dr. Johnson's health began visibly to decline, and in June 1783 he had a paralytic stroke which for some hours deprived him of speech. It was followed by symptoms of a dropsy. It soon became evident that his end was approaching. He had all his life felt a strange and unconquerable horror of death, and he did not at first face the prospect before him with the intrepidity or calmness which might have been expected from so powerful a mind. He was now in his 75th year, but his love of life was as strong as ever. About eight days before his death he seemed to be labouring under extreme depression of spirits, and addressing himself to Dr. Brocklesby, he repeated the words of Shakespeare—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?"

To which doctor Brocklesby happily answered from the same great poet—

—————"Therein the patient
Must minister to himself."

Just before his death he became perfectly composed, and having asked the physician for an honest opinion of his condition and received for answer that he could not recover without a miracle, he said he would take no more medicines—not even his opiate, as he desired to render up his soul to God unclouded. He died

on Monday the 13th of December, 1784, and was buried with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey.

These brief and bare details can give but a very imperfect idea of Doctor Johnson's literary life and character. The reader is referred for fuller particulars to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, one of the most delightful books in the language, written by one of the silliest of men. Boswell worshipped Johnson, and perhaps in heart thought him a greater writer than either Shakespeare or Bacon. Without a spark of wit or genius himself, Boswell had just sufficient comprehension to recognize those qualities in other men. He was a patient listener and observer in the presence of men of reputation, and made a practice of noting down every thing that he had seen or heard before it had time to elude his memory. Burke very justly observed that Doctor Johnson was greater in Boswell's book than in any of his own, because in familiar converse he put aside his stilts and gave full play to his clear and masculine understanding. The pleasure and instruction which the work of Boswell always communicates to the reader has led many to wonder how so weak a man as the writer of it could leave so valuable a legacy to mankind; but the mystery is not difficult of solution. He was a singularly careful, and accurate reporter, and he owes much of his success to the intrinsic interest of his subject. Had he given such a full detail of the minute proceedings and familiar converse of almost any other man, his book would have been thrown aside in disgust and indignation. It is also to be remarked that there was something in the forcible and pointed style of Johnson's conversation that was especially favorable to the reporters. There is a portion of the same interest and character in the anecdotes of Johnson preserved by other hands. Boswell, however, on the whole surpasses all other annalists of his hero's sayings and doings in fullness and fidelity, and by noting down every thing as it were from the life with all its minute accessories, he has communicated it with wonderful freshness and spirit and produced a dramatic effect that was never before attempted in literary history.

The personal character of Dr. Johnson, with all his foibles secures our affectionate admiration, and that this should be our feeling after the perusal of Boswell's pages in which he is exposed to us in his most unguarded hours, is a striking illustration of his moral excellence. It is true that he was peevish and superstitious, but during the greater part of his career he had to struggle with disease and poverty, and to the last moment of his existence was occasionally subject

to that awful and mysterious gloom of mind which in particular conditions of the human frame overshadows equally the weakest and the wisest.

As a prose writer he is entitled to high but not unqualified commendation. He was uniformly moral and religious. He justly boasted in the conclusion of his *Rambler* that he had "laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms and irregular combinations; that he had added something to the elegance of its construction and something to the harmony of its cadence." But it may be urged against him that though his periods were harmonious and his grammar was generally accurate, he was too fond of choosing words that had little other recommendation than their length and sound. His style is too often ponderous and pedantic, formal and antithetical. These defects are especially observable in his *Rambler*, but in his later works he somewhat pruned his redundances and adopted a more natural manner. That on grave subjects his best composition is extremely forcible and impressive is readily admitted, but it is ill adapted to lighter topics or varied emotion. In his *Rambler* he makes the gay and frivolous assume the language of solemn pedants. When he gives way without restraint to his passion for learned words and lofty declamation he becomes absolutely ridiculous.

The following sentences, amongst many others, have been justly pointed out for reprobation:—"Victoria passes through the cosmetic discipline, covered with emollients, and punished with artificial excoarations." He makes some one tell us of "official state, adhesions of trade, and ambulatory prospects." To deny and to profess are in *Johnsonese* to "pronounce monosyllables of coldness and the sonorous periods of respectful profession." An evil which cannot be remedied he observes "will not justify the acerbity of exclamation or support the solemnity of vocal grief*."

It is to be regretted that Dr. Johnson did not himself act upon the advice of the old tutor whom he alludes to when condemning the style of Robertson—"Read over your compositions, and whenever you meet with a passage which you think particularly fine, strike it out."

In his *Lives of the Poets*, which with all its deficiencies is a truly noble work, he certainly evinced a better taste.

* See Drake's *Literary Life of Dr. Johnson*, in which he quotes the objections of Mr. Burrow.

As a poet Doctor Johnson is less distinguished than as a moralist and critic. His verse is always characterized by good sense, and great clearness, energy, and compression; but it has not the fervour of poetical genius. In the tragedy of *Irene* "passion sleeps while declamation roars."

RICHARD GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER was born in London in the year 1712. His father was a merchant. At 16 he wrote a poem on Sir Isaac Newton, which though now forgotten received considerable praise at the time of its publication. At the proper age he followed his father's trade. Though he had received the whole of his education from a school of no reputation, he was considered one of the best classical scholars of his time. His passion for ancient history and literature influenced him in the choice of the subject of his Epic poem, *Leonidas*, of which he published nine books in his twenty-fifth year. It has undoubtedly considerable merit, but like too many Epic poems of great length, it is an extremely wearisome task to read it through. It was extended to twelve books, but as if these were not enough, the author wrote a sequel entitled *The Athenaid* including no less than thirty books more! Will any man pretend that he could read them? In 1754 his tragedy of *Boudicca* was brought out at Drury Lane, but making his heroine a scold and fury, he interfered with the more agreeable associations connected with her name in the minds of a British audience. Glover was a bad reciter, and it is said that when this play was first read by him to the actors, his voice was so harsh and his elocution so disagreeable, that Garrick, vexed that he should "mangle his own work" offered to read it for him; but the author was too well satisfied with his own skill to transfer that task even to the most accurate and effective reader of his age. His *Medea*, a tragedy, written on the Greek model, was published in 1761, and was acted for a few nights but without success. At the accession of George the third he was chosen member of Parliament for Weymouth, and distinguished himself by his ready eloquence and his zeal for liberty. In 1775 he retired from public life. He died November 25, 1785.

Glover's personal character was worthy of the highest admiration. He was a zealous patriot, and was frank and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow-men. As a poet he has lost the esteem in which he once was held. On the first appearance of *Leonidas* it was pronounced by some critics a nobler

production than *Paradise Lost*. Lord Lyttleton, in a periodical called *Common Sense* gave expression to opinions in its favor that were in ludicrous opposition to the title of the paper. "It is one of those few poems," he said, "which will be handed down to all posterity, and which in the long revolution of past centuries but two or three countries have been able to produce." Lord Lyttleton was regarded as a critic of some authority in his day. When Thomson was told that Glover was writing an Epic poem, he exclaimed—*He write an Epic Poem!* a Londoner who has never seen a mountain! The popularity of *Leonidas* on its first appearance was greatly increased by a spirit of party. It was praised by the Prince of Wales, and quoted by all who were at that time in opposition to the Government. Glover lived to see the decline of his reputation, but witnessed the change without irritation or distress. It may serve to shake our confidence in contemporary criticism when we recollect how many false and absurd opinions have been expressed respecting the publications of their time by men of acknowledged sagacity and taste. Glover's ear was evidently defective, and yet his versification was once preferred to Milton's. He is particularly partial to those brief and abrupt sentences that give the reader a succession of unpleasant jerks. The following passage may be quoted as an example of the kind of verse which was more highly valued by several professed critics than those elaborate and finely blended harmonies which enchant us in the sublimest of all British Epics—the *Paradise Lost*.

"The warriors stopped contemplating the seat
Of rural quiet. Suddenly a swain
Steps forth. His fingers touch the breathing reed.
Uprise the fleecy train. Each faithful dog
Is roused. All heedful of the wonted sound
Their known conductor follow. Slow behind
The observing warriors move."

Here is another specimen of the poet's short shuffling steps. He moves as if he had gyves on his feet.

"Let no word
Impede the careful peasant. On his charge
Depends our welfare. Diligent and staid
He suits his godlike master. Thou wilt see
That righteous hero soon. Now sleep demands
Our debt to nature. On a carpet dry
Of moss beneath a wholesome beech they lay,
Armed as they were. Their slumber short retires
With night's last shadow. At their warning roused,
The troops proceed."

The poem is cold and passionless, but its sentiments are liberal and pure. It abounds in classical allu-

sions and pleasing imagery. Glover, however, had not sufficient strength of genius to give interest and vitality to so long a poem. ● It is sinking into oblivion.

JOHN LOGAN. ●

JOHN LOGAN was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, in the county of Mid-Lothian, Scotland, about the year 1748. He was the second son of a respectable farmer. At the proper age he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he was much noticed and befriended by Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian. In his twenty-fifth year he was ordained one of the ministers of Leith. In 1779 he delivered Lectures on History, the substance of which he inserted in a work entitled *Elements of the Philosophy of History*. In 1781 he published his collected poems. His next literary adventure was *Runnymede*, a tragedy. It was put in rehearsal at Covent Garden theatre, but its representation was stopped by an injunction from the Chamberlain's office, on account of its supposed political allusions; he therefore committed it to the press. He composed several other dramas which have not yet been published. His parishioners were offended with him for devoting so much of his time and attention to literature, especially to plays, and for certain eccentricities of conduct too frequently the accompaniments of genius, prevailed upon him to retire from the Church upon a small annuity. On this he went to London and wrote for "The English Review," and produced a pamphlet in vindication of Warren Hastings. This was his last work. After a lingering illness he died on the 28th of December 1788 in the 40th year of his age. His little *Ode to the Cuckoo* is the most pleasing of all his works. Its simplicity and tenderness delighted Burke who sought the acquaintance of the author. On the death of Bruce, Logan had the charge of his manuscripts, and the friends of the former have averred that he was the real author of this beautiful little poem. It is certain, however, that it was seen in Logan's handwriting, that he laid claim to it openly, and that the charge of plagiarism was not brought against him in his life time.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, son of the Rev. Alexander Mickle, who was originally a physician, but who was afterwards admitted, at a more advanced age

than usual, into the ministry of the church of Scotland, was born September 29, 1734. About his thirteenth year, he accidentally met with Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which gave him intense delight. Upon his coming of age he had the entire charge of a brewery purchased by his father, but he was too fond of literature to concentrate his attention upon trade, and partly from the general confusion of his affairs, and partly from his having become security for an insolvent acquaintance, he soon became a bankrupt. Having published several little poems which were well received, he now took courage in the midst of the distresses which followed his failure in business, to turn his literature into a source of profit. In 1762 his poem on Providence was published in London. It was highly praised in the *Critical Review*, but condemned in the *Monthly*, a periodical of greater influence. He sent a copy of the poem to Lord Lyttleton and under the assumed name of William More entreated his Lordship to give him his candid opinion of the poem. He represented himself as "a young man friendless and unknown;" but were another edition he tells him, "to have the honor of Lord Lyttleton's name at the head of a dedication, such a pleasure would enable him to put it in a much better dress than what it then appeared in." In May 1763 he repaired to London, and was cheered by a polite answer from Lord Lyttleton, who told him that he had a poetical genius which deserved cultivation. He declined the dedication. Nobody he said minded dedications, but he suggested that if the poet would call and read his poem to his Lordship that they might discourse together respecting its beauties and defects. He exhorted him to be more careful of his versification and not "*loiter into prose*." Mickle disclosed his real name and an interview took place in the month of Feb. 1764. His Lordship frankly but most politely pointed out the young bard's faults, and told him he would become his "schoolmaster in poetry." But though Lyttleton was not unwilling to patronize and correct the verses of his humble admirer, he left him to live on air. Mickle tired of "the camelion's dish," at last pressed his Lordship to recommend him to his brother who was then Governor of Jamaica, as he had some intention to try his fortune there. He obtained the letter, but as Lord Lyttleton could not give him any strong hopes of an appointment under his brother, he accepted the situation of corrector of the Clarendon Press at Oxford. He here enjoyed the friendship of the Wartons, and was encouraged in his design to translate the *Lusiad* of Camoens. He had read the Portuguese Epic when

a boy in Castara's French translation. He now studied Portuguese with great assiduity and success. In 1771 he printed the translation of the first book, and that he might give himself up entirely to a task that promised to secure him both fame and fortune, he relinquished his situation at the Clarendon Press and retired to an old mansion occupied by a farmer at Forest Hill about five miles from Oxford. The work was completed in five years. He received several hints that gentlemen of high rank and great influence in offices connected with East India patronage, would think themselves honored by having the work inscribed to them, but by the advice of his friends the translation was dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Buccleugh. A magnificently bound copy was forwarded to the patron, but both the author and the book were utterly neglected. Some time afterwards a gentleman of rank who was a warm friend of the author spoke to the Duke upon the subject. His grace confessed that he had not read the book because some one had informed him that it possessed less merit than was at first supposed. The poet was consoled for this ungenerous neglect on the part of an individual by the approbation of the public. An impression of a thousand copies was soon disposed of and a new edition with improvements, was published in June 1778. He now felt himself so secure of a welcome reception as an author that he returned to London and wrote a tragedy entitled *The Siege of Marseilles*. It was offered to Garrick who acknowledged that it had many beautiful passages, but as a whole, was unfit for representation. Thomas Warton, and Mr. Home, the author of *Douglas*, altered and corrected the play, but it was still rejected and the author printed it "*to shame the rogues*." Mickle was so enraged that he threatened to make Garrick the hero of a new Dunciad. He made about a thousand pounds by his *Lusiad*, but he was still in pecuniary difficulties, and Dr. Lowth, the Bishop of London offered to admit him into holy orders, and look after his future welfare. Fearful, however, that in certain of his prose writings in favor of religion he should be thought to have had interested views, he decidedly but very gratefully declined the Bishop's offer. At last his friend and relative, Commodore Johnstone, relieved him from anxiety as to his immediate means of livelihood by nominating Mickle his secretary when he was sent in command of a squadron destined for the coast of Portugal. On his landing at Lisbon in 1773 the Portuguese received the translator of their national poet with grateful respect. He returned to England seven years after. He was appointed agent for the dis-

tribution of the prizes taken in the Commodore's cruise, and was enabled to discharge all his early debts. The latter part of his life was passed in comfort and in the enjoyment of his fame. He died at Forest Hill, on the 28th of November, 1788.

The character of Mickle was peculiarly amiable. He had a large share indeed of the irritability which is usually associated with the poetical temperament, but he had no malice or illwill. He was hurt at Garrick's rejection of his tragedy, but cherished no ungenerous hostility to that celebrated actor. He had inserted an angry note about him in his *Lusiad*, but when he saw him in the character of *King Lear* he was so absorbed in admiration that he spoke not a single word, until at a fine passage in the fourth act, he fetched a deep sigh, and turning to a friend who sat by him, "I wish," said he, "the note was out of my book." He had great simplicity of manner and gave to strangers no indication of superior intellect. When his name was announced in company he was sometimes asked if he was any way related to the translator of Camoens. He usually answered, with a good-natured smile, that he was of the same family. He is much better known and esteemed as a translator than as an original poet, but his own verses exhibit fine taste and true poetic feeling, though they have not much originality or force.

THOMAS WARTON.

THOMAS WARTON, was descended from an ancient and honorable family of Beverley in Yorkshire. He was born at Basingstoke in Hants in 1728. His father was Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and afterwards vicar of Basingstoke, and of Cobham in Surrey. Warton very early exhibited his taste for poetry. In his ninth year he sent to his sister the following translation from the Latin of Martial :

"When bold Leander sought his distant fair,
(Nor could the sea a braver burthen bear,)
Thus to the swelling waves he spoke his woe,
'Drown me on my return—but spare me as I go.'"

In his sixteenth year he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, where he remained for forty-seven years. Two years after his admission he published five blank-verse Pastoral Eclogues which met with very little notice, but quite as much as they deserved. The author himself became heartily ashamed of them, and it would have been as well if Mr. Chalmers had omitted them from the collection of Warton's poems in his *British Poets*. It is dealing

very harshly with a poet to attach for ever to his name the crude and condemned effusions of his early youth, but an editor is too often more anxious to show the extent of his own labour or the richness of his own resources by producing something not found in other collections, than to protect his author's fame. His next publication was the "Pleasures of Melancholy," a poem of more merit than his Eclogues, but by no means equal to the productions of his riper age. It was written in his seventeenth year and published two years after. On the appearance of Mason's *Isis* reflecting on the loyalty of Oxford on account of some riots amongst the students, Warton published a poetical answer entitled *The Triumph of Isis*, a poem of great spirit and animation. Mason was generous enough to confess that it surpassed his own production in poetical imagery, and strength and harmony of versification. In 1750 he took the degree of a master of arts; and in the following year succeeded to a fellowship. About this time he published a satire entitled *Newmarket*, which is forcibly directed against the passion for bets and horse-racing. In 1754 appeared his ingenious and learned *Observations on Spenser's Faëry Queen*, in one volume octavo, which eight years afterwards he enlarged and republished in two volumes. Dr. Johnson warmly complimented Warton on the appearance of this work. He was now the pride of his university, and in 1757 he was appointed Professor of Poetry, an office, which according to custom, he held for ten years. He contributed three papers to Dr. Johnson's *Idler*, numbers 33, 93, and 96, and it was said that he also furnished a few papers to the *Connoisseur*, but Dr. Anderson tells us that this was a mistake. Moore, the editor of the *World*, projected a magazine and wrote to the "two Wartons" (Thomas and Joseph) that he wanted them to procure him "a dull plodding fellow of one of the universities, who understood Latin and Greek." Moore died before he could put his design into execution. In 1771 Warton was presented by the Earl of Litchfield to the Rectory of Kiddington in Oxfordshire. Three years afterwards he published the first volume of his *History of Poetry*, the greatest and most interesting of all his works, and for which he had peculiarly prepared himself by the nature of his earliest studies. The want of such a work had long been felt, and Pope and Gray had both projected a similar undertaking, but neither of them had the courage or the leisure to enter upon the task. They had divided our poets into schools, but Warton chose the far more judicious plan of a chronological arrangement. A second volume of the *History* appear-

ed in 1778 and a third in 1781, but at his death it was found that he had only completed a few sheets of the fourth volume. Every lover of English Literature is grateful to Warton for what he has done, and laments that he was interrupted at the most interesting portion of his labours. Another volume would have brought the *Historian* into the midst of the mighty men who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton promised to complete the work and he would assuredly have executed the task in a congenial spirit, but he also was checked by the hand of death. Dr. Southey, it is said, has now undertaken to bring Warton's *History* down to the present time, and he could not perform a more acceptable service to English Literature. Warton's work is certainly too full of digressions, and Ritson has pointed out many inaccuracies, but in a work of this nature perfection was hardly to be looked for, and Campbell has well remarked that the chief cause of those inaccuracies was that boldness and extent of research which makes the work so useful and entertaining. In the year 1782 he took an active part in the loud controversy concerning the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley, and pronounced them the fabrication of Chatterton. In the same year he published his excellent lines on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted window. The artist was very grateful for this elegant tribute to his genius, and only expressed a regret that his name was not inserted in the body of the poem, an omission which Warton readily supplied in a second edition. In the same year he became a member of the celebrated Literary Club composed of Dr. Johnson and his friends. In 1785 he was chosen Camden Professor of History, and received the appointment of Poet Laureate. "His head," says Campbell, "filled the laurel with more learning than it had encompassed for a hundred years." His last publication was an admirable edition of the *Juvenile Poems of Milton*.

His death was rather sudden. He had enjoyed robust and uninterrupted health until his sixty-second year, when he was attacked by gout, of which he soon thought himself entirely cured. On Thursday, May 20th, 1790, at the close of an evening on which he had been more than usually cheerful he was seized with a paralytic stroke and expired at two o'clock on the following day.

Warton was one of the best natured men that ever lived, and preserved to the last a boyish simplicity and playfulness. During his visits to Dr. Joseph Warton he would enter into the forbidden sports of his brother's pupils, and has been known on the Doctor's

approach to hide himself in some dark corner from which he has been dragged like an overgrown boy. He used also to assist the students in their compositions, leaving only a sufficient number of faults to lay asleep suspicion. He had a most affectionate regard for children, and had no malice even for his foes. When his Laureate odes were ridiculed he heartily joined in the laugh, and even the scurrilous abuse of Ritson could only excite the exclamation of "a black-lettered dog, Sir!" which he uttered with his usual pleasant smile. The poetry of Warton is sometimes a little stiff and pedantic, and he assumes a higher tone of passion and enthusiasm than he is always able to support. He is too fond of alliteration, and his study of other poets has led him into perpetual imitation. But his verses are obviously the production of a refined mind. His descriptive pieces have great merit, and his sonnets have been pronounced by Hazlitt to be amongst the best in the language. He was fond of contemplating the splendid pomps of chivalry and the solemn grandeur of gothic architecture. He was a poetical antiquarian, and loved to prove that

"Not harsh or barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers."

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK was born of humble but honest, and by no means illiterate, parents, in the year 1721, at Annan, in the county of Dumfries, Scotland. Before he was six months old he lost his sight by the small-pox. His father, who was a bricklayer, endeavoured in his few hours of leisure to lessen the weight of this calamity by reading books to him. His favourite works were then Spenser, Milton, Prior, and Addison. In his nineteenth year he had the misfortune to lose his excellent father who was killed by the fall of a malt-kiln. He began to write poetry at the age of twelve, but it was not till after his father's death that he attracted much attention. Some of his poems having been shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician in Edinburgh, that gentleman was so pleased with such indications of superior talent in a poor blind boy that he placed him at the University of Edinburgh. In 1746 he published a volume of poems. He became known to several literary men who took a generous interest in his welfare, amongst whom were David Hume, the celebrated Historian, and Joseph Spence, the Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1759 he was licenced a preacher of the

Scottish Church. Three years afterwards he married the daughter of Mr. Johnston, a surgeon in Dumfries. The lady was a very homely, but very worthy creature, and the poet, who only knew her heart, used to guess at the character of her face, which his poetical imagination represented as something angelic. In this instance love was blind indeed. In the year of his marriage through the interest of the Earl of Selkirk he was ordained minister of the town and parish of Kircudbright, but the parishioners objected to the appointment on account of his want of sight, and after a legal dispute of two years he took the advice of his friends and resigned his right in consideration of a moderate annuity. He then set up a school, and strange as it may seem, when it is remembered that a quick eye is usually required to prevent a thousand practical jokes on the part of school-boys, his establishment flourished for twenty years. But with all their wildness, boys are not ungenerous, and his pupils probably scorned to take advantage of their kind master's terrible misfortune. In 1767 the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of divinity. In the same year he published *Paracelsus; or Consolations deduced from natural and revealed Religion*. He also contributed an interesting article on Blindness to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. He died of a fever, after a week's illness, July 7, 1791, in the seventieth year of his age. His friend Doctor Beattie honored his monument with a Latin inscription.

Though occasionally oppressed with low spirits, which it required all the kind attention of his friends to dissipate, the temper of Blacklock was serene and gentle. He felt with great acuteness his exclusion from the large world of external beauty, but in the midst of those whom he loved, he could sometimes forget his misfortune and exhibit the utmost hilarity and playfulness.

Blacklock's poetry is interesting and curious as the production of a blind person, especially as it is full of allusions to objects of sight. His descriptions of nature have been thought quite miraculous, but contain no new images and are merely repetitions of what he had heard read to him.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SIR WILLIAM JONES was born in London, September the 28th, 1746. He was the son of an eminent mathematician who enjoyed the friendship of Newton and Halley. His father died when young Jones had scarcely reached his third year. His mother was an

extraordinary woman whom her husband affectionately described as "virtuous without blemish, generous without extravagance, frugal but not niggard, cheerful but not giddy, close but not sullen, ingenious but not conceited, of spirit but not passionate, of her company cautious, in her friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, and to her husband ever faithful, loving and obedient." Few have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of such a mother. She guided her son's early thoughts and feelings with infinite sagacity and wisdom, and imparted to his dawning mind the light of truth and virtue. When he had completed his seventh year he was placed at Harrow school. During his vacations his accomplished mother gave him the most valuable instruction. In his ninth year he fractured his thigh-bone in a scramble amongst his playfellows, and during a twelve month's illness, his mother nursed, taught, and cheered him. She was a proficient in Algebra, trigonometry, and the theory of navigation, and greatly excelled in drawing. She had also a taste for elegant literature and directed his reading amongst the best English poets. On his recovery he returned to Harrow where he was regarded as no ordinary boy. His master used to say that if young Jones were left friendless and naked on Salisbury Plain he would make his way to fame and fortune. Extraordinary anecdotes are told of his retentive memory. They are not always very credible. It is said that on one occasion when his school-fellows were desirous to perform Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and had no copy of the play at hand, he wrote it out for them from memory with almost perfect accuracy. At the time alluded to he was only twelve years of age. It is, unlikely that so much difficulty should have been experienced in a large school in procuring a copy of any of Shakespeare's plays, either amongst the boys or from one of the masters, or that it could not have been purchased at a sufficiently moderate price. While at Harrow school, besides acquiring more than the ordinary share of Greek and Latin, he studied Arabic and Hebrew. Even in his amusements he indicated the character of his mind which could never be wholly disengaged. He invented a political play, and dividing the fields unto states and kingdoms, his school-fellows took possession of the different territories assigned to them, and invaded each other's domains or defended their own. The celebrated Dr. Parr was one of his associates in these sports. During his vacations spent in London he studied Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and took lessons in dancing and fencing. In his eighteenth year he was entered

of University College, Oxford. He accidentally became acquainted with a native of Aleppo of the name of Mirza, who assisted him in his study of Arabic, and whom he for some time maintained at his own expense. Not wishing to be longer dependant on his affectionate mother whose finances were rather slender, he gladly accepted of the situation of tutor to Lord Althorpe, the son of Earl Spencer, and entered upon his new duties in the summer of 1765. His pupil was then a child of only seven years of age. In the following year he obtained a fellowship. In his 21st year he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, which were finished in three years but not published till 1774. In 1767 he visited the Continent, where at Spa, he studied German. He did not disdain the lighter accomplishments, and took lessons in dancing. He had learnt the use of the broadsword from a pensioner at Chelsea. He also made an attempt to become a performer on the harp but his success was not very encouraging. During the next year Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark visited England and brought with him an Eastern manuscript, containing the Life of Nadir Shah, of which he was anxious to obtain a French translation. Our author was solicited to undertake the task, which he performed with great reluctance and only because he would not have it said that the King was obliged to send his manuscript to France. He was aware that his own style in a foreign language could not be perfectly idiomatic, and he was obliged to submit his translation to a native of France. The work was completed in a year. His sole reward for this labour was a diploma constituting him a Member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and a useless recommendation to the favour of his own Sovereign. In 1770 he again visited the Continent where he tells one of his friends that he delighted himself with "music, with all its sweetness and feeling: difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics: and the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting." He appears during his travels to have pursued his literary studies with unabated ardor, but the great volume of human life which lay open before him was comparatively neglected. It is the characteristic error of a scholar to look at nature only through what Dryden calls "the spectacles of books." On his return home he resigned his charge in Lord Speneer's family, determining to study the law as a profession, and in 1770 in the 24th year of his age he was admitted into the Temple. Six years after he was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts. In March, 1783, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of

judicature of Fort William, on which occasion he received the honor of knighthood. In the following month he married the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. He immediately sailed for India having secured, as one of his friends told him, two of the first objects of human pursuit, those of love and ambition. He had always longed to visit the East, and the opportunity now offered him of extending his knowledge of Oriental Literature called up a thousand agreeable visions and exulting hopes. He arrived in Calcutta in September, but did not commence the discharge of his duties as an Indian judge till the close of the year. In January 1784 he established the Asiatic Society of Bengal of which he was elected President. In the same year he gratified his curiosity by a visit to Benares. In three or four years after his arrival in India he acquired a knowledge of the Sanscrit. His acquisitions as a linguist were now truly wonderful. He had studied with assiduity and success Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, French, German, and Portuguese. In 1785 a periodical was started in Calcutta entitled *the Asiatic Miscellany* to which he contributed a variety of poems, chiefly translations from the Persian. In the following year he made a voyage to Chutigon, and during his leisure hours read twice through the poem of Ferdausi, consisting of sixty thousand couplets. He considered it to be an Epic poem as majestic and entire as the *Iliad*. In 1789 he translated the ancient Hindu Drama of Sacountala or the Fatal Ring, by Callidas, the Indian Shakespeare. But the climate of Bengal put a stop to the stupendous achievement of this almost universal scholar. On the 20th of April, 1794, after having taken a later walk than usual he complained of aguish symptoms, and mentioned his intention to take some medicine, repeating jocularly the old proverb, that, "an ague in the spring is medicine for a king." His disorder, it appears, was inflammation of the liver, which advanced so rapidly that medical aid was of no avail. When his friend and biographer Lord Teignmouth was called in, the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart which after a few seconds ceased for ever. He expired without a groan and with an expression of the utmost complacency on his features, on the 27th April, 1794.

Considering the shortness of his life the extent of Sir William Jones's attainments is perfectly amazing. It would be foreign to the purpose of these brief notices to dilate upon his various merits, for he only claims admittance into this collection as a poet, a character in which he appears with less distinction

than as a linguist* and as a man of vast and varied acquirements. But there is an elegance and grace, in some of his best poems which must lead the critic to the conviction that had he concentrated his powers upon the "Divine Art" he might have arrived at excellence as a poet. His learning overlaid his genius, and he spread his mind over too wide a surface. Human life is too brief, and the human intellect is too limited to allow any individual, however industrious or highly gifted to reach and retain a hold of more than one or two of the upper branches of the tree of knowledge. No man can pluck all its fruitage with equal facility. Even the mighty powers and wonderful acquirements of Sir William Jones, however subservient to his own fame with those who confound extent with solidity and depth, were of less real utility to mankind than the labours of men of genius who have aimed at more limited excellence with greater concentration of mind and an exclusive devotion to one congenial pursuit.

The personal character of Sir William Jones was both amiable and noble. In all the relations of domestic life, he was the object of love and admiration; and as a public man he was distinguished for his generous and steady zeal in the cause of liberty and justice.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, was born on the 25th of January, in a clay-built cottage near the town of Ayr in Scotland. He was the eldest of eleven children. His father was gardener to a gentleman who possessed a small estate in the neighbourhood. The family name was Burness, but the poet about his twenty-fifth year rejected the second syllable. The season being more than usually boisterous, a day or two after his birth the frail shed in which he lay, and which was raised by his father's own hands, was destroyed by a violent wind at midnight, and he was immediately carried unhurt to another house. He often used to allude to this circumstance and playfully observe that stormy passions must be expected from one who

* From a paper of his own writing it appears that he understood something of eight and twenty languages; eight critically, eight less perfectly, but intelligible with a dictionary; twelve least perfectly, but all attainable. The first eight were—the English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit: the next eight—the Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, and Turkish; and the last twelve—the Tibetan, Pali, Pahlavi, Berli, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch and Chinese.

was ushered into the world by a tempest. When Burns was about six or seven years of age his father procured a small farm, and he sent his eldest son for some months to a village school. He was then put under a teacher of the name of Murdock who long survived his illustrious pupil, and who used to boast of having instructed him in the first principles of composition. He enjoyed the benefit of that worthy man's services as a teacher two years only. The young poet was then taught arithmetic by his father, who also occasionally borrowed for him a few useful and entertaining volumes from a book society at Ayr. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was sent to a school in order to improve his hand-writing. A little after this he spent a few weeks with his old friend Murdock who gave him a smattering of French. He was advised to study Latin, and he purchased a copy of the *Rudiments of the Latin tongue*, but "finding the study dry and uninteresting," he speedily gave it up. He was rather vain of his slight acquisitions in the French language and once entered into a conversation with a French lady in her native tongue; but though exceedingly ambitious to render himself agreeable he blundered into an insult. He meant to tell her that she was a charming talker, but he offended her by saying that she was too fond of speaking, and the lady very angrily retorted that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent as for women to be loquacious. At the age of nineteen he received a few months' instruction in land surveying. He received no further education from schoolmasters, but owed all his other acquisitions to nature and himself. His father, though a steady and sagacious man, was always in difficulties, and neither honesty nor hard labour nor the most rigid economy could save him from ruin. Burns assisted his aged parent to the utmost of his ability, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm. Extreme poverty deprived the family of wholesome nourishment. They were for several years without animal food, and such early toil conjoined with low diet was too much even for the poet whose constitution was naturally hardy, and whose frame was remarkably athletic for his age. When he came home of an evening he was afflicted with headache and palpitation of the heart, and when he went to bed at night he was oppressed with a sensation of faintness and suffocation. His father's anxieties and misfortunes were terminated by death on the 13th of February, 1784. A consumption just came in time to save the old man from the horror of a jail.

In his twenty-third year, and just before his father's

death, Burns joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town to learn his trade; but as he and his associate were welcoming in the new year the shop took fire and was burnt to ashes. Poor Burns was left, as he himself says, like a true poet, without a sixpence. When his father died, he joined his brother Gilbert in taking a small farm in the neighbourhood, but they met with nothing but misfortune. He gave up his part of the farm to Gilbert and made up his mind to leave his native country and try his fortune in Jamaica. Just before this crisis of his affairs he had fallen in love with Jean Armour, the daughter of a respectable master-mason, and having secretly exchanged solemn pledges of faith the lovers considered themselves as joined together for life. This connection could no longer be concealed, and the father of the lady was so much distressed at the discovery that at the first shock he fainted away. Burns desired that there should be a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage, and that he should then leave his wife with her father and push his own fortune abroad. But Mr. Armour insisted that all the papers that had passed between the parties should be cancelled and the private marriage of which Burns had given her due written acknowledgment should be rendered void. Their marriage though irregular would have been sanctioned by the Scottish law. His daughter with many tears obeyed her angry parent and destroyed the evidence of her marriage. Burns was deeply hurt at the result, and still more to think that the woman whom he so fondly loved could be induced even by paternal authority to renounce him. Both his pride and his love received so dreadful a blow, that he was for sometime in a state of distraction which bordered on insanity. His pecuniary resources too were at the very lowest ebb. He was so cruelly persecuted by the parish officers who demanded, it is said at Mr. Armour's desire, a security for the maintenance of the children whom he was prevented from legitimatizing, and such was his distress, that he was obliged to skulk from covert to covert to escape a jail. To raise money for his passage to Jamaica, where his first occupation would probably have been that of a negro-driver, some one happily suggested that he should publish a volume of poems by subscription. His friends exerted themselves with success, and he had soon a sufficient number of subscribers to secure him from loss. By this publication he gained £20 and with nine guineas of it he took a steerage passage in a ship bound to Jamaica. He had taken his last farewell of his friends, and had composed the last song which he thought he should

ever write in Scotland, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of Burns, encouraged the poet to give up his design and try his fortune in Edinburgh, where he was soon overwhelmed with the flattering attentions of the rank, beauty, learning, and genius of the city. He soon published another edition of his poems and the profits were so considerable that he could afford to make a tour of amusement over a large portion of his native county. On his return in 1788 to his native capital he expected that his many distinguished friends would secure him some permanent and honorable employment, but the first excitement occasioned by the bursting forth of his wonderful natural genius had passed away, and partly from this circumstance and partly from the fact that Burns began to indulge himself too freely in excess of various kinds, he found his company less eagerly desired, while many of his patrons received him with decided coldness. The pride of Burns took fire and he was not slow to indicate his scorn and hatred. The only appointment he succeeded in obtaining was that of gauger or exciseman, with which he joined the occupations of a farmer. He now married his still beloved Jane whom her father just before had turned out of his house because the poet had renewed his intercourse with her. But his farming speculations were unfortunate, and his habits of intemperance became more confirmed. He had a small promotion in the excise and removed to Dumfries upon a salary of £70 a-year. His humble lot, after the hopes and feelings excited by the admiration he had received at Edinburgh, and after having tasted of the elegant and refined hospitalities of the Scottish nobles, made him wild and reckless. His political opinions, a little too carelessly and violently expressed as far as regarded his own interest, were reported to the Board of Excise, and he received notice that his duty was *to act and not to think*. He had even the imprudence to send as a present four carronades to the French Convention requesting that body to accept them as a mark of his admiration and respect. The present and the letter accompanying it were stopped at the custom-house at Dover, and Burns drew upon himself the marked displeasure of his superior in office. He was given to understand that he had now no chance of further promotion, and it was with some difficulty that his friends secured him in his place. His constitution was at last broken by cares, passions, and intemperance. He died at Dumfries July 21, 1796.

This illustrious peasant affords a striking example of the force of genius unassisted by learning. We

may say of Burns, as Dryden said of Shakespeare, he did not read nature through the "spectacles of books." His lyrics are amongst the best that were ever written. They are, simple and vigorous effusions of genuine passion. What a noble legacy has Burns left his country! He has thrown an Arcadian charm over some of Scotia's bleakest hills. He has doubly endeared to all patriotic Scotchmen every scene that he has described in his imperishable verses, and has showed the haughty and fastidious circles of high life how much noble feeling and refined and tender sentiment may warm a ploughman's heart. His poems are distinguished for earnestness and sincerity. All other love-songs by the side of his seem false and feeble. His martial odes breathe the genuine spirit of enthusiasm. Ben Jonson said of Cartwright, "my son Cartwright *writes all like a man*." This praise is especially due to Burns. But he is not only distinguished for vehemence and fire and a noble directness and sincerity, but for the richest humour and the deepest pathos. His tender sentiment is sometimes mingled with a charming playfulness; a combination that is always inexpressibly delightful, and is by no means unfrequent in the productions of true genius.

The life of Burns was a brief tragedy. Wordsworth beautifully speaks

"Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain's side."

But unhappily this picture of "glory and joy" can be applied correctly to but a very few months of the poet's short existence. The greater part of his life was passed in obscurity, and vain toil, and deep despondency, or in that unsettled state, "unfitted with an aim," which leads a fiery spirit to prey upon itself. He was in almost every respect a disappointed man. Generous, warm-hearted and independent, he was also proud, passionate and ambitious, and with a just sense of his own worth, he found himself neglected by those from whom he had expected most. He was accustomed to give vent to his feelings in bursts of bitter scorn and vehement indignation. His "noble" friends only made a show of him, and when the nine days wonder was over they left him to fall back again into his original obscurity and distress. He who had been pronounced the ornament of his country, and who had been flattered for a season at the tables of the highest nobility of the land, at last obtained, as the reward of his invaluable and immortal productions, a place in the Excise worth seventy pounds a-year!

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

JOHN BAMPFYLDE was the younger brother of Sir Charles Bampfylde. He was born in 1754. He was educated at Cambridge. He published his *Sonnets* in 1779, and about the same time exhibited symptoms of mental derangement. In a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, Southey gives the following interesting particulars respecting this unhappy though highly gifted youth.

Keswick, 10th May, 1809.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear that 'Bampfylde's Remains' are to be edited. The circumstances which I did not mention concerning him are these. They were related to me by Jackson of Exeter, and minuted down immediately afterwards, when the impression which they made upon me was warm.

"He was the brother of Sir Charles, as you say. At the time when Jackson became intimate with him, he was just in his prime, and had no other wish than to live in solitude, and amuse himself with poetry and music. He lodged in a farm-house near Chudleigh, and would oftentimes come to Exeter in a winter morning, ungloved and open-breasted, before Jackson was up, (though he was an early riser,) with a pocket full of musick or poems, to know how he liked them. His relations thought this was a sad life for a man of family, and forced him to London. The tears ran down Jackson's cheeks when he told me the story. 'Poor fellow,' said he, 'there did not live a purer creature, and, if they would have let him alone, he might have been alive now.'

"When he was in London, his feelings having been forced out of their proper channel took a wrong direction, and he soon began to suffer the punishment of debauchery. The Miss Palmer, to whom he dedicated his 'Sonnets,' (afterwards, and perhaps still, Lady Inchiquin,) was niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether Sir Joshua objected to his addresses on account of his irregularities in London, or on other grounds, I know not: but this was the commencement of his madness. He was refused admittance into the house: upon this, in a fit of half-anger and half-derangement, he broke the windows, and was (little to Sir Joshua's honour) sent to Newgate. Some weeks after this had happened, Jackson went to London, and one of his first inquiries was for Bampfylde. Lady Bampfylde, his mother, said she knew little or nothing about him; that she had got him out of Newgate, and he was now in some beggarly place. 'Where?' 'In King Street, Holborn, she believed, but she did not know the number of the house.' Away went Jackson, and knocked at every door till he found the right. It was a truly miserable place: the woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew that Bampfylde had no money, and that at that time he had been three days without food. When Jackson saw him, there was all the levity of madness in his manners; his shirt was ragged, and black as a coal-heaver's, and his beard of a two months' growth. Jackson sent out for food, and said he was come to

breakfast with him; and he turned aside to a harpsichord in the room, literally, he said, to let him gorge himself without being noticed. He removed him from hence, and, after giving his mother a severe lecture, obtained for him a decent allowance, and left him, when he himself quitted town, in decent lodgings, earnestly begging him to write.

"But he never wrote: the next news was that he was in a private madhouse, and Jackson never saw him more. Almost the last time they met, he showed him several poems, among others a 'Ballad on the murder of David Rizzio.' 'Such a ballad!' said he. He came that day to dine with Jackson, and was asked for copies. 'I burned them,' was the reply. 'I wrote them to please you; you did not seem to like them, so I threw them in the fire.' After twenty years' confinement he recovered his senses, but not till he was dying of consumption. The apothecary urged him to leave Sloane Street, where he had always been as kindly treated as he could be, and go into his own country, saying that his friends in Devonshire would be very glad to see him. But he hid his face, and answered, 'No, Sir; they who knew me what I was, shall never see me what I am.' Some of these facts I should have inserted in the specimens, had not Coleridge mislaid the letter in which I had written them down, and it was not found till too late

[There is a chasm here in the letter: it goes on]

"I read the preface to me. I remember that it dwelt much upon his miraculous genius for music, and even made it intelligible to me, who am no musician. He knew nothing of the science; but would sit down to the harpsichord, and produce combinations so wild that no composer would have ventured to think of, and yet so beautiful in their effect that Jackson (an enthusiast concerning music) spoke of them, after the lapse of twenty years, with astonishment and tears."

WILLIAM MASON.

WILLIAM MASON, the son of a clergyman, was born in the year 1725. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, where he published a monody to the memory of Pope. He obtained a fellowship through the interest of his friend Gray, who describes him as a young man "of much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty," and as "a good and well-meaning creature, but in sympathy, a child; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance and that with a design to make his fortune by it, a little vain, but in so harmless and comical a way that it does not offend: a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant of the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in any one's opinion; so sincere and undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this ha-

bit, all his good qualities will signify nothing." At a later period of his life he assumed an air of staidness and precision, but many of the good qualities of his youth were preserved to the day of his death. He very early exhibited his attachment to Whig principles, and in 1748 published his poem entitled *Isis*, which was directed against the supposed jacobitism of Oxford. When Thomas Warton's reply, the *Triumph of Isis* was published, Mason had the generosity to allow that in poetical merit it surpassed the attack. He did not, however, think meanly of his own production, but gave an instance of his "comical vanity" when several years afterwards he entered Oxford late in the evening and expressed his satisfaction at the darkness. The friend who accompanied him did not exactly see the advantage. "What!" said Mason, "do you not remember my *Isis*?" In 1752 he published *Elfrida*, a dramatic poem, constructed on the model of the Greek tragedy. His design, however, was not confined to an exact copy of the ancient drama. He meant, he says, "only to pursue the ancient method, so far as it is probable a Greek poet, were he alive would now do, in order to adapt himself to the genius of our times and the character of our tragedy." It is reasonable to suppose that any poet desirous of accommodating himself to modern taste would have omitted the old chorus altogether as a clumsy and unnecessary contrivance, utterly unsuited to the tragic compositions of Mason's day. He had, however, a pedantic and bigoted veneration for the ancient chorus, and persuaded himself that it was still essential to the tragic drama. *Elfrida* was performed at Covent Garden, but with very little success. It is quite unfit for the stage, but it contains many elegant and poetical passages that are still enjoyed by the reader. In 1754 Mason went into orders, and was appointed chaplain to the king. In 1759 he greatly raised his reputation by his drama of *Caractacus*, the noblest of his works. The lyrical parts of this play are singularly spirited and sonorous, and obtained the warm and valuable commendation of Gray. In 1765 he married, but he did not long enjoy the company of his wife. She died of consumption two years after, and was lamented by her husband in an elegy of great tenderness and beauty. The first book of his long and rather dull blank verse poem, *The English Garden*, appeared in 1772 and was very coldly received. On the death of his friend Gray, who left him a legacy of £500 and all his manuscripts and medals, he undertook to write his life, and produced a specimen of a new kind of biography, in which the hero is made as much as possible to

tell his own story, by the copious introduction of letters, in a regular order, and connected by the biographer's remarks and illustrations. This plan of biography has since been frequently adopted, as in the lives of Cowper, Sir William Jones, and Beattie. During the American war Mason was so free in the expression of his political opinions that he gave offence to the court, and he therefore thought it proper to resign his office of chaplain to the king. Under the name of Malcolm Macgregor he published the political effusion entitled "An Heroic Satire," which has perhaps more spirit and energy than he had hitherto displayed. That he was the author is not indeed actually proved, but the manner in which he complained of Warton's having attributed it to him, seems to have convinced most people that he was more willing to throw off the responsibility of the authorship than to come to any explicit declaration upon the subject. He talks of the impropriety of attributing the poem to him on mere internal evidence, but carefully avoids a direct denial.

Mason reached a green old age, and was at last cut off in the enjoyment of health of mind and body by an accidental hurt on his leg in stepping into his carriage. It produced a mortification which terminated his life in his seventy-second year on the 7th of April, 1797.

Mason, as a poet, was too fond of false ornament. His poems are studded with expletives and alliterations; and there is generally something stilted and artificial in his style. But he had fine ear for the music of verse, and an eye for picturesque effects. His lyrics have often a noble sound, and his descriptive passages have considerable splendour. His elegiac poems, however, are his best productions, because they are the most natural.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON, son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of Basingstoke, and elder brother of the accomplished historian of English Poetry, was born at Dunsfield in Surrey, on the 22nd of April, 1722. Until his fourteenth year, Dr. Joseph Warton received his education from his father. On the 2nd of Aug. 1736 he was admitted on the foundation of Winchester School. In conjunction with the celebrated Collins and another school-fellow he sent three poetical contributions to the *Gentlemen's Magazine* which were received with great favor by the editor. When he was scarcely fifteen he wrote a letter to his sister

which is characterized by a singularly lively fancy and great acuteness of observation. In 1740 he left Winchester School and was entered a commoner at Oriel College, Oxford. During his residence at Oxford he composed the poems of *The Enthusiast, or Lover of Nature*, and *The Dying Indian*, and also a prose satire in the manner of Le Sage entitled *Ranelagh House*. In 1744 he took his Bachelor's degree and was ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. In the following year he published a volume of his father's poetry, partly to do honor to his memory and partly to pay a few debts that he had left behind him. This work was soon followed by a volume of his own odes. In 1747 he was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the Rectory of Wynslade, when he married a Miss Daman to whom he had been long attached. His patron invited him in the year 1751 to accompany him to the south of France. The Duchess of Bolton was then afflicted with a disease which was considered fatal, and the Duke anticipating her death, desired to have a protestant Clergyman at hand to marry him to a lady who then lived with him, and who was universally known by the name of Polly Peachum. It is supposed that when Warton accepted the Duke's invitation his poverty rather than his will consented; but he was not in such extremely straitened circumstances as to excuse his performance of an act of which he must have been ashamed. He did not much enjoy his journey owing to his ignorance of the French tongue, and he found his knowledge of the dead languages of little use when he had to make himself understood by hotel-keepers and postilions. It was not the fashion of Warton's time to pay much attention at our great Universities to modern languages. He became so impatient to return home that he could not even wait upon his patron's convenience, and bade adieu to the shores of France with his best speed. Only a month after his arrival in England the Duchess of Bolton died, and Warton wrote to the Duke to say that he would return to him if he desired it. But his patron could not remain a widower even a few brief weeks, and with indecent haste engaged another clergyman to perform the ceremony for which he originally invited the aid of Warton, who had the bitter mortification to feel that he had acted in a way quite unworthy of his general character, and without obtaining the contemplated reward. This was the only action of his life for which he could have blushed, and when it is remembered that he lived to the age of seventy-eight would be harsh indeed to let it weigh in the least at his general character. It was on the occa-

sion of his going to France that his brother Thomas Warton wrote the beautiful "Ode sent to a friend on leaving a favorite village in Hampshire*." In 1749 he began and in 1753 he finished and published an edition of Virgil in English and Latin. He adopted Pitt's translation of the *Æneid*, and gave his own versions of the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, in which he shone more as an exact scholar than as a poet. In 1753 he contributed, at Dr. Johnson's request, some highly valuable papers to the *Adventurer*. About this time he meditated a History of the Revival of Literature, but the design was soon abandoned. In 1755 he was elected second master of Winchester School, and soon after found leisure to complete the first volume of his able and interesting *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, a work of which Dr. Johnson justly remarked that it taught "how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity to attract and to delight." It was received, however, with great indignation by the indiscriminate admirers of Pope, who would not be persuaded that he was not in that rank of English poetry which is adorned with the four great names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, nor would they listen without impatience to the doctrine that mere wit and good sense, however elegantly embodied in the form of verse, is not poetry. Warton does not deny that Pope is a true poet and of a very high, but not the highest order, and he points out with great candour and critical sagacity the nature of his real claims upon our admiration. He warmly eulogizes the fancy and invention of the *Rape of the Lock*, and the passion and tenderness of the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*. Thomas Campbell, though he leans to the side of Pope, acknowledges that the *Essay* is "very entertaining and abounds with criticism of more research than Addison's, of more amenity than Hurd's or Warburton's, and of more insinuating tact than Johnson's." He also observes with a questionable propriety of expression, that "a testimony in its favour, of more authority than any individual opinion, will be found in the popularity with which it continues to be read." It seems odd to say that a book is read with popularity, though Campbell's meaning is sufficiently obvious. The second volume of the *Essay on Pope* was not published till 26 years after the first. He waited for a more impartial hearing and he obtained it. He now visited London and became familiar with all the members of the celebrated Literary Club. He was long on intimate

* See column 1025 of this volume.

terms with Dr. Johnson, but a violent argument brought their friendship to a sudden end. They broke from each other with the following expressions—"Sir," said Johnson, "I am not accustomed to be contradicted." "Better, Sir," replied Warton, "for yourself and your friends if you were: our respect could not be increased, but our love might." In 1766 he was advanced to the headmastership of Winchester school. In 1782 he was indebted to Dr. Lowth for a prebend of St. Paul's and the living of Thorley which he exchanged for Wickham. Six years afterwards he obtained a prebend of Winchester Cathedral. In 1793 he felt that his age required relaxation and that he was no longer equal to the fatigues of a school. He accordingly resigned his office of headmaster and retired to his Rectory at Wickham. In this retirement he prepared an excellent edition of the works of Pope, though in his zeal to give the world all that could be collected of the writings of so eminent a poet, he gave admission to two poems of a very indelicate nature. He thus afforded his enemies an opportunity of triumph, and they did not spare his gray hairs or remember his long service to literature. He next commenced an edition of Dryden, but did not live to finish it. He was attacked by a disease in his kidneys which brought him to his grave on the 23rd of February, 1800, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Of his personal character all his biographers have spoken in terms of the highest praise. As a poet he is more distinguished by good taste than genius. He is now best known as a critic.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was the descendant of an ancient and honorable family. His grandfather was Spenser Cowper, a judge of the court of Common Pleas and younger brother of the Lord Chancellor Cowper. The poet was born at Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, of which place his father was the rector. As Pope's life was "a long disease" corporeally, so was the unhappy Cowper's, mentally. He illustrated Dryden's sentiment that "great wits to madness nearly are allied." It was with him as with Shakespeare's Hamlet—his fine faculties were out of tune, like sweet bells jangled. His mind was like an exquisitely constructed Æolian harp, a great deal too delicate for the rough breezes of the world. Its sweet low music of sensibility was too often turned into a thrilling and mysterious moan of pain and

wretchedness. In his seventh year he lost his affectionate mother whose virtues he has commemorated with such filial tenderness in the verses suggested by her picture. In the same year he had been sent to a school, where he endured hardship which he remembered all his life. At the age of eight he was taken from school and placed for two years with an oculist who undertook to cure a disease in his eyes, but they were ever after subject to inflammation. He was next sent to Westminster school where he remained till the age of eighteen, where his peculiarly shy and sensitive spirit suffered very severely from the roughness and tyranny of his school-fellows. The recollection of his own misery at school gave spirit and force to the description of the evils of a public education in his "*Tirocinium*, or Review of Schools." On leaving school he was articled for three years to Mr. Chapman, an attorney. But he had no turn for the law; and amused himself with literature. He kept up his acquaintance with Churchill, Bonnel Thornton, Lloyd and Colman who had been his school-fellows at Westminster, and communicated some papers to the *Connoisseur* and other periodical publications. It was not, however, until his fiftieth year, when he published his first volume of poems, that he was generally known as a writer. He has himself given us a brief and rapid account of the mode in which his life was spent. "From the age of twenty to thirty-three," he says, "I was occupied or ought to have been, in the study of the law: from thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author:—it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last." His patrimony being nearly exhausted it became necessary to procure him some employment, and by the exertion of his friends he obtained the situation of Clerk to the Committees of the House of Lords. But he was so alarmed at the duty of reading aloud in an assembly that he resigned the office, and procured in its place the appointment of a Clerk of the journals. Even this he found himself compelled to throw up from the morbid sensibility of his nature. His own account of this transaction is best given in his own words.

"In the beginning a strong opposition to my friend's right of nomination began to shew itself. A powerful party was formed among the Lords to thwart

it. * * * Every advantage, I was told, would be sought for, and eagerly seized to disconcert us. I was bid to expect an examination at the bar of the house, touching my sufficiency for the post I had taken. Being necessarily ignorant of the nature of that business, it became expedient that I should visit the office daily, in order to qualify myself for the strictest scrutiny. All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned. A thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence. I knew to demonstration, that upon these terms the Clerkship of the Journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the house, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude me from it. In the mean time, the interest of my friend, the honour of his choice, my own reputation and circumstances, all urged me forward, all pressed me to undertake that which I saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation—others can have none. My continual misery at length brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised against me was more than I could stand against. In this posture of mind I attended regularly at the office, where, instead of a soul upon the rack, the most active spirits were essentially necessary for my purpose. I expected no assistance from any body there, all the inferior clerks being under the influence of my opponent, and accordingly I received none. The Journal books were indeed thrown open to me; a thing which could not be refused, and from which perhaps a man in health, and with a head turned to business, might have gained all the information he wanted; but it was not so with me. I read without perception; and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it could have availed me little; for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of MSS. without direction. Many months went over me thus employed; constant in the use of means, despairing as to the issue. The feelings of a man, when he arrives at the place of execution, are probably much like mine every time I set my foot in the office, which was every day for more than half a year together."

His terrors on this occasion overwhelmed his reason, and on the day appointed for his examination he was in so deplorable a condition that his friends gave up all further thoughts of procuring him any suitable employment. He had actually made an attempt at self-destruction and shewed a garter which had been broken by his weight, and the iron rod across his bed was bent. He was removed to the house of Dr. Cotton. His insanity chiefly showed itself in a religious despondency of the most awful nature. He remained with Dr. Cotton from Dec. 1763 to July 1764, when his mind appeared to have been partially restored, but during the remainder of his life his religious

views had always a tinge of his calamity. He resigned the small place of Commissioner of Bankrupts which gave him £60 a year, and in June 1765 repaired to Huntingdon, where he was introduced to the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, whose lady has gained the gratitude of all lovers of virtue and genius by her long maternal attention to the unhappy poet. The Unwins at once received him into their house, and treated him with most affectionate kindness. When Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse, Cowper accompanied Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to Olney. Here he formed an intimate friendship with the curate, Mr. Newton, with whom he shared the duty of distributing amongst the poor of the place two hundred pound a year, the donation of a wealthy merchant of the name of Thornton. In 1773 his dreadful malady returned. He fell into such severe paroxysms of religious despondency that he required all the exertions of his generous and affectionate nurse, Mrs. Unwin, who waited on him with extreme tenderness and fortitude during the five miserable years that his faculties were darkened. After his second recovery he amused himself with taming three hares and writing short pieces of poetry. Sometimes he beguiled the time with drawing landscapes, a talent which he discovered in himself very late in life, but in which long study might have produced excellence, for his admirable descriptions prove that he had a painter's eye. In 1781 he prepared his first volume for the press. It was published in the following year. It was not received by the public with much favor, perhaps on account of the extreme austerity and gloom of the author's religious sentiments. Fortunate as it was in some respects that Cowper enjoyed the attentions of the Unwins and Mr. Newton, it cannot but be considered a matter of regret that their own religious feelings were of a kind more likely to deepen the sombre character of the poet's mind than to win him gently back to a wholesome cheerfulness and a harmless gaiety. A happy change came over him when lady Austen, a person of lively manners and elegant taste became acquainted with him. The world have to thank her for the noble poem of *The Task*, which Cowper undertook at her suggestion. She also gave the materials of the amusing story of John Gilpin which she told him in one of his fits of dejection with a view of cheering his spirits. He informed her the next morning that it had taken such a hold on his fancy that it had kept him awake the greater part of the night, with convulsions of laughter. He added that he had turned it into a ballad. The *Task* was published in 1785. As it was written under

a more cheerful inspiration than his former pieces it was received with greater favor and speedily became popular. In the same year he commenced his translation of Homer which was published in 1791. Poor Mrs. Unwin, a most worthy but not brilliant woman, became jealous of lady Austen's ascendancy, and was vexed that her own influence over her illustrious and interesting charge appeared less than that of her more accomplished rival, if such she might be called. It was soon evident that the two nurses could not live together in care of the same patient. Cowper truly enjoyed the society of his new acquaintance whom he regarded as a sister, but he could not discard his ancient friend who had so long acted towards him as an affectionate parent. He therefore wrote a valdictory letter to lady Austen, said to have been written with the utmost delicacy and tenderness, and strongly expressive of his gratitude and affection. Lady Austen in the first moment of mortification destroyed the letter, but she always spoke of it afterwards, as an honor to the writer. Her place was fortunately supplied by his cousin, Lady Hesketh, who after a separation of thirty years renewed her acquaintance with the poet. She paid him a visit at Olney, and settling at Weston, in the immediate neighbourhood, she persuaded Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to occupy a house she had prepared for them. The translation of Homer was published in 1791. It was so well received that in six months a large edition was nearly out of print. In 1792 he became acquainted with Mr. Hayley, who though but an indifferent poet, was a man of taste and extensive reading. Whatever were his deficiencies as a writer he was a most affectionate and generous friend. About the same time Mrs. Unwin was attacked by the palsy, and when she began to recover strength Cowper accompanied her on a visit to Hayley's residence at Earsham. On Cowper's return to Olney he seemed to be again sinking into hopeless dejection, and his infirm nurse was too much an invalid herself to afford him the wonted aid. She was now in a state of second childhood. Lady Hesketh, generously became the nurse of both. In 1794 Cowper relapsed into his worst state of mental inquietude, and when Mr. Hayley visited him he was received with indifference. His Majesty at this time conferred on him a pension of £300 pounds a year, but it came too late, for the poet was unconscious of the favor. In 1796 Mrs. Unwin died. When Cowper saw the corpse he started suddenly away with an exclamation of passionate grief and never spoke of her again.

Three years afterwards in some of his lucid intervals he amused himself with writing verses. His last poem was *The Cast-away*. He soon exhibited symptoms of dropsy which made a rapid progress, and on the 5th of April 1800 his unhappy life was brought to a close. He expired so quietly that none of the friends who were present knew the moment of his death.

Cowper is one of the most popular poets in the language, and the fact is an honor to the character of English readers, for he has no false attractions. He has not even the charm of narrative to gratify those pretenders to taste, who while they think themselves true lovers of poetry take only the same kind of interest in a poem which children take in a prose story. His subjects are usually of a serious nature, and his sentiments are solemn and weighty. But his gravity is never dull, because the attention is kept awake by the earnestness and sincerity of his manner and the unaffected force and freedom of his diction. His satire is somewhat too austere, but it seems the production of one who is more disgusted with the crime than the criminal. It is rarely personal. He says himself—

“An individual is a sacred mark
Not to be struck in sport or in the dark.”

Thomas Campbell notices one instance of personality, in which Cowper ridicules the Sunday parties of George Wesley to whom he alludes under the name of Occiduus. He adds, “I know not to whom he alludes in the following lines

‘Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born
Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.’”

It is a hit at Voltaire, who built a church at Ferney with his inscription—*Deo erexit Voltaire**. Cowper's satire in its vigorous freedom and vehement indignation reminds us of Churchill, whose style is very congenial with his own, though the spirit and matter are widely different. If Churchill had been a better man or Cowper a worse it is probable that the similarity between them as poets would have been much closer than it is. Cowper's greatest performance is *The Task*. It has no unity or regularity of design, and reads as if it were written from casual associations. Nothing can be more desultory and capricious. But it consists of such solid observations on life and manners—so much fine morality and just sentiment—such sweet touches of domestic feeling, and such a delightful mixture of reflection and description, that per-

* Pope alludes to this in one of his Moral Essays.
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

haps there is no poem in the language which is read with more general delight. It is moreover thoroughly English both in sentiment and diction. Its pictures of domestic bliss could hardly be duly estimated out of England. The happy audacity with which he on all occasions uses the simplest but most expressive idiomatic phrases, and carries the muse into the haunts of our daily life, and touches, like the sun, the meanest objects with a beautifying light, makes him precious as a poet to many of our countrymen who can neither understand nor appreciate some of our loftier and more fastidious writers. Next to Thomson he is the best descriptive poet in the language. He has less ideal beauty and less breadth and completeness as a landscape-painter than the author of the *Seasons*, but he has at least equal truth and reality. His pictures are touched with a masterly freedom that does not interfere with the most perfect distinctness and precision. His blank-verse is infinitely superior to Thomson's. It is more varied, vigorous and elastic.

There was something effeminate in the personal habits of Cowper, but nothing can be more masculine than his verse. Indeed in his disdain of mere polish and sing-song he sometimes falls into the opposite extreme and is slovenly and rough. His translation of Homer is admired for its fidelity; but it is undoubtedly deficient in elegance and elevation of style, though his simplicity and plainness often give a better notion of the old Grecian bard than we receive from the spruce and elaborate prettinesses of Pope.

Cowper's letters are truly delightful. They are distinguished by the most enchanting playfulness, tenderness and simplicity, and open out his amiable and pure heart in a style of exquisite ingenuousness. They are occasionally full of the most delicate humour and the nicest and truest observations upon life and manners. It is melancholy indeed to reflect that so fine a nature as that of Cowper should have been exposed to the visitations of the most dreadful malady that can afflict a human being!

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN.

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN was born at Elston, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of December, 1731. He received the early part of his education at Chesterfield school, after which he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where in 1755 he took his Doctor's degree, and then removed to Edin-

burgh to complete his medical studies. He had attracted some attention at College by maintaining an opinion that the motion of the heart and arteries is produced by the immediate stimulus of the blood. Having fully prepared himself for entering upon the practice of his profession he went to Nottingham, but not meeting with much encouragement there, in 1756 he removed to Litchfield, where he soon became successful in his profession, and distinguished by his learning and genius. In 1757 he married a Miss Mary Howard who died five years after. In 1780 he married the widow of Colonel Sacheverel Pole, who had a jointure of £600 per annum. In accordance with her desire he quitted Litchfield and settled at Derby. In the latter part of his life Dr. Darwin was subject to inflammation of the breast and lungs. On the morning of April the 18th, 1802, just after writing the first side of a very sprightly letter, he was taken extremely ill and ordered the servant in attendance to call Mrs. Darwin. She appeared immediately, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Emma Darwin. He directed them to send instantly for his surgeon. As he found himself rapidly getting worse he desired his wife to bleed him, but from ignorance and timidity she hesitated to comply with his request. He then turned to his daughter and said, "Emma, wilt *you*? There is no time to be lost." "Yes, my dear father, if you will direct me." At that moment he fell back in his chair and expired.

Dr. Darwin was above the middle size and was somewhat corpulent and ungainly. He had a rather saturnine expression of countenance and a stoop in the shoulders. He stammered extremely, which sometimes interfered with the point of his sarcasms of which he was by no means sparing. He is said to have been a sceptic in religion.

Darwin's various scientific publications are considered ingenious and learned but somewhat more fanciful than exact. As a poet his style is brilliant but cold. He had a notion that mere picture was the chief constituent of true poetry. So long as he presented an image to the fancy he cared not to touch the heart. His versification is highly polished and spirited, but is deficient in variety. The poetical work by which he is now best known is the *Botanic Garden*.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, Scotland, on the 25th of October, 1735. His father had a retail shop in the village and rented a little farm in the neighbourhood.

The poet was the youngest of a family of six children. In his seventh year he lost his father. He was sent early to the parish school of Laurencekirk, at that time under an able master of the name of Milne, and which was conducted forty years before by Ruddiman, the celebrated Grammarian. Pope read Ogilby's translation of Homer at the age of eight, and Beattie happened to fall in with a copy of the same work at about the same age, and perused it with great delight. In 1749 he was sent to Marischal College, Aberdeen. As his finances were slender he was glad to accept one of the bursaries which are bestowed on students who are otherwise unable to support the expense of a university education. He remained at the University of Aberdeen for four years, in the course of which he attained extraordinary proficiency in general literature, but betrayed an insuperable dislike to mathematics the study of which he thought had no tendency to improve his mind. In 1753 he accepted the office of school-master and parish clerk to the parish of Fourdon near Laurencekirk. In this humble situation he attracted the notice and friendship of Lord Gardenstown and Lord Monboddo. He was in 1757 an unsuccessful candidate for the situation of under master in the Grammar school of Aberdeen. Another candidate was preferred on account of a superior knowledge of certain grammatical niceties, but on a second vacancy occurring in the same establishment a few months after, the situation was presented to him without subjecting him to any further examination. In 1761 he published his first volume of poems, which was indifferently received by the critics, but the author grew so much ashamed of it that he destroyed every copy that he could procure. With all their imperfections, however, the poems convinced his friends that he was likely to become an honor to his country, and they exerted themselves with generous zeal to advance his interests. In his twenty fifth year he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College. In 1765 he published the *Judgment of Paris*, a poem which excited little notice and deserved less. In the following year appeared his poem "On the Report of a monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Churchill." This production had at first a considerable sale but is now, happily for the memory of the author, but little known. It is a lamentable specimen of impotent raving, and is remarkable for that extreme want of candour which too often characterized Beattie when speaking of authors for whom, from whatever cause, he had conceived a dislike. It is to be regretted

that the poem is reprinted in Chalmers's collection of the poets, for though the author himself was at first "exceedingly fond" of it, he omitted it in the later editions of his poems. Whatever may have been the faults of Churchill, and he had certainly enough to answer for, he was not what Beattie would persuade us, "drivelling and dull," nor was he, as his indiscriminate satirist avers,

"By nature uninspired, untaught by art."

Censures like these can prove nothing but the spite or stupidity of the man who utters them. The compliments in this strange production are as absurd as the censures. With amazing blindness the writer speaks of "Gray's *unlabored art*." Towards the conclusion of the poem Churchill is elegantly styled a *sculking ass*, and charitably consigned to damnation. Beattie was not like Churchill, a vigorous satirist, and was obliged to make up by mere indiscriminate contumely and name-calling for the want of point and humour. In 1770 he published his celebrated *Essay on Truth*, a work of which the intension was noble but the execution imperfect. It was written, however, in a declamatory and attractive style, and appealing rather to the heart than to the head of the reader, it became for a time extremely popular. It was three times re-written before publication. In this work and in his private letters upon the subject of it, he exhibits that want of candour already noticed. He insists that Hume wrote his metaphysical works with the express purpose of injuring mankind and insulting his God. He thinks that he makes it pretty clear that every sceptic is necessarily either an idiot or a fiend*. He affects to speak of Hume's powers of reasoning as absolutely contemptible. He forgets what a wretched compliment he thus pays to mankind and the Christian Religion, when he thinks it necessary to defend his faith against a writer who is at once so stupid and so unamiable. He ought at least to have had the charity to believe that if Hume was not a clear thinker he might have fallen accidentally into errors for which he should rather be pitied than abused. He does not seem to be aware that a bold and subtle reasoner may sometimes involve himself in difficulties from which the less ambitious and more prudent may escape. He says in one of his letters, that if he had treated Mr. Hume as "a gentleman" he should not have "treated society and his own conscience as became a man and a Christian." His friend Reid was of a

* See a long letter to Dr. Blacklock in Forbes's Life of Beattie.

different opinion, and could lament Hume's errors while he admired his intellectual powers, however unhappily misdirected, and even acknowledge the general amiability and integrity of his personal character. For scepticism respecting the Christian faith, however much to be deplored, does not necessarily render a man a perfect demon. In 1771 Doctor Beattie visited London, and was received with great distinction by men of the first literary eminence, amongst whom were Johnson and Burke. On his second visit to the English metropolis three years after, he was admitted to a private interview with the king and queen, and their Majesties highly commended his *Essay on Truth*. The king conferred on him a pension of £200 per annum. Soon after the publication of this work, appeared the first Canto of his *Minstrel* which at once established his reputation as a poet. Though neither well planned nor of vigorous execution it is written with such exquisite grace, tenderness, and harmony, that it still retains its popularity, though the generality of readers are not often easily pleased with such a superabundance of sentiment and description and with so little incident or narrative as are embodied in this celebrated production. The second canto of the *Minstrel* followed three years after the first. In 1776 he published a new and splendid edition of his *Essay on Truth*, to which he appended some lively and pleasing Essays on Poetry and Music, on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, and on Classical Learning. In 1783 he published his *Dissertation on Memory and Imagination, on Dreaming, &c.* Three years after appeared his *Evidences of Christianity*. In 1790 he published the first volume of *Elements of Moral Science*, and in 1793 the second volume.

The latter part of Beattie's life was embittered by the loss of two most accomplished and promising sons upon whom he concentrated all his affections, for their mother though alive was dead to him. Symptoms of insanity appeared soon after her marriage, and a separation at last became necessary. The death of his second and last child completely unhinged the father's mind. He sometimes forgot whether the youth was alive or dead and after searching through every room he would say to his niece, "You may think it strange but I must ask you if I have a son and where he is?" She would restore him to reason by speaking of his son's late sufferings. He would then with a flood of tears express his thankfulness that he had no child, for he had often trembled with horror at the possibility of his children inheriting their mother's

mental affliction. "How," he said, "could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!" When he looked for the last time on the body of his son, he exclaimed, "I have now done with the world." The three last years of his life were passed in a melancholy solitude, and he took no interest in his old pursuits. His health rapidly declined and on the 18th of August 1803 a paralytic stroke put an end to the life of this pleasing poet and pious man.

Beattie had a robust appearance, but he was naturally of a most delicate constitution. On account of his sickness in boyhood he used to be called by his school-fellows *poor Beattie*. He was "no vulgar boy," and has described himself in the "*Minstrel*." In private life he had great amiability of character, but was apt to allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment when he took the pen in his hand to oppose those who advocated opinions at variance with his own. He was an ardent admirer of the prose writings of Addison, upon whose style he modelled his own. His poetry is always elegant, but is deficient in force and spirit. Its general tone is sweet but languid. Occasionally, however, he delights us with a burst of poetical enthusiasm. As a critic he frequently evinces taste and sagacity, but is not always to be trusted. His friends are raised too high and those whom he regards as his enemies are too much depreciated. He compares Garrick to Shakespeare. "In him," he says, "the soul of Shakespeare had revived, after undergoing a purification of one hundred years." Charles Lamb has admirably exposed the egregious absurdity of confounding the genius that is required for the production of a tragedy like that of *Lear* or *Othello* with the capability of reciting or acting it with propriety and effect.

ANNA SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, who occasionally amused himself with writing verses. She was born at Eyam in Derbyshire in 1747. Her father published an edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. He was proud of his daughter's early talents and introduced her to Shakespeare and to Milton. She could repeat passages from the *Allegro* before she was three years old. She commenced poetess about her tenth year. In 1754 Mr. Seward and his family removed to Litchfield. Miss Seward here cultivated the acquaintance of Dr. Darwin who encouraged her in all her literary pursuits. Her mother, however, dreading lest she

should become more learned than agreeable entreated her to give up her studies, and Mr. Seward himself, though he thought highly of the dignity of a male poet, had a fashionable horror of "a literary lady." Miss Seward, with a sense of filial duty that cannot be too highly praised, sacrificed her own inclinations to the wishes of her parents, and for nearly ten years employed herself in ornamental needle-work. She not only thus denied herself the delight of those pursuits which were peculiarly congenial to her mind, but from an unwillingness to desert her parents she rejected several very advantageous offers of marriage. When she grew old enough to be regarded as her own mistress she was suffered to choose her own amusements and her own society, and speedily rising into some distinction as a poetess, she drew around her a circle of persons of great eminence in the literary world. Dr. Johnson was in the list of her occasional visitors. Her affections were extremely ardent, and she once gave a singular proof of her readiness to oblige a friend. The Countess of Northesk consulted Dr. Darwin about the state of her health. He found that she was sinking rapidly by hæmorrhage. He told her that an art was once practised of injecting fresh human blood into the veins and repairing the waste occasioned by the disease under which Lady Northesk then suffered. The practice had been deemed impious, and was put a stop to in England by the Pope. He was willing, if his patient had no objection, to make a fair trial of this long abandoned art. Her Ladyship cheerfully consented and Miss Seward voluntarily proposed that as her health was perfect and as she was not conscious of any lurking disease, the blood for Lady Northesk's veins should be taken from her own. Dr. Darwin said he would "consult his pillow about it," but the next day resigned all thoughts of the experiment, and determined instead to order a peculiar diet for his patient under which she gradually recovered. Miss Seward's mother died in 1780, and her father ten years later. She then inherited an easy and independent fortune. In 1799 she published a collection of her Sonnets. In 1804 Dr. Darwin died, and Miss Seward soon afterwards published the memoirs of her early friend. The book is certainly entertaining, though its style is inflated and fantastic. In the autumn of 1807 Miss Seward was assailed by a scorbutic disorder which produced a degree of irritation that made sleep a rare refreshment. Her strength gradually declined. She died on the 23rd of March, 1809. She left to her friend, Sir Walter Scott, the charge of a collection of her juvenile letters from 1762 to 1768, for

publication, together with all her poems carefully revised and prepared for a new edition. Twelve quarto manuscript volumes of her letters from the year 1784 to the last year of her life she left to Mr. A. Constable, the bookseller, who published them in six volumes post octavo.

Miss Seward's poetry is sometimes florid and affected, and a great deal more attention seems paid to the expression than to the sentiments. She was, however, greatly admired in her day. Her letters are the most artificial compositions in the language; but though elaborate and pompous they are never dull. They are full of literary anecdotes and ingenious criticisms. Her notices of the productions of her own friends are sometimes much too laudatory, but this is an error that leans to virtue's side. She was utterly free from envy or malice, and was always ready to acknowledge merit even in a foe. "Believing" says Mr. Southey (in his preface to *Madoc* in the last collected edition of his poems), "that the more Miss Seward was known the more she would have been esteemed and admired, I bear a willing testimony to her accomplishments and her genius, to her generous disposition, her frankness, her sincerity and warmth of heart."

Miss Seward was celebrated for her powers of recitation, and used to delight her friends with reading to them her favorite poets, particularly Shakespeare and Milton.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, Oct. the 29th, 1796, at a livery stable of which his grandfather was the proprietor. He received his education at Enfield. His master's son, Charles Cowden Clarke (the editor of the "*Riches of Chaucer*") understood and appreciated the young poet's genius, and introduced him to Leigh Hunt, who with a generous zeal ushered his productions to the world through the medium of the *Examiner* newspaper. But this act of affectionate enthusiasm, though it did honor to Hunt's feelings, was injurious to the interests of his friend, for political feeling then ran into such excesses that a public writer was not only himself a prey to the hounds of party, but brought down the fiercest hostility upon all his acknowledged friends. Praise in a whig paper was fatal to a man's literary pretensions with the Government critics. The *Quarterly Review* gave a most contemptuous notice of his *Endymion*, which Leigh Hunt justly styled, "a wilderness of sweets." The *Quarterly Reviewer*, "honestly confessed that he had not read

the book," which he so unmercifully condemned. He found it impossible, he said, to get beyond the first of the four books of which *Endymion* consists. Keats at the time of the appearance of this criticism was suffering from the shock he had received in the loss of a brother, whose death-bed he had attended with affectionate assiduity when he stood in need of a nurse himself. He was a seven months' child, and was sickly and feeble from his infancy. The disease which brought him to an early grave was already preying upon his fragile body, and the cruelly insulting tone of the *Quarterly*, with the check that it gave to his trembling but eager hope of fame, tended to increase that melancholy excitement which his already shattered nerves were so ill fitted to support. He soon felt that his life was to be a brief and sad one. About the same time a disappointment in love, which is obscurely alluded to by his biographers, entirely overwhelmed him. He told a friend with tears in his eyes that, "his heart was breaking." He was advised to try a change of climate, and in 1820 he went first to Naples and then to Rome, accompanied by Mr. Severn, an artist of considerable ability, and, what is better, a most amiable and generous friend, who attended him like a brother. He suffered much pain, grew daily weaker, and began to sigh for death as a relief from misery. He was conscious that the light of life was fluttering in the socket and that it would soon be extinguished. He used to watch the countenance of the physician for the anxiously expected sentence. He said just before he died that, he "felt the daisies growing over him." On the 24th of February, 1821, he drew his last breath in a world which he was so well fitted to enjoy, and over which his fine imagination and his love of the true and the beautiful might have thrown the noblest enchantments of the Muse had his life been spared. His poetry was the production of a genius prolific and powerful, but immature and inexperienced, and rather, as he himself described his *Endymion*, a feverish attempt than a deed accomplished. But English poetical literature does not afford an instance of higher promise in so young a poet. In his fragment of *Hyperion* there are passages of almost Miltonic grandeur. What such a genius might have performed had he enjoyed a long and healthy career, it is not easy to say; but it would have surprised no discriminating critic had he taken a station amongst the mightiest spirits of our land. He was gifted with a singularly rich imagination and a sensibility, "tremblingly alive to each fine impulse." He carried his pure and beautiful abstractions into his daily life and saw

"Such sights as youthful poets dream."

He was not a poet by fits and starts only, but at all times and seasons. The enthusiasm and sensibility of his nature were never for a moment subdued or blunted by the world. His friend, Leigh Hunt, tells us, that at the recital of a noble action or at a beautiful thought, his eyes, which were large, dark and sensitive would suffuse with tears, while his lips trembled. He was laid in the Protestant burial ground at Rome, where the following year the remains of Shelley, who at the time of his death had a volume of Keats's poetry in his pocket, were placed beside him. The unhappy young poet with a bitter feeling of disappointment at the manner in which the world had received the effusions of his genius, requested just before his death, that his friends should inscribe upon his tomb, "*Here lies one whose name was writ in water*," and they mournfully obeyed his last injunction.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Fieldplace, in the county of Surrey on the 4th of August, 1792. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Shelley, Bart. of Castle-Goring. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Eton. At sixteen he published two novels, the *Rosicrucian*, and *Zastrozzi*. Two years afterwards he was removed to the University of Oxford. He here gave some trouble to his teachers by his turn for inquiry into difficult questions, and the audacity of his logic. That in the presumption of youth and inexperience he arrived at absurd conclusions on subjects that have puzzled older heads is not to be denied, but instead of attempting gently and wisely to extricate him from his errors his masters expelled him from the University, and young Shelley deemed such violence and severity a clear acknowledgment of their inability to meet his arguments. The immediate cause of his expulsion was his having printed a dissertation on the being of a God, in which he is said to have spoken with contempt of the vulgar notions of his attributes, though he by no means denied the existence of an all-ruling power. After leaving Oxford he met with Godwin's "Political Justice," which he read with extreme delight. At seventeen or eighteen he wrote his *Queen Mab*, a publication which he lived to repent. About the same time he married a Miss Harriette Westbrook, a lovely girl, but of humble birth and limited education. She was the daughter of a Coffee-House keeper who had made money and retired from business. Shel-

ley's father was so vexed at the match, that he would have no further communication with his son, but the father of the lady allowed the young pair two hundred pounds per annum, with which they went first to Scotland and then to Ireland. He had two children by this marriage, a son and a daughter, and both were forcibly taken from their parents by Lord Chancellor Eldon, on account of the unorthodox opinions of the father in matters of religion. The boy died early. It was altogether an imprudent and unhappy marriage, and the parties soon separated by mutual consent. Not long after, he received intelligence that his wife had committed suicide, and he exhibited extreme emotion on the occasion. His second wife was the daughter of the celebrated William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, authoress of the *Rights of Women*. He now retired to Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire where he composed his *Revolt of Islam*. In 1817 he went to Italy where he became acquainted with Lord Byron. On the 8th of July, 1822, he was drowned in a storm on the Genoese coast. His widow has done justice to the memory of her highly gifted husband by the eloquence and fervour of her descriptions of his personal character. She is now publishing an elegant edition of his works*.

Though Shelley's opinions on some of the most important subjects that can interest humanity were such as are not likely to meet the approbation of mankind, his errors were all of the head, and left his heart unsullied. His political speculations were extravagant and visionary. But it is agreed by all who knew him that he was one of the most generous and amiable men that ever lived. He was so perfectly disinterested that Lord Byron, with reference to his brave and generous conduct in some dangerous scuffle, wondered upon what principle a man could be induced to prefer any other person's life to his own in the way that Shelley had done. He was so truly charitable that he not only gave his money but his time and toil to those who needed them. He took a genuine delight in doing good. He had not the faith of a Christian, but it was consistent with his nature to act like one.

As a poet, Shelley is distinguished for the extraordinary splendour of his imagination. There is, however, too much glare and confusion in his dream-like magnificence. His poems are fragmental

and chaotic, and there is a dazzling obscurity about them that will probably prevent their ever finding a way to the general heart. Now and then indeed, when he throws aside his glittering veil of ornament, he discloses a nature of the most profound and passionate tenderness. Had he lived longer he might have somewhat subdued his style and aimed more at truth and simplicity.

Shelley had vast genius, but his mind was in some degree unsound. His faculties were not well balanced. To use the jargon of the phrenologists, his *bump* of reason was very small, compared with that of ideality. He was deficient too in taste and judgment, even as a poet. He was rich in the materials of his art, but he did not know how to turn them to a good account. His muse was a fine lady over-ornamented with ill-arranged jewels. There is a want of repose and keeping in his poetry. His admirers cannot lay their hands on a single poem that is not studded with beauties as thickly as the stars in heaven, but like those stars they shine out from the dark. They are in strong contrast with deep shades of error. If his beauties are numerous, they are not more so than his defects. He is generally unhappy in his choice of subjects or in his mode of treating them. The least imperfect and most equal of his works, the tragedy of *Cenci*, is exceedingly repulsive from the nature of the story. It is strange that the writer could expect such a production to gain an entrance into domestic circles. Swift had an unnatural craving after filthy subjects, and Shelley had an equally unnatural leaning towards such as are morally repulsive. It is impossible, therefore, that he should ever become a popular poet, unless a very great change (and one by no means for the better) should take place in the moral tone of society. But this is not the only bar to his success. His imagination was magnificently fertile; but he was singularly defective in those powers which might have given direction, consistency and completeness to his fitful, fragmentary and gorgeous visions. His poems are all imperfect. His inspiration was convulsive—not continuous. One verse is a miracle of genius—the next almost any wretched poetaster might have written. In one line we have a flash of ethereal light, in another "chaos is come again." From no poet could there be selected single lines or brief unconnected passages of such startling and surpassing beauty, but it really cannot be said that there is a single one of his poems which has not some strange defect in it. One of the most beautiful of his short pieces, is the "Lines written in dejection in the Bay

* She is the Authoress of a novel entitled *The Last Man*.

of Naples." Some of the lines are exquisitely pathetic and melodious but others are harsh and unintelligible. The last stanza is a perfect riddle. There is no fault so injurious to the success of a poem as obscurity. The reader is soon disgusted with the labor of discovering hidden meanings. Poetry is addressed to the general heart. Its first object is pleasure (though indirect instruction ought to follow), and nothing is more calculated to injure its effect, than a want of clearness and simplicity. With all his high genius, Shelley has little chance of immortality on earth. If he had struck out from his poems all that was far-fetched, extravagant and obscure, and shaped them into works of more completeness, he would have left us less than one-fourth of the quantity; but *that* small portion would have lived for ever! It is a truism that requires frequent repetition in this day, when voluminousness is mistaken for power, that the *quality* and not the *quantity* of any production is the test of its value. Too many of the writers of the present age are cursed with a fatal facility. They cannot reduce their excrescences. It is like cutting off their flesh. But if even the greatest of living poets, William Wordsworth, were judiciously to reduce his works to one-half of their present extent, his loss would be a gain. The poets of the present day seem to think, that whatever is written easily must be easily read, and that whatever is once born of the brain, has as much right to live, as the offspring of the body.

LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in Holfes Street, London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. He was the grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron and succeeded his grand uncle, William Lord Byron, in 1798. His father, Captain Byron, was an irregular and profligate character, who married Miss Catherine Gordon, the mother of the poet, merely for her money, which, though it amounted to 23,500*l.* he wasted in two years, at the end of which she found herself in possession of only 150*l.* per annum. After reducing even this small annuity by his extortions he went abroad and died in 1791 to the great relief of all who were connected with him. Young Byron received his first education in Scotland, but in his eleventh year his mother took him to Newstead Abbey (in England) the seat of his ancestors. The

Earl of Carlisle was appointed by the Court of Chancery, the guardian of the little lord, and as Mrs. Byron was still in great pecuniary difficulties, and her son being a minor could not assist her, she petitioned the government and received a pension of 300*l.* per annum. In 1801 Lord Byron was sent to school at Harrow on the Hill, where he was under the charge of Dr. Drury. In 1805 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and two years afterwards published his first volume of poems entitled "*Hours of Idleness.*" The book was so severely ridiculed in the *Edinburgh Review* that the proud and passionate young poet was for some time distracted with rage and indignation until he relieved his spleen by the production of his celebrated Satire entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. But neither this satire (though by no means deficient in force and spirit) nor his volume of juvenile poems, gave the world a just idea of his dawning genius. It was not till the appearance of his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the first two cantos of which were published in March, 1812, that he gave full indication of his great powers. The impression this work created was strong and general. It was evident that a true and vigorous poet was commencing his career. It was with reference to the splendid success of this production that Lord Byron said, "I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." After the publication of the second and revised edition of his satire he left London (June, 1809), and in about a fortnight after sailed for Lisbon, from whence he proceeded on those further travels which he has rendered so memorable by his descriptions and allusions in *Childe Harold*. In the middle of the year 1811 he returned to England, having laid in a rich store of poetical imagery during his two years wanderings amidst romantic scenes. Soon after his arrival he was anxious to publish a dull paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, under the title of *Hints from Horace*, which he showed to his friend Mr. Dallas, who saw but little merit in it. Immediately afterwards Lord Byron gave him the perusal of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, with which he was so enraptured that he assured Lord Byron its appearance would at once secure him a splendid poetical reputation. His Lordship however, deemed the *Pilgrimage* a worthless poem, while he contended for the superior merit of the *Hints from Horace*.

He had not yet visited his mother since his return from his travels, and on receiving a notice that she was dangerously ill he hurried to Newstead, but was

too late to see her before she had breathed her last. She was a vulgar and eccentric woman, and a very bad example for her son. She was subject to outrageous fits of passion, and when Lord Byron provoked her would fling at his head any thing within her reach. He had sometimes a narrow escape from such missiles as a poker and tongs. Lord Byron was born with a club foot, a circumstance which gave him more mortification and misery than is easily conceived by men of less pride and more philosophy. Walter Scott had a similar deformity, but it never soured his temper nor diminished his happiness. In her irrepressible rages Mrs. Byron used to call her son a *lame brat*, an expression that went like a shot into his heart. On the 2nd of January 1815 he was married to Miss Milbanke. It was an unfortunate connection, for they were by no means well suited to each other. The immediate cause of their separation a year after their marriage remains, and perhaps ever will remain, a mystery, notwithstanding the many public controversies upon the subject. Lord Byron does not seem to have been at any time really in love with her, and he never entirely forgo: a boyish and unrequited passion for a Miss Chaworth, to whom he alludes in the beautiful blank-verse poem of *The Dream*. He now felt himself so lonely and wretched that he resolved to quit his native land for ever, and seek consolation in foreign travel. On the 25th of April 1816 he sailed for Ostend, and never saw England again. His course may be traced in the third and fourth Cantos of *Childe Harold*. At Geneva he became acquainted with Shelley with whom he contracted an intimate and cordial friendship. In 1823 he invited Leigh Hunt out to Italy, and requested him to join himself and Shelley in a periodical publication to be entitled *The Liberal*. Hunt accepted the invitation. The materials of the work were transmitted to London, and there published; but it was not a very successful speculation. In 1824 his love of liberty and his old classical associations induced him to prepare himself to take an active part in assisting the Greeks in their struggles for independence. He was about to add martial glory to his poetical fame when, after a few days illness, he died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824.

The personal character of Lord Byron was a strange compound of good and evil. He was proud, passionate and ^{mean} ~~moody~~, but he was also warm-hearted, generous and brave. He was hypocritical from a horror of hypocrisy, for he was so disgusted with all attempts in other men to seem

better than they are, that he ran into the opposite extreme and endeavored to make a sensation by blackening his own character. His poetical works, which are voluminous considering the shortness of his life, are characterised by unrivalled force of passion and energy of expression. His tragedies are full of noble declamation and passages of true poetry, but they are not essentially dramatic. Byron was an egotist in poetry and rarely went out of his own character. All his heroes are but Lord Byron himself in changes of costume and position. There are most spirited and admirable descriptions in all his poems, and in *Don Juan* there is not only a wonderful store of wit and humour and sagacious observations upon human life, but occasional passages of sublimity and tenderness which have rarely been excelled. Such was the extraordinary popularity of his poems on their first appearance that no less than 14,000 copies of the *Corsair* were sold in one day. His warmest admirers, however, must now regret the immoral tone of his productions, and wish that he had viewed man and nature in a more cheerful light.

Since the death of Lord Byron, the poetry that discolours life and nature with the hues of morbid passion has lost much of its attraction for general readers. It is no longer fashionable. Even before his powerful muse was silenced for ever, the public mind was almost satiated with his melodramatic horrors; and his grand and gloomy egotism became every day less impressive. People were tired of seeing the same actor in so many different scenes, as they recognized in a moment his individual tone and aspect under every disguise. He had little invention—little dramatic genius—and was therefore compelled on all occasions to delineate his own sombre character. His eloquent mysanthropy and his disdainful pride produced at first a powerful effect from their novelty and boldness, but, latterly nothing but the force and animation of his style enabled him to retain his influence over the public mind. It became thoroughly understood that it was in vain to expect any absolutely new creations from the mint of Byron's fancy. His own lordly physiognomy was stamped on every coin. But this uniformity of style and barrenness of invention were forgiven him on account of his impassioned sensibility and his incomparable energy of expression. He had always ready at his command "the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn." His concentration, his force, and his perspicuity, were qualities that rendered him acceptable to all classes of readers. The same degree

of egotism and the same monotony of style and subject in a feebler writer, would hardly have been tolerated for a day. But genuine intellectual power, however ill-directed, must always secure the attention of mankind. It may be feared or hated, but it cannot be despised.

It may be prophesied with perfect safety, that the poetry of Lord Byron, though it will probably be much less highly esteemed by posterity than it was by his contemporaries, will never be neglected or forgotten.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was descended from one of the most ancient families of Scotland. He was born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. His father was an eminent writer to the signet at Edinburgh. His mother had a taste for poetry and elegant literature and used to direct his reading amongst the best authors in the English language. The book that gave him the greatest delight was Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which is generally a favorite with imaginative minds especially in youth. When he was only eighteen months old he was seized with a severe fever occasioned by the cutting of some large teeth, and on the fourth day when his attendants prepared to bathe him, they discovered that he had lost the power of his right leg. An odd remedy was suggested and adopted. He was stripped and swathed up in the skin of a sheep as it was flayed from the warm carcass of the animal immediately it was butchered. This treatment was of course inefficient, and the poet continued lame all his life, but the affliction never darkened his mind or soured his temper which was always remarkably cheerful and serene. His disposition in childhood was so amiable that he was a favorite wherever he went, and the ardour of his troops of friends in after life is a proof that the cares of the world had not injured the original sweetness of his nature. At school he gave no promise of future intellectual excellence, but on the contrary was pronounced a *blockhead* by one of his masters, and told by another (Professor Dalziel of Edinburgh) that, "*dunce he was, and dunce he would remain.*" It has been said that Dr. Blair discerned through "the thick scull of young Scott many bright rays of future genius," but we have the poet's own contradiction of the story. Schoolmasters are generally very bad judges of the intellectual character of their pupils. They are apt to measure a boy's natural powers by his industry or acquirements

alone; not remembering how often the first boy in a school turns out a dull man in the world, while many a youth who has been impatient of

"The drilled, dull lesson, forced down word by word," has astonished, delighted and improved his fellow-creatures with the splendour and fertility of his genius. Mere idleness is often mistaken for incapacity, and a close application for original mental power. The exertions of the memory also are too highly rated. It requires extreme sagacity to discover the real character of a boy's mind, which is sometimes more clearly developed in a casual remark than in an ostentatious display of scholastic acquisitions. But even an early quickness of intellect is not a surer indication of future eminence, than extraordinary advance in school-learning, whether the result of dogged labour or a retentive memory; and we often find a certain sprightliness in boyhood followed by dullness and stupidity in maturer life, while the sluggish youth becomes a brilliant man. The human mind is like an April day: the dawn is exceedingly deceitful. These considerations may console the friends of apparently slow and unsuccessful students who should never be disheartened by the difficulty they feel in keeping pace with their school-fellows. And certainly no master is justified in teaching a boy to despair of improving himself by pronouncing him a fool. Walter Scott was educated first at the high school and subsequently at the University of Edinburgh. In 1785-6 he entered into indentures with his father, and beheld "the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances." In 1792 when he was hardly 21 years of age, he was admitted an advocate of the Scotch bar. When he had been about six years toiling in his profession he married Miss Carpenter, and in the following year was appointed Sheriff-Depute of the county of Selkirk. In 1806 he was named one of the principal Clerks of the Session in Scotland. He also came into the possession of a considerable property on the death of his father, and was enabled to escape the drudgery of his profession and devote his leisure to the indulgence of his literary tastes. His first publication consisted of some translations of German ballads. In 1802 he published his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a work of great interest to poetical antiquaries. His numerous poems then followed in rapid succession and acquired extraordinary popularity. The first of his series of novels, so wonderfully rich and varied, was published in 1814. He carefully kept the secret of their authorship until the year 1827, and the

mystery that was thus attached to them increased the interest excited by their rare intrinsic merit. In the same year he published his life of Napoleon Buonaparte which was written hastily and carelessly. The work rather injured his reputation. The failure of his publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co. in whose business he had taken a large share, involved him about this time in such pecuniary difficulties that he was obliged to put his powers of literary labour to the utmost stretch with a view of settling with his creditors and extricating himself from his heavy debts. The last of his novels, *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous*, were published in 1831, and they are so inferior to all his former works as to afford a melancholy instance of noble powers exhausted by toil, anxiety and disease. During this year, he had already suffered two paralytic strokes and was growing daily weaker. He spoke indistinctly and his memory failed him. In compliance with the wishes of his medical friends he prepared himself for a visit to Naples, and the Government on hearing of his intention, with a truly graceful feeling of sympathy and respect, placed a Frigate at his disposal for the voyage. Before he left Abbotsford he received a visit from Wordsworth whom he greatly esteemed as a friend and revered as a poet. On the 20th of September 1831 Sir Walter Scott arrived in London, where he was welcomed with the utmost distinction. On the 29th of the following month he was received on board the Frigate, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham, and the Secretary, Sir John Barrow, having both previously appeared in person to see that his wishes and his comforts had been in every respect attended to. Every possible honor was lavished on him by all the Government officers. On the 17th of December he reached Naples. He returned to London on June the 13th of the following year with all the signs of approaching death. He could no longer sustain any conversation and sunk into sleep or delirious stupor after the slightest exertion. The Government heard a rumour that Sir Walter Scott's mind was still harassed by a consideration of his debts, and it was immediately intimated to his friends that his family had only to mention the amount and that it would be instantly advanced by the treasury. The report was incorrect, but the ready generosity of the Government deserves to be recorded. On the 11th of July he was lifted into a carriage, where he lay long in a torpid state, and taken back to his own dear native land, which in his lucid moments he was so impatient to re-visit. When he came in sight of Ab-

bottsford his excitement was excessive and his companions found it difficult to keep him in the carriage. For a day or two after his arrival he seemed to cheer up a little and fancy that he was better. He was one day carried into his study, where he told his family to leave him by himself; but he could not close his fingers on the pen, which dropped upon the paper, and at this last vain effort to return to his old employment he sank back upon the pillow of his chair, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. He lingered on for a few weeks more, and on the 21st of December (1832) he expired in the presence of his sons.

Sir Walter Scott was one of the most amiable of men, and stands unrivalled as a writer of prose fiction. His poetry owes most of its attraction to spirited description and romantic narrative. It is not the poetry that poets love, and its popularity even with the mass of readers is already on the wane. But his novels are truly wonderful and delightful productions, and will always be read with undiminished interest by all classes of readers.

Bulwer maintains, that Scott is greater as a poet than as a novelist. There will not be many converts to this very singular creed. Scott was without all question the greatest Romance writer of his time, but he was far behind many of his contemporaries in poetical genius. The sun of Byron had scarcely risen above the horizon before the lesser light of Scott grew dim in the eyes of all men. The noble poet greatly surpassed him even in the vulgar art of obtaining a certain kind of popularity amongst unpoetical readers by melodramatic tales in metre, which are so often greedily devoured by persons who are utterly blind or indifferent to the poetical beauties, by which they may be illustrated or accompanied. Neither Scott nor Byron were remarkable for the higher poetical endowments which are most appreciated by those who care little for that part of the machinery of a poem which could be transferred without essential injury to a prose fiction; but assuredly the noble bard exhibited a larger share of these qualities in his writings than Sir Walter. If we were to take away from any one of the latter's poems the mere story, it would be bare indeed. A few descriptions would still remain, but even these are little better than meret ranscripts—they have more of the accuracy of detail than the glow of imagination. There is a want of thought as well as of imagination in Scott's poetry, and this is the reason that it is so rarely quoted. His diction is prosaic and common-place. His words never glitter with the dews of Castalie. No British poet ever wrote so much and obtained such extensive

popularity, with so little permanent effect upon the language. Wordsworth, who is still an unpopular poet, has yet rendered many of his admirable lines familiar as household words. They have become so blended with the language, and the thoughts also, of our best public writers, that they are often repeated by persons who never opened a volume of his works. With respect even to the personages of Scott's Romances in metre, there is not one that has made any lasting impression upon the public mind. They are not psychological portraits; but rude though characteristic sketches of certain picturesque and romantic-looking beings of a picturesque and romantic country and period. The poet has done little more than versify the ancient annals of his own land, and when he has left his old worm-eaten prose materials, he has fallen into the error of raising up associations that are incongruous with his subject. He jumbles old things with new. His style is the modern antique. His manner and his matter are often in startling contrast. No poet of half his eminence and real merit, has resorted so liberally to the use of the vulgar clappings and little arts of ordinary poetasters. Sir Walter Scott's mind was not essentially poetical, and we see this not only in his writings but in his life. But that he had great powers of some kind or other, does not admit of a moment's question. His faculties were too vigorous, and his judgment too sound to have suffered him to fall egregiously in any task that he might choose to undertake, however much opposed to his natural bent. His metrical Romances, therefore, though in many respects defective, considered in the light of mere poems, were successful as far as immediate sale and a temporary popularity were the desired objects, because there was a charm in the antiquity-grown-new-again of his subjects, and there was spirit and vigour in the execution; but no man who has carefully watched the progress of the literature of the present day, can pretend that Scott's writings in verse have not ceased to be the favorites even of the mob of readers. He never was a poet's poet, and never will be; and he himself, with that self-knowledge which is always indicative of a superior understanding, has on more than one occasion expressed his firm conviction, that his poetry did not owe its transient popularity to any great intrinsic excellence, or to any quality that was likely to secure it a long existence. A true poet would never have had this misgiving. Wordsworth has preserved unimpaired the strong consciousness of poetical genius through evil and through good report, and feels that he can calmly await his time. He has realized Dr.

Johnson's finely expressed conception respecting the quiet confidence of Milton. "Fancy," (says the most eloquent and interesting of the biographers of our poets, though not always their best critic,) "can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation, stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own consciousness, and waiting without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion and the impartiality of a future generation."

Sir Walter Scott's real strength lay in the line to which he eventually adhered—the *prose romance*. It was here that he stood alone. Nothing in ancient or modern literature is to be compared to his exquisite prose fictions, considered as romances. Fielding was a greater novelist—and a profounder artist. His *Tom Jones* is a prose epic, and all his novels show that he had a far deeper insight into human character than Sir Walter Scott; but his successor is infinitely more picturesque in his descriptions, and has more genuine pathos, and exhibits a far greater delicacy of mind. The purest hearted readers find nothing to disgust them in the pages of Scott, but there is a coarseness and worldliness in Fielding, and a turn for low and licentious excitement that almost justifies Richardson's bitter sarcasm, that he writes as if he had been bred in a stable-yard, though it was mean and indelicate in the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* to insult Fielding's sister with such an observation. Perhaps Fielding's most indecent scenes are not more offensive to a pure imagination than Richardson's own account of Pamela's escapes from her master's persecution, and the cool calculating spirit in which she made so advantageous a bargain for the surrender of her person. The most just and discriminative criticism that has yet been published upon the literary character of Sir Walter Scott, is beyond all comparison the critique on Lockhart's book in the *Westminster Review* by Thomas Carlyle. Such a truly philosophical analysis of a writer's genius is rare in these days, when periodical criticism is (speaking generally) so shallow or so partial, is so much the mere echo of vulgar opinion, or so much the suggestion of party spirit or personal prejudice, and goes to such extremes of censure and laudation, that readers of any sagacity have ceased to place much confidence in its decisions.

Amongst others, Mr. Atherstone, the author of "*Minerva*," has designated Scott, the Scottish Shakespeare. One is almost tempted on occasions

of this nature to imitate the sarcasm of Coleridge, who on being told, that Klopstock was styled the German Milton, exclaimed, "a very German Milton indeed!" The Scotch are too fond of these inconsiderate and extravagant comparisons. They call Joanna Baillie the Female Shakespeare. She is undoubtedly an admirable writer, but not a Shakespeare! Shakespeares are not quite so common. Nature has not produced such a miracle of genius in every age, nor in every country. It is doing a positive injury to the reputation of any modern writer to compare him with the mighty prince of Dramatists; and no one could have been more sensible of the vast inequality of genius between the author of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet and Othello, and the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, and the celebrated Scottish prose romances, than Sir Walter Scott himself. He must have been unaffectedly shocked at such critical blasphemy. His sound and modest mind had taken a just measure of its own powers. It is difficult to imagine any thing more honorably characteristic of his frank and manly spirit than his lively sense of the higher poetical genius of many of his contemporaries, at a time too when his own popularity was quite unrivalled. His own estimate of his poetical powers some twenty years ago, was a most prophetic anticipation of the general judgment of the present day. No critic who pretends to any discrimination and who is wholly unbiassed by national partialities, would now pretend for a moment to consider him the equal in poetical genius of William Wordsworth, of Shelley, or of Coleridge. Those of his countrymen who hold him up as a Scottish Shakespeare, do not say much for Scottish genius. The English never expect, perhaps never hope for a greater poet than their immortal dramatist, and they may well be contented with such a specimen of their national genius. But if our Northern neighbours are satisfied with Walter Scott, and think their country can never produce a greater poet, they do but little justice to their own nature. Robert Burns, as a poet, is infinitely superior to Walter Scott. Compared to the strong lines of the Ayrshire ploughman, the Baronet's octosyllabics are weak and common-place. The former was a truly inspired poet, and as one illustration of the genuineness of his genius, it is only necessary to observe, that his productions have so deeply entered into the hearts and minds of men, that many of his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are as familiar to us as the common air. But Scott's poetry is rarely quoted and still more rarely remembered. He has many

fresh and animated descriptions in easy and flowing verse, but he has no intensity of passion or profundity of thought. He is deficient in *ideality*. He interests us in a rapid narrative, but we feel not the spiritual presence of the Muse, and we meet with no words steeped in Castalian dews, and colored like

"The golden exhalations of the dawn."

When his admirers point to his best passages, we see nothing but lively details:—no gleams of that "light which never was by sea or land"—no "thoughts that lie too deep for tears"—none of those sudden glimpses of our mysterious nature which flash upon the inward eye, and which when once reflected on the poet's page must live for ever. Many of the glorious lines of Wordsworth and Coleridge, have a charm for every mind that has a sense of poetical harmony and beauty, and which will shine for ever in "orient hues unborrowed of the sun." With respect to Scott's prose romances, they are undoubtedly the only true foundation of his fame. The Scotch may well be proud of their countryman as a writer of prose fiction. When he attempted history, as in his *Lives of Napoleon*, or criticism, as in his editions of Dryden and Swift, he was an ordinary author, and had many superiors. It was as the magician, who at a single stroke of his wand separated the thick curtain of the past, and showed his countrymen their remote ancestors in their antique garments, that his powers were seen to their best advantage. He was great in fiction, but he was not great as a thinker. The characters in his Romances are admirable outlines, and exhibit the most faithful traits of a particular age or country; but they are not to be compared for an instant, with the wondrous delineations of humanity in the pages of the prince of dramatic poets. Shakespeare entered the innermost regions of the heart, and his representations of nature are not applicable to one age or country alone, but to all times and to the human race.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the 26th December, 1754. His father was an officer of the customs. The poet was the eldest of a family of six children, and as the father's income was narrow they were all called upon to make themselves useful. The boys, of whom there were four, often accompanied their father on his little fishing voyages, when his patience was tried by the awkwardness of the young poet. "That boy," he would say,

"must be a fool. John and Bob, and Will are all of some use about a boat, but what will that *thing* ever be good for?" When very young he was sent for a short time to a school at Bungay, on the borders of Norfolk, and in his eleventh year he was placed at another establishment in the same country, under the charge of Mr. Richard Haddon. But Crabbe was almost self-educated, for his father soon took him from school and employed him in the warehouse on the quay at Haughden in the uncongenial drudgery of piling up cheese and butter. When he was fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary at a small village near Bury St. Edmunds. Three years after he was removed to a more eligible situation and concluded his apprenticeship with Mr. Page, a surgeon at Woodbridge. Here he became acquainted with a Miss Elmy, whom he ultimately married. He was now in his eighteenth year, and began to evince a decided literary turn. He contributed numerous verses to the *Lady's Magazine* and gained the prize offered by the proprietor of that periodical for a poem on Hope. Soon after this he published in a separate form a short piece entitled "Inebriety, a poem." Miss Elmy's passion for music induced him to learn to play on the flute, but after many painful efforts he gave it up in despair, for nature had given him a dull ear, and poetry was the only one of the fine arts for which he had any genuine relish. In 1775, having completed the term of apprenticeship, he returned to Aldborough, hoping to obtain the means of proceeding to London to complete his professional education. But his father's income was too scanty to afford him any efficient assistance, and for some time he was called upon, much against his will, and not without some indignant bursts of passion, to return to the humble and disagreeable labors of the warehouse. His father was a stern old man and made little allowance for the poet's delicacy. An acquaintance, a smart young surgeon from Woodbridge, came to see him, and was shocked to find him in the act of piling up butter casks in the dress of a common warehouseman. His father at last gave him a small sum of money and sent him to London to pick up a little surgical knowledge as cheaply as he could. In eight

or ten months his small resources were exhausted and he returned to Suffolk. While in London he had a narrow escape from being taken before the Lord Mayor as a resurrectionist. His landlady discovered a dead child in his closet, which he had procured for dissection, and she fancied that it was her own infant which had died a week before. He at last convinced her of her mistake. He now engaged himself as an assistant in the shop of a Mr. Maskill, a surgeon and apothecary, a large powerful man with a most ungovernable temper. The first time Crabbe had to write his master's name he excited a tempest of passion by spelling it *Maskwell*. "Do you take me," said his employer, in an ecstasy of rage "for a proficient in deception?" Mr. Maskill at the end of a few months removed to another town, and Crabbe set up for himself, but with very poor encouragement. About this time he was attacked by a very dangerous fever, and his mind was so weakened by the extreme severity of the disorder, that when his appetite returned he cried like a child because he was prudently denied the food which he longed for. He had set his affections on a lobster, and after his recovery he was often unmercifully quizzed for having shed so many tears upon such an occasion. He once more determined to seek his fortune in the metropolis. He could not, however, draw any more upon the narrow means of his father, and he applied for a small loan to Mr. Dudley North who sent him five pounds. He arrived in London with three pounds, a box of clothes, and a case of surgical instruments. He took lodgings in the house of a hair-dresser. He had given up all hopes of succeeding in the medical profession, and now thought of nothing but the fame and profit to be derived from the publication of a volume of poems. He offered his collection to a bookseller who at once rejected it. He now prepared a new poem of a satirical nature entitled, "The Candidate, a poetical Epistle to the authors of the *Monthly Review*." It was published anonymously, and a trifling profit accrued from the sale, but never reached the hands of the unhappy poet, owing to the failure of the publisher. He was at last in such dreadful pecuniary distress that he applied to Lord North, Lord Shelburne, Lord Chancellor Thurlow and others to grant him a slight relief, but none of these applications were successful. His letters of solicitation were accompanied with specimens of his composition. Amidst all his afflictions, however, he seems to have preserved a wonderful cheerfulness of mind. He records in his private journal that his finances were

* Lilly, the famous astrologer, proposed to try his fortune in London. The father, incapable of discovering his son's latent genius, willingly consented to get rid of him; for, as Lilly says, "I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was good for nothing,"—words which the fathers of so many men of genius have repeated.—*Dr. Irwell on the Literary Character.*

miserably reduced but that his spirits were still buoyant.—“I did not, nor could not conceive,” he says, “that, with a very uncertain prospect before me, a very bleak one behind and a very poor one around, I should be *so happy a fellow*: I don’t think there’s a man in London worth but fourpence half-penny—for I’ve this moment sent seven farthings for a pint of porter—who is so resigned to his poverty.” He laments, however, having but one coat in the world, for he happened to get half his sleeve torn off, and was obliged to show a few sheets of paper and pretend that he wanted a needle and thread to sew them together. When he obtained what he required he turned tailor and mended his coat as well as he could. After he had spent about a year in London he was reduced to the last necessity. He was compelled to give a promissory note for seven pounds or go to jail. When the time for payment approached he was in a state of distraction. After writing for assistance to every one else he could think of and meeting nothing but repulses and disappointments, he ventured to appeal in a pathetic letter to Edmund Burke, who though deeply engaged in politics was never deaf to the voice of genius. He requested the poet to call on him at his house in London, and from the moment of the interview that ensued the life of Crabbe assumed a different color. His fortune was now made. Burke received him at once into his family on the most honorable footing, and made it his business to forward, as much as possible, both his literary and domestic interests. He persuaded Mr. Dodsley to publish *The Library*, which immediately brought the author into general notice. *The Village* soon after followed and was still more successful. Both these poems had the benefit of Burke’s corrections. He was introduced by his patron to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who transmitted *The Village* in manuscript to Doctor Johnson. The critic returned it with a polite note, acknowledging that he had, “read it with great delight—that it was original, vigorous, and elegant.” There was something in Crabbe’s unromantic views of rural life and rustic happiness that was peculiarly congenial to Dr. Johnson’s own opinions, and the general tone of the poetry, in which there is more vigorous sense and masculine sentiment than ideality or refinement, was likely to be better appreciated by such a critic than strains of higher mood. He not only suggested a few slight corrections and variations, but furnished whole lines where he thought he could improve upon the original. The following is a specimen of his alterations. The first extract gives the passage as

it originally stood; the second is Doctor Johnson’s substitution, which Crabbe at once adopted.

In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring,
Tityrus the pride of Mantuan swains might sing;
But, charmed by him, or smitten with his views
Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray
Where fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?

*On Mincio’s banks, in Cæsar’s bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the fluttering dream prolong
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray
Where Virgil, not where Fancy leads the way?*

There is certainly more nerve and spirit in Johnson’s lines than in Crabbe’s, but it is easier to improve upon a single passage than to compose an entire poem; and it would be extremely unjust to the original author if the general merit of his production were to be attributed to the assistance of his friends. Through Mr. Burke’s zealous exertions in his favor, the poet obtained holy orders, and was appointed Curate at Aldborough. Before this he had been introduced to Lord Chancellor Thurlow who now treated him with great distinction on Burke’s account. His Lordship apologized for his former neglect, put a sealed paper containing a hundred pound note into Crabbe’s hands, and told him that he would take every opportunity of advancing his interests in the Church. The Chancellor kept his word. Crabbe now renewed his intercourse with Miss Elmy, who with a degree of prudence that argued no very romantic passion still resisted every proposition of immediate marriage, being resolved to wait until her lover had obtained a more lucrative preferment. Mr. Burke soon after obtained for him the appointment of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. In 1783, after a twelve years’ courtship, he married Miss Elmy who proved an excellent wife to him. His last appointment was that of curate of Trowbridge in Wiltshire. In 1785 he published *The Newspaper*; but though it was well received and he had every encouragement to proceed in his poetical career, his muse after the appearance of this poem was silent for two and twenty years! From his thirty-first to his fifty-second year he confined himself to the happy obscurity of domestic life. He re-appeared as a poet in 1807 when he published *The Parish Register*, which was the last poetical publication that was ever read by Charles Fox, whose dying moments were cheered by the poet’s pictures. In 1813 he revisited London and was

introduced to all the eminent authors of the day. The *Tales of the Hall* were published in 1812.

On the 29th of January 1832, Crabbe was taken seriously ill. He had for some time before exhibited symptoms of a failing constitution. He now felt that his time was come, and he prepared for death with manly courage and a pious resignation. He died on the third of February, 1832.

His son has lately published a volume of his father's posthumous poems, a collection of *Tales* much in the manner of his *Tales of the Hall* but with less force of sentiment and greater carelessness of style.

In private life Crabbe was distinguished for all those virtues which render English domestic life so peculiarly delightful. Though of humble descent he was a thorough gentleman in his habits and appearance, but the extreme simplicity and openness of his character occasionally gave an air of awkwardness to his intercourse with fashionable society. Lord Chancellor Thurlow when he presented Crabbe with two livings, said that he was "as like Fielding's Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen."

As a poet Crabbe is differently estimated by different classes of readers. The lovers of the ideal in art are not partial to his style which is somewhat too literal and homely for those who love poetry for its own sake, and do not seek for that kind of information in verse which may be as well conveyed in prose. His readers are sometimes offended by flat and coarse expressions, slovenly versification, and elaborate portraits of vulgar and uninteresting personages. These faults are more observable in his later publications than his earliest, because when he commenced writing poetry he had less confidence in his own powers, and trod very much in the footsteps of Pope and Goldsmith whom he sometimes imitated rather more closely than seems consistent with that vigour and originality of mind which Crabbe unquestionably possessed.

The writer of a life of Crabbe prefixed to the French edition of his works, has made some very injudicious remarks on the character of his poetry. With the usual partiality of an editor he exaggerates the poetical excellencies of the subject of his memoir at the expense of other writers, and seems to think that to do justice to Crabbe's descriptive powers it is necessary to underrate those of Thomson, the most accurate and animated of our painter-poets. Crabbe's descriptions, he says, "are not, like those of Thomson, of imaginary but of real nature." It is true that the author of "*The Seasons*" is somewhat more rich in his colouring and more fastidious in the

choice of his subjects than Crabbe, but his pictures are not necessarily less faithful because they are more enchanting. It is an unpardonable error to characterize Thomson's minute and exquisitely felicitous descriptions as deficient in fidelity to nature. The critic just quoted, seems to think that imagination is a quality essentially opposed to truth; a mistake which in these times would hardly be excusable in a school-boy. It is not the prosaic bareness of a picture that is any test of its truth. Claude's landscapes, over which he has breathed the very soul of poetry, are as true to nature as the most literal and coarse production that ever came from a Dutchman's pencil. The fault of Crabbe is that he is too partial to mean and unpromising subjects. Whatever is poetical must, in a certain sense, be true, but it does not follow that all truth must be poetical. A late writer of considerable critical acumen, has gone so far as to deny to Crabbe the possession of poetical genius, and regrets that he has given a great deal of solid and useful information in a very injudicious form. He thinks that Crabbe's strong good sense and extended knowledge are of a kind that would have appeared to better advantage in a prose dress. This is carrying the objection to Crabbe to an extreme, though it is by no means so unreasonable as the opposite prejudice of the editor of the French edition, who appears to think Crabbe's defects superior to Thomson's beauties. Crabbe's peculiar faults are happily outweighed by his peculiar excellencies. In the midst of his minute and matter-of-fact details, his stern sarcasms, his jingles, quibbles, and alliterations, and his coarse diction, there are gleams of fancy accompanied with indications of a profound knowledge of the heart, a caustic humour, a manly pathos, and a wonderful force and fidelity of description both of human manners and of external nature.

Crabbe resembles no living writer. Of his later predecessors he reminds us most of Cowper, Pope, and Goldsmith, whose opposite peculiarities are often strangely mingled in the same page. In the touching picture of the Parish Poor-House, he recalls to our minds the author of "*The Deserted Village*;" and in the rough, manly vigour with which he dissects such characters as a vain and cold-hearted village apothecary and a sporting clergyman, he seems to have impregnated himself with the spirit of Cowper in his satiric moods. But he is on the whole far less attractive than either of these poets. He is more powerful, but less delicate and refined, than Goldsmith, and though he often describes the same

objects, he invariably imbues them with darker colours, and seems determined to omit nothing that is offensive or degrading. Though he resembles Cowper in the force and bitterness of his irony, and the truth of his descriptions, he has little of his poetic ardour or elevation. His verse, which is chiefly confined to the couplet measure, seems a mixture of the several styles of the three writers already mentioned. The school to which Pope*, and Goldsmith are considered to have belonged, and from the trammels of which Cowper was the first to escape, was in fashion when Crabbe paid his earliest addresses to the Muse, and he appears to have brought down a portion of the poetical style and creed of that day to the present time. He and Rogers (and perhaps we may add, Campbell) are the links between what is now called the Lake school, and the poetry of a preceding period.

The strongest objection to Crabbe's poetry is that it tends to lessen our respect for human nature. He takes away from the world the beautifying sun-shine of imagination. He sweeps off the bloom from the fruit of life. His is the boldest attempt that has yet been made, to render poetry *literal*, as it in direct opposition to Lord Bacon's celebrated definition. "Poetry," says that profound philosopher, "serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation; and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth *raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind.*" Crabbe endeavours to reverse this process, and to "bow the mind to the nature of things." It may be noticed as a curious illustration of the character of his genius that he took no delight in lovely or magnificent landscapes, though he described the most vulgar and disagreeable objects with such Dutch fidelity. He loved science better than art. He had no taste for painting, music or architecture, but was fond of mathematics, and could at all times find a luxury in the most dry and forbidding calculations. When he accompanied Mr. Lockhart to the Salisbury Craigs, he appeared to be more interested in the stratification of the rocks than with the beauty of the landscape. Like Dr. Johnson he preferred a crowded street to the finest natural scene. These characteristics are not inconsistent with the tone of his poetry in which there is little enthusiasm or imagination†, but singularly lively and ac-

curate observation, admirable good sense and a fine insight into human life.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, the 1st of October, 1772. His father was a clergyman, who was both pious and learned in a high degree, but so eccentric and forgetful that he used to be styled the *absent man*. He would go to a grand party without his wig, and on one occasion when he went alone on a journey, his wife having earnestly begged him to put on a clean shirt every day, he literally obeyed her injunctions and put on a clean shirt daily; but notwithstanding that it was in the middle of summer, he forgot to take off the dirty ones. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest child of ten by the same mother. When he was in his seventh year he lost his worthy father, who died at the age of 62. Coleridge, like Gray, when a child had little of the thoughtlessness of childhood. Being of a sickly habit of body he used to shrink from the rough pursuits of children of his own age, and taking refuge at his mother's side he delighted to listen to the talk of his elders. He was driven as he himself says, "from life in motion to life in thought and sensation." Soon after the death of his father a friend of the family obtained his admittance into Christ's Hospital, the noblest charity school in England. Dr. Middleton, the Bishop of Calcutta, and Charles Lamb, were amongst his school-fellows. From his eighth to his fourteenth year Coleridge was by his own account, "a playless daydreamer." He became a voracious reader, but without order or selection. One of the under masters pronounced him, a dull and inapt scholar, who could not be made to repeat in the regular form a single rule of syntax, although he would give a rule in his own way. But one day Dr. Middleton seeing him reading Virgil, asked him if he was studying his lesson. "No," said Coleridge, "I am reading it for my own pleasure." This was mentioned to the Rev. James Bowyer, the head-master, who began from that time to take considerable notice of him, though being a very harsh disciplinarian he punished him with his usual severity as often as he was idle or neglectful. It is

* The authors of the Rejected Addresses have wittily styled Crabbe a *Pope in worsted stockings*.

† Coleridge is reported to have said—"There is in Crabbe, an absolute defect of high imagination; he gives me little or

no pleasure: yet no doubt he has much power of a certain kind, and it is good to cultivate, even at some pains, a catholic taste in literature."—*Coleridge's Table Talk*.

reported that Coleridge was but a very ordinary-looking boy, and at the end of a flogging Bowyer generally gave him an extra cut, "for," said he, "you are such an ugly fellow!" He acted on the old proverb, 'spare the rod, spoil the child.' But with all Bowyer's sternness and his too liberal use of the cane or birch, the illustrious pupil always spoke of his old master in after life with respect and gratitude. He thanked heaven, that he was flogged instead of flattered. In his *Biographia Literaria* he says he enjoyed at school "the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master." Bowyer made his pupils read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons, and they were lessons too, says Coleridge, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. "I learned from him," he continues, "that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes." When he was about fifteen our poet getting somewhat tired of school confinement, persuaded a respectable shoemaker to ask permission to take him as an apprentice. Bowyer was desperately indignant at the request, and exclaiming, "Ods my life, man, what d'ye mean?" he abruptly pushed poor Crispin out of the room. Coleridge used jokingly to allude to his mortification at this failure, and would say, "Thus I lost the opportunity of supplying safeguards to the *understandings* of those, who perhaps will never thank me for what I am aiming to do in exercising their reason." About this time he read Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, and for a brief time openly rejected the Christian faith. When this reached the ears of Bowyer, he sent for him, and said, "So, sirrah, you are an infidel, are you? then I'll flog your infidelity out of you"—and gave him the severest flogging he had ever received. Bowyer flogged for every thing—and almost every body. A female standing at the door of the school-room and soliciting a short leave of absence for one of the boys, Bowyer, who was furious at the interruption suddenly exclaimed, "Bring that woman here, and I'll flog her." The threat of flogging was so familiar to him that he sometimes applied it to persons over whom he neither had nor wished to have a school-master's control. While at Christ's Hospital, Coleridge took a most extraordinary fancy to Bowles's sonnets, and as his finances did not permit him to purchase copies, he made within less than a year more than forty transcriptions as the best presents he could offer

to those whom he esteemed. He styles these sonnets "manly and dignified," but assuredly their merit is of a very opposite character. They have a delicacy and tenderness that is almost feminine, and their sentimental querulousness has often been the subject of ridicule and censure. But early partialities of this nature are caused by such accidental associations that they afford no certain criterion of a young man's taste and judgment. In his eighteenth year Coleridge was entered at Jesus College Cambridge. The last year he spent at Christ's Hospital had been one of great pain and sickness, brought on by swimming across the New River in his clothes, and remaining in them until they dried. He was dreadfully afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever, and his delicate constitution received a shock from which it never entirely recovered. The weakness of his body only the more concentrated his energies upon his mental pursuits. He continued to devour books with insatiable eagerness. But he made no progress in mathematics. When he was commencing Euclid he came to the following axiom—"A line is length without breadth." "How can that be?" said Coleridge; "a line must have some breadth be it ever so thin." This roused the master's indignation at the impertinence of the scholar, and the only answer that the poet got was a smart box on the ear. Coleridge used to maintain that mathematics could not be a substitute for logic, much less for metaphysics. "It does not," he said, "call forth the balancing and discriminating powers, but only requires *attention*, not *thought* or self-production."

He was so fond of metaphysics that even before his fifteenth year, he perpetually turned his conversation on

Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

His simplicity in worldly matters, which he seems to have inherited from his father and which he carried with him through life, was amusingly illustrated on his arrival at Cambridge, when a polite upholsterer inquired how he would like his room furnished. *Just as you please, Sir*, was the reply. The artisan when all was ready astonished and perplexed poor Coleridge with the amount of his bill. His fellow-students amused themselves while he was in attendance at the Lectures by stealing small portions of the tail of his gown until they shortened it to a spencer. Mr. Coleridge! Mr. Coleridge! said the lecturer, when will you get rid of that shameful gown? "Why, Sir"

said Coleridge, turning his eyes over his shoulders, "I think I've got rid of the greatest part of it already." Having no taste for mathematics* which form so prominent a branch of education at Cambridge, he gave up all hope of College honors, and in the year 1793 he suddenly went to London, where without the means of supporting himself and in great perplexity and distress of mind, he noticed a bill posted on a wall, "Wanted a few smart lads for the 15th, Eliott's Light Dragoons." He at once entered as a soldier under the name of Comberbach. He was in delicate health, and was unable to clean his horse's heels, as the stooping posture occasioned a pain at the pit of his stomach accompanied with sickness. His fellow-soldiers used to work for him and he repaid them for their trouble by writing all their letters to their wives or sweet-hearts. He attracted the notice of one of his officers by a Latin sentence which he had written on the wall of the stable. It was not long before a fellow student recognized him and persuaded him to return to Cambridge which he soon lent again for ever. About this time he contracted a friendship with Robert Southey, with whom he determined to commence a literary career. Southey and he were acquainted with a bookseller at Bristol of the name of Cottle who advanced Coleridge thirty pounds for his first volume of poems which was published in 1794, and promised him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines he might compose. This was but miserable payment for immortal verses—not four-pence a line! Even poor Goldsmith, was better paid. He received half-a-crown a line for the effusions of his delightful muse. It would be pleasant to know the proportionate profit of each line of the *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* that has gone into the pockets of the booksellers. Milton's publisher gave him only five pounds for his *Paradise lost* with a promise to double it, after the sale of thirteen hundred copies of the first edition†. When Dr. Wolcott drank a bottle of wine at a Publisher's, he called it *Authors' Blood*. It must be confessed, however, that

there are several of the leading publishers of this day who know how to exercise a noble generosity, and who have incurred considerable losses in a bold and liberal spirit of adventure. Many of them are men of taste and literature themselves. Coleridge soon became intimately acquainted with Lamb and Wordsworth. In 1795 he married a Miss Sarah Fricher to whose sister Edith Fricher his friend Southey was married about the same time. Coleridge's marriage was not altogether a happy one, and his lady lived chiefly with his sister under Southey's roof. The last nineteen years of Coleridge's existence were passed in the family of Dr. and Mrs. Gilman who were to him what the Unwins were to Cowper. He had contracted a dreadful habit of using large quantities of opium, and he was as weak and helpless as a child in his attempts to conquer this unfortunate propensity. He originally took opium to deaden pain, and at last craved it as a necessary of life. His sense of such deplorable weakness and his vain struggle to get the better of it almost crazed his brain. He himself looked upon it as a case of mental derangement, and wrote to a friend to say that he wished to place himself in a private madhouse. He was conscious of such an utter impotence of volition that he wished to put himself under a restraint that might enable him to get rid of so unfortunate a habit. When so fine a mind as that of Coleridge could be thus subdued, weaker men ought indeed to pause and tremble before they put themselves under the sway of a dangerous habit. After many years of pain and debility, his life too much resembling a troubled dream, this extraordinary man received his dismissal from the world on the 25th of July, 1834.

It is now the fashion to speak of Coleridge's genius with unlimited laudation, though a few years ago he shared largely in the ridicule and contumely that were showered upon what has been styled, very absurdly, the Lake School of poets*. To this day the severities of our larger reviews respecting these writers are echoed by the great mass of readers, and though the critics themselves have become entirely ashamed of their profane scoffings at true genius, and are now on a totally new tack, they have not erased from the minds of their elder readers the impression of their recanted creed and repented witticisms. Thus we find the critics now worshipping the once ridiculed Wordsworth as if he were a

* Few poets have. Alfieri tried in vain to acquire the elements of mathematics. He could never understand the 4th proposition of Euclid. He had, he said, "a completely anti-geometrical head."

† He was to give five pounds more after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the sale of the third. Milton received altogether ten pounds, and his widow to whom the copyright devolved sold all her claims for eight pounds. In the *Life of Milton* at page xxviii. right hand column 15th line, for 2000 copies read 2600.

* Because two or three of the fraternity resided near the Lakes in the north of England.

demi-god, but the majority of their perplexed readers cannot yet get rid of the idea, that he is a miserable scribbler who whines about Betty Foy and a blind boy in a washing tub. It will be a long while, perhaps, before the mob of readers come up with the critics again, and by that time the latter will in all probability take another turn, and put their followers as far out as ever. At present the great and glaring error of our public criticism, is its indiscriminate and unqualified idolatry of all who have the least claim to the admiration of their fellows on the score of genius. This cannot last. Nor is there any chance of this system gaining precisely the same degree of support from the public, as that which put the crowd in their own imagination above the most gifted spirits of the time. It flattered the vanity of the meanest reader to find, that he could join in the laugh against a Wordsworth or a Shelley; but fools, though they are plentifully endowed with self-conceit, have very little admiration to spare for their superiors. They soon get tired of the worship of greatness; and there is a spice of ill-nature in the hearts of most men, which secures to the skilful satirist a large number of willing readers. "In the misfortunes of our best friends," says Rochefoucault, "we always find something that does not displease us." Another change will ere long come over the criticism of the day, because it cannot, on its present system, secure the sympathy of the multitude, and because modest truth must at last force its way, and check the absurd extravagance of many of our periodical critics, in their speculations upon men of genius. One of the leading Reviews (a periodical conducted with real talent) has lately been straining all its energies to convince the public that Coleridge, the poet, is the greatest philosopher of modern times, Jeremy Bentham excepted; and it draws a parallel between these two eminent men, who are as opposite as the poles asunder, in all intellectual attributes. The reviewer talks of the vast influence of Coleridge's metaphysical speculations on the character of the age, while the real fact is, that not half a dozen persons can understand them. His thoughts are veiled under such a fantastic cloud of words, and they are in themselves of such a confused and dream-like nature, that it is impossible they should ever exercise any palpable influence on the opinions of his fellow-men. He himself was perfectly conscious of the obscurity of his prose style, and used to endeavour but in vain to be more popular and distinct. He whose own mind is perfectly clear, can generally make himself understood by all men who are not greatly below the average intellect

of society, and it is an argument against a man's reasoning powers, when he finds that not a soul can fully comprehend him. This is nearly the case with Coleridge and of most of the German metaphysicians whom he has so unsparingly plundered, for Coleridge, strange to say, is an audacious plagiarist and has repeated verbatim whole pages from foreign writers. Many intelligent persons have tried, over and over again, to get through his series of Essays entitled *The Friend*, and always found themselves lost in an impenetrable mist. It is absurd to attempt the getting rid of this objection by the old witticism, that Coleridge is not obliged to furnish his reader with an understanding; because the defect is not in the reader's mind but in the author's style. In the Essays alluded to, he especially avows his intention of simplifying his arguments, and rendering himself popular and intelligible; but if such was his honest intention his failure is extraordinary. It will not do to say that he goes so far into the mysteries of things, that none of his fellow-creatures can follow him. No man can really penetrate into regions so remote and strange that it is impossible for language to convey a distinct idea of them to others. There is not such an inequality of mind amongst us as would admit of this invidious distinction. Does Coleridge dive farther into the innermost depths of a great question than Lord Bacon? And yet Bacon makes himself perfectly well understood by all men of moderate capacity; and the reason is, that his own mind is clear, and he can, therefore, readily reflect a distinct image of it on the minds of others. Even Jeremy Bentham, the idol of the Reviewer, will furnish us with an apt illustration of our argument. He is really a profound thinker; but then his thoughts are distinct and logical, and, though his style is inelegant, it is not difficult to apprehend his meaning. There is a very absurd and reprehensible disposition in the present day, to take obscurity as a sign of depth. Is the transparent diction of David Hume an indication of a shallow mind? The fact is, that any one man, however gifted, goes in reality so short a distance beyond his fellows in the discovery of moral truth, that a philosopher is sometimes reluctant to give a plain statement of his progress. Strip the mystical philosophy of its gorgeous cloud-garments, and there is scarcely a man of common understanding who would not instantly and thoroughly understand it. An obscure author, who is not purposely obscure, loses himself quite as often as the reader does. If a perfectly clear-minded and clear-spoken person were to make himself master

Coleridge's philosophy, and be called upon, in a mixed company, to give the pith of it, the hearers would probably wonder that so much had been made of it. The present affectation of profundity and the practice of disguising familiar ideas in mysterious language ought assuredly to be discouraged. If a man has a new or profound thought, let him communicate it in the clearest diction he can command, and not endeavor to magnify it by a mist of strange and cabalistic words. Truth will bear nakedness and open daylight, and is none the better for this dusky masquerade. Any unsophisticated reader who takes up a modern philosophical speculation, discovers that he has to learn a new language. He cannot make his way through the thick darkness, and is disheartened by a painful sense of his own want of comprehension. There is a trickery and quackery in all this, that is utterly unworthy of men of real talent. They should put aside the conjurer and mountebank, and let us at once into the secret of their nostrums. Unhappily the rage for metaphysical obscurity is not confined to prose. We have it also in poetry. Readers who can understand Shakespeare and Milton, find some of the poets of the present day beyond their comprehension. The affected obscurities will pass away as rapidly, and be at last as much despised by all men of sound judgment, as the quibbles and conceits of Donne and Cowley.

Undoubtedly Coleridge was a moral speculator of no ordinary rank, but his imagination too often led him to sail up on a sea of clouds. His poetry spoiled his metaphysics and his metaphysics sometimes spoiled his poetry. But when he condescended to be simple and distinct he was an admirable author both in prose and verse. Nothing can be more chaste, delicate and delightful than his little poem of *Genesee*. No love-poetry in the language so exquisitely blends the reality of nature with an angelic purity and spirituality. The *Ancient Mariner* is a wonderful production, and is a noble specimen of the author's powers of imagination. *Christabel*, which Byron pronounced a singularly wild and original poem, was left unfinished by the author, and is therefore scarcely to be regarded as a fit subject for criticism. It is stained undoubtedly with some puerilities, and a great deal of affectation, but even in its fragmental state it bears many beautiful touches of the poet's peculiar genius. His rhymed effusions are exquisitely harmonious, but his blank verse, is occasionally deficient in spirit and compactness. This is the fault, indeed, of nearly all the blank-verse of the present day. No late poet, with the

exception of Lord Byron, has written condensed and vigorous blank-verse. Much of Wordsworth's and Southey's would read like diffuse and easy prose, if printed in a prose form.

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. HEMANS was the daughter of a respectable merchant of the name of Browne. She was born in Duke Street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1794. As a child she was admired for her extreme beauty, and she very early exhibited great quickness and delicacy of feeling. "That child," said a lady in speaking of her in her presence, "is not made for happiness; her colour comes and goes too fast." The young poetess, herself, never forgot the remark and it often threw a cloud upon her prospects. She began to write verses in her seventh year. In her thirteenth year she published her first volume of poems. An unkind review of them so affected her that she was confined to her bed for several days. She was married to Captain Hemans of the King's army in the year 1812. The union was an unhappy one and a separation took place in a very few years. Her husband went to Italy and troubled himself very little about his wife and children, and Mrs. Hemans soon found it necessary to turn her poetical talents to account by writing for the monthly periodicals. She used to obtain a guinea a page for her contributions. This was considered good payment because volunteer poets are so abundant that poetry is rarely paid for at all by magazine proprietors. The first literary man of any eminence with whom she became personally acquainted was the amiable and accomplished Bishop Heber. Shelly attracted by the fame of her talents addressed a few letters to her upon philosophical subjects. These letters have never been published. In December, 1823, after a great deal of anxiety she succeeded, through the interest of the Rev. Mr. Milman, in bringing her tragedy of the *Vespers of Palermo* on the stage. It was almost immediately withdrawn as a total failure. It was afterwards produced in Edinburgh with rather better success. Sir Walter Scott generously exerted himself in its favor. Mrs. Hemans, however, greatly mistook the character of her own mind when she imagined herself in the least degree equal to the production of a true tragedy. She was utterly deficient in the dramatic faculty. It is unnecessary to follow the occasional publication in a collected form of her contributions to periodical literature. They secured her

not only fame in her native land, but very considerable favor in America. She received an offer from that country of a handsome income to conduct a periodical publication, but she gratefully declined it. She kept up a familiar correspondence with Dr. Channing, for whose writings she had the greatest admiration. She loved their pure and elevated tone, though she was far from embracing his Unitarianism. As her fame increased, Mrs. Hemans extended the circle of her literary friendships. She became acquainted with Wordsworth, James Montgomery, William Roscoe, Dr. Bowring, Jeffrey, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford and Mrs. Howitt. She visited Scotland in 1829 and saw Walter Scott and the "Scottish Addison" the venerable Mackenzie, who talked to her of Hume and Robertson and Gibbon, and many of their eminent contemporaries. In 1830 she visited Wordsworth, with whom she was exceedingly delighted. She gives the following description of him in a letter to a friend.

"I am charmed with Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence on my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration, when it can be freely poured forth! 'There is a daily beauty in his life,' which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it. He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride, and I begin to talk with him as a kind of paternal friend. The whole of this morning he kindly passed in reading to me a great deal from Spenser, and afterwards his own '*Laodamia*,' my favorite '*Tintern Abbey*,' and many of those noble sonnets which you, like myself, enjoy so much. His reading is very peculiar, but to my ear, delightful; slow, solemn, earnest in expression more than any I ever heard; when he reads or recites in the open air, his deep rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit-voice, and belong to the religion of the place; they harmonize so fitly with the thrilling tone of woods and waterfalls. His expressions are often strikingly poetical: 'I would not give up the mists,' said he, 'that spiritualize our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy.'"

Mrs. Hemans died at Dublin May 16, 1835. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans is always elegant, tender, or fanciful, but it rarely displays any degree of force or originality. It was in her short, graceful lyrics that her genius was most successful, for in her plays and longer poems there is a deficiency of truth and strength that is absolutely painful. The smaller pieces, when perused separately, afford unqualified pleasure on account of their feminine grace and exquisite finish, but if read together in a collection, they are calculated to leave an impression of monotony. We soon begin to think that she would have pleased us better if her productions, elegant as they

are, had been either somewhat less in number or more varied in their tone. A critic would form a higher opinion of Mrs. Hemans' powers, from the perusal of half a dozen of her poems than half a hundred. This praise, however, cannot be withheld from her, that no British poetess has written verses of greater melody or refinement. There is perhaps more fancy in the writings of L. E. L. and infinitely more force in those of Joanna Baillie, and more simplicity and a deeper pathos in those of Mrs. Southey, but in correctness and grace of style she was without a rival in the list of Lady poets.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

SAMUEL ROGERS was born in London in the year 1762. His father was an eminent banker and the poet succeeded him in the business. He is what poets seldom are, a man of wealth, and he knows how to be at once liberal and prudent. Very little of his private life is known, though he is now an old man and has not only held a conspicuous position in literary society himself but has been associated with almost all the men of genius and distinction of the last half century. His first work was "*An Ode to Superstition and other poems*." It was published in 1786. The *Pleasures of Memory*, the work by which he is best known, appeared in 1792. His later works, *Human Life* and *Italy*, have neither increased nor lessened his reputation. The latter is perhaps the feeblest of his longer productions, being composed in blank-verse which requires a force of style to which Rogers is unequal.

Amidst all the changes of taste Rogers still preserves his station, which though not a very high one, is by no means beneath the ambition of a man of taste and genius. His poetry is usually polished with extraordinary care. It is said that scarcely a line of the *Pleasures of Memory* remains in its original form, and that he submitted the whole poem to the repeated revision of his friends. Amongst the most active of his friendly critics was Richard Sharpe, the brilliant conversationist. The subject of the poem alluded to is a singularly happy one, for it must interest all men. The poem itself is unquestionably distinguished for the most exquisite tenderness and grace, though it has not much power. It is modelled chiefly on the style of Goldsmith, but Rogers is not a servile imitator, and he evidently speaks from his own heart.

The life of Rogers, if it should ever be written with fullness and freedom, will furnish a rich treat

to the lovers of literary biography on account of the brilliant list of names associated with his own, and in which he always held an honorable place. He cheered the deserted death-bed of Sheridan with all that money and friendship could bestow, and has long been distinguished as a warm admirer of genius and a generous patron of the arts.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES was born in the village of King's-Sutton in Northamptonshire the 24th of September, 1762. His father was a clergyman. The poet in his fourteenth year was sent to Winchester school, where he greatly distinguished himself by his acquirements. Dr. Joseph Warton was then the master, and Bowles was a favorite pupil. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1792 he took his degree as master of arts, and his father dying soon afterwards, he quitted Oxford, entered into holy orders and obtained a curacy in Wiltshire. In 1797 he married. Soon afterwards Lord Somers presented him with a living in Gloucestershire. In 1803 he was made a prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral; and Archbishop Moore presented him with the Rectory of Bremhill, Wilts, where he has resided ever since. He has taken great delight in the improvement of the Rectory and the grounds attached to it, and not being fond of gay and busy life, he enjoys himself like a poet and a philosopher in an elegant retirement, enlivened by the visits of kindred associates. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Thomas Moore are amongst his most intimate friends.

Bowles's first publication was a collection of fourteen Sonnets which were printed at Bath. Only a hundred copies were printed, but these were soon sold and the printer recommended a new edition of five hundred copies. A few more sonnets were added. They soon became popular and went through seven or eight editions in a few years. The volume was introduced to the notice of Coleridge by his friend and school-fellow Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. Coleridge was then in his seventeenth year. He was so enthusiastically delighted with them that they weaned him for a while from the intense study of metaphysics which had absorbed all his attention. Most critics are now agreed to award these sonnets the praise of delicacy, grace, tenderness and harmony, but they have sometimes a feminine querulousness of tone, an air of affectation and a want of force. Soon after the third edition of his Sonnets was published Mr. Bowles's

printer wrote to him to say that two young gentlemen had spoken to him in terms of high commendation of his volume, and expressed a wish to have some poems printed in the same type and form. Those gentlemen were Southey and Mr. Lovel his brother-in-law and poetical associate. Fifty years afterwards Southey visited Bowles for the first time.

His Sonnets have given a character to Bowles's reputation which has not been much affected by his longer and more ambitious productions, of which *The Missionary* is the best. In 1807 he published an edition of Pope in ten volumes, and ventured some remarks upon that poet which drew him into a controversy with Lord Byron and several other eminent and able writers, over all of whom he seems to have obtained the victory. Though a writer vastly inferior to Lord Byron in the general powers of his mind Bowles had certainly the advantage over him in a sober critical disquisition*. He was strangely misrepresented and misunderstood, in this discussion, though he simply maintained the theory of Warton, that images drawn from nature, human and external, are more poetical *per se* than those drawn from works of art and artificial manners.

It may seem presumptuous to condemn the critical opinions of such a man as Lord Byron. But very dull eyes may discover spots in the sun, and very ordinary persons may be alive to the faults of their superiors. Let us give a specimen or two of his arguments.

"I opposed," says he, "and will ever oppose the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The ruins are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon, but the Parthenon and its rocks are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art."

To suppose these detached fragments of buildings, as poetical in a confined and crowded court in London, as in the place from which they were taken, surrounded by picturesque and classical scenes and associations, is manifestly erroneous. The same line of argument would prove that a boat high and dry in a dock-yard or in a carpenter's warehouse is as poetical an object as the same boat when filled with human beings, tossing on the stormy sea, or sleeping by sunset on a glassy lake. Works of art are not poetical *per se*, but as connected with external nature and human passions.

* Some of Bowles's later pamphlets on the same subject were written in a less amiable spirit.

"Mr. Bowles contends, again, that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of 'the association with boundless deserts,' and that a 'pyramid of the same dimensions would not be sublime in Lincoln's Inn Fields;' not so poetical certainly; but take away the pyramids, and what is the desert?"

The desert would still be poetical without the pyramids, but not so the pyramids without the desert. Mr. Bowles would readily admit that the taking away the pyramids would *lessen* the poetry of the desert, because the *human associations* suggested by works of art would add greatly to the interest of any scenery, however beautiful and poetical in itself. In the same way the ocean in a storm is a strikingly poetical object, but its poetry is heightened by the associations of danger and suffering connected with the sight of a ship. It is not the appearance of the mere planks or the mechanical construction of the ship, but the probable emotions and anxieties of those on board, and the uncertainty of their fate, that touches the heart and awakens the imagination.

"To the question whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution equal, as a description of a walk in a forest? it may be answered, that the materials are certainly not equal; but that the artist who has rendered a game of cards poetical, is by far the greater of the two. But all this ordering of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr. Bowles. There may, or may not be, in fact, different orders of poetry; but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art."

Who does not see the fallacy of this? Will any body maintain that the best satire that was ever written is as poetical as the best epic poem, or entitles the author to the same rank in literature. He whose work is the most *poetical* is the best poet, and not he who exhibits the most skill in treating unpoetical subjects. Dryden's *Abraham and Achitophel* is as well handled, perhaps, as Milton's *Paradise Lost*; but which production is the most poetical, and which author is the greatest poet? Is the author of the most excellent sonnet equal in rank to the author of the most excellent tragedy? Certainly not. Dryden has said, that "an Heroic Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform." Could he have said this of an epigram without exciting a universal laugh? A

* Dr. South, however, foolishly asserted that a perfect epigram is as difficult as an Epic poem, and Pope very justly ridiculed him for it in the *Junianiad*.

How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard to our eternal praise
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reared the work, the all that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

poet who executes an inferior subject with uncommon skill is entitled to a place above him who executes a sublime one in a mediocre manner; but *when the execution is equal*, the subject decides the superiority. A lofty subject requires a greater grasp of intellect and a more vigorous imagination than a humble one, and therefore the author of the *Paradise Lost* or of the Tragedy of *Macbeth* would always rank above the author of the most poetical description of a game of cards that was ever written, because no human power could render it so eminently poetical as those two immortal productions. Lord Byron, however, very strenuously maintains that "the poet who *executes* best is the highest, whatever his department*." And what is still more strange and inconsistent, after asserting that there are no "orders" in poetry, or that if there be, the poet is ranked by his execution not his subject, he elevates Pope above all other writers of verse on the ground of his being the best *ethical* poet, and ethical poetry being of the highest rank. If Locke's or Bentham's prose Ethics were put into the form of verse, they would, according to this decision, be finer poetry than the works of Homer, Shakespeare or Milton. The two last great names are not, it would seem, amongst Lord Byron's favorites. "Shakespeare and Milton," he says, "have had their use and they will have their decline." If some great convulsion were to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, he thinks, that the surviving world "would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people." What do the great German critics, the idolaters of Shakespeare, say to this? Pope, continues Byron, "is the moral poet of all civilization; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be *the national poet of mankind*!"!! Lord Byron, is a striking instance of the truth of the remark that a good poet may be an indifferent critic.

Bowles's latest publication appeared in 1837. It is entitled "*Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed with Poems from Youth to Age, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.*" The volume appears to contain no poems that had not seen the light in Bowles's previous publications. The author's very numerous alterations and corrections are worthy of particular notice, inasmuch as they afford a remarkable illustration of the danger of all attempts on the part of a poet to improve the warm effusions of his youth or middle life, in the winter of his age. The alterations are any thing but

* A pig by Morland might be as well done as an angel by Raphael, but this would not make the former artist entitled to the same rank amongst painters as the latter.

improvements. When the public ear is once accustomed to the tone and diction of a poem, an alteration even for the better is often very ungraciously received, but when neither the sense nor the metre are in any way improved, or when they are absolutely injured, nothing can be more repulsive to the reader or more unfortunate for the author. It may be as well to select a few examples of the manner in which Bowles has robbed his youthful Muse of some of her most attractive graces.

In a sonnet addressed to TIME occur the following lines :—

“ O Time! who know’st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow’s wound, and slowly thence—
Soothing to sad repose the weary sense—
Stealest the long-forgotten pang away;
Thee, would I call my only hope at last,
And think—when thou hadst dried the bitter tear
That flow’d in vain o’er all my soul held dear,—
I might look back on youthful sufferings past,
To meet life’s peaceful evening with a smile.”

In the original state of the above passage, instead of Time stealing a *long-forgotten pang*, (which as it is no pang at all, cannot be stolen) he was represented, with far more poetry and truth, as stealing, unperceived, a pang greatly softened by his lenient hand.

“ The faint pang stealest unperceived away.”

Then again instead of the pleonastical phrase of “ looking back on youthful sufferings past,” Bowles had for many years contented himself with the following far simpler sentence—

“ I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life’s peaceful evening with a smile.”

The beautiful sonnet on the Bells at Ostend has been injured in a similar manner. The following is a passage from it as it originally stood.

“ And now, along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide :
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days and those delightful years
When by my native stream in life’s fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears.”

For the lines in italics we now have

“ Of happy hours departed, and those years.
When from an antique tower ere life’s fair prime, &c.”

In a sonnet on the river Rhine, there are equally injudicious alterations. In the first edition was the following picturesque and pleasing passage.

“ On the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted ;—varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent’s ancient walls, or glistening spire
’Mid the bright landscape’s track unfolding slow.”

This has been altered and injured in the following manner—

“ When on the Rhine
We sailed, and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting ;—varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some grey convent-wall, or sunlit spire
Starts up, along the banks unfolding slow.”

Here the Rhine no longer “ sparkles,” the bark no longer “ bounds,” the waves no longer “ whiten.” With what a torpedo touch is the original picture deadened! Then again, instead of that elastic and animated line

“ Lo ! the woods open, and the rocks retire,”

we have one in which we are coldly informed, that the rocks with great formality successively came forward and retired while all allusion to the opening woods is omitted. But to make amends for the stately gravity of the rocks, the old, grey, heavy convent-walls *start up* at once in a very lively and unexpected style, instead of coming slowly into view as in the first description. Towards the close of the same sonnet we have these lines in the original :

“ There on the woodland’s side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide ;
While hope enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer’s day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.”

This, unhappily, has not escaped the author’s rage for improvement. He is determined not to let well alone. Here is what he considers the more perfect version :—

“ There on the vineyard’s side,
The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide ;
While grief forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer’s day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.”

The bold, but felicitous expression of *shadowy sunshine*, which a poet or a painter will at once readily comprehend as descriptive of the strong light and shade of woodland scenery on a fine day, is exchanged for a comparatively commonplace and worthless epithet, and which is particularly inelegant in its present position, where we have a *tide* or *stream streaming, bursting and pouring*. Then again instead of the lively and appropriate image of Hope, enchanted with the scene, and desiring to linger in it

many a summer's day, that agreeable personage is thrust away to make room, for Grief, who is quite out of her element in such a cheerful landscape: and the utmost that the poet can say of her satisfaction is, not that like Hope, she longs to linger there through the summer, but that she does not actually count the hours; and this is said in a line that is as prosaic and inharmonious as its predecessor was smooth and pleasing.

In a sonnet upon *Evening* there occurs another instance of the manner in which the author, with a perverse ingenuity, destroys the effect of every happy touch in the little pictures so beautifully executed by his own hand in earlier days:—

“ Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend
Veiling with gentlest hush, the landscape still
The lonely battlement and farthest hill
And woe, I think of those who have no friend,
Who now perhaps by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts
Retiring wander mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen,” &c. &c.

In the place of the third of the above lines, we have now

The battlement, the tower, the farthest hill;
so that the interesting and characteristic circumstance of the *solitude* of the scene, expressed by the epithet *lonely* is taken away to insert a tower by the side of a battlement! It is true that there was a slight impropriety in the repetition of the word *lonely* in the seventh line, and it was probably to avoid this that the unfortunate alteration was adopted.

MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born at Bothwell in Scotland, in 1764. Her father was a clergyman, and her mother was sister to the celebrated Physicians, John and William Hunter. The distinguished Dr. Matthew Baillie was Miss Baillie's brother. She has spent most of her life in or near London. For many years past she has resided at Hampstead. No materials for a memoir of her life are yet available. The first volume of her series of Plays, in which she has attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, was published in 1798, the second in 1802, and the third in 1812. The miscellaneous plays appeared in 1804. No British female has written such vigorous poetry as Miss Baillie's. Her genius is masculine; but in private life she has all the qualities that peculiarly adorn her sex. In 1806 Sir Walter

Scott was introduced to her by Mr. Sotheby the translator of *Oberon*. An affectionate and lasting friendship was the result. In 1808 she revisited Scotland and spent some weeks under the Northern Minstrel's roof. When Scott was asked what he thought of his own genius in comparison with that of Burns, he replied “ There is no comparison whatever—we ought not to be named on the same day. If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country.” He gave Terry, the actor, a letter of introduction to Miss Baillie, accompanying it with the remark that he would like her greatly as “ she has all the simplicity of real genius.” Scott afterwards wrote to tell him that he had pleased Miss Baillie “ very much both in public and in society, and though not fastidious, she is not, I think, particularly lavish of applause either way. A most valuable person is she, and as warm-hearted as brilliant.”

Miss Baillie's Plays are very powerful and admirable productions, though not essentially dramatical. The most popular of these and perhaps the best is the tragedy of *De Montford*. In a notice of Miss Baillie it would be unfair to omit Sir Walter Scott's poetical compliment to her genius, even though it is a little too extravagant.

“ ——— The notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
'Till twice a hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatched the treasure
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montford's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain
Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, who is descended from a respectable family in Cumberland, was born at Cocker-mouth in that county on the 7th of April, 1770. At the age of eight years he was sent to Hawkesworth school in Lancashire. His brother Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the author of some letters on the Greek definitive article and a work on the subject of the authorship of Icon Basiliké, was educated at the same school. Dr. Wordsworth is now master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The poet was removed to the University of Cambridge in 1787, where he was matriculated a student of St. John's. He remained long

enough to take his Bachelor's degree. Before he took his final leave of the University he made a pedestrian tour through France, Savoy, Switzerland and Italy. He was at Paris at the commencement of the French Revolution and was acquainted with many of the leaders of the Revolutionary party. He lodged for a while under the same roof with Brissot. In 1797 he resided at Alfoxden near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire. Here he became acquainted with Coleridge, and joined with him in the plan of a volume of Lyrical Ballads. In 1798 he visited Germany where he joined Coleridge. The two poets revisited that country together thirty years afterwards. In 1800 Wordsworth settled at Grasmere, a small village in Westmoreland from whence he removed to his present residence at Rydal. In 1803 he married Miss Mary Hutchinson, the daughter of a merchant at Penrith. Two sons and a daughter are the produce of this union. Mr. Wordsworth is said in point of fortune to enjoy "an elegant sufficiency." He has received from government, through the interest of the Earl of Lonsdale, the appointment of the Collector of Stamps.

Wordsworth's longest and most ambitious work is the blank verse poem entitled, *The Excursion*, which, however, he has left unfinished. It has been more severely ridiculed and more lavishly praised than any other work of its kind.

A clumsy frowsy poem called the Excursion,
Writ in a manner that is my aversion.

Jeffrey commenced a notice of it in the Edinburgh Review with the quaint exclamation of "*This will never do!*" Other critics have pronounced it a work worthy of Milton. It has been the fate of Wordsworth to meet with no public notice that has not the air of idolatry or insult. He has found that there is no mid-air in modern criticism. "Its generous ardor no cold medium knows." A favored poet is a Shakespeare or a Milton; an unfavored one, a mere driveller. General principles or a fair balancing of merits and defects, are never thought of. It seems the purpose of every critic to raise his author to the skies, or hurl him down to bottomless perdition.

Wordsworth is a true poet; but he is not of that order of genius which compels all men of whatever variety of taste or temperament to recognize its power. Though Milton is not a popular poet, no reader of the *Paradise Lost*, who possesses the least critical discrimination can fail to feel that he is under the influence of a mighty and majestic mind. He may

find his progress through the poem somewhat wearisome, because his own faculties are strained to the highest pitch in following the flight of so sublime an intellect, and the great majority of Milton's admirers are inclined to second the remark of Dr. Johnson, that the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* is a duty rather than a pleasure. "It is one of those books," says the same critic, "which a reader lays down without any wish to take up again." Lord Byron used to say that he had not read Milton since his boyhood, and he certainly seems to have had little relish for our greatest poets, and was by no means a discriminating critic with respect to their peculiar merits, for he preferred Pope to Shakespeare, and called the divine author of the *Fairy Queen*, (the poet's poet,) "*a dull fellow*." He told a friend on returning a copy of Spenser, that "*that he could see nothing in him*." Perhaps he could not; though for the credit of his own taste it would have been as well if he had been less communicative. The poet who may be called the poet of the world, is William Shakespeare. He fascinates all classes, because his mind is many-sided, and he represents humanity in all its phases. Wordsworth has been compared to Milton, but he is no more entitled to this compliment than Pope is to the rank of Shakespeare. Wordsworth is, not a poet of the very highest order. He is as decided an egotist as Byron himself, and no mere egotist was ever a poet of the first rank. All his poems are "*moods of his own mind*," and he seems to know as little of the minds of other men as if in the wide universe he had stood alone. He is of small intellectual stature compared with the myriad-minded Shakespeare—and *who is not?* but he is also injured by being brought into contact with John Milton, who, though a man of might, did not so bestride the world as the wondrous Bard of Avon. His mind was of a narrower range; though it seems a bold thing to speak of Milton with even comparative disparage. Though he dwarfed all other poets by his colossal height, he loses something of his glory by the side of Shakespeare. Milton excelled, it is true, in the *sublime*, (which is the first quality of poetry) but he could not, like Shakespeare, play on every string of the human heart with equal facility. Shakespeare was perhaps not less sublime than Milton, when he aimed at elevation, and he was superior in every other element of poetic genius. There was no limit to his powers. Wit, fancy, imagination—touches of tenderness or terror, flashes of merriment that set the theatre in a roar—the loftiest wisdom or the wildest freaks—"each scene of many-coloured life"—are all to be met with in his varied

and wondrous pages. His works are a mirror of the world. Milton is truly great in his single department; but he is not the rival of Shakespeare, who concentrated in his single mind all the diversified excellencies of human genius.

Wordsworth has quite as many faults as a poet as Lord Byron and Thomas Moore, and they are upon the whole of a more offensive description. Byron's egotism for example, is at least manly, and expressed with nervous eloquence, but Wordsworth's is sometimes at once puerile and pompous. If Thomas Moore's thoughts are less profound, they are offered with no airs of assumption, and his verse is invariably neat, ingenious, polished and harmonious. Wordsworth seems to imagine that he may place unlimited reliance upon his genius alone, forgetting that a man's inspiration is not always upon him. It may be taken for granted that he is under this melancholy mistake, from the circumstance of his pouring out all his miscellaneous thoughts without selection, good, bad and indifferent, just as they occur, and satisfying himself with the most bare and prosaic colloquial language. He has lately printed a volume of upwards of four hundred and thirty sonnets. Now if there is any one class of poems that requires more careful selection and concentration of thought than another, it is this; and if every sonnet in the collection were struck out of it that is deficient in the polish, point, unity and closeness which are essential to that form of verse, the volume would be sadly reduced in its dimensions. The prominent fault of Wordsworth is a want of force and precision. He is often more diffuse and feeble than one should have supposed possible in a genuine poet; and the worst of it is, that he is not satisfied to let a simple common-place pass at its true value; but ushers it forth with the air of a philosophical discovery. There is a strained emphasis upon trifles. If Mr. Wordsworth would write only when the true inspiration is upon him, or would permit some judicious friend to draw his pen through every line that is unworthy of his genius, he would meet with a very different reception from the general reader, who will rarely take the trouble to search for thinly scattered fruit in a vast mass of foliage. Byron and Moore and Campbell and Rogers are more popular, partly because they are more equal writers. They never fall strikingly below the level of their genius. We may take up at hazard any one of their poems, however long or short, and regard it as a tolerably characteristic specimen of what they could produce;—but Wordsworth too often writes in a style that might justify a person who

was but partially acquainted with his works in pronouncing him a singularly feeble thinker, and a mediocre versifier. His warmest admirers would hesitate to give a *random specimen* of his manner, because if he is the best poet living he is also the worst. In his happier hour he surpasses every other poet of the present day. We find in his pages, what we do not find elsewhere in the poetry of these times, those profound thoughts and golden images which when once met with leave an indelible impression on the mind. They breathe an air of immortality. He is a poet that every true thinker must love if he will only take the trouble to understand him. No imaginative writer of modern times has made a greater impression on the leading intellects of his country, and while the mob of readers confine their attention to his very obvious faults, and ridicule an intellect that is as much above their own as the stars are above the earth, the refined and ingenuous student is enchanted with the almost angelic purity of the poet's sentiments, the richness and delicacy of his fancy, his fine appreciation of truth and beauty, and the felicity of those occasional passages in which the most exquisite images are embodied in the happiest and most harmonious words. Compared with the *finest parts* of Wordsworth, some of our most popular poets of later times seem either vulgar and melodramatic, or finical and meretricious. Some of his contemporaries are infinitely better fitted to delight the public in general; because they do not seek exclusively to please those who love thought and poetry for their own sake, but give striking narratives that may excite the most prosaic reader; because too they never shock him with gross inequalities, and always pay him the compliment of doing their best. They often seem better poets than Wordsworth, but when the latter is at his noblest elevation, he mounts into higher and purer regions, and leaves all his contemporaries far behind him.

It must be confessed, that Wordsworth is too exclusive in his taste, and occasionally carries an excellent principle to an extreme almost as pernicious as the error to which it is opposed. He is so thoroughly disgusted with the vapid common-places of the imitators of the French School, that he thinks he cannot get too far from their models. He would rather speak like a clown than a Rosa Matilda. Of two evils he would choose what he thinks the least. But though there is a medium between the diction of the barn and the boudoir which he has sometimes missed, and in his eagerness to avoid an old and popular error has fallen into a new and a repulsive one, he is not to be

characterized by his few failures, but by his general success. His expressions are plain, but not coarse. He maintains, and with abundant reason, that language need not be vulgar, because it is simple and unpretending. He has chosen humble subjects, and endeavoured to assimilate his language to the real language of men in ordinary life. He feels that nothing human can be too lowly for the purposes of poetry, and that natural thoughts are best expressed in natural language. His thoughts, though clear, are profound, and often most philosophical and original when they appear most trite and obvious to vulgar apprehension. It has been justly observed that there is often an internal power, with an absence of external ornament, in his poetry, which is not to be found in that of any other living writer; and this accounts for the indifference of the superficial reader, and the enthusiasm approaching almost to adoration with which he is regarded by many of those who can truly appreciate the "art divine." Wordsworth is not likely to become a very popular poet, though portions of his writings will probably hereafter be more extensively known and be better understood by ordinary readers than they are at present. Many of his fine aphorisms, and some of his more obvious beauties of thought and style, have already been familiarized to the public mind by repeated quotation. The more frequently Wordsworth's productions are studied by refined readers the more they are admired. Genuine poetry is never stale; every new perusal is accompanied with a fresh delight and an additional store of pleasant associations. Those, however, who can really enjoy the pure spirit of poetry, wholly unmixed with baser matter, form a very small class indeed. To make it popular without the aid of narrative, it is necessary to season it highly with glittering conceits, turgid truisms, and strong excitements.

The majority of critics estimate more highly the value of contemporary applause as an indication of future fame than general experience warrants. If sale alone were a criterion of the value of a work, some of the meanest and most detestable books that were ever written, would rank as high as any thing that has yet proceeded from the noblest pens. Before we look upon immediate applause as the slightest argument in favor of a writer's performances, there are other circumstances that should be taken into consideration,—the subject—the author's style—and the character of the age. There are some subjects that in their own nature are so attractive to large classes of readers, that the feeblest handling cannot well abate their influence, particularly if they

are brought forward at the proper season. There are other topics, on the contrary, that cannot be rendered widely popular by the greatest genius. Sometimes mere novelty of subject will do more for an author's temporary success than the greatest merit of style or thought. They who maintain that popularity is the test of merit should reconcile the vast success of Scott's poetry on its first publication, when he was looked upon as the English Homer, with the comparative neglect with which his metrical tales are now treated. If they were great poems on their first publication, they must be equally meritorious now, though their popularity has passed away. If any man were to publish at this day poems of similar character and equal merit, they would hardly run through a single edition. The whole world at one time esteemed Scott a greater poet than Wordsworth, but who thinks so now? Opinions have changed, but the poetry of these authors is just what it was before.

There is a class of works for which an immediate but not permanent popularity is naturally expected, while there are others for which no popularity, but a slowly-coming though lasting fame, is all that is ever looked for or desired. If we glance over the records of literature, we shall meet with the titles of innumerable books that, in their brief day, were eagerly devoured by the whole reading world, but which are now utterly forgotten; or if occasionally met with and perused, are thrown away again with a deep feeling of disgust, and an expression of astonishment that they should ever have given satisfaction to a single human being. Great authors have rarely been popular, because they have gone beyond the age or beyond the general intellect. Bacon and Milton were never *popular*, and never will be. They are truly interesting only to thinkers and men of imagination, and these form the fit audience though few. On the authority of the critics the multitude have faith in these gods of intellect. They blindly worship them from a sense of duty and not from any impulse of affection. The history of literature furnishes us with comparatively so few instances of contemporary popularity being succeeded by a permanent fame, and so many of a sudden blaze of success being as suddenly extinguished, and of neglected merit forcing its way slowly into lasting distinction, that it is highly unphilosophical to draw any positive conclusions from the public reception of new works.

Wordsworth is not an Epic poet, nor has he the Dramatic faculty*. The "Excursion," is a mere re-

* He has written a play, but has not published it.

cord of the moods of his own mind. The dramatic personæ are shadows. The dialogue is sustained entirely by one person, and that person is the author. The poem is in fact an eloquent soliloquy. One portion of Wordsworth's works forms a strange contrast to the rest. Though in his Lyrical Ballads he affects a quaker-like plainness and humility, in his poems of a metaphysical or of a contemplative character there is a solemn and sustained elevation both of style and sentiment. He may be called both a philosophical and a pastoral poet. His characteristics are profound thought and a passionate love of nature.

We read the works of Wordsworth with a calm delight, and a personal veneration for the author. There is something so exquisitely pure and pastoral in all that we hear of his daily life, that he realizes our most ideal conception of the poetical character. He lives in serene and thoughtful gladness, amidst groves, and lakes, and mountains, and seems as intimately associated with nature as the birds that charm him with their songs. He pays, indeed, an occasional visit to the crowded city, but hurries eagerly back again to his native haunts. There is the same avoidance of all contact with artificial life, in his personal habits as in his poetry. There is an Arcadian simplicity and quietude in both.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on the 4th of November 1771. His parents belonged to the church of the United Brethren, commonly called Moravians, and the poet is of the same sect. He was placed at an early age in a Moravian seminary at Fulnick in Yorkshire, where his father and mother left him at school and went to the West Indies to instruct the negroes in the doctrines of Christianity. They both fell victims to the climate; one died in Barbadoes and the other in Tobago. The Moravians supported and protected the orphan of these Missionaries and educated him as a minister, but though of an extremely pious turn of mind young Montgomery had too much imagination to rest long satisfied with the strict monastic seclusion from the world imposed upon him by his brethren. He was impatient to see more of human life over which his fancy had thrown romantic colours. The reality, however, soon chilled and disappointed him. As he

was so determined to enter the world, his friends gave up all further attempts to restrain his inclinations, and they procured him a situation in a retail shop at Mirfield near Wakefield; but he soon grew weary of so uncongenial an employment. He secretly fled from his master, but left a letter of explanation for him. Not being an articulated apprentice he broke no contract by his desertion. He entered the wide world with three shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He was at that time only sixteen years of age. It was not many days before he was obliged to save himself from starvation by accepting a similar situation at a place called Wash. He now wrote to his late employer for a character. The worthy man who truly loved his runaway assistant set off immediately for Wash, and when the two friends met they rushed into each other's arms. His master, however, in vain pressed him to return. He next got into the employ of Mr. Harrison a bookseller in London, who had seen a volume of his poems in manuscript and strongly urged him to cultivate his talents. He found even this employ a dull one and in eight months returned into Yorkshire to the situation he had formerly held. His next employment was that of editor of a provincial newspaper, the *Sheffield Iris*. The paper was conducted with moderation by the poet-editor, but he was a lover of liberty, and in those days the government were jealous of the least attempt to give utterance to those free opinions which are now generally entertained and openly expressed. A clergyman had written a song to commemorate the destruction of the Bastille, and though it appeared in half the newspapers of the kingdom, Mr. Montgomery was prosecuted for having struck off a few copies for sale at the *Sheffield Iris* press. He was fined twenty pounds and imprisoned for three months in the Castle of York. He had not long resumed his duties when he again incurred the hostility of the powerful. Two men were killed by the soldiers in a riot in the streets of Sheffield, and Montgomery gave an account of the affair which excited the anger of an officer who was also a magistrate, and who preferred a bill of indictment against him. Montgomery proved the accuracy of his statement, but it did not save him. He was sentenced to six months imprisonment and a fine of thirty pounds.

The first work which made Montgomery's name familiar to the public was *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, which was treated with such severity by the *Edinburgh Review* that the poet was completely disheartened, and according to his own account was for some years, "as mute as a moulting bird." In 1810

appeared his poem of the *West Indies* of which ten thousand copies were sold. Three years after he published *The world before the Flood*. *Greenland* was published in 1819 and the *Pelican Island* in 1827.

Montgomery's poetry is especially interesting to a large class of readers who delight to see the Muse enlisted in the cause of Religion. He blends piety to God with a deep and unaffected love for his fellow-creatures. The spirit that pervades all his writings is truly amiable and noble, and his character as a man corresponds exactly with his character as an author. His poetry exhibits peculiar delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, and great elegance and purity of style. He never startles the reader with vigorous bursts of enthusiasm or intense flashes of imagination, but he always secures his approbation and esteem.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. His father was a linen-draper of that city, but though he was a man of singularly steady habits and of strict integrity he was not successful in business. Young Southey was taken charge of by his mother's maiden aunt, Miss Tyler. In 1787 he was sent to Westminster school. His master loved him and treated him like a son. His school-fellows also were charmed with his fine disposition. On one occasion he was compelled to join in a rebellion, and soon after was found in tears. On being questioned as to the cause of his distress, he replied, that he was afflicted at the thought of his ingratitude to his master. In 1792 he was entered at Balliol College Oxford. In 1794 Mr. Coleridge who had just left Cambridge paid a visit to Oxford and formed an intimacy with Southey. Coleridge was even then distinguished for those extraordinary powers of conversation which fascinated all who heard him, and he was hailed with admiration and wonder by the young Oxonians, especially such of them as were favorable to the French Revolution. Southey, Coleridge and Lovel were at that time ardent political enthusiasts, and forsaking their studies they formed a plan to establish a Society on the banks of the Ohio, with a system of government in which every individual was to have his share of power, and all property was to be equally divided or used in common. They were intimate with Wordsworth, who though his political sentiments were at that time of the same cast as theirs, refused to join

in so absurd a scheme. The other three friends repaired to Bristol for the purpose of making preparations for carrying their design into effect, and as female society was essential to the new colony they agreed to marry three sisters of the name of Fricker. The triple marriage plan was duly executed, but their political speculation with reference to the settlement on the banks of the Ohio speedily evaporated. Southey's friends were anxious to prevent his marriage with Miss Fricker, and hoping to wean him from it by absence, they persuaded him to accompany his uncle Mr. Hill, to Portugal; but true lovers are not easily thwarted, and only an hour or two before Southey's departure a secret union was effected. They separated at the church door. He was six months absent, and during that time wrote letters to his bride which were afterwards published in one volume octavo. On his return he pursued his literary avocations with great earnestness and assiduity. Towards the close of 1801 he was appointed Secretary to Mr. Corry, then Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland on a salary of 500 pounds per annum. He held the place until his principal quitted office which was not long after, for in 1803 Southey resided at Keswick in Cumberland. Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Lovel (now a widow) lived under the same roof. In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate.

Southey is one of the most voluminous writers in the language, and the mere list of his works in prose and verse would fill a page. It will be sufficient to allude to a few of his most celebrated productions. *Joan of Arc*, an Epic Poem, which has since been greatly altered, was published in 1796. *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, a metrical Romance, appeared in 1803; and *Madoc*, a poem, two years after. *The Curse of Kehama* was published in 1810; *Roderick the last of the Goths* in 1814, and *A Tale of Paraguay* in 1824. Southey's poetry wants compactness, but though in his longer poems the passages taken separately are sometimes diffuse and feeble, there is great breadth and richness in the general effect, and the style is admirably pure and transparent. The reader feels that he is under the spell of a true poet. The presence of high and rich imagination is always recognized though we have rarely occasion to dwell upon lines or passages of striking beauty. The power is in the whole. He is most successful in descriptions of external nature and in home-scenes of sweet domestic interest, in which all is truth and nature. The most popular of his numerous prose works is his *Life of Nelson*. It is a truly classical

production. He has written some of the ablest articles in the *Quarterly Review*, for each of which it is said that he has received one hundred pounds. He is one of the best prose writers in our language. His style is singularly clear, graceful and unaffected. He never compels us to pause at a particular sentence or go back to any previous paragraph to gather the meaning. The uncritical reader is sometimes surprised that Southey's prose is so much admired, because he is not arrested by any prominent or isolated beauty; but the very excellence of the style consists in the absence of all effort or display, and the way in which the writer beguiles us into a consideration of the matter alone, while we forget the manner, which has nevertheless a secret charm. His narratives especially are admirable for their distinctness and animation.

Though Southey is somewhat too fierce a politician and is now as ardent a lover of Kings as he once was of Republics, and is often taunted with his inconsistency on that account, his greatest enemies have acknowledged the purity and beauty of his private life. Whatever may be said or thought of him as a poet or a politician he is almost immaculate as a man, and all parties agree in speaking of him personally with the most unqualified admiration and respect. In 1839, having lost his first wife some years before, he married Miss Caroline Bowles, the accomplished poetess. It is with pain we add that he has since fallen into a miserable state of health both bodily and mental, and that there is little hope of his recovery. This is of course the sad result of overstraining the intellectual powers. No ploughman or mechanic has gone through more drudgery than Southey—and his labours unhappily were of a nature to press with peculiar severity upon the very principle of life. The exhaustion that follows literary toil affects both mind and body to a degree and in a manner that are rarely experienced from other kinds of labour.

The following tribute to the character of Southey is from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*.

"Publicly has Mr. Southey been reviled by men, who (I would feign hope for the honor of human nature) hurled fire-brands against a figure of their own imagination, publicly have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced; as publicly do I therefore, who have known him intimately, deem it my duty to leave recorded, that it is Southey's almost unexampled felicity, to possess the best gifts of talent and genius free from all their characteristic defects. To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free

from all vicious habit but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanour, which in his early manhood, and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove; this will his school-mates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to, as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as his genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power, to achieve more, and in more various departments than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he the master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labours, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles, than steadfast in the performance of the highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility; while on the contrary he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind in those around him or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but inspire and bestow: when this too is softened without being weakened by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an antient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, in as much as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and of national illumination."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow in 1777. His father was nearly seventy years of age at the time

of his son's birth. When he was twelve years of age the poet was sent to the University of Glasgow where he speedily distinguished himself by the rapidity and extent of his scholastic acquisitions. On quitting the University he removed into Argyshire where he obtained the situation of private tutor in a family of some distinction. He next went to Edinburgh where his talents soon brought him into notice and he became intimate with Dugald Stewart and all the other leading intellects of the Scottish Metropolis. At the early age of twenty-one he published his *Pleasures of Hope*, a poem of great beauty and which gave extraordinary promise of future excellence. He received for this work in the first instance but ten pounds, though for twenty years it produced to the publishers an annual income of thirty times that sum. In addition to the original remuneration he afterwards received a present of the profits of a quarto edition. By a subsequent act of the legislature, extending the term of copyright the work luckily reverted again to the author. After three years' residence in Edinburgh Campbell sailed for Hamburg. He travelled over a great part of Germany and Prussia, and visited the different Universities. He witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which he has so nobly commemorated, from the top of a convent, and saw the French cavalry enter a town wiping their bloody sabres on the horses' manes. He became intimately acquainted with the two celebrated Schlegels, and passed a day with Klopstock. After having spent thirteen months in travelling on the Continent, he visited London for the first time. In 1803 he married a lady of the name of Sinclair who died in 1828. By this lady he had two sons, one of whom died in his twelfth year; the other is still living with his father, but in a state of mental derangement.

Campbell resided for many years at Sydenham, near London, where he composed his "Gertrude of Wyoming," which was published in 1820. About the same time he published his *Specimens of the British Poets*, in seven volumes. In 1824 appeared his "*Theodric*," which was a public disappointment. He was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* for ten years from 1820 to 1830, but it is supposed that, with the exception of a few papers in the earlier numbers, he gave little more to it than his name for which he received about three hundred a year.

Mr. Campbell has the credit of having been the originator of the London University. The first scheme or proposal came from him; though Lord Brougham had the chief hand in carrying it into

effect. Campbell was once urged by Sir John Sinclair to write a play upon the subject of Darius but he had the good sense to decline the attempt. Though the most condensed, the most nervous, and the most polished of our living poets, his Muse is deficient in dramatic power; and, like most of our modern bards, he can better describe his own feelings than the feelings of other men. His manner is altogether too concise, too antithetical, and too formal, to be adapted to every variety of passion and of humour. His style is classically, and even fastidiously correct, and it may perhaps be objected to it, that it has too much the appearance of being constructed on some particular model, from which he has made up his mind that it would be an unpardonable sin to deviate even in the breadth of a hair. Thus, with all his energy and fire, his Pegasus is a checked steed, and prances in a given track. It is something like an illustration of this fact, that Mr. Campbell has very rarely ventured to divest himself of the silken fetters of rhyme. Blank-verse, which, as Southey has well said, is the noblest measure of which our language is capable, seems to have presented him with a field too open and unbounded. He prefers the narrow and more beaten road, and it must be confessed that never did a more graceful and spirited personage condescend to travel on the common causeway. It is nevertheless to be regretted, that a writer who has given evidence of so much strength and animation should have thus restrained his energies by over-caution. If he had only given way somewhat more freely to his own impulses, he would have been a much greater poet.

Campbell betrays a leaning to that school of poetry to which Wordsworth is so hostile; and nothing can be more opposite than the styles of these two contemporaries. Campbell has written little, but much of that little will live; the world would not willingly let it die. Wordsworth, though a more philosophical poet, and of a far higher rank, cannot possibly travel through the rough road of futurity without leaving behind him a considerable mass of lumber. If Campbell is too timid and precise, Wordsworth is too egotistical and verbose. The former is too cautious, and the latter too careless. Campbell is a more equal, but a less ambitious poet. He performs all that he attempts, but does not attempt so much. Campbell has pursued the safest, but not the most glorious route to posterity. Wordsworth is a bolder traveller, and has aimed at nobler acquisitions with the chance of greater failures, and at the risk of being encumbered with much unwieldy wealth.

Campbell with all his fame is still a timid author, and is as much frightened at his own reputation as a child at its own shadow. He is always afraid that his new productions will not come up to the expectations of the public. It is said that he was deeply hurt at the comparatively indifferent success of his *Theodric*, notwithstanding the kind and generous notice which it received from his friend Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. Lord Byron, in speaking of Campbell's probable vexation at Coleridge's having attacked the "Pleasures of Hope," in a public lecture on Poetry, observed that Campbell was the most sensitive man in such matters that he had ever met with. "And yet what," added his Lordship, "has *he* to fear from criticism?"

His martial and naval Odes are truly magnificent; and his songs of a more quiet tone have a blended vigour and pathos of sentiment, and a spirit and harmony of versification, that make them almost unrivalled by any other Lyrics in the English language. They are superior to Thomas Moore's; for though less ingenious, they are not less elegant or finished, and have more truth and nature.

Campbell talks modestly of his hopes of immortality; but he does not affect to be wholly unconscious of his real claims. He greatly admires Goldsmith, whose works have still a wide and steady popularity, though not a noisy one; he would be satisfied, he says, with a fame like that of the author of "The Deserted Village." The disciples of the Lake School would lift up their eyes at such an instance of humility, for they class Goldsmith with the followers of the degraded French School, at the head of which, by the way, they place Dryden, the most English of English Poets.

Campbell now seldom writes poetry, and has taken a fancy to study languages, particularly the German.

In person, Campbell is eminently handsome and genteel, but is perhaps a little lower in stature than is quite consistent with dignity. Leigh-Hunt's account of him is to the life;—"His face and person," says he, "are rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he speaks, dimples play about his mouth, which nevertheless has something restrained and close in it." To a stranger at first sight there is an air of primness and fastidiousness in his look and manner, but this soon wears off, and as he grows more familiar, his fine expressive eye becomes full of noble meanings. It is in a tête à tête, or in a very small and select party of friends, that he appears to most advantage. In a

large company he is too guarded, and betrays a consciousness of authorship and celebrity.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1780. He received the rudiments of education from Mr. Samuel Whyte who was the early tutor of Sheridan. At fourteen he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin. In 1799 he went to London, became a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. In the year 1800, before he had completed his twentieth year he published a translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*. This work acquired immediate popularity and the author was for many years distinguished by the appellation of Anacreon Moore. It was dedicated to the Prince of Wales who received the author into his society on a footing of familiar friendship. This connection however was not lasting. The poet and the prince at last separated on hostile terms, and the latter found an unenviable place in some of the hiveliest satires in our language. In 1803 Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, which he filled for a short time, but afterwards appointed a deputy and returned to England. He soon after married Miss Dyke, a lady of great personal attractions and most amiable disposition. In 1817 he published his "Lalla Rookh." In the following year appeared "The Fudge Family in Paris." In 1823 he published "The Loves of the Angels," of which two translations appeared soon after in Paris. Moore's principal prose works, the *Life of Byron* and the *Memoirs of Sheridan*, are highly interesting, though the style is somewhat too profusely ornamented.

Moore's personal character is delightful. He is of a cheerful and friendly disposition, with cordial, frank, and pleasant manners. He is a particularly agreeable specimen of an Irish gentleman. He is fond of music and sings his own "Irish Melodies" with great taste and feeling, his voice, though not of large compass, being very sweet and effective. His conversation is as sparkling as his poetry.

It is the fashion amongst the admirers of the Lake school to speak with unqualified contempt of the poetry of Thomas Moore. This is extravagant injustice. If he has many faults, he has also many merits of no ordinary kind. We will speak of the former first and so get rid as quickly as possible of the disagreeable part of our task. He has not much genuine pathos, and no simple nature.

Just as he is making his way to the heart some glittering ornament is sure to dissipate or distract our attention. When he aims at energy he is too often strained and bombastic; and when he attempts to represent human passion, we have too often a great deal of sound and fury signifying nothing. Nature has not endowed him with any extraordinary share of high *imagination*, though there are few writers in the English language, who have exhibited such wealth of *fancy*. It is inexhaustible. The whole creation glitters in his eyes. He looks upon nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, that is not instantly associated with some resplendent image. Every thing gleams and sparkles with restless brilliancy, like the breeze-stirred leaves of trees after a summer shower and in a cheerful burst of sunshine. The misfortune is, that this exuberance of imagery leads him into idle ostentation, and that his Muse is, accordingly, too often more fine than elegant. He never seems to understand the maxim of Thomson, that nature when unadorned is adorned the most; and he dwells so much upon the mere drapery, that he tempts the critic to accuse him of a deficiency of skill in the higher departments of his art.

"Poets, like painters, when unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art."

In fact it cannot be denied, that glittering imagery too often forms the ground-work of his productions, instead of the embellishment. His characters are lay figures, on which he hangs the most gorgeously bespangled garments. They are not of flesh and blood. They are like theatrical angels that owe every thing to paint, to dress, and to scenery. Byron was the true poet of *passion*, and whenever Thomas Moore attempts to enter upon his rival's ground he sinks into cold extravagance. He is most at home when he is thinking of sparkling eyes and illuminated halls. But even his notions of female beauty are somewhat imperfect. He is too fond of analyzing or enumerating the various points of excellence, and does not leave any unity or distinctness of impression upon the reader's mind. But, as he might have learned from Pope,

"'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."

He produces a rich assemblage of charms; but he gives the same to all his heroines, and they have all the requisite supply of starry eyes, cherry lips, and rosy cheeks. The poetry of the author of *Lalla Rookh* is more thoroughly oriental than he perhaps imagines.

An overwhelming display of fanciful imagery is precisely the besetting sin of all Eastern poets, whose jewellery completely throws into "a *privacy of light*" the subject it is intended to illustrate and embellish. This richness of fancy is in them—and we fear in Moore also—generally unaccompanied with depth of thought. The great poets rarely dazzle and fatigue the reader with scenes that glitter like streams in the noon-day sun. The pages of Milton and Shakespeare do not perpetually flash and sparkle, but yet are always rendered clear and distinct by the broad light of imagination.

But now let us turn to the best side of the picture. Where is the writer who has moved in the golden fetters of verse with more ease and grace than Thomas Moore? And that this is not a trivial accomplishment, or one of easy attainment, may be shewn by a reference to the vast number of failures amongst those who have aimed at the same excellence. His rhymes almost always seem the consequence of the idea to be expressed, and not the cause. The words flow as easily and unaffectedly in his most intricate measures, as they do in elegant and familiar conversation. The reader is delighted to find a great difficulty so admirably overcome, and this success is so rare, that the pleasure is heightened by surprise. We really can remember no poet who, in rhymed verse, has exhibited such an easy mastery over the mechanism of his art. Milton's versification is undoubtedly more learned and elaborate, but it is so obviously artificial, that a child can perceive the trace of labour. Moore's poetry reads as if it were the writer's natural mode of expressing his thoughts and feelings. Not that it is always natural in the *matter*, but that the *manner* is exactly suited to the character of the poet's mind. It seems not the result of labour or affectation. In all those measures which are characterized by that obvious melody the charm of which is appreciated by the general ear, he is uniformly successful. To a wonderfully rich fancy and a fine ear for the harmonies of verse, he adds the great advantages of extreme ingenuity of thought, a quick sense of the beautiful, a turn for elegant compliments, in which he rivals even Pope himself, and a readiness of playful satire, in which he has never been surpassed. Perhaps the prime quality of his mind is wit. It seems ever at his call, and has always a double effect from its ease and spontaneity. For piquancy and point, nothing in the language can be compared with his political squibs. Let them appear how or where they may, the author's hand is instantaneously recognized.

They exhibit a delightful combination of wit and fancy, and these qualities are rendered peculiarly effective by the graceful volubility of the verse. He moves with more readiness and grace in rhyme than others do in prose. His satire never wants point, and always enchants the reader with its inimitable ease. He surpasses Prior in his arch allusions and in the smoothness and facility of his style. He cannot so well handle the heavy flail of Churchill, but he has fifty times his cunning in the use of a genteeler weapon. Satirists, however, have generally to work with temporary materials. Their genius is thrown away upon perishable themes. Moore is chiefly a party satirist, and nothing is more fugitive than the fashionable topics connected with politics. A new king or even a new administration may throw the cleverest political satires into utter and irretrievable oblivion.

It is melancholy to reflect upon the uncertainty of poetical fame, and to look back at the long file of highly-gifted men who after being for many years the "observed of all observers," are now gradually passing away from us for ever into the dreary region of oblivion. Even they who have never felt the sunshine of fame, shrink with horror from the thought of being utterly forgotten.

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

Fortunately for the happiness of popular poets they are generally buoyed up during their natural lives with the hope of future fame, and reconcile themselves to the fate which is common to all mortals with the proud anticipation of a second and more enduring existence even upon the earth. There have been, however, favourite writers who have survived their fame. Hayley was an instance. We do not mean to compare Thomas Moore with such a writer as Hayley, who was literally no poet. This cannot be said of the author of *Lalla Rookh*, who is as decidedly a true poet as any writer of his time, though the rank and character of his genius, and his chance of immortality may be open to doubt and disputation.

That Thomas Moore has not the deep philosophical sentiment of Wordsworth, nor the burning energy of Byron, nor the classical purity and precision of Campbell, nor the rich stateliness of Southey, nor the simple nature of Crabbe, nor the wild and rich imagination of Shelley or of Coleridge, must be at once admitted; but neither has any one of these

great writers individually, all the attributes of his contemporaries. Nature is too sparing of her nobler gifts to lavish them on a single person. Thomas Moore, we repeat, has one of the endowments of a genuine poet—a *prolific fancy*, and in this respect he has no superior. He has also a larger share of pure wit of a light and playful kind, than has fallen to the lot of any other living author.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT is the son of a clergyman of the church of England, and was born at Southgate in Middlesex, October the 19th, 1784. His parents were acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Franklin who offered to teach his mother the guitar, but she was too diffident to become his pupil. The family of the Hunts were also intimate with West, the Painter, who used to speak to the King in favor of the poet's father when he fell into difficulties, and at last obtained for him a pension of £100 per annum. When Leigh Hunt was only thirteen years of age he fell in love with a lass of fifteen with "little laughing eyes and a mouth like a plum;" but such was the innocent and simple character of his passion that it gave him little concern to know that she was about to be married to a handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty. He used to sit and gaze on her with delight, and was so far from being jealous that he thought it the most natural thing in the world that every body should love her as much as he did. Byron's boyish passion was of a more selfish nature—perhaps only because it was more intense and genuine. Leigh Hunt quitted Christ's Hospital in his fifteenth year, and then published his first volume of verses of which he afterwards became heartily ashamed. They were mere imitations, and of that school of verse too for which he has ever since felt so little respect that he has perhaps done injustice to the real merits of its great founder, Pope. The book was not, however, ill received by the critics, who welcomed it as the production of a boy. His verses obtained for him an introduction to Rev. Mr. Maurice, of the British Museum, author of "*Indian Antiquities*," who used to talk over literary matters with him with a good-natured cordiality and an absence of all pretension of superiority that must have been very gratifying to the youthful poet. Mr. Maurice procured him permission to read in the Museum and he took a due advantage of the privilege. His first

published prose efforts appeared under the title of "The Traveller, by Mr. Town, Junior, Critic and Censor-General." They were a series of essays in imitation of the *Connoisseur*, and were published in the *Traveller* newspaper. He wrote about the same time a comedy and a tragedy. These were most probably destroyed at the suggestion of his maturer judgment. In his twentieth year he wrote dramatic criticisms for *The News*, a weekly paper published by his brother John. They brought him into immediate notice. He has since proved himself to be the best and most agreeable dramatic critic in England. In 1808 he and his brother set up the *Examiner*. This paper has always maintained a high character for talent, and has lost nothing of its reputation in the hands of its present editor, Mr. Forblanque. For a satirical allusion in the *Examiner* to the Prince of Wales, in ridicule of some absurd compliments in the *Morning Post* which styled his Royal Highness an Adonis, Leigh Hunt was prosecuted for a libel and sentenced to two years imprisonment, a punishment wholly disproportioned to the offence, and which would scarcely have been inflicted in a later day. However the mind is its own place. He could have exclaimed with Lovelace,

"Stone bars do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Leigh Hunt carried his taste and his poetic feeling even into a jail. He papered the walls of his room with a trellis of roses, and had the ceiling colored like a summer sky. He added book-cases, flowers, busts and a piano-forte. Charles Lamb when he went to visit his friend was taken quite by surprise, and said there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. Thomas Moore, Wordsworth, and Lord Byron were amongst his visitors and were like Lamb astonished at the elegance and comfort that he had contrived to introduce into a jail. The venerable Jeremy Bentham found the "wit in his dungeon" playing at Battledore, and joined in the game. On the 3rd of February, 1815, he was restored to liberty. On leaving prison he published his longest and best poem, the *Story of Rimini*, and soon after commenced his delightful little periodical entitled *The Indicator*. In 1821 he accepted an invitation from Lord Byron, seconded by the entreaties of his friend Shelley to visit Italy and join them in a publication called the *Liberator*. His Lordship was disappointed in the expected success of that work, and Leigh Hunt and the noble poet being very opposite in their tastes and habits of thinking,

at last parted with no very cordial feelings towards each other. In 1828 Leigh Hunt published his "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries with Recollections of the Author's Life," and in 1832 a collection of his best poems in one volume.

Few poets have more faults than Leigh Hunt. But if they were fifty times as many—if they were "thick as the autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa," they would not conceal or overpower his peculiar beauties. His best friends must observe with regret his studied negligence of metre, his affected novelties of diction, and the occasional vulgarity of his style. But who would not forgive the rose its thorns, and pass over numerous defects, for the sake of still more numerous excellencies? His sunny brightness of fancy, his depth and delicacy of observation, his freshness and tenderness of feeling, his intense love of nature, his happy power of description, his exuberant flow of animal spirits, the cheerful tone of his philosophy, his genuine worship of truth and freedom, and his frank, cordial, and familiar manner, are qualities which even those who may be most alive to his faults are often amongst the foremost to acknowledge and appreciate. These remarks apply with equal justice to his essays and his poems. As an essayist, he is in the same class as Lamb and Hazlitt, and takes his station perhaps between the two, mingling in his own works a large portion of the beauties of both. As a poet, some critics have connected him with the Lake school; but though in his abhorrence of the more precise and formal style that was fashionable in what has been erroneously called the Augustan Era of English Poetry, he resembles the poets of the Lakes, he differs from them in many points of a very characteristic nature. Wordsworth would not acknowledge him as a disciple. He belongs to no school. Perhaps of all living poets the one to whom he may be most easily compared and to whom he has already been compared by Hazlitt, is Thomas Moore, though, as he is far less smooth, terse, and polished than the bard of Erin, the resemblance between them does not immediately strike the casual reader. Though he is not so well fitted to delight the drawing-room with brilliant common-places, his wealth of imagery, his sparkling and elaborate descriptions, his frequent richness and felicity of phrase, and, above all, a certain gay and social spirit, frequently remind us of some of the happiest traits of the author of *Lalla Rookh*. If he were more uniformly careful and fastidious in his diction, and aimed more at point and antithesis of style, the resemblance

would be nearer. But trimness, smartness, and regularity, are Leigh Hunt's aversion. He affects "harmonious discords," and is ambitious to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Leigh Hunt is even more agreeable as a companion than as an author. He has a constant flow of animal spirits, and his original remarks and illustrations are easily and pleasantly delivered. His clear brilliant images are poured out from the fancy-tinged fountain of his mind with wonderful rapidity. He adapts himself with great felicity to the character of the society into which he may happen to be thrown, and can not only endure with generous patience the company of an ordinary individual, but can usually find something agreeable and instructive in his conversation.

He is a most passionate admirer of the external world, and thinks "a sullenness against nature," a serious crime. He makes a firm stand against the dogmas of the Utilitarians, and considers that happiness, and whatever is most conducive to its progress, are the chief concern of the truly wise. All things are useful as they tend to this end, and no further. It may be said that virtue is a higher object, but happiness implies its presence, and indeed is only another term for virtuous emotion. Conscious guilt is never happy. Poetry and the Fine Arts, which some people despise, because they do not comprehend, contribute to our happiness by awakening the most delicate sensibilities of the soul, and are as *useful*, in the strictest sense of the word, as scientific theories and inventions. Nothing is useful in this world, but what has eventual reference to the heart of man. Poetry is the expression of human passion. It has been contemptuously characterised as an idle dream; as a pleasing falsehood. If our existence itself be not a dream, the essence of poetry is truth. The Poet's soul is a mirror, that reflects more vividly than an ordinary mind, the scenery of human life.

Leigh Hunt has too many idiosyncrasies and has too much subtlety and refinement, for most readers. It is said, that a man who is but just in advance of his pupils, is the most effective teacher. It is the same with the author, who should not be too far beyond the crowd, if he desires to sway their sympathies and opinions. There are many writers of these times, who have exhibited more power, both of thought and expression; but it would be difficult to name any one who has surpassed Leigh Hunt in a delicate sense of the beautiful and the true. He is not well-fitted for the fierce struggles of political con-

troversy; and we have arrived at a period, when the public mind demands a strong and even coarse excitement. Even in literature itself, there is a correspondent leaning to the wild and turgid. Addison and Goldsmith would attract but little attention in such times as these. The mild essays of the *Spectator* would seem flat and insipid, and no publisher would make a very liberal offer for the copyright of a one volume novel in the style of the *Vicar of Wakefield*?

Nothing but Leigh Hunt's disinterested and indestructible love of truth, and a naturally lively imagination, could have preserved him from despondency or despair in the midst of his great and manifold afflictions; and it is truly delightful to observe, how he continues to the last to turn to the sunny side of all things. He is just as full of hope and trustfulness as ever, and he looks round upon nature and upon man with the same cordial sympathy and admiration that thrilled his heart in youth. This is true religion—true virtue—true wisdom.

Leigh Hunt seems to be quite aware, that his character as a politician is not precisely suited to the tone and temper of the times. He is far too mild and scrupulous and candid, and deals too much in generalities. He is too little of a party man.

Leigh Hunt's personal appearance is extremely prepossessing. His figure is light and elegant, and he has an air of genteel negligence about him, that is not common amongst literary men. He has a quick and sparkling eye, but his mouth is the most remarkable feature of his face; it has a character of great sensibility, and a kind of voluptuous refinement. If there is any thing objectionable in Hunt's personal manners and conversation, it consists in a slight tinge of foppery in both. He wears no neckcloth, but leaves his collar open *à la Byron*. His coxcombry, if such it be, has by no means a disagreeable effect; for his extreme politeness, his elegant manners and good humour would redeem a far greater foible.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born at Blackwood on Nithside a few miles above Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784. His father was a farmer. At eleven years of age he was removed from school and placed under an elder brother to learn the business of a mason. He early exhibited a taste for reading. In 1810 he went to London and obtained employment

on magazines and newspapers. Four years afterwards he entered the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey where he still remains as Clerk of the Works in that admirable sculptor's establishment. Some of his earliest pieces were published in "Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" and attracted great attention. His Dramatic Poem of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell" was noticed very kindly in the preface to the *Fortunes of Nigel*. "Honest Allan," (says Scott in his *Diary*) "is a real and true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides, who only requires the tact of knowing when and where to stop to attain the universal praise which ought to follow it." In a private letter to Allan Cunningham himself, Scott tells him, "I am glad you are about Scottish Song." (his collection in four volumes published in 1825.) "No man—not Robert Burns himself—has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich it." Cunningham's prose fictions are less popular than his poetry. His style in the former is overlaid with poetical ornament. This objection does not apply to his highly interesting *Lives of the Painters*. He has published an admirable edition of the poems of Burns with a memoir that is written in a truly congenial spirit. Cunningham was present at the funeral of Burns. He is now engaged on a task of much difficulty and importance, the *Lives of the Poets from Chaucer to Coleridge*, with the exception, we believe, of those already written by Dr. Johnson, which will probably be incorporated in their right place in the body of his work. The *Maid of Elvar*, a "rustic epic," is the latest of his poetical publications.

Cunningham never writes any thing in verse in which he does not display more or less of his poetical genius, but his fame must rest upon his songs which are instinct with truth and nature.

In private life Cunningham is a great favorite with all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and he numbers in the list of his friends some of the most distinguished men of the present age.

MRS. SOUTHEY,

(late Caroline Bowles.)

Mrs. SOUTHEY was born in 1786. Her first work was a small collection of articles in prose and verse, entitled *Solitary Hours* published in 1826. The *Widow's Tale* followed. Her next work entitled *Chapters on Churchyards*, was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Her longest and latest poetical production is the blank-verse poem of *The*

Birthday. It was published in 1837, in which year there was an elaborate and highly laudatory notice of it in *Blackwood's Magazine*. After an acquaintance of twenty years our poetess was married to the Poet Laureate in 1839.

One reason why Mrs. Southey is less known to the public than L. E. L. or Mrs. Hemans, is the modesty with which she has omitted her name from the title pages of her several works. Many of the lovers of poetry have some of her smaller poems by heart, though they know not to whom they are indebted for the beautiful thoughts and melodious sounds that haunt their hearts and ears.

The volume entitled *Solitary Hours* is a collection of brief compositions in prose and verse; the latter far superior to the former. Mrs. Southey's early prose, as is the case with most young authors in whom the imagination is the predominant faculty, exhibited a want of ease and simplicity. Though there is often great beauty in her prose work entitled *Chapters on Churchyards*, it must be acknowledged that she is entitled to a higher rank as a poet than as a prose writer. Her prose is occasionally a little inflated and ostentatious, a fault of which she is never guilty when she pours out her soul in verse. Her smaller poems are perhaps more truly characteristic of the best qualities of her genius than her ambitious efforts. No parent can read her exquisite address *To a Dying Infant* without emotion; and indeed no man or woman with a human heart can fail to recognize its truth and tenderness.

The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, or Mrs. Southey would have taken a more prominent station amongst the poets of the day. Her triumph, however, is yet to come, and she will reap a harvest of praise and admiration, when many who have gathered an earlier crop, shall lament that their brief season of sunshine and success has passed away for ever. It is melancholy to reflect upon the vicissitudes of literature. Nothing is more changeable and uncertain than poetic fame. It depends upon so many adventitious circumstances. A poet may be born an age too soon or too late—he may be puffed into a sudden elevation, only to be hurled down again into the gulph of oblivion by the stern re-action that always follows undeserved laudation—or he may have timid or prosaic friends that check his ambition, or fierce and indefatigable enemies that frighten him into silence, with ridicule and calumny—or he may have a rival in his own peculiar line, whose glare of fame attracts all eyes away from lesser luminaries that might have shone proudly in

his absence,—or he may have failed to procure the friendship of some leading literary journalist, who by repeated and earnest notices might have forced his merits into public notice,—or he may have entrusted his offspring to some tasteless and unfashionable publisher, without influence, energy or ambition. When a disappointed bard of the present day, conscious of some share of merit, looks over the list of the popular poets of the past generation, he may well be excused for wondering at the uncertainty of the public taste. Many a neglected and despised writer of these times, has produced verses that would have excited a sensation in the reign of the Kings and the Dukes, the Pomfrets and the Eusdens, the Walshs and the Welsteds, the Fentons and the Sprats. This small fry played about exultingly in the sunlit stream of fame for no inconsiderable period. But it is satisfactory to reflect, that though it has often happened that authors of little or no merit have enjoyed a temporary popularity, no work of real genius which has once been fairly brought into public notice, has been suffered to fall into that entire oblivion, which has sooner or later been the fate of every truly worthless production, however much it may have been upheld and overrated for a while.

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON was born in the year 1784. He is of a Quaker family, and was educated at a Quaker Seminary. He remains faithful to the religion in which he was brought up, but he has probably displeased the more rigid members of the Society of Friends by amusing himself with an art which, though it has been pronounced *divine* by some of the greatest and best men that ever lived, is regarded as something shockingly *profane* by those who regard all elegant amusements with a jealous eye. Painting as well as poetry is a forbidden art. West, the celebrated historical painter, was a Quaker, and his mother deemed it necessary to submit the subject of the profession for which he early indicated the strongest inclination to the decision of the society to which he belonged. "It is true, said a member, that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind, but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God hath bestowed on this youth a genius for art,—shall we question His wisdom? Can we believe that He bestows such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the

art and encourage this youth." This proposition was seconded and carried in a Quaker assembly; and West was allowed to follow his favorite pursuit. The rigidity of the Quakers is gradually relaxing, though a few narrow-minded individuals may still hold out against the good sense of the majority of that pious sect of Christians. Scott of Amwell was the first Quaker poet of any note. Bernard Barton is the second in point of time, but not in point of merit. He began to court the Muses in 1810 and in 1812 published an anonymous volume entitled "*Metrical Effusions*." In 1818 he sent into the world a collection of "*Poems by an Amateur*," and at last took courage and published a volume of poems with his own name in full.

Bernard Barton lives at Woodbridge in Suffolk, where he follows the business of a Banker. He was 22 years a clerk to the respectable firm of which he has now we hope become a member.

The poetry of Bernard Barton is quaker-like—simple in expression, pious in its tone.

JOHN WILSON.

JOHN WILSON was born at Paisley, North Britain, in the month of May, 1789. After receiving a preparatory education at Glasgow he was entered a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford. While at the University he distinguished himself by his intellectual attainments and his feats of bodily strength. He gained Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for English poetry and exhibited great skill in *pugilism*! He quitted the University in 1807. His father left him a fortune of forty thousand pounds of which a large portion was lost through the failure of a mercantile concern at Glasgow in which it was placed. Having been warned of the danger he hastened to withdraw his funds, but arrived three hours too late to save them. Enough however, remained to him to secure the comforts and even elegancies of life, and after quitting the University he purchased the beautiful estate of Ellary, on the Lake of Windermere, in Cumberland, a noble dwelling for a poet. Being fond of amusements on the water he established a sailing club and built some fine little vessels for his own use. In 1810 he married Miss Penny, a lady of beauty and accomplishments, with a dower of ten thousand pounds. In 1812 he published his poem of the *Isle of Palms*, and in 1816 his pathetic drama, entitled *The City of the Plague*. In 1820 he was elected to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The beautiful prose

fictions "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay"—"The Foresters"—and "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," are attributed to his prolific pen. For upwards of twenty years he has poured forth the treasures of his mind in *Blackwood's Magazine* of which he is the editor.

The poetry of Professor Wilson is not adapted to the general taste. It is chiefly addressed to a limited class of readers, who think and feel like the author himself. It is not every eye that can trace his dreamy and indistinct creations. His mind is like a twilight lake, in which the reflections of material things assume vague and unsubstantial aspects. There is rarely in the poetry of Wilson any ordinary incident or worldly passion to arouse the sympathy of common readers. He is in every respect the opposite of Crabbe. He deals not in histories of daily events, in descriptions of vulgar life, or in simple revelations of the human heart; but he leads us, with glimmering and uncertain lights, into the most aerial regions of imagination. His Muse dallies with the sunbeams, or glides like a shadow over the breezy mountains, and holds converse with "the gorgeous company of clouds."

Yet though the poetry of Wilson can never be truly popular, it wins from the least congenial reader, however dazzled and perplexed, an instant acknowledgment of the author's genius. But the admiration it excites is not often allied to love. For its full appreciation and enjoyment it requires such an intense abstraction of mind from all ordinary thoughts and objects, and such an unflagging attention to the subtle and ever-shifting hues of the poet's fancy, that there are few who can long accompany him without a sense of weariness and confusion. His poetry is full of beauties, but they are of such a gossamer-like consistency, of so ethereal a texture, and are so enveloped in a glittering mist of words, that none but those who take an especial delight in forgetting this material world and revelling in a land of visions, have the patience to trace out each almost evanescent charm, or a sufficient sympathy with the enchanter to submit entirely to his sway and to sacrifice all familiar associations. When Wilson's readers are unimaginative, or when they are disposed to be cold and critical, his genius is impotent and his spell is broken. His power as a prose writer throws his poetry into the shade, because his essays and criticisms, though sometimes a little too declamatory, are better suited to the comprehension of the general reader. It is true that they are often characterized by the same dreaminess of fancy, and the

same exaggerated tone of sentiment and redundant yet felicitous phraseology; but in prose compositions the poet cannot always be on the wing, and he is compelled at frequent intervals to alight upon the common earth and hold communion with its humblest inhabitants.

But let not the spirit of criticism carry us too far in our objections. If the effect of Wilson's fine genius is too often injured by a mystical indistinctness of style, he has occasionally shown us that he knows the way into the heart of his readers when he is more disposed to move their feelings than dazzle their imagination. His *City of the Plague*, has passages of the deepest pathos, and in his prose fictions he frequently unlocks "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." His great merit consists in his fervid admiration of intellectual beauty—in the delicacy and spirituality of his fancy—his religious love of nature, and his exquisite perception of her least obvious charms—his deep domestic tenderness, and his pure and elevated faith in the natural excellence of the heart of man. Though his metre is occasionally somewhat deficient in strength and firmness, it is always very sweet and flowing; and his diction is often steeped in beauty, until it glows and sparkles like a bed of flowers on a fresh spring morning.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN.

MR. MILMAN was born in London, February 10th, 1791. He is the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, an eminent physician. He received the rudiments of education at a school in Greenwich where the well-known Dr. Burney was his tutor. He was then removed to Eton where he remained nine years. In 1810 he was entered at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he is said to have gained more prizes than ever fell to the lot of any other student. In 1815 he became a fellow of his college, and two years afterwards entered into holy orders. In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He married in 1824.

Milman's first appearance before the public was as the author of *Fazio*, a tragedy, which was acted in 1818 with great temporary success. Though deficient in dramatic power it is full of poetical beauties. "The Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem, appeared in 1820. These were followed by other poems in the dramatic form, namely "Belshazzar," "The Martyr of Antioch," and "Anne Boleyn."

"Samor Lord of the Bright City" is an heroic poem in verse in twelve books.

The poetry of Milman is somewhat too cold and stately, but his Muse assumes a high tone of morality and well sustains it. His pages are sprinkled pretty thickly with beautiful and brilliant imagery, but he does not often touch the heart. His diction is elegant and his versification musical. In private life he is highly respected as an honorable and pious man.

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London in 1798. His father was a native of Scotland, and for many years an acting partner in the well-known firm of Vernor, Hood and Sharp, extensive booksellers and publishers. He was educated at Mr. Wanostrocht's Academy, Camberwell. As he manifested a taste for the fine arts, he was placed with his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, that he might acquire a knowledge of his profession as an engraver. He passed two years in this study, but his occasional poems finding their way into the *London Magazine* and bringing him into notice, he turned his attention exclusively to literature. In 1828 he published "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a work which displays a rich imagination. But his *Whims and Oddities* took better with the public, and Hood seems now satisfied to be regarded as the Prince of Punsters, though there are passages in his graver writings that show a far nobler order of genius than is required in the concoction of verbal quibbles. He has not only a very large share of original wit and humour, but a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, and a fine feeling for the beautiful and the true which his friends regret that he has suppressed for the reputation of a mere joker. He is certainly a truly witty versifier, and though he twists and tortures the language in so unmerciful a manner, it always seems to the operator an easy task. Nothing can be more fluent than his verses. It should be mentioned to his honor that his wit is always good-natured. He can contrive to excite the merriment of his reader without giving a moment's pain to any man or woman in existence. His nature is too amiable and his mental resources too rich to render it necessary for him to deal in personalities. Hood is a grave and sober man in private life, and rarely ventures upon the humorous in conversation. He is scarcely ever seen to indulge in a hearty laugh.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR (better known under the appellation of *Barry Cornwall* which he prefixed to all his poems) was born in London. He was educated at Harrow and had Lord Byron for his school-fellow. On leaving school he was articled to a solicitor at Calne in Wiltshire. Here he spent four years studying the initiatory part of his profession, and then went to London and became the pupil of an eminent conveyancer in one of the inns of court. He has since been called to the bar. He made his first public appearance as a poet in 1815 with a volume of "Dramatic Scenes." Soon after he published his "Sicilian Story." In 1820 appeared his "Marcian Colonna," and in the following year his tragedy of "Mirandola."

Proctor's poetry has great delicacy and sweetness.

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

GEORGE CROLY was born in Ireland towards the close of the last century. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. On leaving College he was put in charge of a parish in the diocese of the Bishop of Meath, but he soon left Ireland and went to London. In 1815 he visited Paris, and wrote his first poem from the impressions on his mind produced by the interest of the time and scene. It was entitled "*Paris in 1815.*" In 1823 Lord Brougham, on taking the seals presented him with the Rectory of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The principal poetical works of Croly are "The Angel of the World" and the Tragedy of "Cataline." The latter is full of striking passages. He has published one prose fiction entitled "Salathiel, a story of the Past, the Present and the Future," founded on the legend of the Wandering Jew.

There is spirit and vigor in Croly's poetry and he is endowed with a rich imagination, but the reader is less frequently charmed than dazzled by his somewhat too ambitious pages. He is unquestionably, however, a man of no ordinary genius.

MRS. MACLEAN.

MRS. MACLEAN (better known by her maiden name, Letitia Elizabeth Landon) was born in Hans Place, London. Her father was a partner with Mr. Adair the Army Agent. She made her first public

appearance as a poetess in the columns of the *London Literary Gazette*. A year or two ago she married and went with her husband to Cape Coast Castle, where she died. It is supposed that some secret grief was preying on her mind and caused her to put an end to her existence by swallowing poison. As a poetess Mrs. Maclean has a feminine grace of manner, extreme delicacy and tenderness of feeling, and a profusion of sparkling imagery. Her poetry nevertheless has been overrated by her admirers. It wants substance, simplicity, and repose. Her principal poems are "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," "The Golden Violet" and "The Venetian Bracelet." She wrote a novel entitled *Romance and Reality*, which is full of lively and acute remark.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON is the son of a clergyman residing in Lincolnshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Tennyson is of the school of Keats, and has many of that poet's characteristic beauties and defects. He has undoubtedly an imagination at once delicate and rich, and has a fine ear for the music of verse.

CHARLES TURNER.

CHARLES TURNER (late Tennyson, brother of the above) has written a small volume of sonnets of no ordinary interest and beauty.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT was born on the 17th of March, 1781, at Masbro, a village near Sheffield, where he now follows the trade of an ironmonger. He is called the Corn-law Rhymers because he has written so many lyrics on the subject of the corn-laws. His politics are fiercely democratical.

It were to be wished that he could satisfy himself that independence and patriotism are qualities not necessarily connected with an intense hatred of the upper classes of society. He is evidently laboring under a deplorable political hallucination. He seems to think that every man in any way connected with the Government is a kind of fiend incarnate, and that the higher ranks of society are united in a deadly conspiracy to enslave or starve their poorer countrymen. His ferocious tone and wild exaggerations may do much injury amongst the class

of people to whom he addresses himself, and cannot possibly do any good. All men cannot be equally rich or equally powerful, and as long as society exists there will be some degree of dissatisfaction and discontent amongst the unlucky majority. Who does not regret this inequality of fortune? Who would not wish all men to be equally wise, wealthy and happy? But what rational man expects that such an Utopian state of things can ever be brought about in human society? All that we can hope for is, that the necessary evils of society may be lessened or rendered bearable; and the furious tirades of such a man as Elliott are more likely to array the different ranks in an ungenerous and unreflecting hostility, than to bring about that happy understanding which may lead to a mutual endeavour at improvement, and cause liberal concessions on the one side, and a manly patience and forbearance on the other. Elliott's Muse should turn to more poetical subjects than the Corn-laws on which she is certainly a little crazed. How he ever came to turn the stream of Helicon that way is not easily explained, because he has considerable imaginative power, and one would think might find other subjects of an infinitely more congenial nature on which to exercise his poetical genius. Why not treat such matters in plain prose? Elliott is an honest and truly well-intentioned man—and, moreover, a man of genius, but he decidedly wants taste, and discretion.

There is sometimes a certain coarseness and literalness in Elliott's productions that are not consistent with the character of pure poetry, though they are often associated with animated versification and strong good sense. A critic has observed of Elliott's poetry that it is not album poetry, nor annual poetry, nor chamber poetry, and that he would not wish him to throw off his homely garb and array himself in the costume of a petit maitre. But surely a poet may write very differently from Elliott, and yet not write in the style of a petit maitre, or in the tone of the drawing-room. Milton wrote poems dedicated to liberty, without writing either coarsely or effeminately, and Robert Burns could touch the heart of the humblest of his countrymen, without entering upon local and temporary details of an essentially political nature. We cannot therefore help regretting that Elliott has employed his muse on uncongenial themes. We are told that his poetry is suited to the manufacturing classes, and is very popular with them. It may be so—but the *subject* must be the spell with which he touches them. As to the *poetry* of his songs, it is certainly not, generally

speaking, such as is calculated to make its way to the heart or to kindle the imagination. After one of his lyrics let any one read a song of Burns's, and the difference between them will make him understand the nature of our objection to the songs of Elliott. None of these objections to Elliott's poetry apply to the single specimen we have given, entitled "The Press."

He is a little too dogmatical even in literary criticism, and speaks of some of the great leaders of public opinion in matters of taste in the tone of fierce defiance that he adopts towards his political opponents. The Corn-law Rhymer is particularly partial to Crabbe. This is not surprising,—there is a vigorous roughness in that poet and a disposition to exaggerate the distresses of the poor and the vices

of the rich, that must be congenial to the muse of Elliott; but it really is a little strange to find such a practical, and we had almost said such a *coarse*, utilitarian verse-writer delighting in the ideality of Keats. One of Elliott's odd critical decisions is his elevation of the author of the *Lady of the Lake* above the author of the *Iliad*. There is more, he says, of the truth of poetry in Scott than in Homer.

Elliott is now about sixty years of age. He says that for the last forty years he has scarcely passed a month in which he has not written something. He generally takes a prominent part in the public meetings in his neighbourhood, where, notwithstanding the violence of his politics, he is greatly and justly respected as a well-intentioned man, with a warm heart and a vigorous intellect.

ERRATA AND EMENDATIONS

IN THE FOREGOING BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

- Page 3—left col. 34th line, for *leads*—read *lead*.
 In the same page and col. omit the second sentence of the Life of Gower.
 Page ii. line 39, for *He* read *Chaucer*.
 Page vi. in the 8th line of the life of Sackville insert the word *was* before the word *entered*.
 Page vii. right col. 9th line, for *of* read *respecting*.
 Page x. left col. line 22, for *poetical* read *political*.
 Page x. right col. 15th line, after the word *Westminster* insert the word *Abbey*.
 Page xi. last sentence of the life of Spenser, for *latter* read *later*.
 Page xiv left col. line 21, strike out *threw off* and insert *look*.
 Page xviii. right col. 5th line, insert the word *College* after the word *Majesty's*.
 —. and column line 23 for *latter* read *latter's*.
 Page xx left col. first line 2nd paragraph, for *play* read *plays*.
 Page xxxv. right col. line 45, for *or* read *nor*.
 Page xxxvii. left col. line 15, omit the word *and*.
 Page xxxix. left col. first line but two, for *this* read *Addison's*.
 Page xl. left col. line 15, for *into* read *at*.
 Page xlv. in the notice of West 2nd line, omit the word *elegant*.
 Page xlviii. right col. line 24, omit the word *instantly*.
 Page liii. left col. line 30, for *conventionalisms* read *conventionalisms*.
 Page lv. left col. line 30, for *whom* read *while*.
 Page lvi. left col. 3rd line of last paragraph, for *inquires* read *inquired*.
 Page lix. left col. third line of notice of Young, in the place of the stop put a comma and omit the word *He*.
 Page lxxii. right col. line 32, for *his Lordship* read *him*.
 Page lxxiv. left col. line 19, omit the *a* before *master*.
 Page lxxv. left col. line 10, omit the word *infinite*.
 Page lxxvii. left col. line 27, for *Ferndaus* read *Ferdausi*.
 Page lxxix. right col. line 1, after the name of *Shakespeare* insert the word *that*.
 Page lxxxiii. right col. line 49, for *His own* read *The*.
 Page ci. left col. line 44, for *with* read *in*.
 Page cii. left col. line 33, for *time* read *period*.

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE BRITISH POETS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Born 1328.—Died 1400.

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages,
Than lounen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially from every shire's ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.

And shortly, when the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forward erly for to rise,
To take our way ther, as I you devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Ie thinketh it accordant to reson

To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what arais that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne*.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonnet
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No Cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay alais his fo.

This ilke worthy Knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palastie†,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereigne pris.
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his arais,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wored a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,

* Alexandria in Egypt was won (and immediately after abandoned) in 1365 by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus.

† He had been placed at the head of the table, the usual compliment to extraordinary merit.

‡ Palastia in Anstolia.

For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yonge *Squier*,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie
In Flaunders, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day:
He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleeves long and wide:
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite;
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.

Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.

A *Yeman* hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene,
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage:
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a sword and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his breste of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik of grene:
A forster was he sothely, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a *Priorene*,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire grettest othe nas but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped Madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carle a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no droppe ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught:
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful pleasant, and amiable of port,
And prynced hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and bea estatelich of manere,
And to ben holdep digné of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde,
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire month ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed:
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe,
For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another *Nonne* also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelaine, and *Preestes* thre.

A *Monk* ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind, as clere
And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And helde after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinien was good.

What! shulde he studie, and make himselfen
wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and labour?
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therefore he was a prickasoure a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight.
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust; for no cost wolde he spare.

I saw his sleeves purfled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond;
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas;
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat, and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost:

A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A *Frere* ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A limitour, a ful solempne man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can
So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost :
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun :
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pittance :
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive ;
For if he gave, he dorste make avant,
He wiste that a man was repentant.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore in stede of weping and praieres,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.

His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives :
And certainly he hadde a mery note,
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges^{*} he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere.
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To havep with sik^{*} lazars acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.

And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man no wher so vertuous ;
He was the beste begger in all his hous ;
And gave a certayne ferme for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His purchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coud, as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes, ther coude be mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge ;

* This word, being not understood, has been changed in some copies into *tidings* and *weddings*. It probably means a kind of song, from the *Saxon gæddun* or *gæddum*, to sing.

And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his head aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A *Marchant* was ther with a forked berd ;
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His bootes clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept* for any thing
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette ;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A *Clerk* ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefece,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office ;
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophe,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede ;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A *Sergeant of the Lawe* ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of grete reverence ;
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise.
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun :
For his science and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a purchasour was no wher non :
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchasing might not ben in suspect.
No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
That fro the time of King Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude epdite and make a thing ;
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coud he plaine by rote.

* i. e. guarded. The old custody of tonnage and poundage was given to the king "pur la sauvegarde et custodie del mar." 12 Edw. IV. c. 3.

He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale.
Of his array tell I no longer tale.

A *Frankelēin* was in this compaignie:
White was his berd as is the dayesle.
Of his complexion he was sanguin;
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicure's owē sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was veraily felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete, never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

At sessions ther was he lord and sire;
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour;
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour*.

An *Haberdasher*, and a *Carpenter*,
A *Webbe*, a *Deyer*, and a *Tapiser*,
Were alle yclothed in o livere
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was;
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis
To sitten in a gild halle on the deis.
Everich for the wisdom that he can
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For cattel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent;
And elles certainly they were to blame:
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped Madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A *Coke* they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A *Shipman* was ther, woned fer by west;
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth;

He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a gowne of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun;
The hote sommer hadde made hishewe al broun:
And certainly he was a good felaw;
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapmanalepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strands him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland to the Cape de Finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a *Doctour of Phisike*;
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike and ofurgerie;
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike nretel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wer engendred, and of what humour:
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made othe for to winne:
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatidsen, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he;
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestillence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good *Wif* was ther of beside *Bathe*,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non
That to the offring before hire shalde gon;
And if ther did certain, so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere they weyeden a pound:

* The precise import of this word is often as obscure as its original. In this place it should perhaps be understood to mean the whole class of middling landholders.

That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
 Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
 Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
 Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede hew.
 She was a worthy woman all hire live;
 Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
 Withouten other compaignie in youthe:
 But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
 And thries hadde she ben at Jerusalem.
 She hadde passed many a strange streme:
 At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
 At Galice, at Seint James, and at Coloine:
 She coude moche of wandring by the way.
 Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
 Upon an ambler esily she sat,
 Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat
 As brode as is a bokeler or a targe.
 A sote mantel about hire hippes large,
 And on hire fete a pair of spores sharpe.
 In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe;
 Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
 For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A goud man ther was of religioun,
 That was a poure *Parsou* of a toun:
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversite ful patient:
 And swiche he was yprevd often sithes.
 Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
 Unto his poure parishens aboute,
 Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
 He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder.
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
 The ferest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf:
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
 And this figure he added yet therto,
 That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
 And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
 To see a shitten shepherd and clene shepe:
 Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
 By his clenenesse, how his shepe shuld live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
 And lette his shepe accombred in the mire,
 And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
 To seken him a chanterie for soules,
 Or with a brotherhede to be withhold:
 But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
 So that the welf ne made it not miscarie:
 He was a shepherd and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was so sinful men not dispitous,
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digné,
 But in his teching discrete and benigne,
 To drawen folk to heven, with fairnesse,

By good ensample, was his besinesse:
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of highe or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
 A better preest I trowe that no wher non is:
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.

With him ther was a *Plowman*, was his brother,
 That hadde ylaide of dong ful many a fother.
 A true swinker, and a good was he,
 Living in pees and parfitte charitee.
 God loved he beste with alle his herte
 At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
 And than his neighebour right as himselfe.
 He wolde thresh, and therto dike and delve,
 For Cristes sake, for every poure wight
 Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes paid he ful fayre and wel
 Both of his propre swinke and his catel.
 In'a tabard he rode upon a mere.

Ther was also a Reve, and a Millere,
 A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,
 A Manciple, and myself; ther n're no mo.

The *Miller* was a stout carl for the nones,
 Ful bigge he was of braun and eke of bones,
 That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
 At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
 He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
 Ther n'as no dore that he n'olde heve of barre,
 Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
 And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
 A wert, and theron stode a tuft of heres,
 Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
 His nose-thirles blacke were and wide:
 A swerd and bokler bare he by his side.
 His mouth as wide was as a forneis:
 He was a jangler and a goliardis,
 And that was most of sinne and harlotries.
 Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries.
 And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
 A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
 A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sounen,
 And therewithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil *Manciple* was ther of a temple,
 Of which achatours mighten take ensemple
 For to ben wise in bying of vitaille,
 For whether that he paide or toke by taille,
 Algate he waited so in his achate,
 That he was ay before in good estate.
 Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
 That swiche a lewed mannes wit shall pace
 The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
 That were of lawe expert and curious:
 Of which ther was a dofein in that hous,
 Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
 Of any lord that is in Englelond,
 To maken him live by his propre good
 In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
 Or live as acarely as him list desire;
 And able for to helpen all a shire

In any cas that mighte fallen or happe ;
 And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe.
 The Reve was a slendre colerike man,
 His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can ;
 His here was by his eres round yshorne ;
 His top was docked like a preest beforene.
 Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
 Ylike a staff ; ther was no calf ysene.
 Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne :
 Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
 Wel wiste he by the drought and by the rain
 The yelding of his seed and of his grain.
 His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
 His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
 Were holly in this Reves governing,
 And by his covenant yave he rekening,
 Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age ;
 Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
 Ther n'as bailliff, ne herde, ne other hine,
 That he ne knew his sleight and his covine :
 They were adradde of him as of the deth.
 His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth ;
 With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
 He coude better than his lord pourchace.
 Ful riche he was ystored privily :
 His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly
 To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
 And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
 In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere ;
 He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
 This Reve sate upon a right good stot
 That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.
 A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
 And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
 Of Norfolk was this Reve, of which I tell,
 Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
 Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
 And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.
 A *Sampnour* was ther with us in that place
 That hadde a fire-red cherubines face,
 For sausefleme he was, with eyen narwe.
 As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
 With scalled browes blake and pillid berd :
 Of his visage children were sore aferd.
 Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
 Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
 Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
 That him might helpen of his welkes white,
 Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
 Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
 And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
 Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
 And wan that he wel dronken had the win,
 Than wolde he speken no word but Latin :
 A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
 That he had lerned out of som decree ;
 No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
 And eke ye known wel how that a jay
 Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope :
 But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
 Than hadde he spent all his philosophie ;
 Ay, *Questio quid juris ?* wolde he crie.
 He was a gentil harlot* and a kind ;

* The name of harlot was sciently given to men, as well as women

A better felaw shulde a man not find.
 He wolde suffre for a quart of wine .
 A good felaw to have his concubine
 A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full.
 Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull ;
 And if he found o where a good felawe,
 He wolde techen him to have non awe
 In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse ;
 But if a mannes soule were in his purse ;
 For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
 Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.
 But wel I wote, he lied right in dede :
 Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
 For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
 And also ware him of a *significavit*.
 In danger hadde he at his owen gise
 The yonge girles of the diocese,
 And knew hir counseil and was of hir rede.
 A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
 As gret as it were for an alestake ;
 A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.
 With him ther rode a gentil *Pardonere*
 Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
 That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
 Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
 This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
 Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
 This *Pardonere* had here as yelwe as wax,
 But smoth it heng as doth a strike of flax :
 By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
 And therwith he his sholders overspradde.
 Full thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
 But hode for jolite, ne wered he non ;
 For it was trussed up in his wallet.
 Him thought he rode all of the newe got,
 Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
 Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare :
 A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
 His wallet lay beforen him in his lappe
 Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
 A vois he hadde as smale as hath a gote.
 No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have ;
 As smothe it was as it were newe shave :
 I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
 But of his craft, fro Berwik to Ware
 Ne was ther swiche an other *Pardonere* ;
 For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
 Which, as he saide, was our ladies veil :
 He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
 Which thatte Seint Peter had, whan that he went
 Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
 He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
 But with these relikes, whanne that he foud
 A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more moneie
 Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
 And thus with fained flattering and japes
 He made the persone and the peple his apes.
 But trewely to tellen atte last,
 He was in chairche a noble ecclesiast :
 Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
 But alderbest he sang an offertorie :
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
 He muste preche, and wel afile his tonge,

To winne silver, as he right wel coude :
Therefore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause,
Why that assembled was this compaignie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrye
That highte The Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I tell of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.

But firste I prairie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere ;
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large ;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe :
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He moste as wel sayn o word as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it :
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.

Also I prairie you to forgive it me
All have I not aite fulk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde :
My wit is short, ye may well understonde.

Gret chere made our hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon :
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drink us leste.
A semely nan our hoste was with alle,
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was, with eyen stepe ;
A fairer burgeis is ther none in Chepe :
Bold of his speche, and wise, and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaieu he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rkeninges ;
And sade thus ; Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily :
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie
At once in this herberwe as is now.
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury ; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede ;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play :
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non
To riden by the way dombe as the ston ;
And therefore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent

Now for to stonden at my jugement :
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed :
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.

Our counsel was long for to seche :
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit as him leste.

Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the
beste ;

But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain :
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of adventures that whilom han befall.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle.
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shall have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that he comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol my selven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.

This thing was granted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris,
And we wol reuled ben at his devise
In highe and lowe : and thus by on assent
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was sette anon :
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger taryng.

A morwe whan the day began to spring
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas
Unto the watering of Saint Thomas,
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And said, Lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forward, and I it record :
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne ;
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

Sire Knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere (quod he) my Lady Prioress
And ye sire clerk ; let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought : lay hand to, every man.

Anon to drawn every wight began,
 And shortly for tallen as it was,
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
 The sothe is this, the cutte fell on the Knight,
 Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
 And tell he must his tale as was reson,
 By forword and by composition,
 As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
 And whan this good man saw that it was so,
 As he that wise was and obedient
 To kepe his forword by his free assent,
 He saide, Sithen I shal begin this game,
 What, welcome be the cutte a goddes name.
 Now let us ride, and hearkeneth what I say.
 And with that word we riden forth our way;
 And he began with a right mery chere
 His tale anon, and saide as ye shal here.

JOHN GOWER.

*Born — Died —.

THE TALE OF THE COFFERS OR CASKETS, ETC. IN THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE 'CONFESSION AMANTIS.'

In a Cronique thus I rede:
 Aboute a king, as must nede,
 Ther was of knyghtes and squiers
 Gret route, and eke of officers:
 Some of long time him hadden served,
 And thoughten that they haue deserved
 Advancement, and gon withoute:
 And some also ben of the route,
 That comen but a while agon,
 And they advanced were anon.

These olde men upon this thing,
 So as they durst, ageyne the king
 Among hemself compleignen ofte:
 But there is nothing said so softe,
 That is ne comith out at laste:
 The king is wiste, and als so faste,
 As he which was of high prudence:
 He shope therfore an evidence
 Of hem that pleignen in the cas,
 To knowe in whose defalte it was;
 And all within his owne entent,
 That non ma wiste what it ment.
 Anon he let two cofres make
 Of one semblance, and of one make,
 So lich that no lif thilke throwe,
 That one may fro that other knowe:
 They were into his chamber brought,
 But no man wot why they be wrought,
 And natheles the king hath bede
 That they be set in privy stede,
 As he that was of wisdom alih;
 Whan he therto his time sih,

* The date of Gower's birth is unknown, and even that of his death is somewhat doubtful. Warton makes the year of his death 1400, but Campbell says that his will proves that he was alive in 1440.

† Themselves.

All prively, that none it wiste,
 His owne hondes that one chiste
 Of fin gold, and of fin perie
 The which out of his tresorie
 Was take, anon he fild full;
 That other cofre of straw and mull
 With stones meynd he fild also:
 Thus be they full bothe two.

So that erliche upon a day
 He had within, where he lay,
 Ther should be tofore his bed
 A bord up set and faire spred:
 And then he let the cofres fette
 Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
 He knewe the names well of tho,
 The whiche agein him grutched so,
 Both of his chambre and of his halle,
 Anon and sent for hem alle;
 And seide to hem in this wise.

There shall no man his hap despise:
 I wot well ye have longe served,
 And God wot what ye have deserved;
 But if it is along on me
 Of that ye unadvanced be,
 Or elles if it belong on yow,
 The sothe shall be proved now:
 To stoppe with your evil word,
 Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
 Chese which you list of bothe two;
 And witeth well that one of tho
 Is with tresor so full begon,
 That if ye happe therupon
 Ye shall be riche men for ever:
 Now chese, and take which you is lever,
 But be well ware ere that ye take,
 For of that one I undertake
 There is no maner good therein,
 Whereof ye mighten profit winne.
 Now goth together of one assent,
 And taketh your avisement;
 For, but you this day avance,
 Is stant upon your owne chance,
 Al only in defalte of grace;
 So shall be shewed in this place
 Upon you all well afyn,
 That no defalte shall be myn.

They knelen all, and with one vois
 The king they thonken of this chois:
 And after that they up arise,
 And gon aside, and hem advise,
 And at laste they acorde
 (Wherof her tale to recorde
 To what issue they be falle)
 A knyght shall speke for hem alle:
 He kneleth down unto the king,
 And seith that they upon this thing,
 Or for to winne, or for to lese,
 Ben all avised for to chese.

Tho toke this knyght a yerd on honde,
 And goth there as the cofres stonde,
 And with assent of everychone
 He leith his yerde upon one,
 And seith the king how thilke same
 They chese in reguerdon by name,
 And preith him that they might it have.

The king, which wolde his honor save,
 When he had heard the common vois,
 Hath granted hem her owne choise,
 And toke hem therupon the keie;
 But for he wolde it were seie
 What good they have as they suppose,
 He bad anon the cofre uncloze,
 Which was fulfild with straw and stones:
 Thus be they served all at ones.

This king than, in the same stede
 Anon that other cofre undede,
 Where as they sihen gret richesse,
 Well more than they couthen gesse.

Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
 That ther is no defalte in me;
 Forthy my self I wol acquite,
 And bereth ye your owne wite
 Of that fortune hath you refused.

Thus was this wise king excused:
 And they lefte off her evil speche,
 And mercy of her king beseche.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Born 1516.—Died 1547.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE soote season that bud, and bloome fourth
 bringes,
 With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the
 vale,

The nightingall with fethers new she singes;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;
 Soner is come, for every spray now springes.
 The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale;
 The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;
 The fishes flete with newe repayred scale:
 The adder all hys slough away she flynges.
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smalle,
 The busy bee her honey how she mynges;
 Winter is worne that was the floures bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
 Eche care decays, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF GERALDINE.

FROM Tuscan came my Ladies worthy race,
 Faire Florence was sometime her ancient seate:
 The Western Yle whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did geve her lyuely heate:
 Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest:
 Her sire, an erle, her dame, of princes blood;
 From tender yeres, in Britaine she doth rest,
 With kinges childe, whereshe tasteth costly foode.
 Honsdon did first present her to myne yien:
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight,
 Hampton me taught, to wishe her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,
 Happy is he, that can obtain her love.

A VOWE TO LOVE FAITHFULLY.

SET me whereas the sonne doth parch the grene,
 Or where his beams do not dyssolve the yse,
 In temperate heat, where he is felt, and sene,
 In presence prest of people, madde, or wise;
 Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
 In longest night, or in the shortest day;
 In clearest skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
 In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
 In hyll or dale, or in the foaming flood;
 Thrall, or at large, alyve where so I dwell,
 Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good;
 Hers will I be, and only with this thought
 Content myself although my chaunce be nought.

THE MEANES TO ATTAINE HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIALl the thinges that doe attayne
 The happy lyfe, be these I fynde,
 The riches left, not got with payne,
 The fruitful groundes, the quiet mynde;
 The egall frend, no grudge no strife,
 No charge of rule nor governaunce;
 Without disease the healthful lyfe,
 The houshold of continuance.
 The meane dyet, no delicate fare,
 True wisdomē joynde with simplenesse;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the witte may not oppresse.
 The faithful wyfe without debate,
 Such slepe as may beguile the night,
 Contented with thine owne estate,
 Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

DIDO AND ÆNEAS GOING TO THE FIELD*;

Translated from the fourth book of Virgil's Eneide.

—At the threshold of her chamber dore
 The Carthage lords did on the quene attend;
 The trampling steed, with gold and purple trapt,
 Chawing the foaming bit ther fercely stood.
 Then issued she, awayted with great train,
 Clad in a cloke of Tyre embroider'd rich.
 Her quiver hung behind her back, her tresse
 Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
 Buttred with gold. The Trojans of her train
 Before her go, with gladsome Iulus,
 Æneas eke, the goodliest of the route,
 Makes one of them, and joyneth close the throng.
 Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,
 His wintring place, and Xanthus' flood likewise
 To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,
 Repairing eft and furnishing her quire:
 The Candians and the folke of Driopes
 With painted Agathysies, shoute and crye,
 Environing the altars round about;
 When that he walkes upon Mount Cynthus' top
 His sparkled tresse repest with garlandes softe,
 Of tender leaves, and trussed up in golde;
 His quivering darts clattering behind his backe;
 So fresh and lustie did Æneas seme—

* This is a specimen of the first composition in heroic blank verse extant in the language.

But to the hills and wild holtes when they came,
From the rockes top the driver savage rose.
Loe from the hills above, on thother side,
Through the wide lawns thy gan to take their
course.

The hartes likewise, in troops taking their flight
Raysing the dust, the mountain fast forsake.
The childe Iulus, blithe of his swift steede
Amidst the plain, now pricks by them, now these ;
And to encounter, wisheth oft in minde,
The forming boar insteede of fearful beasts,
Or lion browne, might from the hill descend.

A PRAISE OF HYS LOVE, WHEREIN HE REPROVETH
THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

Give place ye lovers here before,
That spent your boastes and bragges in vain,
My ladies beuty passeth more,
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Then doth the sunne the caundle lyght,
Or bryghtest day the darkest nyght.

And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the fayre,
For what she sayeth ye may it trust,
As it by wrytyng sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I wyth pen have skill to shoe.

I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effecte of natures playnt,
When she had lost the perfecte moulde,
The like to whome she could not paynte:
With wringeing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with rageing mynde,
Her kyngdome only set apart;
There was no losse by law of kynde,
That could have gone so nere her hearte;
And this was chiefly all her payne:
She could not make the lyke agayne.

Syth nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest worke she wroughte;
In fayth me thynke some better ways,
On your behalfe myghte well be soughte,
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Born 1503.—Died 1541.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH OF THE UNKINDNESS OF
HIS LOVE.

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And ende that I have now begunne;
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where care is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as soon;
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,
Of simple hearts thorough love's shot,
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne;
Think not he hath his bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine,
That makest but game on earnest payne:
Think not alone under the sunn,
Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chanced thee lye withred and old.
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playing in vaine unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told;
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent.
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne;
Now is this song both song and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.

COMPARISON OF LOVE, TO A STREAME FALLING
FROM THE ALPS.

From these hye hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and suttile course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it have just downe flowed to stream and force,
Then at the foote it rageth over all:
So fareth love, when he hath tane a course,
Rage is his rayne, resistance vayneleth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone.

OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH
A NEDLE.

She sate and sowed that hath done me the wrong,
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day,
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
She wisht my heart the sampler, that it lay.
The blind maister, whome I have served so long,
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
To feele, if pricking were so good indede.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT
TO FORSAKE HIM.

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame;
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lov'd thee so long?
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart,
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee;
Hellas thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST AND EARL OF DORSET.

Born 1527.—Died 1614.

ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES DESCRIBED IN HELL.

[From the Induction to a *Mirror for Magistrates*.]

AND first within the porch and jaws of Hell
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance
brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Toss'd and tormented by the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, *and yet she could not die.*

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there;
Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly look,
Search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear;
His cap upborn with staring of his hair,
Stoyn'd and amazed at his shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

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And next within the entry of this lake
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had showed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met,
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean and some-deal pin'd away,
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say;
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders
cast,

His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree;
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his vallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daintily would he fare.
His drink the running stream, his cup the bare
Of his palm closed, his bed the hard cold ground;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state, when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we
held,

And, by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner had begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun;
And let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown: but as a living death,
So dead, alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he;
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect esteeming equally
King Cræsus' pomp, and Iru's poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had entwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife,
The fleeting course of fast declining life.
* * * * *

Crook'd-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-
ey'd;

Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd, and he with eld forlore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door;
Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Born 1540.—Died 1578.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
George, quoth the Judge, hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraign'd of Flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgement thou wilt here abide?

My lord, quod I, this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were:
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty*, No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.

Then *Craft* the crier call'd a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to hear;
The Jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be truss'd."

Jealous the gaoler bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
George, quoth the Judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hang'd all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, Good Lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge doth make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be plac'd
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shew yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth *Beauty*, Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judg'd thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yea, madam, quoth I, that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties:
Why then, quoth she, come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

Born 1534.—Died 1582.

VERSES ON A MOST STONY-HEARTED MAIDEN WHO
DID SORELY BEGUILF THE NOBLE KNIGHT,
MY TRUE FRIEND.

I.
Why didst thou raise such woeful wail,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that wont to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's ways;
She did, in sooth, display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart.

II.
Why, thank her then, not weep or moan;
Let others guard their careless heart,
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art;
Their lips can gloze and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit:

III.
But, ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

IV.
Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;
She might have poison'd all thy life;
Such wayward mind had bred thee more
Of sorrow had she proved thy wife:
Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

V.
No youth shall sue such one to win,
Unmark'd by all the shining fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
As heart of love can never bear;
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth she—a barren maid.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Born 1554.—Died 1586.

BECAUSE I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise ;
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass :
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his power, even unto Stella's grace.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the
skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face !
What ! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

COME, Sleep—O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low !
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw :
O make in me those civil wars to cease !
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed ;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
A rosy garland, and a weary head :
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan ;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who on their lips Love's standard bear,
What, he ? say they of me, now I dare swear
He cannot love ! no, no ; let him alone.
And think so still, so Stella know my mind !
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art ;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove :
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from sweet enemy, France ;
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town-folks, my strength ; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise ;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance ;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excell in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make :
How far they shot awry ! the true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

EDMUND SPENSER.

*Born 1553.—Died 1599.**[Extracts from the Fairy Queen.]*

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.

I.

YOUNG knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and chaunge of thy deare-loved dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove ;
For unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love ;
That doth this Red-crosse knight's ensample
plainly prove :

II.

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidesse, and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveld, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished ;
The house of mightie prince it seemed to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether tra-
veiled.

III.

Great troupes of people traveld thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place ;
But few returned, having scaped hard
With balefull beggary or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay :
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor
thicke,
And golden soile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid.
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dial told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workman's witt ;
But full great pittie that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever fitt ;
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shook itt ;
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right,
For still to all the gates stood open wide ;
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight
Cald Malvenu, who entrance none denide :
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight :
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There, waiting long to win the wished sight
Of her that was the lady of that pallace bright.

VII.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount ; whose glorious view
Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew ;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous Pride,
Like ever saw ; and there a noble crew,
Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place much
beautifide.

VIII.

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes, and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene, that shone as Tytan's ray.
In glistring gold and pereseles pretious stone ;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone :

IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fayrest childe,
That did presume his father's fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to
rayne ;
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble even
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, wrapt with whirling wheelles, inflames
the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for
to shyne.

X.

So proud she shynd in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne ;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
Lo underneath her scorneful feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne ;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne.
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight ;
For she was wondrous fayre, as any living wight.

XI.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell ;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell :
And thundering love, that high in heaven doth
dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did love excell ;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

XII.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her self a queene, and crownd to be ;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyranie
Upon the sceptre which she now did hold ;
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but policie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels had her kingdome did
uphold.

XIII.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare :
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne, were they on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great maistee.

XIV.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainfull wise ;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
Of princesse worthy ; scarce them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight :
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre ; each others greater pride
does spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew ;
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew :
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vain in knightly vew,
And that great princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance
allowd.

XVI.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call :
All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes ; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze : [amaze.
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes

xvii.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Lunoes golden chayre ; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
To loves high hous through heavens bras-paved
way,

Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tayles dispredden wide

xviii.

But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinde applyde ;
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of Sin ;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke and amis thiu,
Like to an holy monck the service to begin.

xix.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd ;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd :
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else
astray.

xx.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise ;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemnation sake : yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady ;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

xxi.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne ;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne ;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest.

xxii.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heate ;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweate :
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarce upholden can ;
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

xxiii.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go ;

Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drownd so,
That from his frend he seldome knew his fo :
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiad daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

xxiv.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the sign of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare,
Who rough and blacke, and filthy, did appeare :
Un-seemly man to please fair ladies eye :
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by.
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy ?

xxv.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness ;
An in his hand a burning harte he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse ;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshy hookes.

xxvi.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love ;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake womens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move ;
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

xxvii.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold ;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold :
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wronglylike in equal ballance waide.

xxviii.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste ;
And thread-bare cote, and cobbled shoes, hee ware ;
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare :
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

xxix.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;
Whose need had end, but no end covertise ;
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him
pore ;
Who had enough, yet wished ever more.
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand

A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

xxx.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw ;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth that made him ever sad ;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;
But when he hearde of harme he wexed wondrous
glad.

xxxI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera and his owne companee.

xxxII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse than any like did use ;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse ;
So every good to bad he doth abuse.
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backbite, and spitefull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such oue vile Envy was, that fite in row did sitt.

xxxIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed :
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in
him sweld.

xxxIV.

His ruffin raiment all was stained with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent ;
Through unadvised rashness woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement :
But when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent ;
Yet (wifull man) he never would forecast [hast.
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedlesse

xxxv.

Full many mischiefs follow cruell wrath ;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting grieve, the enemy of life :
All these, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces' fire.
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

xxxvi.

And after all upon the waggon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
And underneath their feet all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

Book I. Canto IV.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

THENCE passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate ;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That Nature's worke by Art can imitate :
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Aswell their entred guesstes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin ;
Nought feard they force that fortillage to win,
But Wisedome's powre and Temperaunce's might,
By which the mightiest things efferced bin :
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemed a worke of admirable witt ;
And therein all the famous history
Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt ;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt ;
His goodly conquest of the Golden Fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt ;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr
of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves, were sent ;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermill, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent ;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled, [wed.
Yt seemd th' enchanted flame which did Creüsa

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thether came : but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,
That travellers to him seemd to entize ;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call ;
 Not that celestially powre to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, perteynes in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware :
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee :

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call :
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us
 see :

He of this gardin had the governall,
 And Pleasure's porter was deuid to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With diuers flowers he daintily was deckt
 And strowed rownd about, and by his side
 A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide ;
 Where with all new-come guests he gratifyde :
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by ;
 But he his ydle curtesey defide,
 And overthrow his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed sem-
 blants sly.

Thus being entred they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns ; whose fayre grassy
 ground

Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
 Where with her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a p'pious bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'
 early morne.

Thereto the heavens, alwayes jovial,
 Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate ;
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attempted, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and
 holesom smell :

More sweet and holesom then the pleasaunt hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe that bore
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill ;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phœbus' hart with love did gore ;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre ;
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote com-
 payre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect ;
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Brydling his will, and maystering his might :
 Till that he came unto another gate ;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings in-
 tricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe seemed to entice
 All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered ;
 Some deepe empurpled as the hyaciue,
 Some as the rubine, laughing sweetely red,
 Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened :

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
 That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adowne as overburdened.
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for wo-
 manhood :

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scrud with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
 That so faire wine-presse made the wine more
 sweet :

Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet ;
 It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast ;
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond ;
 Whereat Excesse exceedinly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth ;
 Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward
 goth.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
 And none does other's happinesse envye ;
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye ;
 The dales for shade ; the hills for breathing space ;
 The trembling groves ; the christall running by ;
 And, that which all faire workes doth most
 aggrace,
 The art which all that wrought appeared in no
 place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine.)
That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify,
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd, with lively iollitee,
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes;
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid
ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearfully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to
weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on their billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked danzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them
eyde.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a
vele,

So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddenly both would themselves unhele,
Such amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes
to ele.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare;
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to
embrace.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise:
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous
made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she now adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd:
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft.
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking
left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace.
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his
pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton merriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold
could reare:

On which, when gazing, him the palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And, counsell well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis;
When thus the palmer: 'Now, Sir! well avise,
For here the end of all our travaill is;
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.'

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare.
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To reade what manner musicke that mote bee,
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie;
Birds, voices, instruments, wiudes, waters, all
agree.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
 Th' angelical soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine responce meet;
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall;
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
 Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing
 With a new lover, whom, through sorcerce
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
 There she had him now laid a slombering
 In secret shade after long wanton ioyes:
 Whist round about them pleasauntly did sing
 Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious
 toyes.

And all that while right over him she hong
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
 As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
 Or greedily depasturing delight;
 And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
 For feele of waking him, his lips bedewd.
 And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
 Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
 Where with she sighed soft, as if his case she rew.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
 'Ah! see, whose fayre thing doest faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of thy day!
 Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
 Doth first peepe fourth with bashful modestee,
 That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may!
 Lo! see, soone after, how more bold and free,
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
 Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

'So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
 Ne more doth florish after first decay,
 That carst was sought to deck both bed and
 bowre

Of many a lady and many a paramoure!
 Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
 Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
 Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall
 crime.'

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
 Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,
 As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
 The constant payre heard all that he did say,
 Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
 Through many covert groves and thickets close,
 In which they creeping, did at last display
 That wanton lady with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleasaunt sin;

D 2

And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
 All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
 That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
 More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we wovee see
 Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly
 flee.

Her snowey brest was bare to ready spoyle
 Of hungry eies, which no'te therewith be fild;
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle
 Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild,
 That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
 And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
 Moystened their fierie beames, with which she
 thrild
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
 Which sparkkling on the silent waves does seeme
 more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place;
 That certes it great pitty was to see
 Him his nobility so fowle deface:
 A sweet regard and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
 Yet Jeeping, in his well-proportiond face;
 And on his tender lips the downy heare
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms
 beare.

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments
 Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
 And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
 Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see;
 Ne for them, ne for honour, cared hee,
 Ne ought that did to his advancement see;
 But in lewd loves and wastfull luxuree
 His days, his goods, his bodie, he did spend:
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

Book II. Canto XII.

THE MASKE OF CUPID.

I.

Tho whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
 Faire heaven with an universal clowd,
 That every wight dismayd with darknes sad
 In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
 She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,
 Signe of nigh battail, or got victory;
 Nought therewith daunted was her corage prowde,
 But rather stird to cruell enmity,
 Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
 With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
 And an earthquake, as if it streight would loose
 The world's foundation from his center fixt,
 A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
 Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearful sted,
 From the forth howre of night untill the sixt;
 Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
 Tho' much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III.

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore,
And forth issewd, as on the readie flore
Of some theatre, a grave personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned :
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V.

The noble mayd still standing, all this vewd,
And marveild at his straunge intendiment :
With that ioyous fellowship issewd
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes and rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet concent,
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a mask, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In fullstraunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetness of the melody
The feeble sences wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd ;
And when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound ;
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

VII.

The first was Fanny, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that yunpe of Troy
Whom love did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same daintie lad which was so deare
To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every woode and every valley wide,
He fild with Hylas' name ; the gymphes eke
Hylas cryde.

VIII.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do aray
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight :
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare,
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and there.

IX.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Whose end of ryper yeares then the other swayne,

Yet was that other swayne this elder's syre,
And gave him being commune to them twayne :
His garment was disguysd very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry ;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did
strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in
flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguise,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyse ;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrink he did avyse ;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard there-
on he lay.

XI.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares-skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his own face was dreadfull, he did need
Straunge horror to deforme his griesly shade :
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap ;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap ;
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

XII.

Next to him was Feare, all armd from top to
toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe,
And his owne armes when glettering he did spy.
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly :
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye.
Gainst whom he always bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did
wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome
mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre locks were woven up in gold :
She always smyle, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe.
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire ;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire ;
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrow-
ed haire ;
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she
twynd :

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glauce,
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he
did pace.

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet fully being more than seeming sad;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart.
That from thenceforth a wretched life thay ladd
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of Dolour's
dart.

XVII.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naled nigh she did appeare,
With ghostly lookes and dreadfull dreerihed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rent her snarled haire;
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tesse
About her head, still roming here and there,
As a devayled deere in chace embost,
Forsetfull of his safety bath his right way lost

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenance:
She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyauance glad,
As if no sorrow shee felt ne drad,
That a vill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in her's an hony-lady bee.
Thus marched these six couples forth in fayre
degree.

XIX.

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
Led of two gryslie villains, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She, dolefull lady, like a dreery spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes fearefull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewed a seemely grace,
And with her feeble fete did move a comely
pace.

XX.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was dispoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy
cleene:

XXI.

At that wyde orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixt with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd;
And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
When her weake fete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward still with torture did constraîne,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII.

Next after her the winged god himselve
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbind,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faïre dame, he might behold in perfect kinde,
Which seene he much reioyced in his cruell
minde.

XXIII.

Of which ful prowde, himselve uprearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survey his goodly company,
And marshalling the evill-ordered trayne;
With that the darts, which his right hand did
straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his colourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make;
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowrd, Repentance sighd, Reproch did
scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips en-
twinde,
Shame burning brond yrons in her hand did hold;
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one
mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,
Lewd losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
Inconstant Change, and false Disloyalty,
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmy,
Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with Infamy.

[Book III. Canto XII.]

CAVE OF DESPAIR.

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypignt,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave;
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,

Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and
howle:

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcasses were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull
teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in
feare.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His griesly lockes long growen and unbound.
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound:
His raw bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never
dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warne blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle approving trew
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd, "Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against the right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood here
shed in sight?"

"What franticke fitt," quoth he, "hath thus
distracted

The foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should die who merits not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive,
But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
Is then uniaist to each his dew to give?
Or let him die that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease that liveth here uneth?

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?"

Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours
good,
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe that long hath stood
Upon the hancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the
flood?

"He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and
crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short payne well borne that bringes long
ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please."

The knight much wondred at his suddein wit,
And sayd, "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed."
"Who life did limit by almightie doome,"
Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
And he that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning
droume."

"Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth? did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date:
Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
That holds the world in his still-changing state?
Or shunne the death ordaynd by Destinie?
When houre of Death is come, let none aske
whence, nor why."

"The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels which thou boasts to
win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now prayds, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough they evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth
stray."

"Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may:
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to
quake.
And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rise:
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
some life."

"Thou wretched man! of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckless disaventures did amate;
Witnes the dungeon deepe wherein of late
Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

"Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

"Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietic?
Is not his law, let every sinner die,
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be
donne,
Is it not better to die willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all outrome?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O Faries
sonne!"

The knight was much enmoued with this speech.
That as a sword's poynt through his hart did
perse,

And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trow all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
(Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
daunt,

And hellish anguish did his soule assaile)
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
He shewed him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waille,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse
paine [remaiue.
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismayd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law,
Then gan the villain him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw,
And bad him choose what death he would desire,
For death was dew to him that had provokt
God's ire.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was
seene

To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The curddled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne; but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, "Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vaunst to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and
bright?"

"Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constantspright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?

Why shouldst thou then despaire that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater
grace,

The which doth quench the brond of hellish
smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed
place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile flight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong himselfe, unbild, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby,
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathlesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

Book I. Canto IX.

A COMBAT.

THE Knight of the Red-crosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride,
Soone mete they both; both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astained with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth
land.

As when two rams, stirred with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that with the terror of the shocke
Astained both stand sencelesse as a blocke,

Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
Who well it wards, and quytteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to pierce : repining courage yields
No foote to foe ; the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant
fields.

“ Curse on that crosse,” quoth then the Sarazin,
“ That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt :
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin.
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt :
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head.” Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him
fairly blest.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eft-soones revive ;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kiss.
Greeting his grave ; his grudging ghost did strike
With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is
Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

Book I. Canto II.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Born 1564.—Died 1616.

SONNETS.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
And having climbd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Re-embelling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way :
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow ;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make
defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee
hence.

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And made the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading swets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open-wide.
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth
brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine.
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
staineth.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
closes:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your
truth.

Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the works of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere
long.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew:

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, sweet figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

THE expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:

All this the world well knows; yet none
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

BEAUTY.

[From the "Passionate Pilgrim."]

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physick, painting, pain, and cost.

AGE AND YOUTH.

[From the same.]

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long

OPPORTUNITY AND TIME.

[From the Rape of Lucrece.]

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a publick fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee;

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to
end?

Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
chained?

Give physick to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
 They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination:
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
 Thou nurst all, and murderest all that are.
 O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 But y'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchain'd me
 To endless date of never-ending woes;
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
 To eat up error by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right:
 To ruinate proud buildings with his hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-hole, stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books, and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
 And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To stay the tyger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguill'd;
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

HAMLET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Claudius, king of Denmark.
Hamlet, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.
Polonius, lord chamberlain,
Horatio, friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, son to Polonius.
Voltemand,
Cornelius,
Rosenkrantz,
Guildenstern, } courtiers.
Osric, a courtier.
 Another courtier.
 A Priest.
Marcellus,
Bernardo, } officers.
Francisco, a soldier.
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.
 A Captain. An Ambassador.
 Ghost of Hamlet's father.
Fortinbras, prince of Norway.
Gertrude, queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius.
 Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers,
 Sailors, Messengers; and other Attendants.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.
Francisco on his Post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
 And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who
 is there!

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
 Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Mar-
 cellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-
 night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
 And will not let belief take hold of him,
 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night ;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve* our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile ;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

¶ The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes
again !

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ! mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows me with fear, and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of
night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march ! by heaven, I charge thee,
speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See ! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay ; speak : speak I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How, now, Horatio ! you tremble, and look
pale :

Is not this something more than fantasy ?

What think you of it ?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king ?

Hor. As thou art to thyself :

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated ;
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parl't,
He smote the sledded† Polack§ on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump|| at this dead
hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know
not ;

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land ;

And why such daily cast of bruzen cannon,

* Confirm. † Dispute. ‡ Sledged, on a sledge.
§ Polander, an inhabitant of Poland. || Just.

And foreign mart for implements of war ;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week :
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day ;
Who is't, that can inform me ?

Hor. That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,)
Did slay this Fortinbras ; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror :

Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king : which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same co-mart*,

And carriage of the article design'd †,

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full ‡,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shark'd§ up a list of landless resolute,

For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach|| in't : which is no other

(As it doth well appear unto our state,)

But to recover of us, by strong hand,

And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost. And this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations :

The source of this our watch ; and the chief head

Of this post-haste and romage¶ in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so :

We'll may it sort**, that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king

That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy†† state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star††,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen§§ coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me :

If there be any good thing to be done,

* Joint bargain. † The covenant to confirm that bargain.

‡ Full of spirit without experience. § Picked.

|| Resolution. ¶ Search. ** Suit.

†† Victorious. ‡‡ The moon. §§ Event.

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me :
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
 O, speak !
 Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan !

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here !

Hor. 'Tis here !

Mar. 'Tis gone !

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it to the show of violence ;
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day ; and at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring⁺ spirit hies
 To his confine : and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation[†].

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome : then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to night
 Unto young Hamlet : for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.
Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes,
Voltinund, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
 death

The memory be green : and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—

* Wandering.

† Proof.

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye ;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole*,—
 Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along :—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands[†] of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 To offer for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rd, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein ; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject :—and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltinund,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show
 our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltinund and Cornelius.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?
 You told us of some suit ; what is't, Laertes ?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg,
 Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What would'st thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. My dread lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France ;
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
 To show my duty in your coronation ;
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? What says
 Polonius ?

Pol. He hath my lord, wrung from me my slow
 leave,

By laboursome petition ; and, at last,
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent :
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,
 And thy best graces : spend it at thy will.—
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind[†].
 [*Aside.*

* Grief.

† Bonds.

‡ Nature ; a little more than a kinsman, and less than a natural one.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark,

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :
Thou know'st, 'tis common ; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within, which passeth show ;
These, but the trappings and suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven :
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient ;
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart ? Fye ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
As of a father : for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne ;
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire :
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet ;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof

* No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
And the king's rouse* the heaven shall bruit† again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King ; Queen, Lords, &c. Polonius, and Laertes.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon‡ 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fye on't ! O fye ! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,

Possess it merely§. That it should come to this !
But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion|| to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem¶ the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—

A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she,—
O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married :—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart : for I must hold my tongue !

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
Marcellus !

Mar. My good lord,——

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so :
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trust of your own report
Against yourself : I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

* Draught.
Entirely.

† Report.
|| Apollo.

‡ Law.
¶ Suffer.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats*

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest† foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father.

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent† ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pé‡,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By the oppress'd and fear-surpriz'd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
As headful secretly impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes; I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? [watch'd.

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It 'stied up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
His face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver|| up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent*, does not grow alone
In thews†, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel‡ doth besmirch§
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,

* It was anciently the custom to give a cold entertainment at a funeral. † Chiefest. ‡ Attentive. § From head to foot. || That part of the helmet which may be lifted up.

* Increasing. † Sinews. ‡ Subtlety, deceit. § Discolour

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
 For he himself is subject to his birth :
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of the whole state ;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal .
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent* ear you list his songs ;
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity .
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire .
 The chariest† maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent .
 Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near .

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart : But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own read‡.

Laer. O fear me not.

I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave .

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
 shame ;
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid for. There,—my blessing with
 you ;

[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character§. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure||, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,

Are most select and generous*, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry†.
 This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my
 lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants
 tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit Laertes.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
 Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought ;
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounte-
 ous :

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
 What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many ten-
 ders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
 think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Wringing it thus), you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
 my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes, to catch wood-cocks. I do
 know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
 You must not take for fire. From this time,
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence ;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, That he is young ;
 And with a larger tether‡ may he walk,

* Believing.

† Most cautious.

‡ Regards not his own lessons.

§ Write.

|| Opinion.

* Noble.

† Economy.

‡ Longer line ; a horse fastened by a string to a stake,
 is tethered.

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows : for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators* of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you to slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager† air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ! I heard it not ; it then draws near
the season,
Wherein the spirit held is wont to walk.

[A Flourish of trumpets, and ord-
nance shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse‡.

Keeps wassel§, and the swaggering up-spring reels :
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus † ray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :
They clepe|| us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men.
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion¶,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo),
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout**,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition†,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again ;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles† o'er his base into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys‡ of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea.
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still :—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[Ghost beckons.

Still am I call'd ;—unhand me, gentlemen ;—

[Breaking from them.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :—
I say, away :—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

* Implorers. † Sharp. ‡ Jovial draught. § Jollity.
|| Call. ¶ Humour. ** Do out.

* Frame. † Hangs. ‡ Whims. § Hinders.

Hor. Have after :—To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Ercunt.*

SCENE V.

A more remote part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost und Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me ? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres ;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul ! my uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen :
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !

From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air ;
Brief let me be :—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon* in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment : whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant tetter† bark'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd‡ :
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd§, disappointed¶, unanel'd¶¶ :

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :

O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire :

Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me.

[*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?

And shall I couple hell ?—O fye !—Hold, hold my heart ;

And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up !—Remember thee ?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe**.

Remember thee ?

Yea, from the tablet of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws†† of books, all forms, all pleasures past,

That youth and observation copied there ;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

* Henbane.

† Scab, scurf.

‡ Bereft.

§ Without having received the Sacrament.

¶ Unappointed, unprepared.

¶¶ Without extreme unction.

** Head.

†† Sayings, sentences.

Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman !
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
My tables*,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark :

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;
It is, Adieu, adieu ! remember me.
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it !

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord !

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No ;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then ; would heart of man
once think it ?—

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part :
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you ;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my
lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ; yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest-ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't my lord ?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-
night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

* Memorandum book.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou there,
true-penny ?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. *Hic und ubique !** then we'll shift our
ground :—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword :

Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole ! can'st work i'the earth
so fast ?

A worthy pioneer !—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange !

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy !

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know ;* or, *We could, and if we
would ;*—or, *If we list to speak ;*—or, *There be, and if
they might ;*—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me :—This do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite !

That ever I was born to set it right !

Nay, come, let's go together.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Rey-
naldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

* Here and every where.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers* are in Paris ;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence ; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it :
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him :
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him ;—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him ;—but, you may say, not well :

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild ;
Addicted so and so ;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing ;—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency ;
That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so
quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty ;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ;
A savageness† in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Av, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift ;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the predominate‡ crimes,
The youth you breathe of guilty, he assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence :
Good sir, or so ; or friend, or gentleman,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say !—By the mass, I was
About to say some something ;—Where I did leave ?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry ;*
He closes with you thus :—*I know the gentleman ;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then ; with such, or such ; and, as you say,
There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in his rouse ;
There, falling out at tennis : or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel), or so forth.—*
See you now ;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out ;

So, by former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Erit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so afflicted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved† to his ankle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk‡,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go ;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love ;
Whose violent property foredoes§ itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,

* That is to say.

† Hanging down like fetters.

‡ Body.

§ Destroys.

* Danes. † Wildness. ‡ Already named.

I had not quoted* him : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee ; but beshrew my jealousy
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.●

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him ;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time ; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [you ;

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
Ann, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentleness, and goodwill,
And to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fit a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded. [Guildenstern :

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guil-

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—O, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens makes our presence, and our
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Ay, Amen !

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
and some Attendants.]

* Observed. † Complaisance. ‡ Utmost exertion.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good
lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ! Assure you, my good
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king :
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail* of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. Q, speak of that ; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors ;
My news shall be the fruit† to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main ;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltinmand and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my
good friends !

Say, Voltinmand, what from our brother Norway ?

Vol. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack‡ ;
But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your highness : whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand§,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief obeys ;

Receives rebuke from Norway : and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;

And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack :

With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Gives a paper.]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize ;

On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well :

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour
Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :

Most welcome home !

[Exeunt Voltinmand and Cornelius.]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate||
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it : for, to define true madness,

* Scent. † Desert. ‡ Poland. § Imposed on. || Discuss.

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad :
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity :
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then : and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beauti-
fied Ophelia,*—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; *beautified* is a vile
phrase ; but you shall hear.—Thus :

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faith-
ful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire ; [*Reads.*

Doubt, that the sun doth move :

*Doubt truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have
not art to reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best,
O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me :
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you
think,

When I had seen this love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book ;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb ;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;
What might you think ? no, I went round* to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak ;
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere ;
This must not be :* and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

* Boundly, without reserve

King. Do you think, 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :
Be you and I behind an arras* then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;
I'll board† him presently :—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord ?

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir : to be honest, as this world goes, is
to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter-
ter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun : conception‡ is
a blessing ; but as your daughter may conceive§,
—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? [*Aside.*] Still harp-
ing on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he
said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone :
and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for
love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—
What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words !

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir : for the satirical rogue says
here, that old men have grey beards ; that their faces
are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thick amber, and
plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of
wit, together with most weak hams : all of which, sir,

* Tapestry. † Accost. ‡ Understanding. § Become pregnant.

though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Ham. Into my grave ?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant* sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal ; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet ; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir ! [*To Polonius.*
[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. My honour'd lord !—

Ros. My most dear lord !—

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy ; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours ? * * * * *

What news ?

Ros. None, my lord ; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near : but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular : what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord !

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one ; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons ; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so ; to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one ; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God ! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space ; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition ; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies ; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court ? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. *Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter : I will not sort you with the rest of my servants ; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore ?

Ros. To visit you, my lord ; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you ; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, come ; deal justly with me : come, come ; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord ?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour ; I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no ?

Ros. What say you ? [*To Guildenstern.*]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you ; [*Aside.*—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form, and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me, nor woman neither ; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me* ?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what *lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you : we coted† them on the way : and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

* Ready, apt.

* Spare.

† Overtook.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth it, they travel?—their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases†, that cry out on the top of question‡, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted§? Will they pursue the quality|| no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarré¶ them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too**.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little††. 'Shlood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply‡‡ with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw*.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ‡, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.]

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot, and then, you know, It came to pass, As most like it was,—The first row of the pious chanson‡ will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced§ since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard|| me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine¶. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality**; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Pl.g.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare†† to the general‡‡: but it was (as I received

* Become strollers. † Young nestlings. ‡ Dialogue.

§ Paid. || Profession. ¶ Provoke.

** i. e. The globe, the sign of Shakspeare's Theatre.

†† Miniature. ‡‡ Compliment.

* *Hernshaw*, a kind of bird, was perhaps the word used by Shakspeare. † Writing. ‡ Song.

§ Fringed. || Defy. ¶ Clog. ** Profession.

†† An Italian dish made of the roes of fishes. ‡‡ Multitude.

it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top* of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallads in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite† the author of affection‡: but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneus' tale to Dido: and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,— 'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules§; horribly trick'd||
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.

Pol. Well spoken, my lord; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Pl. y.* Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repentant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Hium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack¶ stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne**
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away your power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

* Above. † Convict. ‡ Affection. § Red.
|| Blazoned. ¶ Light clouds. ** Eternal.

1 *Play.* But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled* queen—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames

With bisson† rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In miming with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch‡ the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee no more.

* Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.]

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that Lord: and look you mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [To Ros. and Guil.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my Lord!

[Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit! And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,

* Muffled. † Blind. ‡ Milky.

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat* was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless†, villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!

Eye upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I
have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him‡ to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me; I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted.
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,

When we should bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught* on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much con-
tent me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront† Ophelia:

Her father, and myself (lawful espials‡),
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly§ judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so
please you,

We will bestow|| ourselves:—Read on this book;

[To Ophelia.

That show of such an exercise may colour.

Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—

'Tis too much prov'd¶,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

[Aside.

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exit King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

* Overtook. † Meet. ‡ Spies. § Freely. || Place.
¶ Too frequent.

* Destruction. † Unnatural. ‡ Search his wounds.

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Of to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—[¶]as a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil[‡],
 Must give us pause. There's the respect[†],
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus[‡] make
 With a bare bodkin[§]? who would furdels[¶] bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne[¶]
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
 I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
 you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you
 should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
 merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
 sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
 than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his
 likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the
 time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe

Ham. You should not have believed me; it
 true cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we
 reish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why would'st thou
 be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,
 but yet I could accuse me of such things, that
 it were better, my mother had not borne me; I am
 very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences
 at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in,
 imagination to give them shape, or time to act them
 in; what should such fellows as I do crawling be-
 tween earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all;
 believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.
 Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he
 may play the fool no where but in his own house.
 Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
 for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as
 snow; thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a
 nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry,
 marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what
 monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go;
 and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well
 enough. God hath given you one face, and you make
 yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp,
 and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wan-
 tonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of't: it
 hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more
 marriages; those that are married already, all but
 one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a
 nunnery, go.

[Exit Hamlet.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould^{*} of form,
 The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy[†]. O, woe is me!
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his
 soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
 Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
 I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:

* Stir, bustle.
 † Small dagger.

‡ Consideration.
 § Burdens.

‡ Acquittance,
 ¶ Boundary.

* The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.
 † Madness.

Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet, I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia,
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said:
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the same.

Enter Hamlet, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings*; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant†; it out-herods Herod‡. Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressures. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

* The people in the pit.

† The God of the Saracens.

‡ Herod's character was particularly violent.

§ Impression, resemblance.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too: though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Reënt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[*Reënt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord.—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant* hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted† guilt
Do not itself unkenneel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy‡. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure§ of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

* Ready.

† Secret.

‡ A smith's shop.

§ Opinion.

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
Get you a place.

Danish March, A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith : of the camelion's[†] dish : I eat the air, promise-crammed : You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say ? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. That did I, my lord ; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i'the Capitol ; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a culf there.—Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho ! do you mark that ? [*To the king.*]

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O ! your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables*. O heavens ! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then : or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse ; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly : the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck : lays him down upon a bank of flowers ; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns ; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts ; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. [*Ereunt.*]

Oph. What means this, my lord ?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho† ; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

* The richest dress.

† Secret wickedness.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow : the players cannot keep counsel ; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught ; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency.
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart* gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus'† orbed ground ;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,]
About the world have times twelve thirties been ;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done ?

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :
For women fear too much, even as they love ;
And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;

My operant‡ powers their functions leave to do :

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind,

For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !

Such love must needs be treason in my breast ;

In second husband let me be accurst !

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

* *Ham.* That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances||, that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love ;

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak ;

But, what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory ;

Of violent birth, but poor validity :

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ;

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

* Car, chariot.

† Active.

‡ The earth.

|| Motives.

§ Shining, lustre.

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures* with themselves destroy :
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark his favourite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend :
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,—
 Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own :
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light !

Sport and repose look from me, day, and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's† cheer in prison be my scope !
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now.——

[*To Ophelia.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while :

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

[*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain :

And never come mischance between us twain !

[*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest : no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The mouse-trap‡. Marry, how ? Tragicallly. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna : Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : you shall see anon ; 'tis a knavish piece of work. But what of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.——

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer ;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come ;

——The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing :

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What ! frightened with false fire !

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light : away !

Pol. Lights, lights, lights !

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play :

For some must watch, while some must sleep ;

Thus runs the world away.——

Would not this, sir, and a forest of leathers*, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provencial roses on my razed‡ shoes get me a fellowship in a cry† of players, sir ?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive ?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,——

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha !—Come, some musick ; come the recorders§.——

For if the king like not the comedy,
 Why then, belike,—he likes it not perdy||.——

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,——

* Determinations.

† Anchoret.

‡ The thing.
 In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.

* For his head.

† Slashed.

‡ Pack, company.

§ A kind of flute.

|| Per Dieu.

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

* *Ham.* With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's discased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall commend; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade* with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers†.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages‡, with your fingers and thumb, give it breath

with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and, 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me friends.

[*Exit Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother,—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be shent†,

To give them seals‡ never, my soul, consent!

SCENE III.

A Room in the same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you;
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his luness§.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

* Business.

† Hands.

‡ Holes.

* Utmost stretch.

† Reproved.

‡ Authority to put them in execution.

§ Lunacy.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras* I'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home :

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege ;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Erit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood !
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder ?—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?

* Tapestry.

Try what repentance can. What can it not ?

Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?

O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !

O limed* soul ; that struggling to be free,

Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !

Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of
steel ;

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;

All may be well ! [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is pray-
ing ;

And now I'll do't ; and so he goes to heaven :

And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :

A villain kills my father ; and, for that,

I, his sole son, do this same villain send

To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.

He took my father grossly full of bread ;

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;

And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ;

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,

'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,

When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?

No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent† :

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;

Or in the mcestuous pleasures of his bed ;

At gaming, swearing ; or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in't :

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven :

And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :

This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Erit.*]

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below :

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

[*Erit.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay
home to him :

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with ;

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you ;

Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-
fended.

* Caught as with bird-lime.

† To hent is to seize or lay hold on.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now.

Queen. Have you forgot me.

Ham. No, by the rood^{*}, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
And,—'would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak,

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge ;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you[†]

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ?

[*Draws.*

Dead, for a ducut, dead.

[*Hamlet makes a pass through the Arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

[*Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth Polonius.*

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed ; almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

[*To Polonius.*

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace ; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there : makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction† plucks

The very soul ; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words. Heavens's face doth glow ;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful‡ visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index§ ?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this ;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow :

Hyperion's* curls ; the front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man :

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows ;

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten† on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?

You cannot call it, love : for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgement. And what judgement

Would step from this to this ? Sense‡, sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion. But, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;

Nor sense to ecstasy§ was ne'er so thrall'd,

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind|| ?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans¶ all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope**.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire ; proclaim no shame,

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge :

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;

And there I see such black and grain'd spots

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed†† bed :

Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love

Over the nasty sty ;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;

These words, like daggers enter in mine ears :

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain :

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe

Of your precedent lord :—a vice‡‡ of kings :

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king

Of shreds and patches :—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious figure ?

* Cross. † Marriage contract. ‡ Sorrowful.

§ Index of contents prefixed to a book.

* Apollo's.

† To grow fat.

‡ Sensation.

§ Frenzy.

|| Blindman's-buff.

¶ Without.

** Be so stupid.

†† Greasy.

‡‡ Mimick.

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit* in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrescences,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale
he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects†: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Erit Ghost.*]

Queen. This the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as your, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come:
And do not spread the compost‡ on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg:
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

* Imagination.
† Actions.

+ Intelligent.
‡ Manure.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue if you have it not.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this:

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock, or livery,

That aptly's put on. Refrain to-night;

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: the next more easy:

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either curb the devil or throw him out

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,

I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent. But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—

To punish me with this, and this with me,

That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—

But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse*;

And let him, for a pair of reechy† kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock‡, from a bat, a gib§,

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,

To try conclusions||, in the basket creep,

And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-
fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd¶,—

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar**; and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.—

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

* A term of endearment. † Steaming with heat.

‡ Toad. § Cat. || Experiments. ¶ Having their teeth.

** Blown up with his own mortar.

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you :—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves :

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your son ?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, A rat ! a rat !
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !

If I had been so with us, had we been there :
His liberty is full of threats to all ;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?

It will be led to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This undigested man ; but, so much was our love

We would not understand what was most fit ;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :

Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done : so, haply, slander,—

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air.—O come away !

My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

* Company.

† Mine.

‡ Mark.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham.—Safely stowed.—[*Ros. &c. within.*]

Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !] But soft !—what noise ?
who calls on Hamlet ! O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it
thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what !

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !
—what replication should be made by the son of a
king !

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's counte-
nance, his rewards, his authorities. But such offi-
cers do the king best service in the end ; he keeps
them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw : first
mouthed to be last swallowed ; when he needs what
you have cleaned, it is but squeezing you, and,
sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it ; A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is
not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guild. A thing, my lord.

Ham. Of nothing ; bring me to him. [*Hide face, and all after.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the
body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose ?

Yet must not we put the strong law on him :

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes :

And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause. Diseases, desperate grown,

By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter Rosencrantz.

Or not at all.—How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

* A sport among children.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten : a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we fat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table ; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence

With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself ; The bark is ready, and the wind at help*, The associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come ; for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother : father and mother is man and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard ;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night ; Away, for every thing is seal'd and done That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught, (As my great power thereof may give thee sense ; Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set Our sovereign process ; which imports at full, By letters conjuring to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ; For like the hectick in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done, Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

[*Exit.*]

* Favorable.

+ Value, estimate.

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, and forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;

Tell him, that by his licence, Fortinbras Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous, If that his majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye*. And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers† are these ?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who Commands them, sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier ?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground, That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ; Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole, A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Polack‡ never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw : This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace : That inward breaks, and shows no cause without Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi'you, sir.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man, If his chief good, and market§ of his time, Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more. Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse||. Looking before, and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To fust¶ in us unus'd. Now, whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven** scruple Of thinking too precisely on the event,—A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom, And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do ; Sith|| I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :

Witness, this army of such mass, and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince ;

* Presence,

+ Forces.

‡ Poland.

§ Profit.

** Cowardly.

|| Power of comprehension.

¶ Since.

§ Grow mouldy.

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, darr,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds: fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Erit.*]

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Queen.—I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she
 hearsThere's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her
 heart;Spurns on jowls at straws; speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim* at it,
 And both the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for
 she may strewDangerous conjectures in ill breeding minds:
 Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.]To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy† seems prologue to some great amiss:
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know
 From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon. [Singing.]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

* Guess. † Trifle. ‡ Shoe.

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

[Sings.]

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded* all with sweet flowers;
 Which bewept to the grave did go,
 With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God†ield‡ you! They say, the owl
 was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we
 are, but know not what we may be. God be at your
 table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but
 when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be pa-
 tient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they
 should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall
 know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.
 Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night,
 sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.]King. Follow her close! give her good watch,
 I pray you. [Exit Horatio.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs

All from her father's death. And now behold,

O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions! First, her father slain;

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove. The people muddied,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whis-
 pers,For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
 greenly,

In hugger-mugger§ to inter him. Poor Ophelia

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France:

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering piece, in many places

Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers||! Let them guard the door:
 What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;

The ocean, overpeering of his list¶,

* Garnished. † Reward. ‡ Without mature judgment.
 § Secretly. || Swiss guards. ¶ Bounds.

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, Choose we; Laertes shall be king!
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail* they cry!

O, this is counter† you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter Laertes, armed; Dunes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;

Cries cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched‡ brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill. [*with:*]

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Rapast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear*,
As day does to your eye.

Dunes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is finet in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus. *

Oph. You must sing, Down-a-down, an you call
him a-down-a. O, how the wheel‡ becomes it! It is
the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's
for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:
—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we
may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:—you may
wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:
—I would give you some violets; but they wither'd
all, when my father died:—they say, he made a
good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought || and affliction, passion, hell
itself,

She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*]

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All fluxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God 'a mercy on his soul!

* Scent. † Hounds run counter, when they trace
the scent backwards. ‡ Clean, undefiled.

* Appear. † Subtle, delicate. ‡ The burthen.
§ i. e. By its Sunday name, "herb of grace" mine is merely
rue, i. e. sorrow. ¶ Melancholy.

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! [Exit Ophelia.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me: If by direct or by collateral hand They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction; but, if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us, And we shall jointly labour with your soul To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exit

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,—

[Enter Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.
Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exit

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears.—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mildly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd*
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general tender† bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring‡ that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves§ to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—

Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.

* Deprived of strength.
‡ A petrifying spring.

† Common people.
§ Chains.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—

And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone* :

Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come ; It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, *Thus diddest thou.*

King. If it be so, Laertes, As how should it be so? how otherwise?— Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking* at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it,—I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall : And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ; But even his mother shall uncharge the practice, And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd ;

The rather, if you could devise it so, That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much, And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts Did not together pluck such envy from him, As did that one ; and that, in my regard, Of the unworthiest siege†.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears, Than settled age his sables, and his weeds, Importing health and graveness.—Two months since, Here was a gentleman of Normandy,— I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French, And they can well on horseback : but this gallant Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ; And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse, As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought, That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch‡, indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ; And gave you such a masterly report, For art and exercise in your defence§, And for your rapier most especial, That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,

If one could match you : the scrimers* of their nation, He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye, If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy, That he could nothing do, but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you. Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father ;

But that I know, love is begun by time ; And that I see, in passages of proof†, Time qualifies the spark and fire of it. There lives within the very flame of love A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ; And nothing is at a like goodness still ; For goodness, growing to a plurisy, Dies in his own too-much. That we would do, We should do when we would : for this *would* changes, And hath abatements and delays as many, As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ; And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh, That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer : Hamlet comes back. What would you undertake, To show yourself in deed your father's son More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize ;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes, Will you do this, keep close within your chamber : Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home : We'll put on those shall praise your excellence, And set a double varnish on the fame The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,

And wager o'er your heads : he being remiss, Most generous and free from all contriving, Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease, Or with a little shuffling, you may choose. A sword unbated‡, and, in a pass of practice§, Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword. I bought an unction of a mountebank, So mortal, that but dip a knife in it, Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare, Collected from all simples that have virtue Under the moon, can save the thing from death, That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly, It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ; Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means, May fit us to our shape. If this should fail, And that our drift look through our bad perform-

ance, 'Twere better not assay'd : therefore this project

* Objecting to. † Place. ‡ Ornament.
§ Science of defence, i. e. fencing.

* Fencers. † Daily experience.
‡ Not blunted as foils are. § Exercise.

Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof*. Soft :—let me see :—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning†,—
I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,) And that he calls for drink, I'll have prefer'd‡ him
A chalice for the nonce§; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck||, Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen ?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

● *Laer.* Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal¶ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
As one incapable* of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To middy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick : Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
The woman will be out††.—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude ;
How much I had to do to calm his rage !

Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore, let's follow. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clow.* Is she to be buried in christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Clow.* I tell thee, she is ; therefore make her grave
straight†† : the crowner hath set on her, and finds it
christian burial.

1 *Clow.* How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence ?

2 *Clow.* Why, 'tis found so.

* As firearms sometimes burst in proving their strength.
† Skill. ‡ Presented. § A cup for the purpose.
¶ Thrust. ¶ Licentious. ** Insensible.
†† Tears will flow. ‡‡ Immediately

1 *Clow.* It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point : If I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act : and an act hath three
branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal,
she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clow.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clow.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ;
good : here stands the man ; good : If the man go to
this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he,
he goes ; mark you that : but if the water come to
him, and drown him, he drowns not himself : Argal,
he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not
his own life.

2 *Clow.* But is this law ?

1 *Clow.* Ay, marry is't ; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clow.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? if this had
not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried
out of christian burial.

1 *Clow.* Why, there thou say'st : and the more
pity ; that great folks shall have countenance in this
world to drown or hang themselves more than their
even* christian. Come, my spade. There is no an-
cient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-
makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clow.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Clow.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clow.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clow.* What, art a heathen ? How dost thou
understand the scripture ? The scripture says, Adam
digg'd. Could he dig without arms ? I'll put an-
other question to thee : if thou answerest me not to
the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clow.* Go to.

1 *Clow.* What is he, that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

2 *Clow.* The gallows-maker ; for that frame out-
lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clow.* I like thy wit well, in good faith ; the
gallows does well. But how does it well ? it does
well to those that do ill : now thou dost ill, to say,
the gallows is built stronger than the church ; argal,
the gallows may do well to thee. To't again ; come.

2 *Clow.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a
shipwright, or a carpenter ?

1 *Clow.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke†.

2 *Clow.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clow.* To't.

2 *Clow.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clow.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it ; for
your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating ;
and, when you are asked this question next, say, a
grave-maker ; the houses that he makes, last all
doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a
stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 *Clown.*

1 *Clown digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love†,

Methought, it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business !
he sings at grave-making.

* Fellow.

† Give over.

‡ The song entire is printed in Percy's Reliques of ancient
English Poetry, Vol. I. It was written by Lord Vaux.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so : the hand of little employment hath the dainter sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a scull.*]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches ; one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier ; which would say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord ! How dost thou, good lord ?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it ; might it not ?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so : and now my lady Worm's chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to sec't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats*, with them ? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*

For—and a shrouding sheet :

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up a scull.*]

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits† now, his quillst, his cases, his tenures and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconces‡ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Humph ! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha ?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow :—Whose grave's t'is, sirrah ?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [*Sings.*
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours : for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine : 'tis for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir ; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then ?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't ?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the card : or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it ; the age is grow'd so pick'd, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his libs.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

1 Clo. Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since ?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born : he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England ?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark ; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot ?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many corses now a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year ; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

1 Clo. A mad fellow's it was ;
Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This ?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas ! poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy :

* An ancient game played as quoits are at present.
† Subtilties. ‡ Frivolous distinctions. § Head.

* By the compass, or chart of direction.
† Spruce, affected.

he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour* she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? pah !

[*Throws down the scull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole !

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him rather with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : As thus ; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam : and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious† Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :

O, to at the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw‡ !

But soft ! but soft ! aside :—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession ; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes, and mourners following ; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow ? And with such maimed rites§ ! This doth betoken, The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand Fordo|| its own life. 'Twas of some estate¶ ! Cough we a while, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth : Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful ; And, but that great command o'ersways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers, Shards**, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her, Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants††, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

1 *Priest.* No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,

To sing a requiem*, and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;— And from her fair and unpolluted flesh, May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest, A minist'ring angel shall my sister be, When thou best howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweetest to the sweet : farewell !

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife ; I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick† and dead ; Till of this flat a mountain you have made To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I, Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul !

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat ; For, though I am not splenetic and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen, —

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme, Until my eyelids will no longer wage.

Queen. O my son ! what theme ?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia ; forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her ?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou't do :

Woul't weep ? woul't fight ? woul't fast ? woul't tear thyself ?

Woul't drink up Esil‡ eat a crocodile ? I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?

To outface me with leaping in her grave ? Be buried quick with her, and so will I : And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us ; till our ground, Singeing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou't mouth, I'll rant as well as thou.

* Countenance, complexion.

† Blast.

‡ High rank.

§ Imperfect obsequies.

** Broken pots or tiles.

† Imperial.

‡ Undo, destroy.

†† Garlands.

* A mass for the dead.

† Living.

‡ Esil is vinegar ; but Mr. Steevens conjectures the word should be *Wetel*, a river which falls into the Baltic ocean.

Queen. This is mere madness :
And thus a while the fit will work on him ;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd*,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir ;
What is the reason that you use me thus ?
I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter ;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit Horatio.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;
[*To Laertes.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument :
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see :
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir : now shall you see the other ;—

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord ?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay
Worse than the mutineers† in the bilboes‡ Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it.—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall§ ; and that should

teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;
Finger'd their packet : and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again : making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found Horatio,
A royal knavery ; an exact command,—
Larded|| with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho ! such bugs¶ and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise**, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission ; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or†† I could make a prologue to my brains,

They had begun the play :—I sat me down :
Devis'd a new commission : wrote it fair :
I once did hold it, as our statist* do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary ;
As love between them like the palm might flourish ;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma† tween their amities ;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shirving‡ time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordant ;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model§ of that Danish seal :
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
Subscrib'd it ; gave't the impression ; plac'd it safely
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight : and what to this was sequent||
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment :

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this ! [upon ?]

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother ;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage : is't not perfect conscience,
To quit¶ him with this arm : and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I'll count** his favours :
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace : who comes here ?

Enter Osric.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly†† ?

* Hatched.

† Fetters and handcuffs brought from *Bilboa* in Spain.

‡ Fail.

§ Garnished.

¶ Looking over.

+ Mutineers.

¶ Bugsbears.

†† Before.

* Statesmen. † A note of connection.

‡ Copy. § Following.

** For count some Editors read court.

†† Water-flies are gnats.

‡ Confessing.

¶ Require.

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis a chough*; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. Beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent difference†, of very soft society, and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card‡ or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the contentment of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more§.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly him.

Ham. The concannancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination|| of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already: all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, ¶: yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve¶ me;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned*, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers†, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin‡, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german§ to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing|| runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with¶ his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy** age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter: a kind of yesty†† collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions: and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know, if

* A bird like a jackdaw.

† Distinguishing excellencies.

‡ Compass or chart.

§ This speech is a ridicule of the court jargon of that time.

|| Mentioning.

¶ Recommend.

* Imponed, put down, staked.

† That part of the belt by which the sword was suspended.

‡ Margin of a book which contains explanatory notes.

§ Akin.

|| A bird which runs about immediately it is hatched.

¶ Compliment.

** Worthless.

†† Frothy.

your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving*, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall† their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and attendants, with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet;

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd†. But till that time,

* Misgiving. † Prevent. ‡ Unwounded.

I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i'th' darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both. —
But since he's better'd, we have thereto odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length. [*They prepare to play.*]

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups* of wine upon that table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

O: quit in answer of the third exchange.

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union† shall he throw.

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crowns have worn. Give me the cups.

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without.

The cannoneers to the heavens, the heaven to earth.

Now the king drinks to Hamlet:—Come, begin.

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit. What say you? [*They play.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin‡, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses§ to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam.—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by. [*Aside.*]

* Large jugs. † A precious pearl. ‡ Handkerchief.
§ Drinks good luck to you.

Queen. Come let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard, you make a wanton^{*} of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides;—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Leartes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,

Osr.

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink—I am poison'd!

Ham. O villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd;

Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. 'T is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life:

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated[†], and envenom'd; the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*]

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?

Follow my mother.

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd[‡] by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;

Nor thine on me!

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant[§], death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

* Treat me like a child or an effeminate person.

† The foil without a button, and poisoned point.

‡ Mixed. § A sergeant is a sheriff's officer.

Hor. Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.—

O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.—

[*March afar off, and shot within.*]
What warlike noise is this:

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from

Poland.

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows^{*} my spirit

I cannot live to hear the news from England:

But I do prophecy the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents[†], more or less,

Which have solicited.—The rest is silence.

[*Dies.*]
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night,
sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither?

[*March within.*]

Enter Fortinbras the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry[‡] cries on havoc!!—O proud death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes, at a shot,

So bloody hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing;

To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth[§],

Had it the ability of life to thank you;

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump[¶] upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack^{††} wars, and you from England,

Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies

High on a stage be plac'd to the view;

And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,

How these things come about. So shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause:

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I

Truly deliver.

* O'er-comes.

† Incidents.

‡ Incited.

§ Heap of dead game.

¶ A word of censure when more game was destroyed than was reasonable.

† i. e. The king's.

** By chance.

†† Polish.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mis-
chance,

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies :—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*]

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies ; after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, a senator.
Two other senators.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio.
Othello, the Moor.
Cassio, his lieutenant.
Iago, his ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman.
Mondano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.
Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Bianca, a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.
Scene, for the first Act, in Venice during the rest of the play, at a sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly.
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me :—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city.

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him :—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :

* Saluted.

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance*,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war :
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators : for, certes†, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician.
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife‡ ;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theorick§,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he ; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election :
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lev'd and calin'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster|| ;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark !) his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy. 'tis the curse of
service,

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affi'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender ; and, when he's old,
cushion'd ;

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who trim'd in fairs and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I follow but myself ;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern¶, 'tis not long after

* Circumlocution. † Certainly.

‡ Very near being married to a courtesan.

§ Theory. || It was anciently the practice to

reckon up sums with counters.

¶ Outward show of civility.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe*.
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense his kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do: with like timorous accent, and dire
ill,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spread in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
Thieves! thieves!
I look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Ave your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown;

Arise, arise;
Awake the snoring citizens with the bell,
On else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I; What art you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. Tis worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to frequent about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure.
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange†,

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will
not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we
come to do you service, you think we are ruffians:
You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary

horse: you'll have your nephews neigh to you: you'll
have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans‡.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are * * * *

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee,
Roderigo. [you,

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
If it be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this old-even† and dull watch o' the night,
Thou ported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier‡,—
To the cross claps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance§,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself;
If she be in her chamber, or your house.
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—

Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (us, if I stay, I shall),
Against the Moor. For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[Exit.

Enter below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time**,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou!—Who would be a
father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st
me

* Possess. † Intoxicating. ‡ A lone farm house.

* Relations. † Nearly midnight. ‡ A waterman.
§ Approbation. ¶ Wandering. % Dismiss. ** Old age.

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more
tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason
of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had
her!

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico^{*} is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you:
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signior,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal sieg[†]; and my demerits[‡]
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
yonder?

* Brabantio; magnifico is his title as a senator.

† Seat or throne. ‡ Demerits has the same meaning in
Shakspeare as merits. § Covered.

*Enter Cassio, at a distance, and certain Officers with
torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends.
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieute-
nant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance.
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent^{*} messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd
for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quest[†],
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carrack[‡];

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers of night,
with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magick were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy:

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

* Following.

† Searchers.

‡ A vessel.

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight*.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans†, shall our statesmen be

[*Eccent.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Council Chamber.

*The Duke, and senators, sitting at a table;
Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition‡ in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim's reports,
'Tis off with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

* To terrify not delight.

† The pagans and bond-slaves of Africa.

‡ Consistency.

§ Conjecture.

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question† bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace‡,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of
this,

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage‡, a danger proofless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,—
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-haste:
despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To Brabantio.*]
We lack'd your counsel and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon
me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

* Easy dispute. † State of defence. ‡ Combat.

Sen. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks :
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans* witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceed-
ing,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action†.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to
this ? [To Othello.

Bra. Nothing but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech.
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace :
For since these arms of mine hath seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action‡ in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself : yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself. And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on ?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof ;
Without more certain and more over test§,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming||, do prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak :—
Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father :
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the
place.—

[Enter Iago and Attendants.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say, it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me :
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes.
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field :
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance† in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres‡ vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels§ she had something heard,
But not intently|| : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
'She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man ; she thank'd
me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,

* The sign of the fictitious creature so called.

† My behaviour. ‡ Caves and dens. § Parts.

|| Intention and attention were once synonymous.

* Without. † Accusation. ‡ Best exertion.
§ Open proof. || Weak show.

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake ;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
too.—

Good Brabantio,
Take up this inangled matter at the best ;
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you, I am bound for life, and education ;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband ;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have done :—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am gl'd at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them —I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself : and lay a
sentence

Which, as a grise*, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steal something from the
thief :

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears :
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,

That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
tion makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude
of the place is best known to you. And though we have
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more
saler voice on you ; you must therefore be content to
slubber* the gloss of your new fortunes with this
more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize†
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place, and exhibition‡,
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor, to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord :
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords—beseech you, let her
will

Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven ; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects\$,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel™ with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet†† of my helm‡‡.
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

* Obscure.

§ Affections.

** Blind.

† Acknowledge.

‡ Forbid.

†† A small kettle.

‡ Allowance.

¶ Because.

‡‡ Helmet.

* Grise, from degrees.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going : the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it : you must hence to night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you :
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust ;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[*To Brabantio.*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see :
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
My pythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
I prythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
So spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment :
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous ! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years ! and since I could
distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never
found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere
I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a
Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a
baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my
shame to be so fond* ; but it is not in virtue to
amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we
are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens ; to
the which, our wills are gardeners : so that if we will
plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed
up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or
distract it with many ; either to have it steril with
idleness, or manured with industry : why, the power
and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If
the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason
to poise another of sensuality, the blood and base-

ness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool
our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted[†]
lusts ; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be
a sect[‡], or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ?
drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed
me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving
with cables of perdurable toughness ; I could never
better stand thee than now. Put money in thy purse :
follow these wars ; defeat thy favour with an usurped
beard[§] ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be,
that Desdemona should long continue her love to the
Moor,—put money in thy purse :—nor he his to her :
it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see
an answerable sequestration :—put but money in thy
purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills ;
—fill thy purse with money : the food that to him
now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly
as bitter as colicquintida. She must change for
youth ; when she is sated with his body, she will find
the error of her choice.—She must have change, she
must ; therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou
wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way
than drowning. Make all the money thou canst.
If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring
barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too
hard for my wit, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt
enjoy her : therefore make money. A pox of drowning
thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek thou
rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be
drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend
on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me :—Go, make money :
—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and
again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted : thine
hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our
revenge against him ; if thou canst cuckold him,
thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There
are many events in the womb of time, which will be
delivered. Travels[¶] ; go : provide thy money. We
will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to ; farewell ; put money enough in
your purse.

[*Exit Roderigo.*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office ; I know not if it be true ;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

* Unbridled.

† A sect is what the gardeners call a cutting.

‡ Change your countenance with a false beard.

§ Wandring. ¶ An ancient military word of command.

• Foolish.

Will do, as if for surety. He holdsⁱ me well ;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now ;
To get his place, and to plume up my will ;
A double knavery,—How ? how ?—Let me see :—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife —
He hath a person ; and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't ;—it is engender'd :—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Erit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-port town in Cyprus. A Platform. Enter Montano and two gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

1 Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land :

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ? what shall we hear of this ?

2 Gent. A segregation[†] of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds :
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,

Seems to cast water on the burning hearth,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole ;
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. That the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
It is impossible they hear it out.

Enter a third gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords ! our wars are done :
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designation hark. A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How ! is this true ?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé ; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore : the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he
speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

* Esteems.

† Separation.

‡ The constellation near the polar star.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be ;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full^{*} soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho ?
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard,
3 Gent. Come, let's do so ?
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor ; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

Mon. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance † ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfetted to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail !

Enter another gentleman.

Cas. What noise ?

4 Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o' the
sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour-
tesy ;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard.*]

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd

2 Gent. I shall.

[*Erit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general arriv'd ?
Cas. Most fortunately : he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame :
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now ! who has put
in !

Re-enter second gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has most favourable and happy speed :
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-
tain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath :
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort !—O, behold,

* Complete.

† Allowed and approved expertness.

‡ Deadly, destructive.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.*

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[*Erit gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

[*To Emilia.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith too much;

I find it still, when I have list * to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds.

Des. O, fy upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay;—There's one gone to the
harbour?

Iago. Ay madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise
st thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed! one, that, in the au-
thority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of
very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;

Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;

I led from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may;*

She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,

Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;

She, that in wisdom never was so frail,

To change the eod's head for the salmon's tail;

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,

See suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy hus-
band.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most pro-
fane and libel* counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish
him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm. Ay,
well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will
I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon
her, do; I will gyve† thee in thine own courtship.
You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been
better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft,
which now again you are most apt to play the sir
in†. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtes-
sy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your
lips?

[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

* Licentious, free-spoken. † Shackles, fetters.

‡ Your good breeding and gallantry.

§ Courtesy, in the sense of obedience, was formerly applied
to men as well as women.

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Hence, you shall be well desir'd* in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion†, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;‡
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exit Othello, Desdemona, and attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me†. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better

compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none. A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds* look after. A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition†.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by his hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-morrow for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting‡ his discipline: or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler: and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer§ them: and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

* Much solicited by invitation.

† Out of method, without order.

‡ Listen to me.

* Minds unripe.

† Qualities, disposition of mind.

‡ Throwing a slur upon his discipline.

§ To advance them.

And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife ;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash* of Venice, whom I trash †
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb ‡,
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too :
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'His here, but yet confus'd :
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation ; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph : some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him : for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open : and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to night :

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night. To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;

[To Desdemona.

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [Exit Oth., Des. and Attend.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona ; whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

* Worthless hound.

† The term for a dog put on a hound to hinder his running.

‡ In the grossest manner.

§ Entire.

|| Rooms or places in the castle.

¶ Dismissed.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she had ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love.

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine : and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to night, good Iago : I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup ; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified* too, and behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 'tis a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't ; but it dislikes me.

[Exit Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, with that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Rodenigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep ; and he's to watch ;
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle :—But here they come :
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, with him Montano, and gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

And let me the canakin clink, clink ; [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ;

A life's but a span ;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys ! [Wine brought in.

* Silly mixed with water.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in pottin^g: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Alman; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice*.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer†,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor—down†.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down;

Then take thoue auld clouk about thee.

Some wint, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. 'Tis true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now: I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

Ill. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar

And give direction; and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.

I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,

On some odd time of his infirmity

Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set§,

If drink rock not his cradle.

* Drink as much as you do. † A worthy fellow.

‡ Clown.

§ While the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Mon. It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps, he sees it not: or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils; is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [Aside.
I pray you, after the lieutenant: go.

[Exit Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,

With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It were an honest action, to say

So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well; and would do much

To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise;

[Cry within—Help! help!

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggent bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking Roderigo.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk!

[They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[Aside to Rod. who goes out.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas! gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's goodly watch, indeed!

[Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed stull, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this!

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

* Rooted, settled. † A wickered bottle.

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know—friends all but now, even now,

In quarrel, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this perversish odds:
And 'twould in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgetful?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now offends me:—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity† be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven.
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied‡,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mont. If partially affin'd||, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general,
Montano and myself being in speech
There comes a fellow, crying out for help
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: when I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee:
But to love, more he officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting. Come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon. Lead him off.

[To Montano, who is led off]

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their baby slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal
part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—
My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you
had received some bodily wound; there is more
offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is
an idle and most false imposition; oft got without
merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no
reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a
loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the
general again. You are but now cast in his
mood*, a punishment more in policy than in malice;
even so as one would beat his offenceless dog,
to affright an imperious lion; sue to him again, and
he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to
deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! and
speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and
discourse fustian with one's own shadow!—O thou
invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be
known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your
sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

* i. e. You have thus forgot your self. † Care of one's self.
‡ Darkened.
§ Convicted by proof. || Related by nearness of office.

* Dismissed in his anger. † Talk idly.

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devot^d and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay^d worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful†
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

* Bet or wager.

† Liberal, bountiful.

Ere as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel* course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest† at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now. For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeats‡ him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft!

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio;

Though other times grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:

Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—

Retire thee: go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump^s when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way:

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio and some musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief: and bid—good morrow,
general, [*Musick.*]

Enter Clown.

Clow. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how!

* Even. † Tempt. ‡ Recalls. § Just at the time.

Clo. Are these, I pray you called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Ereunt musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quill⁺. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no: the day had broke before we parted. I have made hold, Iago, to send in to your wife. My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona. Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently: And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Goodmorrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry For your displeasure[†]: but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies, That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom, He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,— If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in; I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Ereunt.*]

* Nice distinctions.

† The displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago and gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, do my duties to the state: That done, I will be walking on the works, Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Ereunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband, As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you. You do love my lord: You have known him long; and be you well assur'd, He shall in strangeness stand no further off Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady, That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed itself so out of circumstance, That, I being absent, and my place supplied, My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here, I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article: my lord shall never rest; I'll watch him tame*, and talk him out of patience: His bed shall seem a school, his board a shift; I'll intermingle every thing he does With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio; For thy solicitor shall rather die, Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay, And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,

Do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

* Hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleep.

Iago. Cassio, my lord ! No sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning*,
I have no judgment in an honest face :
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me ;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home ;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night : o. Tuesday
morn ;

Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn ;—

I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not

Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;

And let his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best†), is not almost a fault

To merit a private check. When shall he come ?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering‡ on. What ! Michael
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you ; and many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do

To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he
will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit

To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poizés and difficulty,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing ;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no. Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to
thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come ;—Be it as your fancies teach
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit with Emilia.]

Oth. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
lady,
Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou
ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did think he had been acquainted
with her.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed !

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed :—Discern'st thou
aught in that ?
Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Oth. Think, my lord ?

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-
thing :

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'd'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like ?

And when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'd'st, *In-
deed !*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost ;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more ;

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom : but, in a man that's just,

They are close denotements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem,

Iago. Why then,

I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this ;

* Knowledge.

‡ Hesitating.

† Best men.

‡ Weight.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets*, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses: and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects†,
You'd take no notice! nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich
enough;

But riches fineless*, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago:
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio:
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-
science

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your
looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming*,
To seal† her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft;—but I am much to
blame:

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but, I do see you are
mov'd:—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues†, nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at: Cassio's my worthy
friend;—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold
with you,—

* Appearance.

† An expression from falconry: to seal a hawk is to sew
up his eyelids.

‡ Conclusions.

* Courts of inquiry.

† Conjectures.

‡ Endless, unbounded.

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own cline, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago,

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further: leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Now, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am.)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard†,
Though that her jesses‡ were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind;
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers§ have:—Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great

ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken||. Desdemona comes;

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

* Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office.

† A species of hawk, also a term of reproach applied to a
wanton.

‡ Straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.

§ Men of intrigue.

|| When we begin to live.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not
well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin* is too little;

[*He puts the Handkerchief from
him, and it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exit Oth. and Des.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;

This was her first remembrance from the Moor:

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it),

That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:

What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for
you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me
now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest

To have me fetch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't†: I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;

* In the north of England this term for a handkerchief is
still used.

† Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.

But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'd'st† yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

To me !

Iago. Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me 'on the rack :—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, was free and merry :
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers‡ and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.
The royal banner ; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Iago. Is it possible !—My lord,——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*Taking him by the throat.*]

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ! [prove it,

Oth. Make me to see it ; or (at the least) so
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !

Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty, a vice !—
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

* The mandrake has a soporific quality.

† Possessed't.

‡ The vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers.

† All tenderness, all pity.

I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimm'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
I do repent me, that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, I will.

[*lord ?*]

Iago. And may : but, how ? how satisfied, my
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?

It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth.—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office :

But, sith† I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—O, sweet creature ! and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd ; and then
Cry'd,—Cursed fate ! that gave thee to the Moor !

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing
done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

* Speaking, manifest.

† Since.

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief,

(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago :
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven :
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne †,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught ‡,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps,
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont ;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable † and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet,— [Kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements that clip ‡ us round about !
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong J Othello's service ! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorseless,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
tiful,

And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done, at your re-
quest :
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant
Cassio lies ?

Clow. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

* The heart on which thou wast enthroned.

† Freight, load. ‡ Capacious. § Embrace.

‡ Not malice to others, but tenderness for him.

Clo. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier
lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he ?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clo. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to
devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies
there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified
by report ?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him ; that is,
make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him,
I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all
will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's
wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia !

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

Full of cruzadoes*. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think, the sun, where he was
born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord ?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady :—[Aside.] O, hard-
ness to dissemble !—
How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist,
my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sor-
row.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;—
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation†, exercise devout ;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave
hands ;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with
you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

* A Portuguese coin.

† Penance, discipline.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer*, and could almost read [it,
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dving, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never
seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rashly?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the
way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth,
You are to blame.

Oth. Away!

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

* Enchantress.

† Vehement.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now? good Cassio? what's the news
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune:
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Where he is in favour*, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best:
And stood within the blank† of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now.

And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee, do so.—Something, sure, of
state,— [Exit Iago.

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal. —Beslew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul:
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you
think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day? I never gave him cause.

* In countenance. † Within the shot of his anger. The
blank is the white part of a target. ‡ The nuptial feast.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Dcs. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind !

Emil. Lady, amen.

Dcs. I will go seek him.—Cassio walk here-
about ;

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights !
Eight score eight hours ' and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times !
O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca ;

I have thus while with leaden thoughts been press'd :

But I shall, in a more continue time,

Strid' off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out†.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this ?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause :

Is it come to this ? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to !

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Cas. I know not, sweet : I found it in my cham-
ber.

I like the work well : ere it be demanded,

(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied :

Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cas. I do attend here on the general ;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me,

I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;

And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,

For I attend here : but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so ?

Oth. Think so, Iago ?

Iago. What,

To kiss in private ?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,

An hour, or more, not meaning any harm ?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm ?

It is hypocrisy against the devil :

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip ;

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then ?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being
hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too ;

May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen ;

They have it very oft, that have it not ;

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have for-
got it :—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all*,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do
you wrong ?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied† them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he
did.

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her !—We say, lie on

her, when they belie her. Lie with her ! that's ful-

some.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.

—To confess, and be hanged for his labour‡.—First

to be hanged, and then to confess :—I tremble at it.

Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing

passion, without some instruction. It is not words,

that shake me thus ;—Fish!—Noses, ears, and lips :

—Is it possible ?—Confess ! —Handkerchief !—O

devil !— [*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,

* The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a
house infected with the plague.

† Old spelling of supplied, i. e. softened.

‡ A proverbial saying.

* Time less interrupted.

† The meaning is not pick out the work, but copy this
work in another handkerchief.

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit: he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs;
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city, *

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper* beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise: 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list†.

Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave† yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,

Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish* jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition†,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
of't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think i' faith she loves
me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
[*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer? I pr'y-
thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it
so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

[*Aside.*]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry
her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and
flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
[*Aside.*]

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in
every place. I was, the other day, talking on the
sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes
this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my
neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his
gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me;
so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my
chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that
dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

* Ignorant.

† Title of lieutenant.

‡ Common woman.

* Common. † Within the bounds of patience. ‡ Hide.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew* ! marry, a perfumed onc.—What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work ?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ? There,—give it your hobby-horse ; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't. ●

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how now ?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief ! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may : an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come ; Will you ?

Iago. Go to ; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice !

Oth. O, Iago !

Iago. ... did you see the handkerchief !

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing :—A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night ; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turrd to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is :—So delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear !—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times :—And then, of so gentle a condition† !

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes :—Cuckold me !

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

* A pole-cat.

† Of so sweet a disposition.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again : this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet within.*
Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same :

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my Lord

An unkind breach ; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. 'This fail you not to do, as you will—[*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much To atone[†] them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My Lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much ; Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :—Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*

* Reconcile.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,——

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again : and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !
I am commanded home :—Get you away ;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice :—Hence, avaunt !

[*Exit Desdemona.*

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and monkeys !

[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate.

Call—all-in-all sufficient ?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce !

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?

Iago. He is that he is ; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife !

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well ; Yet 'would I knew.

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas !

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;

And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Emil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm : and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper ?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way ?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing ?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither :—go.—

[*Exit Emilia.*

She says enough :—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

[*Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.*

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ;

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress ;

[*To Emilia.*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :

Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit Emilia.*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Iest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? How am I false ?

Oth. O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !

Des. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?

If, haply, you my father do suspect,

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience : but (as !) to make me

A fixed figure, for the time's scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O ! O !

Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well ;

But there, where I have garner'd* up my heart ;
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion
there !

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim ;
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the sham-
bles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou had'st
ne'er been born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon ? What committed !
Committed !—O thou publick commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is lush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed !—
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a christian ;

It to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible ?

Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then ;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell ; you ! you ! ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for your
pains ;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my
lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia ;
I cannot weep ; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember ;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed !

[*Exit.*

* Treasured up.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse ?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is
it with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore ; a beggar, in his
drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet*.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the
day !

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man : it is impossi-
ble.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his
bones !

Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her com-
pany ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what like-
lihood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O, heaven, that such companions† thoud'st un-
fold ;

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fye upon him ! some such squire he
was,

That turn'd your wit the seamy side‡ without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,

* His strumpet.

† Fellows.

‡ Inside out.

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;
Or that mine-eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much :
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, where ;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition* earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content : 'tis but his humour ;

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*]
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
And the great messengers of Venice stay :
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dost† me with some device, Iago ; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all convenience, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly,

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance‡ ; but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 'tis not very well. By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy ; and I begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand,

* Title. † Put'st me off. ‡ Requital.

Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in 'thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason, and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident : wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him ?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do ?

Iago. Ay ; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him ;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune ; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure ; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste ; about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall, be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent* ;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me !

Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu :
We must not now dispise him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I ; my love doth so approve
him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on
the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father ! how foolish are
our minds !—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara ;
She was in love ; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad†,
And did forsake her : she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she did sing it. That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who could have
walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his net-
her lip.

1.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*
[Singing.

Sing all a green willow ;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow :

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans ;*

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears felt from her, and soften'd the stones ;
Lay by these :

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Pr'ythee, lie thee ; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

11.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark ! who is it that knocks ?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love ; but what said he
then ?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court not women, you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;
Doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

* Immediately.

† Wild, inconstant.

‡ More.

Des. I have heard it is said so.—O, these men,
these men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the
world ?

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light !

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light :
I might do't as well i'the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the
world ?

Emil. The world is a huge thing. 'Tis a great
price
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should ; and un-
do't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do
such a thing for a joint-ring ; nor for measures of
lawn ; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any
petty exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—why,
who would not make her husband a cuckold, to
make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory
for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the
world ; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a
wrong in your own world, and you might quickly
make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd
for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite ;
Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some
grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense† like them : they see, and
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?

I think it is. And doth affection breed it ?

I think, it doth. Is't frailty, that thus errs ?

It is so too. And have not we affections ?

Desires for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?

Then, let them use us well : else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night ; Heaven me such
usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad : but, by bad, mend !

[Exeunt.

* Our former allowance of expence.

† Sensation.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter Iago and Roderigo.*

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come
 Wear thy good rapier bare*, and put it home :
 Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :
 It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy sword. [*Returns to a little distance.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
 And yet he has given me satisfying reasons :—
 'Tis but a man gone ;—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat† almost to the sense ;
 And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo.
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd§ from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona ;
 It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly : and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :
 No, he must die.—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou think'st ;
 I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*]

Rod. O, I am slain !

[*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exits.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever ;—Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

[*Falls.*]*Enter Othello, at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am !

Oth. Hark ! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help ! ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth. 'Tis he ;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
 Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace :—Strumpet, I come :
 Forth|| of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
 blotted ;
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
 spotted. [*Exit Othello.*]

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage¶ ? murder ! murder !

Gra. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very dire-ful.

Cas. O, help !

Lod. Hark !

Rod. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groans ;—it is a heavy* night ;

These may be counterfeits ; let's think't unsafe
 To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come ? then I shall bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a Light.

Lod. Hark !

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there ? whose noise is this, that cries on murder ?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry ?

Cas. Here, here ; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

Cas. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains ! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
 And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains !—

What are you there ? come in, and give some help.

[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]

Rod. O, help me here !

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !

[*Iago stabs Roderigo.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !—
 O ! O ! O !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these bloody thieves ?

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !

What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt
 By villains.

Gra. Cassio ?

Iago. How is it, brother ?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !—
 Light, gentlemen ; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho ? who is't that cry'd ?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd ?

Bian. O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !
 O Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

Iago. O notable strumpet !—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you ?

* Unsheathed. † A quat is a pimple—here used figuratively for a dull person excited to anger. ‡ To the quick. § Fished. ¶ Out. ¶ No passengers.

* Thick, cloudy.

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus : I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter : so.—O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence !

Bian. Alas, he faints :—O Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come ; Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no ?

Alas ! my friend, and my dear countryman, Roderigo ? no :—Yes, sure ; O heaven ! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice ?

Iago. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?

Gra. Know him, ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio ?—O, a chair, a chair !

Gra. Roderigo !

Iago. He, he, 'tis he :—O, that's well said ;—the chair :—

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress.

[*To Bianca.*

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you ?

Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale ?—O, bear him out o'the air.—

[*Cassio and Rod. are borne off.*

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you, pale, mistress ?

Do you perceive the ghostness of her eye ?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon :—

Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her ;

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak, Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Tis, what's the matter ; what's the matter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark, By Roderigo, and fellows that are scup'd ; He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :—What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet : but of life as honest, As that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I ? foh ! fye upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray ?—This is the night, [*Aside.* That either makes me, or fordoes* me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber ; Desdemona in bed asleep. A Light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ; Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow, And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his sword.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light† ;

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy flaming light restore,

Should I repent me :—but once put out thine,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excell'ing nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose.

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword !—One more, one more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after.—One more, and this the last :

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears ; this sorrow's heavenly ;

It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. I have pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by : I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;

No.—Heaven forbid†—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven

Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph !

Des. And yet I fear you : for you are fatal then, When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet I feel, I fear.

* Undoes. † i. e. The light of life. ‡ Forbid.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gavest to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you merry too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice*:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then:
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't†.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

* A sacrifice atoning for thy crime.

† Has taken measures.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smother's her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho!
my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain—
So, so*.

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife!—I have no wife:
O unsupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon: and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,

Call'd—Rodrigo.

Oth. Rodrigo killed!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

* It is supposed that some theatrical direction has been omitted, and that, when Othello says, "So, so," he then stabs her, or perhaps tries to smother her more effectually. After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again with propriety, and yet very soon expire.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,

It heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite*,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this utterance†, woman? I say,
thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mockers with
love!—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. Ha, woman.

I say, thy husband. Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt! O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress: Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;

I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio.—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; go to, charm your
tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
to speak!

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hung over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!—

[*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace,
sir; no;

No, I will speak as liberal† as the air;

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab his Wife.*]

* A precious stone.

† Repetition.

‡ "More can I bear than you dare execute."

* Forbid.

† Free.

Gra. Eye!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,) He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas; I found it, And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen: O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Ereunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
By why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick:—Willow, willow, willow.—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [Dies.]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [Within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires;—where should Othello go?—

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt*,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio, carried in a chair, and Officers, with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet†—but that's a fable;

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice† of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing. What you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here, another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim,

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catiff?—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

* Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water.

* Account. † To see if his feet be cloven.

‡ By the stratagem.

Cas. I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast ; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with
us ;

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know
it ;

No more of that ;—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you
sprak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this :
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period ?

Gra. All, til it's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but
this, [*Falling upon Desdemona.*]
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragick loading of this bed ;

[*To Iago.*]
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure* of this hellish villain ;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

* Judgment.

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
Malcolm,
Donalbain, } his sons.
Macbeth,
Banquo, } generals of the King's army.
Macduff,
Lenox,
Ross,
Menteth, } noblemen of Scotland.
Angus,
Cathness,
Fleance, son to Banquo.
Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English
forces.
Young Siward, his son.
Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.
Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and three Witches.
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.
Scene, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England ; through
the rest of the play, in Scotland ; and, chiefly, at Mac-
beth's castle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's* done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place ?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath :

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin !

All. Paddock calls :—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that ? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,

* Tumult.

The multi plying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied* ;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel† smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,) ‡
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution, §
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fix'd the slave ;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseem'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels ;
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Sold. Yes :

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth‡, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha§, †
I cannot tell :—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds ;

They smack of honour both.—Go. get him sur-
geons. [Exit solater, attended.

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes ! So
should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict :
Till that Bellona's bridegroom*, †, lapp'd in proof‡, §
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

* i. e. Supplied with light and heavy arm'd troops.

† Cause.

‡ T.uth.

§ Make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.

|| Mock.

¶ Mars is meant.

** Defended by armour of proof.

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
ceive

Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—
Give me quoth I :

Around thee*, wench ! the rump-fed ronyon† cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's curd‡.
I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid§ :
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum ;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters||, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores !—What are
these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;

That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,

* Avaunt, begone.

† A scurvy woman fed on offals.

‡ Sailor's chart.

§ Accursed.

|| Prophetick sisters.

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king
hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to
fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical*, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having†, and of royal hope.
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none.

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root‡,

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not
so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale*,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition†, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you
dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;

But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, the thane of Cawdor:

The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle† you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

This supernatural soliciting‡

Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single‡ state of man, that function

Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,

But what is not.

* Supernatural, spiritual. † Possession.
‡ The root which makes the eater insane.

* As fast as they could be counted. † Title.
‡ Stimulate. † Incitement. † Simple.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give ~~me~~ your favour*:—my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains,
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more times,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Fores. A Room in the Palace. *Flourish.* Enter *Duncan*, *Malcolm*, *Donalduin*, *Lenox*, and *Attendants*.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons:
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd†,†
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter *Macbeth*, *Banquo*, *Rosse*, and *Angus*.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than all that can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known

No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolm*; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of *Cumberland*: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for
you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach!
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of *Cumberland*!—That is a
step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! [*Aside.*]
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Erit.*]

Dun. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so val-
lant*;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in *Macbeth's Castle*.

Enter *Lady Macbeth*, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success
and I have learned by the perfectest report†, they
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When
I burned in desire to question them further, they
made themselves—air, into which they vanished.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came mis-
sives‡ from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of
Cawdor; by which title before these weird sister,
saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of times
with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought
good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of great-
ness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoic-
ing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised
thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.
Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy na-
ture;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,

* Goodwill.

† Possessed.

* Full as valiant as described.

† The best intelligence.

‡ Messengers.

That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'd'st have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have
 it ;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round*,
 Which fate and metaphysical† aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your ti-
 dings ?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
 Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true ; our thane is
 coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
 He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,

[*Exit Attendant.*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal† thoughts, unsex me here ;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse‡ ;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring minis-
 ters,
 Wherever in your sightless substances,
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
 And pall‖ thee in the dunest smoke of hell !
 That my keen knife¶ see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, Hold, Hold !—Great Glamis ! worthy
 Cawdor !

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present**, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see !
 Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

* Diadem. † Supernatural.
 ‡ Murderous. § Pity. ¶ Wrap as in a mantle.
 ¶ Knife anciently meant a sword or dagger.
 ** i. e. Beyond the present time, which is, according to
 the process of nature, ignorant of the future.

May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent
 flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for ; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch ;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
 To alter favour* ever is to fear ;
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

*Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox,
 Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat : the air
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here ; no jutty, frieze, buttress,
 Nor coigne of vantage‡, but this bird hath made
 His pendent bed, and procreant cradle. Where they
 Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
 Is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !
 The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
 How you shall bid God yield‡ us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poor and single business, to contend
 Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
 Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
 We rest your hermits§.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt||,
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand :
 Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

* Look, countenance. † Convenient corner.
 ‡ Reward. § i. e. We as hermits shall ever pray for you.
 || Subject to account.

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a sewer, and divers servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers† of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—How now, what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since;
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem:
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,

That made you break this enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel* so convince†,
That memory, the warder‡ of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell§?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd||,
When we have mark'd with blood these sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show!
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the
clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword;—There's husbandry¶ in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet, I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose;—Give me my sword;—
[*Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*
Who's there?

* An officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. † Wind; sightless for invisible.

* Intemperance. † Murder.

† Overpower. ‡ Apprehended.

‡ Sentinel. ¶ Thrift.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess* to your offices†:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up†
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters;
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [Exit Banquo.]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit servant.]
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,

* Bounty.

† The rooms appropriated to servants.

‡ Haft.

‡ Concluded.

‡ Drops.

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done;—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not
hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and
one cried, murder!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, God bless us! and Amen, the
other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought.
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep, no more !

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve* of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more ! to all the house :

Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things :—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
'They must lie there. Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ;

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ;
What hands are here ! Ha ! they pluck out mine
eyes !

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine†,‡
Making the green—one red. .

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I
shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :

A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it then ? Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark !
more knocking :

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers :—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know
myself. [*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! Ay, 'would thou
could'st ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed ! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old† turn-

* Sleeve is unwrought silk.

† To incarnardine is to stain of a flesh colour, or red.

‡ Frequent.

ing the key [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock :
Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub ? Here's a far-
mer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plen-
ty. Come in time ; have napkins* enough about
you ; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock : Who's there, i'the other devil's name ?
'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in
both the scales against either scale ; who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivoca-
te to heaven : O, come in, equivocator. [*Knock-
ing.*] Knock, knock, knock : Who's there ? 'Faith,
here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out
of a French hose : Come in, tailor : here you may
roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock :
Never at quiet ! What are you ?—But this place is
too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I
had thought to have let in some of all professions,
that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
[*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember
the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to
bed,

That you do lie so late ?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock† * * * * *

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?—
Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir !

Macb. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
him

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service‡. [*Exit Macduff.*]

Len. Goes the king.

From hence to-day ?

Macb. He does :—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly : Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they
say,

Lamentings heard i'the air ; strange screams of
death ;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

* Handkerchiefs.

† Cockcrowing.

‡ Appointed service.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor heart,

Most conceive, nor name thee !
Macb. Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon :—Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake ! Awake !—

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenor.*]

Ring the alarum-bell :—Murder ! and treason !
Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself !—up, up, and see
The great doom's image ?—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror ! [Bell rings.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
'Tis such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ! speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The revelation, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo . Banquo !

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas !

What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenor.

Macd. Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time ; for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know it :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't :

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows :

They star'd, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in na-
ture,

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore*. Who would re-
frain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make his love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us ? Let's away ; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake
us :

In the great hand† of God I stand ; and thence,
Against the undivul'd pretence‡ I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet 'i the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*]

Mal. What will you do ? Let's not consort with
them :

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy : I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative,
but to deny more strongly, is common in our author.

* Covered with blood to their hilt.

† Power.

‡ Intention.

SCENE IV.

*Without the castle.**Enter Rosse and an old man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl* hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.

Rosse. They did so ; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff :—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody
deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend† ?

Macd. They were suborn'd :
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still :
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means !—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill ;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there ;
—adieu !—

Let our old robes sit easier than our new !

* An owl whose proper prey is the mouse.

† Intend to themselves.

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you : and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Fores. A Room in the Palace.**Enter Banquo.*

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

Senet sounded. *Enter Macbeth, as King ; Lady
Macbeth, as Queen ; Lenox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies,
and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow :
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon
us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend* you to their backs.

Farewell.— [Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone ; while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

* Commit.

Sirrah, a word. Attend those men our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*]

To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep ; and in his royalty* of nature

Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none, but he

Whose being I do fear : and, under him,

My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cusar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of King upon me,

And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings :

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd† my mind ;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings ; the seed of Banquo kings !

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance! —Who's there !—

B. Enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,

That it was he, in the times past, which held you

So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been

Our innocent self : this I made good to you

In our last conference, pass'd in probation§ with you,

How you were borne in hand|| ; how cross'd ; the

instruments ;

Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that

might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go ? Are you so gospell'd¶

To pray for that good man, and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs*, water rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped†

All by the name of dogs : the valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The house-keeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive

Particular addition‡, from the bill

That writes them all alike : and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,

And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off ;

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,

Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what

I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd§ with fortune,

That I would set my life on any chance,

To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody dis-
tance||,

That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life : and though I could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,

And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,

For¶ certain friends that are both his and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall

Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,

That I to your assistance do make love ;

Masking the business from the common eye,

For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,

The moment on't : for't must be done to-night,

And something from the palace ; always thought,

That I require a clearness. And with him,

(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)

Fleance his son, that keeps his company,

Whose absence is no less material to me

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate

Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;

I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.

It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Nobleness.

† For defiled.

‡ Challenge me to extremities.

§ Proved.

|| Deluded.

¶ Are you so obedient to the precept of the Gospel ?

* Wolf-dogs.

† Called.

‡ Title, description.

§ Worried.

|| Mortal enmity.

¶ Because of.

SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room.**Enter Lady Macbeth, and a servant.**Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.[*Exit.*]*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.*Enter Macbeth.*How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest* fancies your companions making ?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have
diedWith them they think on ? Things without re-
medy,

Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it ;
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further !*Lady M.* Come on ;Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.*Macb.* So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence†, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.*Lady M.* You must leave this.*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.*Lady M.* But in their nature's copy's not eternel‡.*Macb.* There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons,
The shard-borne beetle§, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.*Lady M.* What's to be done ?

* Most melancholy. † Do him the highest honours.

‡ i. e. The copy, the lease, by which they hold their lives
from nature, has its time of termination.

§ The beetle borne in the air by its shards or scaly wings.

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling* night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood :

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;

Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still ;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :

So, pry'st thee go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to
the Palace.**Enter three Murderers.*1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?3 *Mur.* Macbeth.2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ; since he
deliversOur offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.*Ban.* [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho !2 *Mur.* Then it is he ; the rest

That are within the note of expectation†,

Already are i'the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.3 *Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate

Make it their walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance, a servant with a torch
preceding them.*2 *Mur.* A light, a light !3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.1 *Mur.* Stand to't.*Ban.* It will be ran to-night.1 *Mur.* Let it come down.[*Assaults Banquo.*]*Ban.* O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly ;

Thou may'st revenge. O slave !

[*Dies. Fleance and servant escape.*]3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?1 *Mur.* Was't not the way ?3 *Mur.* There's but one down : the son is fled.2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*]* Blinding. † i. e. They who are set down in the
list of guests, and expected to supper.

SCENE IV.

*A Room of State in the Palace.**A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenor, Lords, and Attendants.***Macb.** You know your own degrees, sit down : at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.**Macb.** Ourself will mingle with society, And play the humble host. Our hostess keeps her state* ; but, in best time, We will require her welcome.**Lady M.** Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends ;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer, to the door.***Macb.** See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks :—

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i'the mid'st : Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.**Macb.** 'Tis better thee without, than he within. Is he despatch'd ?**Mur.** My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.**Macb.** Thou art the best o'the cut-throats. Yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleance : if thou did'st it, Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is scap'd.**Macb.** Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ; As broad, and general, as the casing air : But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head ; The least a death to nature.**Macb.** Thanks for that :—There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that's fled, Hath nature that in time will venom breed, No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]**Lady M.** My royal lord, You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold, That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making, 'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home ; From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ; Meeting were bare without it.**Macb.** Sweet remembrancer !— Now, good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both !**Len.** May it please your highness sit ?[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]**Macb.** Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

* Continues in her chair of state.

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ; Who may I rather challenge for unkindness, Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness

To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full.**Len.** Here's a place reserv'd, sir.**Macb.** Where ?**Len.** Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness ?**Macb.** Which of you have done this ?**Lords.** What, my good lord !**Macb.** Thou canst not say, I did it : never shake Thy gory locks at me.**Rosse.** Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.**Lady M.** Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth : 'pray you, keep seat ; The fit is momentary ; upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him, You shall offend him, and extend his passion† ; Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.**Lady M.** O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear : This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws‡, and starts, (Impostors to true fear,) would well become

A woman's story, at a winter's fire, Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !

Why do you make such faces ? When all's done, You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say you ?—

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.— If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those that we bury, back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]**Lady M.** What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?**Macb.** If I stand here, I saw him.**Lady M.** Fye, for shame !**Macb.** Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear : the times have been, That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end : but now, they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. This is more strange Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.**Macb.** I do forget :—

Do not muse§ at me, my most worthy friends ; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;

* As quick as thought.
† Sudden gusts.‡ Prolong his suffering.
§ Wonder.

Then I'll sit down: —Give me some wine, fill full:

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all*.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Ghost disappears.]

Unreal mockery, hence! —Why, so; —being gone,
I am a man again. —Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome† us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe‡,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night: —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt Lords and Attendants.]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies||, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. —What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

* i. e. All good wishes to all.
† Possess.

‡ Pass over.
§ Forbid.

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one* of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd†.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self-abuse

Is the intimate fear, that wants hard use: —

We are yet but young in deed.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter Hecate, meeting the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In middle, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all houses,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now. Get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron,

Meet me i' the morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside:

I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound‡;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that, distill'd by magic slights,

Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know, security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. *[Within.]* Come away, come away, &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Exit.]

1 *Witch.* Come let's make haste; she'll soon be
back again.

[Exeunt.]

* An individual. † Examined nicely.
‡ i. e. A drop that has deep or hidden qualities.

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pited of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance
kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That where the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an's please heaven, he shall not,) they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he
fill'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours†,
All which we pine for now : and this report
Hath so exasperate† the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.*

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accus'd !

Lord. My prayers with him !

[*Exeunt.*]

* Honours freely bestowed.

† For exasperated.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A dark Cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling.
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries :—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd† venom, sleeping got,

Boil thou first i'the charmed pot !

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake :

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;

Witch's mummy ; maw and gulf†

Of the ravin'd‡ salt-sea shark ;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark ;

Liver of blaspheming Jew ;

Gall of goat ; and slips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab :

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron§,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains :
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Song.

Black spirits and white,

Red spirits and grey ;

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

* This word is employed to signify that the animal was
wetted with its own cold exsudations.

† The throat.

‡ Ravenous.

§ Entrails.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, (Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me: Though you untie the winds, and let them fight Against the churches; though the yesty* waves Confound and swallow navigation up; Though bladed corn be lodg'd†, and trees blown down;

Though castles topple‡ on their warders' heads; Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of nature's germins§ tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken, answer me To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'st rather hear it from our mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweated From the murderer's gibbet, throw Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low; Thyself, and office, deftly|| show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd¶ my fear aright.—But one word more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, —

And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man, For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff. What need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure, And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live; That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies, And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

* Frothy. + Laid flat by wind or rain. ‡ Tumble. § Seeds which have begun to sprout. || Adroitly. ¶ Touched on a passion as a harper touches a string.

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king; And wears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are; Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be; Who can impress the forest*; bid the tree Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood (Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, (if your art Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this, And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:— Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hantboys.*]

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following. [*down!*]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—

A third is like the former:—Filthy hags! Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom†? Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass, Which shows me many more; and some I see, That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry‡: Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true; For the blood-bolter'd§ Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits.

And show the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antique round:

That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

* Who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed. † The dissolution of nature. ‡ A compliment to James who first united the two islands, and the three kingdoms under one head. § Besmeared with blood.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
And dam'd all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Tunc, thou anticipat'st* my dread ex-
ploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done ;

The castle of Macduff I will surprize ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace† his line. No boasting like a fool :
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none ;

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors†.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes.

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch‡ : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight||,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much
further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,

Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah*, your father's dead :
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do
for a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and
yet i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear
and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest
men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey !
But how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler ! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect†.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :

If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;

To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you !

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

* Preventest, by taking away the opportunity. † Follow.

‡ i. e. Our flight is considered as evidence of our treason.

§ Natural affection.

|| Fight for.

* Sirrah was not in our author's time a term of reproach.

† I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother;

Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and*
pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom*. Each new
morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend†, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him
well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a week, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge†. But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot trans-
pose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs,

Thy title is affic'd*!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxuriant†, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden‡, malicious, snacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust: and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kins. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That culture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;

* Birthright.

† Befriend.

‡ i. e. A good mind may recede from goodness in the
execution of a royal commission.

* Legally settled by those who had the final adjudication.

† Lascivious.

‡ Passionate.

Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more : that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust* : and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foyson† to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable‡,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bonity, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
I proar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as † have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untutted tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blasphemè his breed ?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king ; the queen, that bore thee,
Offener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these traits hath sought to win me
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste§. But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction : here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth :

* Like a flower sprung from seed in summer, and dying
with the season.

† Plenty.

‡ May be endured.

§ Over-hasty credulity.

Now we'll together ; and the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure : their malady couvines*
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Erit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means !

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :
A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp† about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes re-
move

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where no-
thing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the
air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy‡ ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

* Overpowers, subdues. † The coin called an Angel.
‡ Common distress of mind.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthv fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff⁺ their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch⁺ them.

Macd. What concern they!
The general cause! or is it a fee-grief⁺,
Due to some single breast!

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe: though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. It it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
babes,

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry⁺ of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look
on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls; Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle hea-
ven,

Cut short all intermission*: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;

The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Enter a Doctor
of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it
she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,
write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her
walking, and other actual performances, what, at any
time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no
witness to contrain my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and,
upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by
her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she
rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to
seem thus washing her hands; I have known her
continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what

* All pause.

* Put off. † Catch. ‡ A grief that has a single owner.
§ The game after it is killed.

comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out o' his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: My mind she has mated*, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Macbeth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff, Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man†.

* Confounded.

† A religious; an ascetic.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough* youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands, move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd senses to recoil, and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the medic† of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequents, pronounce'd me thus: Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman, Shall e'er have power on thee.—Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures: The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sug† with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon‡! Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain!

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch||?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

* Unbearded.

† The physician.

‡ Sink.

§ Base fellow.

|| An appellation of contempt.

Macb. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the scar, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr* the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself. [it:—

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of
them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane; a Wood in view.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

* Scour.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less* have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe,
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate†:
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;

The cry is still, *They come*. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell† of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

* i. e. Greater and less. † Determine. ‡ Skin.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my Lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave ! *[Striking him.]*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pall in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane ;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane—Arm, arm, and out !—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now un-
done.—

Ring the alarm-bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness† on our back.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. A plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, Malcolm, old Si-
ward, Macduff, &c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough ; your heavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII.

The same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot
fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

* Gripe, compress.

† Armour.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself hotter
name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant : with my
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show
thy face :

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghost will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be ;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted†. Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not.

[Exit. Alarum.]

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord—the castle's gently
render'd ;

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
die

On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee ;
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword ; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! *[They fight.]*

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air†
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

* Soldiers.

+ Reported with clamour.

† The air which cannot be cut.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter* with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries. Hold, enough.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Menteth, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sir. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sir. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Sir. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him,

Siw. He's worth no more;

They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head on a Pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold,
where stauds

The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl†,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!

[*Flourish.*]

* Shuffle, equivocate.

† Thy kingdom's ornament.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life:—Thus, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloucester.

Edgar, son to Gloucester.

Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester.

Curan, a courtier.

Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.

Physician.

Fool.

Oswald, steward to Goneril.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,

Regan,

Cordelia,

} daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Britain.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety†.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

* Most scrupulous nicety.

† Part or division.

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper*.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair;

Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gloster and Edmund.*]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darkest purpose.

Glo. I have the i p there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter, Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour: As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found. A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

* Handsome.

† More secret.

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short,—that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square* of sense possesses; And find, I am alone felicitate† In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.] And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, validity, and pleasure. Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although the last, not least; to whose young love The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be interest'd: what can you say, to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot leave My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little, Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say, They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty: Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower: For, by the sacred radiance of the sun; The mysteries of Hecate, and the night; By all the operations of the orbs, From whom we do exist, and cease to be; Here I disclaim all my paternal care, Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me Hold thee, from this\$, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation|| messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

* Comprehension.

† From this time.

‡ Made happy.

|| His children.

‡ Value.

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To Cordelia.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who
stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions* to a king ;

The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,
'This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness hon-
our's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness : and answer my life my
judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverber† no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain
The true blank‡ of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;

Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !

On thine allegiance hear me !—

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power ;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency make good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd

Kent. Fare thee well, king : since thus thou wilt
appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*]

That justly think'st, and has most rightly said !—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To Regan and Goneril.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Gloster ; with France, Burgundy, and
Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter ; what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love*?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands ;
If aught within that little, seeming† substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pierc'd,
And nothing inore, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes‡,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,

Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir ;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[*To France.*]

* Titles. † Reverberates.
‡ The mark to shoot at.

* Amorous expedition. † Specious.
‡ Ours, is possessed of.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange !

That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour ! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for* I want that ghb and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :
But even for want of that, for which I am richer ;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Shadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do ?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point ? Will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy !
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, be-
ing poor ;

Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind ;
Thou lovest here, a better where† to find.

* Because. † Place.

Lear. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again :—Therefore begone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall,
Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you ; I know you what you are :
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father :
To your professed bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides ;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our
father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ;
the observation we have made of it hath not been
little ; he always loved our sister most ; and with
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, ap-
pears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age : yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash ; then must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted
condition*, but therewithal, the unruly waywardness
that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave tak-
ing between France and him. Pray you, let us hit
together. If our father carry authority with such dis-
positions as he bears, this last surrender of his will
but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound : wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit

* Qualities of mind.

The curiosity* of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'twixt asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive. Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler
parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd† his power!
Confin'd to exhibition‡! All this done
Upon the gad§!—Edmund! How now? what
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needest then that terrible despatch
of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing
hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come,
if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter
from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; for
so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your
o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them, are to
blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. *[Reads.]* *This policy, and reverence of age,
makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps
our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish
them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in
the oppression of aged tyranny: who sways, not as it
hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that
of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep
till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for
ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—
Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you
should enjoy half his revenue.—My son Edgar!—Had
he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it
in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's
the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the case-
ment of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst
swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would
fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his
heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in
this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard
him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age,
and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to
the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the
letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brut-
ish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek
him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—
Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall
please you to suspend your indignation against my
brother, till you can derive from him better testimony
of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where*,
if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his
purpose, it would make a great gap in your own
honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedi-
ence. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he
hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,
and to no other pretence† of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place
you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by
an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and
that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely
loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him
out: wind me into him, I pray you frame the busi-
ness after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself,
to be in a due resolution‡.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey§ the
business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon
portend no good to us: though the wisdom of na-
ture can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds it-
self scourged by the sequent effects: love cools,
friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, muti-
nies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and
the bond cracked between son and father. This
villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's
son against father: the king falls from bias of nature;
there's father against child. We have seen the best
of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery,
and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our
graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose
thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and
true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—
Strange! strange!

[Exit.]

* The nicety of civil institution.

† Yielded, surrendered. ‡ Allowance. † Suddenly.

‡ Weak and foolish.

* Whereas. † Design.

‡ Give all that I am possessed of, to be certain of the truth.

§ Manage.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools ; by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and traitors* by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence : and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on : an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail ; and my nativity was under *ursa major*† ; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. *Edgar—*

Enter Edgar.

and put he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions ! fa, sol, la, mi!.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund ! What serious contemplation are you in ?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I rear this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that ?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily : as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent ; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities ; divisions in state, menaces and imprecations against king and nobles ; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts‡, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astro-nomical ?

Edm. Come, come ; when saw you my father last ?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him ?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms ? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance ?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Betink yourself, wherein you may have offended him : and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure ; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower ; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go ; there's my key ;—if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best ; go armed ; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you : I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly ; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon ?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :

All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter General and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night ! he wrongs me ; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,

That sets us all at odds ; I'll not endure it :

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him : say, I am sick :—

If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on that weary negligence you please, You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to question ;

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,

Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,

That still would manage those authorities,

That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,

Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd

With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you ;

What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows so :

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,

That can my speech diffuse*, my good intent

May carry through itself to that full issue

For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd

Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

(So may it come !) thy master, whom thou lov'st,

Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. *Enter Lear, Knights, and attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner : go, get it ready. [*Exit an attendant.*] How now, what art thou ?

* Disorder, disguise.

* Traitors. † Great bear, the constellation so named.

‡ These sounds are unnatural and offensive in music.

§ For cohorts some editors read courts.

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem: to serve him truly; that will put me in trust; to love him that his honest; to converse* with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,— *[Exit.]*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not.

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late: which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence† and purpose

of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *[Striking him.]*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither: you base foot-ball player. *[Tripping up his heels.]*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so. *[Pushes the steward out.]*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service. *[Giving Kent money.]*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire hum too:—Here's my coxcomb. *[Giving Kent his cap.]*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters?

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living*, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel? he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach†, may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest‡,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest§,
Set less than thou throwest;

* Keep company.

† Design.

* Estate or property.
‡ Owneſt, poſſeſſeſt.

† Bitch hound.
§ Believeſt.

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfe'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

[*To Kent.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad: teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here.

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt. Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace* in a year; [*Singing.*]

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches.

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*]

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are; they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes,

* Favour.

I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet* on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O† without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*To Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod‡. [*Pointing to Lear.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance §; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which in the tender of a wholesome weal||, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear; does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that: for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour¶ Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright; As you are old and reverend, you should be wise: Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,

* Part of a woman's head dress to which Lear compares her frowning brow. † A cypher.

‡ A mere husk which contains nothing. § Approbation.

|| Well governed state. ¶ Complexion.

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train :
And the remainder, that shall still depend*,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils !—
Saddle my horses : call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee ;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd
rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

* *Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are
you come ?
Is it your will ? [*To Alb.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my
horses.

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest : [*To Goneril.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know :
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !
Which, like an engine†, wrench'd my frame of
nature

From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gull. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*

And thy dear judgment out—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature,
hear ;

Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility !

Dry up in her the organs of increase ;
And from her derogate† body never spring
A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks :
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap !
Within a fortnight ?

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I'll tell thee :—Life and death ! I am
asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :

[*To Goneril.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee !

The untented* woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,
Beweept this cause again, I'll pluck you out ;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha ! is it come to this ?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever : thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho !
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter ;

So the fool follows after.

[*Erit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A
hundred knights !

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
At point†, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say !—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust :

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart :

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister ;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now,
Oswald ?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
horse ;

Inform her full of my particular fear ;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone :

And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my
lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

* Continue in service.

† The rack. ‡ Degraded.

* Undressed. † Armed.

Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd* for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly†; for though she's as like this as a crab is to an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste us like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands 't the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong;—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce?—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

* Liable to reprehension.

† This word is used with a double meaning; kindly, after her kind, and affectionately.

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father: and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy* question, Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word; descend.—Brother, I say;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night;—Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, 't the night, 't the haste, And Regan with him. Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise† yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—Draw. Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[Exit Edgar.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport.—Father! Father! Stop. stop! No help?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand his auspicious mistress:—

* Delicate.

† Consider, recollect yourself.

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho ? Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]
By no means,—what ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father :—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted* by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far :

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch† and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight‡ to do it, with curst§ speech
I threaten'd to discover him. He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd ! No : what I should deny,
(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character||) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain ;
Would he deny his letter ?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*
Hark the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes :—

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him ; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable¶.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ? since I came
hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,

* Frighted. † Chief. ‡ Pitched, fixed. § Severe, harsh.
|| Hand-writing.

¶ i. e. Capable of succeeding to my land.

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is
crack'd !

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
life ?

He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

Glo. O lady, lady, shaine would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tend upon my father ?

Glo. I know not, madam ;

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray* his practice † ; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize‡,
Wherein we must have use of your advice :—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Kent and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of the
house ?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

* Betray. † Wicked purpose. ‡ Weight.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, superservicable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition*.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me! Is it two days ago since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you. Draw, you whorson cullionly barbermonger, draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity† the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help! ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. Wit... you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

* Title. † A character in the old Moralities.

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted* villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes† with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinse ‡ t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Reneges, affirm, and turn their halcyon|| beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptick visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot¶.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not**.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;

I have seen better faces in my time,

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,

Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he!—

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

Than twenty silly†† ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,

Under the allowance of your grand aspect,

Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire

On flickering Phoebus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer; he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain

* Unrefined. † Privy. ‡ Perplexed. § Disown.
|| The bird called the king-fisher, which when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows.

¶ In Somersetshire, where are bred great quantities of geese.
** i. e. Pleases me not. †† Simple or rustick.

knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any;

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool*.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you;
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks;

As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and condemn'd st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted.
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard:

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill
taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the com-
mon saw†!

* i. e. Ajax is a fool to them.

† Saying or proverb.

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course: and shall find time

From this enormous state,—seeking to give

Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'erwatch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;

And, by the happy hollow of a tree,

Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,

Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape,

That every penury, in contempt of man,

Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth:

Blanket my loins: elf* all my hair in knots;

And with presented nakedness outface

The winds, and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent

Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms

Pins, wooden prick's, nails, sprigs of rosemary;

And with this horrible object, from low farms,

Poor pelling villages, sheep cotes and mills,

Sometime with lunauck bans‡, sometime with
prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel§ garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the

* Hair thus knotted, was supposed to be the work of elves
and fairies in the night.

† Skewers.

‡ Curses.

§ A quibble on *crewel*, worsted.

legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks*.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd a letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny†, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

'Tut fathers, that bear bags,

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours‡
for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother's swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio! down thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;

Stay here.

[*Erit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

* The old word for stockings.

† People, train or retinue.

‡ A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.

§ The disease called the mother.

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All
that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but
blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty,
but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold,
when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break
thy neck with following it; but the great one that
goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a
wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine
again: I would have none but knaves follow it,
since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy*.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremoveable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand
me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser-
vice:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and
blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion† of the duke and her

Is practice‡ only. Give me my servant forth:

* A corruption of a French Oath—*par Dieu*.

† Removing from their own house.

‡ Artifice.

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently : bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart !—but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to
the eels, when she put them i' the paste* alive ; she
rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd
Down, wantons, down. 'Twas her brother, that in
pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace !

[*Kent is set at liberty !*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what
reason

I have to think so : if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress.—O, are you free ?

[*To Kent.*

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught : O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
Of how depriv'd a quality—O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant† her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that ?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, sir, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return ;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house‡ :
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary ; on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly
tricks ;

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan :
She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me : struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fye, fye, fye !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride !

Reg. O the blest gods !

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse ;

Thy tender-hefted* nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes†,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in ; thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. What trumpet's that ?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's ; this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows :—
Out, varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou didst not know oft.—Who comes here ? O
heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow‡ obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause : send down, and take my part !—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard ?—

[*To Goneril.*

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I
offended ?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough !

Will you yet hold ?—How came my man i' the
stocks ?

Corn. I set him there, sir ; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You ! did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me ;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd ?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

* Crust of a pie.

† Be wanting in.

‡ The order of families.

* Hefted—heaved, moved.

† Contract my allowances.

‡ Approve.

To wage* against the enmity o'the air :
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
 Necessity's sharp pinch !—Return with her ?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life afoot.—Return with her ?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter†
 To this detested groom.

[*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prythee, daughter, do not make me
 mad ;

I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell ;
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
 Mend, when thou canst ; be better at thy leisure :
 I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers ?
 Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
 Yea, or so many ? sith† that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one
 house,

Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity ? 'Tis hard : almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
 attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd
 to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
 To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
 Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries :
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd
 With such a number. What, must I come to you
 With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more
 with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
 favour'd,
 When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,
 Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[*To Goncril.*]

* War. † A horse that carries necessities on a journey.
 ‡ Since.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
 To follow in a house, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beg-
 gars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous ;
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
 need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
 need !

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep :

No, I'll not weep :—

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep :—O, fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house
 Is little ; the old man and his people cannot
 Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame ; he hath put
 Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster ?

Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is re-
 turn'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse ; but will I know not
 whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads him-
 self.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
 winds

Do sorely ruffle : for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors ;
 He is attended with a desperate train ;

And what they may incense* him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild
night ;
My Regan counsels well ; come out o'the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you ; Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element ;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his white
hair :

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of ;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub drawn bear† would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the fool ; who labours to out-
jest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you ;
And dare upon the warrant of my art‡,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high ?) servants, who seem no less ;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings§ of the dukes ;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old king ; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings|| ;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you :
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

* Instigate. † Whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.
‡ Which teaches us "to find the mind's construction in the
face."

§ Snuffs are dislikes, and packings underhand contrivances.
|| Samples.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring ;
And she will tell you who your fellow* is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm !
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more
to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet ;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your
pain
That way ; I'll this :) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks ! rage !
blow !

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks !

You sulphurous and thought-executing† fires
Vaunt couriers‡ to oak-cleaving thunder bolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thun-
der,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man !

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water§ in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing ! Here's
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful ! Spit, fire ! spout,
rain !

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters ;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription|| ; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'us foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse ;—
So beggars marry many.

* The man what makes his toe
What he is heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake,

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made
mouths in a glass.

* Companion.

† Quick as thought.

‡ Avant couriers, French.

§ A proverbial phrase for fair words.

|| Obedience.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; wrathful skies
Gallow* the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother† o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simulart‡ man of virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming§
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace||.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel:
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding¶ after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn,—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is the straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come your
hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a tiny wit,—
With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day**.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come bring us to
this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this un-
natural dealing. When I desired their leave that I
might pity him, they took from me the use of mine
own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual
displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him,
nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division
between the dukes; and a worse matter than that:
I have received a letter this night:—'tis dangerous
to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet:
these injuries the king now bears will be revenged
at home; there is part of a power already footed*:
we must incline to the king. I will seek him,
and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk
with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived:
if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die
for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old
master must be relieved. There is some strange thing
toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
enter;
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my
lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-
tious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

* Scare or frighten. † Blustering noise. ‡ Counterfeit.
§ Appearance. || Favour. ¶ Inquiry.
** Part of the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*.

* A force already landed.

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home ;—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :—
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in ;
In, boy ; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons, such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physick, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half ! Poor Tom !

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, a spirit.

Help me, help me !

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit ; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw ?

Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me !—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?
And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
quagmire ; that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his porridge ;
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-
horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own
shadow for a traitor :—Bless thy five wits ! Tom's
a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from
whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking* ! Do poor
Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.
There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,
—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass ?—

* To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

Could'st thou save nothing ? Did'st thou give them
all ?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendu-
lous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daugh-
ters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have sub-
du'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?

Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican* daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's hill ;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo !

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy pa-
rents ; keep thy word justly ; swear not ; commit
not with man's sworn spouse ; set not thy sweet-
heart on proud array : Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ;
that curled my hair ; wore gloves in my cap†, serv-
ed the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act
of darkness with her ; swore as many oaths as I
spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of
heaven : one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and
waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply ; dice dearly ;
and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. False of
heart, light of ear, bloody of hand ; hog in sloth,
fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness,
lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the
rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women.
Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plack-
ets‡, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul
fiend.—Sull through the hawthorn blows the cold
wind. Says summ, mun, ha no nunny, dolphin my
boy, my boy, sessu ; let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than
to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of
the skies.—Is man no more than this ? Consider
him well. Thou owes't the worm no silk, the beast
no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :—
Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated !—Thou
art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no
more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou
art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come ; unbutton here.

[*Unbuttoning off his clothes.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented ; this is a
naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a
wild field were like an old lecher's heart : a small
spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here
comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet : he
begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he

* The young Pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

† It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the
favour of a mistress.

‡ Part of a woman's dress.

gives the web and the pin*, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip†; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth,

Saint Withold† footed thrice the world‡;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water||; that in the fury of the heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything¶, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin**; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu††.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughter's hard commands: Though their conjunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord, His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself; I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this! [Storm continues.]

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. Child* Rowland to the dark tower came, His word was still.—Fie, foh, and fum, I smell the blood of a British man.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle. Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

* Child is an old term for knight.

* Diseases of the eye. † A Saint said to protect his devotees from the disease called the night-mare.

‡ Wild-down, so called in various parts of England.

§ Avaunt.

¶ A tything is a division of a county.

** Name of a spirit.

†† The chief devil.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

[Exit Gloucester.]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent*, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer:—

[To Edgar.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares†!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam!

Come o'er the bourn‡, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak.

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Crouak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[To Edgar.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.] Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, Sit you too. [To Kent.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress: Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them;—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spawne†, brach, or lynx;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail;

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts!—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments; you will say, they are Persian attire! but let them be changed.

[To Edgar.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, he here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so. We'll go to supper† the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good fiend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master, Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exit Kent, Gloucester, and the Fool, bearing off the King.]

* A blood-hound.

* Addressed to the Fool—Fools were anciently called Innocents.

† Edgar is speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend.

‡ Brook or rivulet.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king
bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises*; and thyself bewray†,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Erit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;
show him this letter;—the army of France is land-
ed.—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
keep you our sister company; the revenges we are
bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit
for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you
are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are
bound to the like. Our post shall be swift, and in-
telligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—fare-
well, my lord of Gloster‡.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists§ after him, met him at gate;
Who with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy|| to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

Re-enter servants, with Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky* arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou
shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken†, and accuse thee; I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours‡
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France!

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first an-
swer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand
the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes: nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled§ fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, Good porter, turn the key;
All cruels else subscrib'd||.—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold
the chair:

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Gloster is held down in his chair, while Corn-
wall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his
foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help.—O cruel! O ye gods!

* The great events that are approaching.

† Betray, discover.

‡ Meaning Edmund invested with his father's title.

§ Inquirers. || Bend to our wrath.

* Deceitful. † Live. ‡ Features. § Starred.
|| Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serr. Hold your hand, my lord;
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serr. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serr. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. Cornucull is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serr.*]

A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind,
and stabs him.*]

Serr. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out Gloucester's other eye, and throws it
on the ground.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit* this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture† of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him
smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look
you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me,
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornucull, led by Regan;—Servants un-
bind Gloucester, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam†

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
temn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd*. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance†, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here!—

Enter Gloucester, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led!—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations‡ make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be
gone;

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!

Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, I am
at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet. The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw:

Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since;

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,
master?

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, prythee, get thee gone. If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

* i. e. It is better to be thus contemn'd and know it, than
to be flattered by those who secretly condemn us.

† In hope.

‡ Changes.

Requite.

† Laid open.

‡ Madman.

I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold—I cannot daub* it further.

[*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless the good man from the foul fiend ! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once ; of lust, as *Obidicut* ; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness ; *Mahu*, of stealing ; *Modo*, of murder ; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing ; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master !

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes : that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier :—Heavens, deal so still !

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance†, that will not see
Because he doth not feel! your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head.

Looks fearfully in the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miserv thou dost bear,
With something rich about me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund ; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome my lord : I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master ?

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd :

I told him of the army that was landed ;
He smil'd at it : I told him, you were coming ;
His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloucester's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,

* Disguise.

† i. e. To make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

[*To Edmund.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes, on the way,

May prove effects*. Back, Edmund, to my brother :

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;

[*Giving a Favour.*

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—

Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester !

[*Exit Edmund.*

O, the difference of man, and man ! To thee

A woman's services are due ; my fool

Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle†.

Alb. O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face—I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver† and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :

Filth's savour but themselves. What have you done ?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?

A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you maddened.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?

A man, a prince, by him so benefitted ?

If that the heavens do not their visible spights
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;

* i. e. Our wishes on the road may be completed.

† Worth calling for.

‡ Tear off.

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack ! why does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,

Be monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood*,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones.—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead ;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
morse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can vengeance !—But, O poor Gloster !
Lost he his other eye !

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;
'Tis from your sister

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer.

[Exit.]
Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes ?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mess. Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd
against him ;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

* Inclination.

SCENE III.

The French Camp near Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason ?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of ; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most required,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general ?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le
Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief ?

Gent. Ay, sir ; she took them, read them in my
presence ;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek : it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion : who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sor-
row

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question* ?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the
name of father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart :

Cried, Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !

Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? 't' the storm ? 't' the
night ?

Let pity not be believed† !—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd : then away she started
To death with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions‡ ;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir : The poor distress'd Lear is
't' the town ;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him ; his
own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

* Discourse, conversation.

† *i. e.* Let not pity be supposed to exist.

‡ Dispositions.

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers* you
heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause†,
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Tent.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter‡, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks§, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—]
What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him:
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important¶ tears, hath pitied.
No blown** ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right;
Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself
In person there?

* Forces. † Important business. ‡ Fumitory.
§ Charlocks. ¶ i. e. The reason which should guide it.
¶ Importunate. ** Inflated, swelling.

Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious mat-
ter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His righted life*: moreover, to desecry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with
us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her hus-
band;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange celliad†, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund; I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know
it;

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note‡:
My lord is dead. Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more§.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I
would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

*Enter Gloster, and Edgar, dressed like a
Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

* i. e. His life made dark as night.

† A cast, or significant glance of the eye.

‡ Observe what I am saying. § Infer more.

Edg. Horrible steep :
Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imper-
By your eyes' anguish. [*fect*]

Glo. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd : and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir ; here's the place :—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows, and choughs*, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire† ; dreadful trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock‡ ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple§ down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand. You are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse : in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce : and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off :

If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—
Now fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir ? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead ?
Ho, you sir ! friend !—Hear you, sir ?—speak !
Thus might he pass indeed||.—Yet he revives :

What are you, sir ?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer,
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost
breathe ;
Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art
sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
hour* :

Look up a-height ;—the shrill-gorg'd† lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death ? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :

Up :—so ;—How is't ? Feel you your legs ? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown of the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his
eyes

Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd‡, and wav'd like the enridged sea ;
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest§ gods, who make them ho-
nours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man ; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend : he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here ?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coming ;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight !

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect :—
There's your press-money. That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper : draw me a clothier's
yard||.—Look, look, a mouse ! Peace, peace ;—this
piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gaunt-
let ; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown
bills¶.—O, well flown, bird !—i' the clout, i' the
clout** : hewgh !—Give the word††.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha ! Goneril !—with a white beard !—
They flutter'd me like a dog ; and told me, I had

* i. e. This chalky boundary of England.

† Shrii throated. ‡ Twisted, convoluted.

§ The purest. || An arrow of a cl. th yard long.

¶ Battle-axes. ** The white mark for archers to aim at.

†† The watchword.

* Daws. † A vegetable gathered for pickling.
‡ Her cock-hoat. § Tumble.
|| Thus might he die in reality.

white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o'their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick* of that voice I do well remember:

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

* * * *

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squint† at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Where all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse! Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear. Change places; and, haudydandy, which is the justice, which is the thief!—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar!

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigny's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,

now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd! Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry.—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools:—This a good block?*

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him,—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue! What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,

I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt†,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,

My masters, know you that!

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an' you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour.

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot, the main descry Stands on the hourly thought†.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;

* Block anciently signified the head part of a hat.

† i. e. A man of tears.

‡ The main body is expected to be descried every hour.

* Tone, peculiarity, manner.

† Look askint.

Let not my worser spirit* tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's
blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Heartly thanks;

The bounty and the benison† of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly,‡ thyself remember.—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence:
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait§, and let
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out
of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a
vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep
out, che vor'ye||, or ise try whether your costard¶ or
my bat** be the harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir. Come; no
matter vor your foinst††.

[*They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As dutious to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets; these letters, that he speak of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful‡‡.

[*Reads.*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your
will want not, time and place will be fruitfully of-
fered. There is nothing done, if he return the con-

* Evil genius. † Blessing. ‡ Quickly recollect
the offences of thy life. § Go your way. ¶ I warn ye.

¶ Head. ** Club. †† Thrusts.

‡‡ To rip open their papers is more lawful.

queror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my
gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me,
and supply the place for your labour.

*Your wife, (so I would say,) and your
affectionate servant,*

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up*, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.*]

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand;
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*A Tent in the French Camp. Icar on a bed, asleep:
Physician, Gentleman, and others, attending.*

Enter Cordelia and Kent.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid,
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor chipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited†:
These weeds are memories‡ of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent§:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does
the king? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

* I'll cover thee (the dead steward) in the sands.

† Dressed.

‡ Memorials.

§ Intent formed.

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challeng'd pity on them. Was this a face To be expos'd against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu*)!

With this thin helmet? Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire: And wast thou slain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once

Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tear

Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?—

Fair day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;

I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd

Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me;—

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is; and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know, you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger

To make him even* o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,

Till further setting.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget and forgive; I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers† o'the kingdom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement‡ is like to be a bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.

Enter, with drums, and colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold; Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught To change the course: He's full of alteration, And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasures.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way

To the forefended place||?

* The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, called in French *enfants perdus*, or soldiers employed in some desperate undertaking—the *forlorn hope*. † Thin covering of hair.

* To bring it to his apprehension.

† Forces. ‡ Decision.

§ His settled resolution. || Forbidden.

Edm. That thought abuses* you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister

Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not boldst† the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Art not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with
us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exit Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers,
Soldiers, and attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouch'd there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases‡. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time*. [*Erit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both! one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side†,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Erit.*]

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum, and Colours,
Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and retreat.*

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host: pray that the right may thrive;
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Erit Edgar.*]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en;
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir: a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in all thoughts again? Men must
endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all; Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Ed-
mund; Lear and Cordelia, as Prisoners; Officers,
Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
guard;

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure§ them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to pri-
son:

* Imposes on you.

† i. e. Emboldens him.

‡ i. e. All designs against your life will have an end.

* Be ready to meet the occasion.

† i. e. Make me partly good.

‡ i. e. To be ready prepared, is all.

§ Pass judgment on them.

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies : And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee ?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;
The conjurers shall devour them, flesh and fell†,
Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve
first.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note ; [*Giving a paper,*] go, follow
them to prison :

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes : know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword :—Thy great employment
Will not bear question‡ ; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write happy, when thou
has done.

Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gloucester, Regan, Officers,
and attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,

And fortune led you well : You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you ; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen ;

My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness :—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place*.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
Bore the commission of my place and person ;
The which immediacy† may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint‡.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor, in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [*To Edmund.*]

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent : [*Pointing to Gon.*]—for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester :—Let the trumpet
sound ;
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge ; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll
prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick !

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange : [*Throwing down
a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :
Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

* To be discoursed of in greater privacy.

† Authority so near my own.

‡ Alluding to the proverb : " Love being jealous makes a
good eye look a-squint."

* The French disease. † Skin. ‡ Admit of debate.

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue*; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Erit Regan, led.*

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists
of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed
earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him
appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold
in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

[1 *Trumpet.*

[2 *Trumpet.*

[3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre† thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name‡;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say's of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice*, Gloster:

By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,

Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Erit Goneril.*

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that
have I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;

'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,

That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,

I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me,

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,

Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophecy

A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,

I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord—List† a brief
tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,

Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,

* i. e. Valour.

† Notwithstanding.

‡ Because if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat.

§ Sample.

* Stratagem.

† Hear.

(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd ; which in recounting
His grief grew pussant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this ? [guise

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in dis-
follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;
even from the heart of—

Edg. Who, man ! speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
dead !—

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O ! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye* good night ;
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's
Cordelia ?—

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

[The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was below'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

* For ever.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life :—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord ?—Who has the office ?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on ; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid* herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence
awhile. [Edmund is borne off.

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms ;

Edgar, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men
of stones ;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack :—O, she is gone
for ever !—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end† ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?

Alb. Fall, and cease† !

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master ! [Kneeling.

Lear. Prythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all !

I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faul-
chion

I would have made them skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?
Mine eyes are none o'the best ;—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight : Are you not Kent ?

Kent. The same ;

Your servant Kent : Where is your servant Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;

* Destroyed herself.

† The end of the world, or the horrible circumstances
preceding it.

† i. e. Die ; Albany speaks to Lear.

He'll strike, and quickly too :—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord ; I am the very man !—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves, And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless*.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay† may come,

Shall be applied : for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;

[*To Edgar and Kent.*]

With boot‡, and such addition§ as your honours

Have more than merited :—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool|| is hang'd ! No, no, no life :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never !—

Pray you, undo this button : Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this ?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,— Look there, look there !— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints !—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart ; I pry thee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass¶ ! he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long : He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain [*To Kent and Edgar.*]

Rule in this realm, and the good state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ; Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young, Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*]

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, duke of Athens.

Egeus, father to *Hermia*.

Lysander, } in love with *Hermia*.

Demetrius, }

Philstrate, master of the Revels to *Theseus*.

Quince, the carpenter.

Snug, the joiner.

Bottom, the weaver.

Flute, the bellows-mender.

Snout, the tinker.

Starveling, the tailor.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to *Theseus*.

Hermia, daughter of *Egeus*, in love with *Lysander*.

Helena, in love with *Demetrius*.

Oberron, King of the Fairies.

Titania, Queen of the Fairies.

Puck or *Robin-goodfellow*, a Fairy.

Pear-blossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustard-seed,

Pyramus,

Thisbe,

Wall,

Moonshine.

Lion,

} Fairies.

} Characters in the Interlude performed by

} the Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on *Theseus* and *Hippolyta*.

Scene, Athens, and a wood not far from it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A Room in the Palace of *Theseus*.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philstrate, and Attendants.

Theseus. Now, fair *Hippolyta*, our nuptial hour Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in Another moon ; but, oh, methinks how slow This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires, Like to a step-dame, or a dowager, Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights ;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;

And then the moon, like to a silver bow

New bent in heaven, shall behold the night

Of our solemnities.

The. Go, *Philstrate*,

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments :

Awake the pert and mumble spirit of mirth ;

Turn melancholy forth to funerals,

The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit Philstrate.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And won thy love, doing thee injuries :

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned duke !

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*. What's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*—

Stand forth, *Demetrius* ;—My noble lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her :—

Stand forth, *Lysander* ;—and, my gracious duke,

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :

* Useless. † &c. Lear. ‡ Benefit. § Titles.

|| Poor fool, in the time of Shakspeare was an expression of endearment. ¶ Die.

* Shows.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds*, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meats ; messengers
Of strong prevniment in unharden'd youth :
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens :
As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death ; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair maid :

To you your father should be as a god ;
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is ;

Put, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold ;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the liveries of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my Virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause : and, by the next new moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,) Upon that day either prepare to die,

* Baubles.

For disobedience to your father's will ;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would :
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;—And, Lysander, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love ;
And what is mine my love shall render him ;
And she is mine ; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted* and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come ;
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love ?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along ;
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial ; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt Thea. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love ? Why is your cheek
so pale ?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike, for want of rain ; which I could
well

Beteem them† from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :
But, either it was diffident in blood.

Her. O cross ! too high to be enthral'd to low !

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;

Her. O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young !

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :

Her. O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentary‡ as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied§ night,

* Wicked. † Give, bestow. ‡ Momentary. § Black.

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny;
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's* followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, heat me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt; a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair! that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair? O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-star†; and your tongue's sweet
air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour‡ so!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine

* Love's. † Pole-stars. ‡ Countenance.

Hel. None, but your beauty. 'Would that fault
were mine! [face;]

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me;
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow-night when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lover's food, till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. — Helena, adieu;
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit Herm.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that! Demetrius thinks not so,
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transmute to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguild.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye*,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have a sight thither, and back again. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
by man, according to the scrip.

* Eyes.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates:
And *Phibbus*’ ear
Shall shine from far,
And make sad mar
“The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles*’ ven, a tyrant’s ven; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may lude my face, let me play *Thisby* too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice:—*Thisne*, *Thisne*—*Al*, *Pyramus*, my lover dear; thy *Thisby* dear! and lady dear!

Quin. No, no; you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisby*’s mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*’s father; myself, *Thisby*’s father;—*Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion’s part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion’s part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, Let him roar again.

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother’s son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*; for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer’s day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog’d with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties*, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke’s oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings†.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where.

• Swifter than the moon’s sphere:
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs† upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;

* Articles required in performing a play.

† At all events.

‡ Circles.

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dew drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob* of spirits, I'll be gone ;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;
She never had so sweet a changeling ;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild :
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square† ; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow ; are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern‡,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm§ ;
Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thon speak'st aright :

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab|| ;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me :
Then slipp I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe ;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress :—'Would that he were gone !

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon, at one door, with his train, and Titania, at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon !—Fairy, skip hence ;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton ; am not I thy lord ?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady. But I know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India ?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?
And make him with fair Eggle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rusby brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting* river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents† :
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatt'd with the murrain flock ;
The nine men's morris‡ is fill'd up with mud :
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable ;
The human mortals want their winter here ;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And an old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing§ autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase||, now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension ;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman¶.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

* Petty. † Banks which contain them.

‡ A game played by boys.

§ Pregnant or productive.

|| Produce. ¶ Page.

* A term of contempt.
† Yeast.

‡ Quarrel.
|| Wild apple.

‡ Mul.

His mother was a votress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind ;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb, then rich with my young
 'squire,)

Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obc. How long within this wood intend you
 stay ?

Tit. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obc. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tit. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away ;
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*]

Obc. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this
 grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—
 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obc. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st
 not,)

Flying between the cold moon and earth,
 Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
 And the imperial votress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free !

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,—
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower : the herb I show'd thee once :
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

[*Exit Puck.*]

Obc. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :

* Exempt from love.

The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb,)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
 And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius. Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.

Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
 And here am I, and wood' within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet with Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you ;
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
 Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
 Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,
 (And yet a place of high respect with me,)
 Than to be used as you use your dog ?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
 spirit ;

For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
 To leave the city, and commit yourself
 Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
 To trust the opportunity of night,
 And the ill counsel of a desert place,
 With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.

It is not night, when I do see your face,
 Therefore I think I am not in the night :
 Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company ;
 For you, in my respect, are all the world ;
 Then how can it be said, I am alone,
 When all the world is here to look on me ?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
 brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
 Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd ;
 Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;
 The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
 Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed !
 When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go :
 Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
 But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

* Mad, raving.

† Bring in question.

You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius !
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex ;
We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon* the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips† and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine ;
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fury in :
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove ;
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on
Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do
so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel‡, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, wait with rear-nice|| for their leathern
wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep
back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts**, and blind-worms††, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen :

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,

* By. † The greater cowslip. ‡ Vigorous.
§ A kind of dance. † Bats. **† Elfs.
†† Slow-worms.

Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take ;
Love, and languish for his sake ;
Be it ounce*, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood ;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Herm. Be it so, Lysander : find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Herm. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;
So that but one heart we can make of it :

Two bosoms interchaned with an oath ;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny ;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Herm. Lysander riddles very prettily :—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off ; in human modesty

Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :

So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend :
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;
And then end life, when I end loyalty !
Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest !

Herm. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd ! [*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

* The small tiger.

Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid?
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe*:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling† leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer the less is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
It so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?—
But where is he?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound;—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent Helena; Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,

* Possess.

† In the dark.

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]
Lys. She sees not Hermia!—Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and night,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.]
Hel. [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me!
do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No!—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiringhouse; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r-lakin†, a parlous‡ fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.—

* By all that is dear. † By our ladykin. ‡ Dangerous.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful* wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: For you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Aye; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chinks of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts, Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor?

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — odours savours sweet:

* Terrible.

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and bye I will to thee appear. *[Exit.]*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! *[Aside.—Exit.]*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again. *[Hue.]*

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier, Most briskly juvenal*, and eke most lovely Jew, As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninus's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues† and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt Clowns.]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *[Exit.]*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.]*

Bot. I see their knavery? this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *[Sings.]*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawney bill,

The throats with his note so true,

The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? *[Waking.]*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plun-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay;—

* Young man.

† The last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek* upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no,
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep;
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

- 1 *Fai.* Ready.
- 2 *Fai.* And I.
- 3 *Fai.* And I.
- 4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberriest†,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moan-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

- 1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!
- 2 *Fai.* Hail!
- 3 *Fai.* Hail!
- 4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash‡, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well; that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him! lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule* now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patchest† rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort‡,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's now§ I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic|| comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus

strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things

catch,

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd¶ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—

* Joke. † Gooseberries.
‡ A squash is an immature peascod.

* Revelry. † Simple fellows.
‡ Stupid company. † Head. † Actor.
¶ Or latched, licked over.

And the Athenian woman by his side :
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander ? Where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never number'd among men !
O ! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake ;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !*
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ;
An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd† mood :

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get there-fore ?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so :
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*]

Obe. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

* Stroke, exploit.

† Mistaken.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find :

All fancy-sick* she is, and pale of cheer†
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear :
By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go :
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*]

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye !
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand ;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee ;

Shall we their fond pageant see ?

Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one ;

That must needs be sport alone ;

And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :

Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray !

These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine *eyne* ?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow,

That pure congeal'd white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand : O let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

Love-sick.

† Countenance.

Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls*, to mock me too ?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia* ;
And now both rivals, to mock *Helena* :
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision ! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin ; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius* ; be not so ;
For you love *Hermia* ; this, you know, I know :
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia's* love I yield you up my part ;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia* ; I will none :
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest wise, sojourn'd ;
And now to *Helen* is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. *Helena*, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know.

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear†.—
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes.

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense :—
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found :
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound,
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why, should he stay, whom love doth press
to go ?

Her. What love could press *Lysander* from my
side ?

Lys. *Lysander's* love, that would not let him
bide.

Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes§ and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,†
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious *Hermia* ! most ungrateful maid !
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

* Heartily. † Degree. ‡ Pay dearly for it. § Circles.

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot ?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial* gods,
Have with our needles † created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scornning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ! and wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows‡ upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault :
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena* ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena* !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she en-
treat ;

Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life I do :

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiop* !

* Ingenious. † Needles. ‡ Mouths—wry faces.

Dem. No, no, sir:—he will
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go?

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth: and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left
me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom*!
You thief of love! what have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gen-
tlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst†;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness:

I am a right maid for my cowardice:

Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,

I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood:

He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence: and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

And follow you no further. Let me go:

You see how simple and how fond* I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders
you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What! with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take
her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and
shrewd:

She was a vixen, when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus, of hind ring knot-grass† made!

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalf that scorns your services:

Let her alone; speak not of *Helena*;

Take not her part: for if thou dost intend‡

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;

Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Or thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. [*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amaz'd and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing Helena.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprize,

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:

And so far am I glad it so did sort§,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to
fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

* Foolish.

† Antiently knot-grass was believed to prevent the growth
of children.

‡ Pretend.

§ Happen.

* A worm that preys on buds of flowers.

† Shrewish or mischievous.

The starry welkin cover thou anon
 With drooping fog, as black as Acheron :
 And lead these testy rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way.
 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius :
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep ;
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property*,
 To take from thence all error with his night,
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend†
 With league whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My Fairy lord, this must be done with
 haste :

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
 there,
 Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They willfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
 I with the Morning's Love‡ have oft made sport ;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit Oberon.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down :
 I am fear'd in field and town ;
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak
 thou now.

Puck. Here villain ; drawn and ready. Where
 art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
 To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander ! speak again.
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?

* Medicinal efficacy. † Go.
 ‡ Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.

Speak. In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy
 head ?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the
 stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
 And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou
 child ;

I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd,
 That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood
 here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
 I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day !

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! Coward, why com'st
 thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou ?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
 buy this dear.

If ever I thy face by day-light see :
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
 By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours ; shine, comforts, from the east ;
 That I may back to Athens by day-light,
 From these that my poor company detest :—

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
 Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;
 Two of both kinds make up four.
 Here she comes, curst and sad :—
 Cupid is a knavish lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars ;
 I can no further crawl, no further go ;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me, till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
 Sleep sound :
 I'll apply
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown :

Jack shall have Jill ;
Nought shall go ill ;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

*Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending ;
Oberon behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy*,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a redhipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur : and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neift, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesies, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face : and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick : let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me ; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*They sleep.*]

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her ;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, beg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child ;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain ;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair ;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass. †

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass ?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now !

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, musick call ; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Musick, ho ! musick : such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity ;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity :

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark ;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

* Stroke.

† Fist.

Trip we after the night's shade ;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester ;—
For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the vaward* of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley ; go :
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd†, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Cr.-ck-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete or Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ; what nymphs are
these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep !
And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

*Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander,
Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
past ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you are two rival enemies ;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half 'sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here :
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is ;)
I came with Hermia hither : our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord ; you have
enough :

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, De-
metrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You, of your wife ; and me of my consent ;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither followed them ;
Fair Helena in fancy* following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd†,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit,
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens. Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The. Hip. Ege. and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistin-
guishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted
eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks ;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea ; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake : let's follow
him ;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

* Forepart.

† The flews are the large chaps of a hound.

* Love.

† Toy.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, most fair Pyramus.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it; sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you,

is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact*:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes; and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination;

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or, in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,

And grows to something of great constancy†;

But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia und Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,

Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper, and bed time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

* Are made of mere imagination.

† Stability.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment* have you for this evening?

What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief†, how many sports are
ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

The. reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to be
sung.

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love, Thisbe: very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is my lord, some ten words
long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd‡ memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,

It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world:

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;

For never any thing can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

* Pastime. † Short account. ‡ Unexercised.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of sawey and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,

In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is
address'd*.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,

But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt,

he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It

is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like
a child on a recorder†; a sound, but not in govern-

ment.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb show.*

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this
show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sun-

der:

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are con-

tent

To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,

By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo,

This grisly beast, which by name lion hight‡,

The trusty, Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

* Ready. † A musical instrument. ‡ Called.

Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :
 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
 And fuds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
 Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
 And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prol. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
 That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so black !

O night, which ever art when day is not !
 O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
 I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !—
 And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ;
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
 [*Wall holds up his fingers.*]
 Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.
 O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;
 Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me, is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you :—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 For parting my fair Pyramus and me :
 My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;
 Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."
Pyr. "I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
 To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby !
This. "My love ! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;

And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so ;

And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows : and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar,
 Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
 No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :
 For if I should as lion come in strife
 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present ;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest : the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle for, you see, it is already in snuff*.

Hip. I am a weary of this moon. Would he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—"

[*The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

Lhe. Well moused, lion.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay ;—O spite !

But mark ;—Poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What stain'd with blood ?

Approach, ye furies fell !

O fates ! come, come ;

Cut thread and thrum† ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell‡ !

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheers.

Come, tears, confound :

* In anger ; a quibble.

‡ Destroy.

† Coarse yarn.

‡ Countenance.

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus :

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight !

Now die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus : I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans,ovelicet.—

This. "Asleep, my love ?

What, dead, my dove ?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily brows,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone :

Lovers, make moan !

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come, to me,

With hands as pale as milk ;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word ;—

Come, trusty sword ;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue :

And farewell, friends ;—

Thus Thisbe ends :

Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dies.*]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance*, between two of our company ?

* A dance peculiar to the peasants of Bergomasco, a county in Italy.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguill'd
The heavy gait* of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone†.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:

Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now untill the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,

* Progress.

† Overcome.

Nor mark prodigious*, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait†;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all;
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SCENES FROM KING HENRY IV. PART I.

ACT I. SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What forsooth hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What, none?

* Portentious.

† Way.

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty! let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions* of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government: being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by †; and spent with crying—bring in ‡: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, my lad. And is not my nostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet rube of distance §?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Yes, indeed, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib|| cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe*.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would indeed, that thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match†. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true§ man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors|| for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns. If you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me. Yedward; if I tarry at home, and not go, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

* Favourites. † Stand still. ‡ More wine.
§ The dress of Sheriff's officers. || Gib cat, an old he cat.

* Croak of a frog. † Treat me with ignominy.
‡ Made an appointment. § Honest || Masks.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou comest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings*.

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallow'n summer†! [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce‡, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproofs of this, lies the jest.

* The value of a coin called *real* or *royal*.

† Fine weather at All-hallow'n-tide, *i. e.* All Saints, Nov. 1st, is called an All-hallow'n summer.

‡ Occasion.

§ Confutation.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit Poins.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes*;

And, like bright metal on a sullen† ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;

Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins; Bardolph and Peto, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek Poins.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire‡ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines§ to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins! —Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true|| man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet

* Expectations.

† Dull.

‡ Square.

§ Love-powder.

|| Honest.

that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt* me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach† for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand,

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole!, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied* knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs†; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves; young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument‡ for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards§ the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue rour'd! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks||, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

* Fat, corpulent.

† A subject.

‡ Stockings.

§ Clowns.

¶ Drops his fat.

* Make a youngster of me.

† Turn king's evidence.

‡ Portion.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There's nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack; where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, ecce signum. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'y thee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to: These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground. But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as bad luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech†,——

Fal. What, art thou mad! art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

* A town in Westmoreland famous for making cloth.

† A round lump of fat.

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neats-tongue, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house;—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. To be sure, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the bye, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship, come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Prythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men! I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner*, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hast thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses†.

Bard. Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast‡? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning.

* In the fact. † Drunkenness and poverty.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state§, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyse's|| vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg¶.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen.

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

* In the fact.

† Drunkenness and poverty.

‡ Bombast is the stuffing of clothes. § Chair of state.

|| A character in a Tragedy by T. Preston, 1570.

¶ Obeisance.

Host. O rare! he doth it us like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain*—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the canonie, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher†, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker‡, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap. [Grievous.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are

Fal. 'Blood my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of drowsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree§ ox with the pudding in his belly, that

reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you*; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[A knocking heard.

[*Reunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. [Instinct.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a curst as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Reunt all but the Prince and Poins.*

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath followed certain men unto this house.

* Go no faster than I can follow or understand.

† Tapestry.

* Name of strong liquor. † A truant boy.

‡ A young rabbit.

§ The machine which separates flour from bran.

¶ A leather black jack to hold beer.

¶ In Essex, where a large ox was roasted whole

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Cur. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him, And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's*. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath; Search his pockets, [*Poins searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A oapon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and suck after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of suck!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

RICHARD BARNEFIELDE.

Born — Died — †

TRUE FRIENDSHIP†.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,

* St. Paul's cathedral.

† The dates of Barnefielde's birth and death are very doubtful.

‡ This piece has been erroneously attributed to Shakespeare. It was printed in 1595 among Barnefielde's poems. It was

Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by.

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king!"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more,
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

subsequently inserted in Shakespeare's *Passionate Pilgrim*, which was published by a bookseller of the name of Jaggard, without the author's sanction. It is still, however, usually inserted among Shakespeare's poems.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552.—Died 1618.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams ;
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb :
 So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 They that are rich in words must needs discover
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart !

The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart
 Who sues for no compassion :

Since if my complaints were not to approve
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from defect of love,
 But fear to exceed my duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve
 A saint of such perfection,
 As all desire, but none deerve,
 A place in her affection ;

I rather choose to want relief,
 Than venture the revealing :
 Where glory recommends the grief,
 Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart !
 My love for secret passion ;
 He smarteth most who hides his smart,
 And sues for no compassion.

ON MY MISTRESS.

SHALL I like an hermit dwell,
 On a rock, or in a cell ?
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day !
 If she undervalues me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Were her tresses angel gold ;
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a braid,
 And, with little more ado,
 Work them into bracelets too :
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hands as rich a prize,
 As her hairs, or precious eyes ;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good-manners' sake,
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip :
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be ?

No ; she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire by burning too :
 But when she, by change, hath got
 To her heart a second lot ;
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be !

A VISION

Upon the conceit of the Faery Queen.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept ;
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen :
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
 And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
 (For they this Queen attended) ; in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse :
 Hereat the hardest stones began to bleed,
 And graves of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce :
 Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
 And curst the access of that celestial thief.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

*Born 1562.—Died 1619.*TO THE LADY MARGARET,
Countess of Cumberland.

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolved pow'rs ; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
 The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down
 Upon these lower regions of turmoil !
 Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
 On flesh and blood : where honour, pow'r, renown,
 Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
 Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
 As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
 To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs' wars
 But only as on stately robberies ;
 Where evermore the fortune that prevails
 Must be the right : the ill-succeeding wars
 The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
 Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails :
 Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
 Conspires with pow'r whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right appear as manifold
 As are the passions of uncertain man ;
 Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
 To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.

He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of pow'r, that proudly sits on others crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he
checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:

Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so fondly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that had carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all that malice from without procures,
Shews her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by b'ing condemn'd,
Than b'ing pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you shew
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base Malediction, living in the dark;
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, above the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery

Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, b'ing pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth; and cannot lift themselves from
thence;

That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n ~~day~~
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his shew,
The best of all whose days consumed are
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of heav'n, that though the world hath done his
To put it out by discords most unkind; [worst
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortunes, in equality.

And this note (madam) of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

SONNETS.

[From Sonnets to Delia.]

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour!
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty, time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air, [cline;
But strait her wide-blown pomp comes to de-
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns the glory now:
Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.

Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

But love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
Now whilst that May hath fill'd thy lap with
flow'rs;

Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now use the summer smiles, e're winter low'rs.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flow'r that ever saw the light,
Now joy the time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have
night;

And that thy brightness sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou
shew'st,
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most inveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for what it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory pass.

When men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received had'st this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou
mad'st;

Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remain-
ing:

I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax when thou art in thy wain-
ing.

The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall
see;

And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my
tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable night;
Brother to death, in silent darkness born;
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never awake to feel the day's disdain.

DELIA'S CRUELTY.

TEARS, vows, and prayers, win the hardest heart:
Tears, vows, and prayers, have I spent in vain?
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert;
Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
I lose my tears, where I have lost my love;
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vain, a merciless to move:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,
Though all my pray'rs be to so deaf ears,
No favour though the cruel fair allows;
Yet will I weep, vow, pray, to cruel she:
Flint, frost, disdain, wears, melts, and yields, we

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

Siren.

Come worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.

Here may we sit and view their toil
That travel in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

Ulysses.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these.

But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not men of worth.

Siren.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name,
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil.

Ulysses.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport;
For toil doth give a better touch,
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

Siren.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diversely,
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

Ulysses.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease;
And with the thought of actions past,
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

Siren.

That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.

No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood,
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest :
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best.

To purge the mischiefs that encrease,
And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Siren.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see,
I shall not have thee here :
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.

I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won,
For beauty hath created been
T' undo, or be undone.

SONG.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that with most cutting grows ;
Most barren with best using :
Why so ?—
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho !—

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting :
Why so ?—
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho !—

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours ;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver show'rs ;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flow'rs.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap ;
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap :
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills,)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.]
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid !)
Doth me and my love despise ;
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes ;
But her will must be obey'd ;
And well he ends, for love who dies.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont born 1586.—Died 1616.
Fletcher born 1576.—Died 1625.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Perigot, a shepherd in love with *Amoret*.
Thenot, a shepherd in love with *Clorin*.
Daphnis, a modest shepherd.
Alexis, a wanton shepherd.

God of a River.

Satyrs.

Priest.

Old Shepherd.

A Sullen discontented Shepherd.

Women.

Amoret, the Faithful Shepherdess, in love with *Perigot*.

Clorin, a holy shepherdess.

Amarillis, a shepherdess in love with *Perigot*.

Cloe, a wanton shepherdess.

Scene, *Thessaly.*

ACT I.

Enter Clorin, having buried her love in an arbour.

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace

The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly !
Thus I salute thy grave ; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-lov'd ashes ; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love ; all sports, delights and jolly games
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves : All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flow'rs
For summer's queen, whilst ev'ry shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan*.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory ;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
While there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes ;
Only rememb'ring what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs :
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with pow'ful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or thro' too much heat
Grown wild or lunatick, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum ;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall shall be what these wild woods
afford,

* Cordevan.] Cordosain, (from cordosain, leather.)

Berries, and cheanuts, plantanes, on whose
 cheeks
 The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown
 pine;
 Of these I'll feed with free content and rest,
 When night shall blind the world, by thy side
 blest.

Enter a Satyr.

Sat. Thoro' yon same bending plain
 That flings his arms down to the main,
 And thoro' these thick woods, have I run,
 Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
 Since the lusty spring began,
 All to please my master Pan,
 Have I trotted without rest
 To get him fruit; for at a feast
 He entertains, this coming night,
 His paramour, the Syrinx bright.
 But, behold a fairer sight!

*He stands
 amaz'd.*

By that heav'nly form of thine,
 Brightest fair, thou art divine,
 Sprung from great immortal race
 Of the gods; for in thy face
 Shines more awful majesty,
 Than dull weak mortality
 Dare with misty eyes behold,
 And live! Therefore on this mould,
 Lowly do I bend my knee,
 In worship of thy deity.
 Deign it, goddess, from my hand,
 To receive whate'er this land
 From her fertile womb doth send
 Of her choice fruits; and but lend
 Belief to that the Satyr tells:
 Fairer by the famous wells,
 To this present day ne'er grew,
 Never better nor more true.
 Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
 Is the learned poets' good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
 Than the squirrel whose teeth crack 'em,
 Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take 'em.
 For these black-ey'd Driope
 Hath often-times commanded me
 With my clasped knee to climb:
 See how well the lusty time
 Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
 Such as on your lips is spread.
 Here be berries for a queen,
 Some be red, some be green;
 These are of that luscious meat,
 The great god Pan himself doth eat:
 All these, and what the woods can yield,
 The hanging mountain, or the field,
 I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
 Till when humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade:
 I must go, I must run
 Swifter than the fiery sun.

Ch. And all my fears go with thee.

What greatness or what private hidden pow'r
 Is there in me to draw submission
 From this rude man, and beast? Sure, I am
 mortal:

The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
 And she that bore me mortal: Prick my hand
 And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs
 shrink,

Makes me a-cold: My fear says, I am mortal.
 Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
 And now I do believe it) if I keep
 My virgin flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and
 fair,

No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,
 Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires;
 Or voices calling me in dead of night,
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Thro' mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:
 Else, why should this rough thing, who never
 knew

Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure's there's a pow'r
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines: Then strong Chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell!

*Enter an Old Shepherd, with four couple of Shep-
 herds and Shepherdesses.*

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
 In honour of our great god, and his rites
 Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste
 And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest,
 With pow'rful hand, shall sprinkle on your brows
 His pure and holy water, ye may be
 From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts
 free.

Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest
 of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
 Whatsoever this great day,
 Or the past hours, gave not good,
 To corrupt your maiden blood.
 From the high rebellious heat
 Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
 From the wanton quick desires,
 They do kindle by their fires,
 I do wash you with this water;
 Be you pure and fair hereafter!
 From your livers and your veins,
 Thus I take away the stains.
 All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
 Be ye fresh and free as air.
 Never more let lustful heat
 Thro' your purged conduits beat,
 Or a plighted troth be broken
 Or a wanton verse be spoken
 In a shepherdess's ear!
 Go your ways, ye all are clear.

[They rise, and sing in praise of Pan.]

[Exit.]

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And-arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neigh'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:

Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,

Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke! *[Exeunt.]*

Manent Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd
maid,

Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee
dear,

Equal with his soul's good.

Amo. Speak; I give

Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: Be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentleshepherd, wish not so;
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wand'ring seaman thro' the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging
locks

Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You're sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I've sent to Heav'n? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,

To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: Say, sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me,
if I make

A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: Go and purge again.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple
truth!

Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: Only my intent

To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls:

For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality:

By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And giv'n away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss giv'n,
In hope of coming happiness. By this
Fresh fountain, many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung

Lays of his love and dear captivity;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their pow'r those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant!
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and—

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd: Farewell! This
coming night

Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd
delight. *[Exit.]*

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for
that good

Thou'st given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of the wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thro' his burnings, while the dog
Pursues the raging lion, throwing the fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,

Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds! What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be number'd in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free. }

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints: but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are giv'n already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of ev'ry swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
'Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I'm only fix'd and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid!

Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: For, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again;
These neighb'ring plains have many a comely
swain,

Fresher and freer far than I e'er was:
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell; be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*]

Amar. Cruel, thou'st struck me deadlier with
thy voice,

Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick
flames

Had shot me through! I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no! I must enjoy thee, boy,
Tho' the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneliness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that just after ev'ry sev'ral beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the fate fairer or more full of truth

Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks like his master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man
may,

If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long-desires:
And here he comes as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be
thought uncivil,

Thus to be partner of your loneliness: 'Twas
My love (that ever-working passion!) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair;
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burn my life away. }

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart
were sound

As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures, never was pleasing.
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and further service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, dan-
ger, or what can

Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!

Amar. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd:
This same night

That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promis'd equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and
hearts

Are to be tied for ever: Break their meeting,
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do
not move,

By my great pow'r, the centre of their love
From his fix'd being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore!

Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what
they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men,
that thus,

After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen, with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then field good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastity.

Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain:
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flock are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty,
Makes me complain.

Enter Theron.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay! Where hast
thou been?

Or whither go'st thou? Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergreen with woodbines; caves, and
dells;

Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell the tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each
night,

Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease!
I have forgot what love and loving meant.
Rhimes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are
sent

To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live t' admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age*, smooth tongue, or
gold,

Could ever break upon, so sure the mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move, 'tis she and only she
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave
to know

To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to
square.

And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, she call'd the Virgin of the Grove,

* *Pleasing age*; i. e. Youth; the word *age* being used to express one of the seasons, or ages, of life.

She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
Sh' hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'tis her I so admire;
Not any looser blood, or new desire. [*Exit.*]

Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for
my bend;

I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter†.

* * * * *

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But, certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any; * * * *

* * * * * one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; * * * *

* * * * * but since he is here,
Thus I attempt him.—Thou of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was giv'n away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicacies from yonder mead,
To make the chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renews the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvannus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to these
Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loth to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Thentake the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

† The compiler has taken the liberty to omit a few lines in several passages of this pastoral drama, on account of their unfitness for the youthful readers for whom use this work is chiefly prepared.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu!

Yet, one word more; since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Tho' your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness: Do not fear him then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.

[*Exit.*]

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, tho' the strong winds hit
With their continual pow'r upon his sides?

* * * * *

[*Enter Alexis.*]

Alexis. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the lab'ring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains far meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneliness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: In all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from Tithon's
Thou risest ever maiden!

[*bed*]

Alexis. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may
be—

Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.

Alexis. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dullness, and the wind,
That he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alexis. Fly, fly, thou day!

[*Exit.*]

Cloe. My grief is great if both these boys
Should fail.
He that will see all winds must shift his sail.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

*Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing; and
the Priest of Pan following.*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Ev'ry little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of christal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my ev'ning's knell.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Cloin, sorting of herbs.*]

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath
done,

Help'd by the great pow'r of the virtuous moon,
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given; holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect
creature,

Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath ev'n to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hid-
den pow'r.

This is the clove, bearing a yellow flow'r;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth: These ramson's branches
are,

Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments,
charms,

(Were they Medea's verses) that do harm
To men or cattle: These for frenzy be
A speedy and a sov'reign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;

Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
 This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
 All deadly killing poison from the heart:
 And, here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best:
 Yellow Lysimacha, to give sweet rest
 To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
 All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
 For leprosy, darnell and celandine,
 With calamint, whose virtues do refine
 The blood of man, making it free and fair
 As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
 Here, other two; but your rebellious use
 Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
 Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
 I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
 You that entice the veins and stir the heat
 To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
 Our reason moves in, and deluding it
 With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
 Of burning lust be quench'd; by appetite,
 Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.
 And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,
 Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter:
 No more shall I dip thee in water now,
 And sprinkle every post, and every bough,
 With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the
 rooms

Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Theno.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
 Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
 Give heat or happiness to th' shepherd's side,
 Doth only to her worthy self abide.
 Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
 Thou by whose pow'r the darkness of sad night
 Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
 Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
 Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
 Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
 Again from Chaos; whiter than that way
 That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
 Than chastity itself! Thou blessed star
 That nightly shin'st! Thou, all the constancy
 That in all women was, or e'er shall be,
 From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
 That poets style the mother of desire,
 Infusing into ev'ry gentle breast
 A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd,
 Than that quick pow'r which gives a difference
 'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?

No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
 The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
 Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
 Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
 Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
 I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
 Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
 But hither am I come (believe me, fair)
 To seek you out, of whose great good the air
 Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
 Breaks against Heaven, and drives into a sound

Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
 Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill
 May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
 Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
 May seem impossible of remedy,
 I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
 I suffer through disease, no beating vein
 Conveys infection dang'rous to the heart,
 No part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by art,
 This body holds; and yet a feller grief
 Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
 Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
 Fair beauteous virgin!

Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
 To know thy grief: That man yet never knew
 The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more!

Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
 And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
 To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
 For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
 Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
 Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
 Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not
 (Thou all perfection!) merit such a blot
 For my true zealous faith.

Clo. Dar'st thou abide

To see this holy earth at once divide,
 And give his body up? for sure it will,
 If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
 This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
 Whilst I with pray'rs appease his ghost below,
 That else would tell thee what it were to be
 A rival in that virtuous love that he
 Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
 Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
 My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
 Tho' it be full and fair, your forehead high,
 And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
 Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
 The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
 With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
 Tho' it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
 Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
 Able in endless error to enfold
 The wand'ring soul; not the true perfect mould
 Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
 In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien* snow:
 All these, were but your constancy away,
 Would please me less than a black stormy day
 The wretched seaman toiling thro' the deep.
 But, while this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
 Tho' all the plagues that e'er begotten were
 In the great womb of air, were settled here,
 In opposition, I would, like the tree,
 Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
 Ev'n in the arm of danger.

Clo. Wouldst thou have
 Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,

* Alpsien — Alpsian.

Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,

I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he lov'd you, and be still
The same, opinion speaks you: Let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery; if you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet, there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clo. Do, and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be
bless'd

For evermore, whilst here I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,
O'ertop'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.

Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I
should meet;

For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from its early face: Were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Hail! shepherd! Pan bless both thy
flock and thee,

For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy
loving again

Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings: Boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? Shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves ev'ry where?
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true;
For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste: I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night.
* * * * *

Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank you! These tricks
might prevail

With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Ev'n once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit
Which I have found: Give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.

Sull. Shep. Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet
straightway,

Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bord'ring upon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for med'cines or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts, to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)
Hath pow'r to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what
feature

Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she
gave

Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patient's brow,
That would be chang'd casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.

I'll this attempt! Now, shepherd, I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipp'd: Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find
As you to speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair.

And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hot'st fire of thine affection slake.
Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's pow'r to see!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-ey'd virgin! Come, oh, come, my
fair!

Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
Of honor stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wand'ring thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.

Alexis [within]. Cloe!

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give!—I charge you, all my veins
Thro' which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those motinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion! Do not wilder shew
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

Alexis [within]. Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;

(*Enter Alexis.*)

There is some shepherd! Sure I am awake!
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge.

Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me? Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong *Alexis,* high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung,
Tempting the greedy eye Thou stay'st too
long;

I am impatient of these mad delays!
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind!

[*Exit.*]

Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error:
But be they far from me, with their fond terror!
I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true.

Cloe [within]. Cloe!

Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,

Tells me it is a woman. Cloe! tell
Thy blessed name again.

Cloe [within]. Cloe! Here!

Daph. Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met.
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soak thro' your startups*.

Daph. Fairest, are you found?

How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is perish'd? Oh, my heart!
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss
Those lilly hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language: But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those bless'd pair of fixed stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.—[*Aside.*] No, thou art
too cold,

Unhappy boy; not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward; 'tis not fear
T' offend in boldness, wins; they never wear
Deserved favours, that deny to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold!—
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it so.

[*Exit.*]

* *Startups.* *Buskins* worn by rustics, laced down before.

Cloe. And I will meet there never more
 thee,
 Thou idle shamefac'dness!
Alexis [within]. *Cloe!*
Cloe. 'Tis he
 That dare, I hope, be bolder.
Alexis. *Cloe!*
Cloe. Now,
 Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plow!

[Exit.]

ACT III.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis in a sleep.

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
 These herbs, and charge thee not awake
 'Till in yonder holy well,
 Thrice with pow'rful magick spell,
 Fill'd with many a baleful word,
 Thou'st been dipp'd. Thus, with my chord
 Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twin'd,
 I do thy sleepy body bind:
 I turn thy head unto the east,
 And thy feet unto the west,
 Thy left arm to the south put forth,
 And thy right unto the north:
 I take thy body from the ground,
 In this deep and deadly s wound,
 And into this holy spring
 I let thee slide down by my string.
 Take this maid, thou holy pit,
 To thy bottom; nearer yet;
 In thy water pure and sweet,
 By thy leave I dip her feet;
 Thus I let her lower yet,
 That her ankles may be wet;
 Yet down lower, let her knee
 In thy waters washed be;
 There I stop. Now fly away,
 Ev'ry thing that loves the day:
 Truth, that hath but one face,
 Thus I charm thee from this place.
 Snakes, that cast your coats for new,
 Camelions, that alter hue,
 Hares that yearly sexes change,
 Proteus alt'ring oft and strange,
 Hecate, with shapes three,
 Let this maiden changed be,
 With this holy water wet,
 To the shape of Amoret.
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
 Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
 Up out of this blessed lake.
 Rise, both like her, and awake!

[She awakes.]

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?

Or hast thou miss'd in any magick rite,
 For want of which any defect in me,
 May make our practices discover'd be?

Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here
 do stand,
 Whence hath thus transform'd thee, and
 Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
 I should myself take thee for Amoret.

Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
 So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

Amar. Then this deceit which cannot crossed
 be,

At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
 Whether she needs must come, by promise made;
 And sure, his nature never was so bad,
 To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
 When night and fear are up, but understood
 'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
 My constant love made me come first and stay:
 Then will I lead him further to the grove;
 But stay you here, and, if his own true love
 Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
 Which say, her lover lately trodden hath;
 I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
 Here is another, whose pow'r will free
 The dazzled sense, read by the moon's beams
 clear,

And in my own true shape make me appear.

[Enter Perigot.]

Sull. Shep. Stand close! Here's Perigot; whose
 constant heart

Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

Per. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The
 hour

Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan pow'r
 Delights to be about you sacred well,
 Which they have bless'd with many a pow'rful
 spell;

For never traveller in dead of night,
 Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when sight
 Hath fail'd them, then their right way they
 have found

By help of them; so holy is the ground.

But I will further seek, lest Amoret

Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

My Amoret, Amoret! [Exit.]

Amar. Perigot!

Per. My love!

Amar. I come, my love!

[Exit.]

Sull. Shep. Now she hath got

Her own desires, and I shall gainer be

Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.

How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
 To shew her glory in this little grove

[Enter Amoret.]

To some new-loved shepherd! Yonder is

Another Amoret. Where differs this

from that? But that she Perigot hath met,

should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.

Herbs, woods, and springs, the pow'r that in
 you lies,

If mortal men could know your properties!

Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
 Walking this wood, of lion, or the bear,
 Whose names at other times have made me quake,
 When any shepherdess in her tale spake

If some of them, that underneath a wood

Have torn true lovers that together stood.

Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,

That in these woods the nimble faeries walk,

Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,

Because I come to meet with Perigot.

My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot!

Sull. Shep. Fair maid!

Amo. Ah me, thou art not Perigot!

Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree

He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,
And said, "Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?"
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it day-

light,

He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew
my stay,

That made me fearful I had lost my way!

As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out; and for thy courtesy,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*]

Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely
did she shew!

Was it not pity to deceive her so?

She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray

For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave

none,

But what it had from her. She was alone

With me; if then her presence did so move,

Why did not I essay to win her love?

* * * * *

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

Alexis. Where shall we rest?—But for the
love of me,

Cloe. I know, ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place

Be private, and out of the common trace

Of ev'ry shepherd; for, I understood,

This night a number are about the wood.

Alexis. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er
be found;

No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;

No maid seeks here her strayed cow, or sheep;

Fairies and fawns, and satyrs do it keep:

Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,

And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Sull. Shep. Forbear to touch my love; or, by
yon flame,

The greatest pow'r that shepherds dare to name,

Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,

Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!

Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of
the lawn,

With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,

And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes

(A greater oath than mine) I would not rise!

Sull. Shep. Then from the cold earth never
thou shalt move,

But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!

Sull. Shep. Fairest Shepherdess,

Come you with me; I do not love you less

Than that fond man, that would have kept you
there

From me of more danger.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear

To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

*The Satyr enters; the Sullen Shepherd runs one
way, and Cloe another.*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,

And the stars, whose feeble light

Give a pale shadow to the night,

Are up, great Pan commanded me

To walk this grove about, whilst he,

In a corner of the wood,

Where never mortal foot hath stood,

Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,

To entertain a lovely guest:

Where he gives her many a rose,

Sweeter than the breath that blows

The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;

I never saw so great a feast.

But, to my charge: here must I stay,

To see what mortals lose their way,

And by a false fire seeming bright,

Train them in and leave them right.

Then must I watch if any be

Forcing of a chastity;

If I find it, then in haste

Give my wreathed horn a blast,

And the fairies all will run,

Wildly dancing by the moon,

And will pinch him to the bone,

Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alexis. Oh death!

Sat. Back again about this ground;

Sure I hear a mortal sound.

I bind thee by this pow'rful spell,

By the waters of this well,

By the glimm'ring moon-beams bright,

Speak again, thou mortal wight!

Alexis. Oh!

Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,

Sleeping on the ground. Arise!

The poor wight is almost dead;

On the ground his wounds have bled,

And his cloaths foul'd with his blood!

To my goddess in the wood

Will I lead him, whose hands pure

Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[*Exit, with Alexis.*]

Enter Cloe again.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my
breast

Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a
beast

Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:

I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where.

* * * * *

Here upon this ground

I left my love, all bloody with his wound;

Yet, till that fearful shape made me be gone,

Tho' he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;

But now both lost. Alexis, speak or move,

If thou hast any life, thou'rt yet my love!

He's dead, or else is with his little might

Cropt from the bark for fear of that ill sprite.

Then where art thou that struck at my love?

Oh, stay!

Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flow'rs and garlands that were meant for
him;

I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embrac'd.
But, thou art fled! What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try his heart; and my behaviour too,
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.

[Exit.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but
my feeble sight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shap'd these fears, and made me run away
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love. But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

(*Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the shape of
Amoret.*)

But all these fancies must be quite forgot;
I must lie close. Here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not 'scape!

Amar. Beloved Perigot, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt
thou rest
Upon this holy bank: no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babbling cuckow sit;
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other, set with violets, for me.

Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.

Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.

Amar. Believe me, but I do.

Peri. What, shall we now begin again to
woo?

'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him
fast.

Amar. By Pan I swear, I loved Perigot,
And, by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Peri. By Pan I swear (and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep!)
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-year'd lamb that is of her own hue;

I dote upon thee more than the young lamb.
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

Amar. How shall I trust thee, when I see
thee chuse

Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts
might be shewn

'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, Perigot will shew his pow'r,
that he

Can make his Am'ret, tho' she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace, and kiss!

Peri. What means my love!

Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can
fain

More wanton tricks.

Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as
chastity

Is amongst women?

* * * * *

Why dost thou rise?

Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!

Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down
again.

Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning div'd! Art not in jest?

Amar. Sweet love, lie down!

Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!

Amar. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do
my will.

Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee
still.

Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Tho' other shows we have, poor men to blind.

Peri. Then here I end all love; and, lest my
vain

Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! My blood be on thy head!

Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth
cry.

Peri. Thou counsell'st well; first, Amoret
shall die,

That is the cause of my eternal smart!

[*He runs after her.*

Amar. Oh, hold!

Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful
heart!

[*The Sullen Shepherd steps
out, and uncovers her.*

Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I strew these herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence

All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alter shapes, and mock the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her scape;
Give again her own shape!

Enter Amarillis, in her own shape, Perigot following.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;

She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I cross'd thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess! my rage, and night,

Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight;
But, far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood.

[Exit Amar.]

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.

Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shews, and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot!

Peri. Here.

Amo. Happy!

Peri. Hapless! first

It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.

[Strikes her.]

Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love! thou art unjust.

Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust.

[Exit Peri.]

Sull. Snep. Now shall their love be cross'd;
for, being struck,

I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!

Amo. No mercy I do crave:

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body, thro'.
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. Snep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant

Sure for a woman, thou'rt so innocent.

[Flings her into the well.]

She cannot 'scape, for underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook.

[Exit.]

The God of the River riseth with Amoret in

God. What pow'ful charms my streams do bring

Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their God,

6 2

Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;

There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.

Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,

Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That 'till now none ever fell.

'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.

See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.

Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.

If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:

Take a drop into thy wound.

From my wat'ry locks, more round,
Than orient pearl, and far more pure

Than unchaste flesh may endure.

See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.

She is an unpolluted maid;

I must have this bleeding staid.

From my banks I pluck this flow'r
With holy hand, whose virtuous pow'r

Is at once to heal and draw.

The blood returns. I never saw

A fairer mortal. Now doth break

Her deadly slumber: Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, giv'n me
new breath,

And brought me back out of the arms of death?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ah me!

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:

I am this fountain's God! Below

My waters to a river grow,

And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,

That only prosper in the wet,

Thro' the meadows do they glide,

Wheeling still on ev'ry side,

Sometimes winding round about,

To find the even'st channel out.

And if thou wilt go with me,

Leaving mortal company,

In the cool stream shalt thou lie,

Free from harm as well as I:

I will give thee for thy food

No fish that useth in the mud;

But trout and pike, that love to swim

Where the gravel from the brim

Thro' the pure streams may be seen:

Orient pearl fit for a queen,

Will I give, thy love to win,

And a shell to keep them in:

Not a fish in all my brook

That shall disobey thy look,

But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,

And from thy white hand take a fly.

And to make thee understand

How I can my waves command,

They shall bubble whilst I sing,

Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

Amo. Immortal pow'r, that rul'st this holy flood,

I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,
I should have shewn my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true!

Fairest virgin, now adieu!
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity:

For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shewn,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Bare-foot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!

God. Thanks, virgin! I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [Exit.

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me! [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Perigot.

Peri. SHE is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou North-
west wind,

And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,

Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art
too hot

Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the show'rs of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser light our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead; be as when thine eyes
Took the first heat.

Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not shew thee, thro' the pow'r
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primrose chaplet, taudry-lace*, and ring
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!

Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, ev'n thus perplex'd,
And thus believing.

Amur. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
'Till my return.

Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judg'd their minstrelsy,
I will not! [Exeunt.

Enter Satyr with Alexis hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Thro' still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,

* *Taudry lace.* Mr. Symeon observes, that the word *taudry* did not give any low or ridiculous idea: the expression is taken from Spencer, who in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, the month April, calls the virgins decked in their best array to attend Queen Elizabeth.—*Colman.*

Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold the happy pow'r,

[Seeing *Clorin*.

That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy land enlarge,
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.
Heav'n and great Pan succour it!

(*Enter Clorin.*)

Hail thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.

Clor. What art thou that call'st me from
my holy rites,

And, with the fear'd name of death, affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot shew me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighb'ring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.

Clor. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term
thee rude;

Tho' thou be'st outward rough and tawnyhued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain

Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore;
This to draw out such putrifying gore
As inward falls.

Sat. Heaven grant it may be good!

Clor. Fairly wipe away the blood;
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moon-beams; pinch him thrice;
That the lab'ring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.

Sat. I saw
His eye-lids moving.

Clor. Give him breath.
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanish'd; with this plaister,
And this unction, do I master
All the fester'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.

Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light.
Now he gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!

Alexis. Oh, my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs thro' my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass thro' my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.—

Pan, preserve me! what are you!
Do not hurt me! I am true
To my Cloe, tho' she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take
rest,
'Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and
will

To execute; these must be purg'd, until
The veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
'Till when, this virtuous plaister will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alexis. Sure I've lost much blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Tho' there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in; I will attend
his sore.

When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing ;

By my head, 'twere better missing.—

Brightest, if there be remaining

Any service, without feigning

I will do it ; were I set

To catch the nimble wind, or get

Shadows gliding on the green,

Or to steal from the great queen

Of the fairies all her beauty ;

I would do it, so much duty

Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clor. ♀ thank thee, honest Satyr. If the
cries

Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will ; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish :
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bow'r may ever dwell
Spring and summer !

Clor. Friend, farewell ! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Amoret, seeking her love.

Amo. This place is ominous ; for here I lost
My love, and almost life, and since have cross'd
All these woods over ne'er ; a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him ; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings thro',
Nor a green bank, nor shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
Their Valentines, that I have mis'd, to find use
My love in. Perigot ! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me ? Whither art thou gone ?
How have I wrong'd thee ? Was my love alone
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence ? 'Tis
well ;

I am content to feel it : But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness ! and thou may'st know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness ; therefore, here
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green
That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall !

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it thro' the working of my mind,
That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or more than wonder, miracle !
For sure, so strange as this, the oracle

Never gave answer of ; it passeth dreams,
Of madmens' fancy, when the many streams,
Of new imaginations rise and fall !

'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call

For pity to young Perigot ; while he,

Directed by his fury, bloodily [*cold :*

Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and

And, if belief may credit what was told,

After all this, the Melancholy Swain

Took her into his arms, being almost slain,

And to the bottom of the holy well

Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.

'Tis she, the very same ; 'tis Amoret,

And living yet ; the great pow'rs will not let

Their virtuous love be cross'd. Maid, wipe away

Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay

The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,

Breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest.

Thy Perigot.—

Amo. Where, which is Perigot ?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God
wot,

Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him ;

And thou shalt find him underneath a brim

Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run ! Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again ! [*Exit.*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay !

You are too fleet ; 'tis two hours yet to-day.

I have perform'd my promise.

* * * * *

Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold ! Learn not to
be a wronger

Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first ?

Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.

Amar. No ; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.

Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not so ;

For do but to you hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.

Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold

And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men !

Thus I salute thee, virgin !

Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can !

[*Exit.*]

Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no
man ! [*Exit, running after her.*]

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not steal away ! I woo thee
yet

To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,

Rootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain

Round as a ring, and bring a second night

To hide my sorrows from the coming light !

Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,

And read my falling ! give me some black place

Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone!

Enter Amoret, looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom. Speak, if thou be here,

My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.

Peri. What art who dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care

Dwell on the face of darkness?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,

Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy,
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons, and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nose-gays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face

Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace,
From those two little heav'n's, upon the ground,
Show'rs of more price, more orient, and more round,

Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?

Cease these complainings, shepherd! I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me:
Indeed, I can and will.

Peri. So spoke my fair!

Oh, you great working pow'rs of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues to so ill intent?
Ev'n such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set

So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

Peri. Still nearer to my love!

These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd, remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I lost?
Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and most

Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?

Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why then, I see,
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

Peri. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate

Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,

When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea;
Upon whose face sits a continual frost,
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast ev'ry good, and ev'ry thing
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;

Thou that wast always just, and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous giv'n thee, and mad'st good the same—
Ev'n from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall,
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy,
And I to live to know this! And by me
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, tho' all
The self-love were within thee, that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flow'r,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a show'r,
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for ev'ry lazy groom to say,
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost

When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed

I must not know thee ; fting thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feigned passions: Perigot
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.

Amo. Then hear me, Heav'n, to whom I call
for right,
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the
night ;

And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours that move a sullen pace ;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye pow'rs of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last ! I am that maid,
That yet untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild ;
And thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain ; and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many, with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels*, sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward ; lambs
and doves

By young Alexis ; Daphnis sent me gloves ;
All which I gave to thee : Nor these, nor they
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die ?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home ;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where ev'ry slave is free, and ev'ry breast
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest ;
And thither will poor Amoret !

Peri. Thou must.

Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I ? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret ?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it !

[*He hurts her again.*]

Amo. So this work hath end !
Farewell, and live ! be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next !

Enter Satyr ; Perigot runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold ;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day,
Many a note and many a lay :
Therefore here I end my watch,

* Cracknels.] Dr. Johnson says, cracknel is a hard brittle cake.

Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.

Amo. Ah me !

Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be.
I am ready ; speak I say :
By the dawning of the day,
By the pow'r of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again !

Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy !

Sat. Yet more blood !

Sure these wanton swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vile a part
As this murder ? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face !
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps ; and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clorin.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest
secure

I steal abroad to do another cure.
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove ;
I will not prove inconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood !
I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can ; being done, I'll come again. [*Exit.*]

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die !
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends ;
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye
He hath espied something that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else : such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clo. See where he lies ! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy ?
Poor Shepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty !
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze !
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze ;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me ?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless con-
stancy ?

Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what, for thy
sake,
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

[*He starts up.*]

The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be

Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak!

Clor. See, what a holy vow for thee I break:
I, that already have my fame far spread,
For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love;
how true,

If you had died, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I'll lose for thee——

The. Think but how bless'd

A constant woman is above the rest!

Clor. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound

His heart with malice against women more,
'That hated all the sex, but thee, before?

How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought cer-
tain shame!

Your sex's curse, foul falshood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now!—Yet turn!

Clor. Be just to me:

Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?

The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou
didst like good

Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best: For as a blast
That thro' a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!

Clor. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces, for my old
Love's, tho' he were alive: But do not fear.

The. I do condemn thee now, and dare come
near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others! False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! *[Exit.]*

Clor. 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee thanks
for it!

What art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot again.

The. Will you be constant yet? will you re-
move

Into the cabin to your buried love?

Clor. No, let me die; but by thy side remain.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst
ever stain

Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

Clor. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou
wilt.

The. Thou art of womens' race, and full of
guilt.

Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye!
[Exit.]

Clor. Blest be ye pow'rs that gave such quick
redress,
And for my labours sent so good success.
I rather chuse, tho' I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me.
[Exit.]

ACT V.

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Priest. SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep!

See, the blushing morn doth peep
Thro' the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!

What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lay on a shepherd's name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes: The woods, or some near
town,

That is a neighbour to the bord'ring Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spiced wassel-bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sin!—Shew me the way
that leads

To any of their haunts.

Old Shep. This to the mead—

And that down to the woods.

Priest. Then this for me.

Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.

[Exeunt.]

Clorin in her cabin, Alexis with her.

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure,
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.

Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy
maid!

I find my former wand'ring thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward
pain,

By thy choice herbs, is almost gone again :
Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once ; for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clo. May thy grief more appease !

Relapses are the worst disease.

Take heed how you in thought offend ;

So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, with Amoret.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,

That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be ;

I am a maid ; let that name fight for me !

Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear

Me, that doth thy body bear,

Not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;

Men are ruder far than we.—

See, fair goddess, in the wood

They have let out yet more blood :

Some savage man hath struck her breast,

So soft and white, that no wild beast

Durst ha' touch'd, asleep, or wake ;

So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,

Would have lain from arm to arm,

On her bosom to be warm

All a night, and being hot,

Gone away, and stung her not.

Quickly clap herbs to her breast.

A man sure is a kind of beast !

Clo. With spotless hand, on spotless breast

I put these herbs, to give thee rest :

Which till it heal thee, there will bide.

If both be pure ; if not, off slide.—

See, it falls off from the wound !

Shepherdess, thou art not sound ;

Full of lust.

Sat. Who would have thought it ?

So fair a face !

Clo. Why, that hath brought it.

Amo. For aught I know, or think, these words
my last,

Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste !

Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure.

As all my thoughts are just and pure.

Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,

That will not let my medicines work.

Satyr, search if thou canst find it.

Sat. Here away methinks I wind it :

Stronger yet. Oh, here they be ;

Here, here, in a hollow tree,

Two fond mortals have I found.

Clo. Bring them out ; they are unsound.

Enter Cloe and Daphnis.

Sat. By the fingers thus I bring ye,

To my goddess thus I bring ye :

Strife is vain, come gently in.

I scented them ; they're full of sin.

Clo. Hold, Satyr ; take this glass,

Sprinkle over all the place,

Purge the air from lustful breath,

To save this shepherdess from death.

And stand you still whilst I do dress

Her wound, for fear the pain encrease.

Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of crystal water on the tow

Of ev'ry grass, on flow'rs a pair :

Send a fume, and keep the air

Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,

'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.

Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.

Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,

She is so light. Lie on these leaves.

Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,

Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain ;

May'st thou soon be well again !

Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near ;

Try him, if his mind be clear.

Sat. Shepherd, come.

Daph. My thoughts are pure.

Sat. The better trial to endure.

Clo. In this flame his finger thrust ;

Which will burn him if he lust,

But if not, away will turn,

As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—

See, it gives back : let him go.

Farewell, mortal ! keep thee so.

Sat. Stay, fair nymph ; fly not so fast ;

We must try if you be chaste.

Here's a hand that quakes for fear ;

Sure she will not prove so clear.

Clo. Hold her finger to the flame ;

That will yield her praise or shame.

Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,

But plucks away her tender hand ;

And the taper darting sends

His hot beams at her fingers' ends.

Oh, thou art foul within, and hast

A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

Alexis. Is not that Cloe ? 'tis my love, 'tis she

Cloe, fair Cloe !

Clo. My Alexis !

Alexis. He.

Clo. Let me embrace thee.

Clo. Take her hence,

Lest her sight disturb his sense.

Alexis. Take not her ; take my life first !

Clo. See, his wound again is burst !

Keep her near, here in the wood,

'Till I've stopt these streams of blood.

Soon again he ease shall find,

If I can but still his mind.

This curtain thus I do display ;

To keep the piercing air away.

[Curtain drawn.]

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever ! 'Tis in
vain

To find them out, with trouble and much pain,

That have a ripe desire, and forward will

To fly the company of all but ill.

What shall be counsell'd now ? shall we retire,

Or constant follow still that first desire

We had to find them ?

Old Shep. Stay a little while ;

For, if the morning's mist do not beguile

My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain :

One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd,
to be known,

Thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious* desp'rate man that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present ache and pain,
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only heat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow am-
bitious

Thro' their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this night

What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at throughly: Nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living, like the rhyme
Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wander'd?

The. 'Twas a vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if
the heart

In this well-sounding mu-ick bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,

Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have
lain

All this same night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale among the thick-leav'd spring,
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy†, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling!

The. Father, 'tis my care.

[Exit.

Enter Daphnis.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure
I see

* *Glorious*, in this place, bears the same sense as the French adjective *glorieux*, which signifies *proud, vain*.—*Seward*.
† The wolf.

A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis?

Daph. He.

Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that
should have been,

Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,

Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen:
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bow'r
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great
pow'r

Sick men and cattle have been often cur'd;

There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd

To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,

Forc'd by some iron hand and fatal knife;

And by her, young Alexis.

*Enter Amarillis, running from her Sullen
Shepherd.*

Amar. If there be

Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! be ever just,
Thou God of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit!
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst ev'ry blast
Sings thro' my slender leaves that I was chaste!

Priest. This is a night of wonder! Amarill,
Be comforted; the holy Gods are still
Revengeurs of these wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessed man,

Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of P'au,
* * * * *

By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage bed
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our God, and by those virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purg'd! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis!

* * * * *

I hear him come! save me!

Priest. Retire a while

Behind this bush, 'till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most-loved Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast.
I fear the pointed brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden buskins; turn again and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
* * * * *

Can give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active youth! Why dost thou fly?

Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lie
'Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again.
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I say!
I must not be deluded.

Priest. Monster, stay!

Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Thro' every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!

* * * * *

Now to the bow'r, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perigot, with his hand bloody.

Peri. Here will I wash it in this morning's
dew,

Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And tho' I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: To her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or pray'r,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained,
fair:

That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she,
Whom I ador'd, is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and like Clorin live!

[*Exit.*]

The curtain is drawn back; Clorin appears sitting in the cabin, Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other; Satyr standing by.

Cloe. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid.
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.

* * * * *

Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?

Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose mod'rate heat can ne'er consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.
Cloe. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such!

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Yon is her cabin; thus far off I'll stand
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain!

Cloe. What art thou that dost call?

Clorin is ready to do good to all?

Come near!

Peri. I dare not.

Cloe. Satyr, see

Who it is that calls on me.

Sat. There at hand some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.

Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters
clear,
To wash my hand.

Cloe. What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain.
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.

Peri. Still you pour,

But my hand will never scour.

Cloe. Satyr, bring him to the bower.

We will try the sov'reign pow'r
Of other waters.

Sat. Mortal, sure

'Tis the blood of maiden pure

That stains thee so!

[*The Satyr leadeth him to the bower, where he spieth Amoret, and kneeling down, she knoweth him.*]

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this
grove,

Pardon poor Perigot!

Amo. I am thy love,

Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love!

Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, cou'dst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!

Peri. So overgreat with joy that you live,
now

I am, that no desire of knowing how

Doth seize me. Hast thou still pow'r to forgive?

Amo. Whilst thou hast pow'r to love, or I
to live.

More welcome now, than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I thee, death, or some ling'ring pain
That's worse, light on me!

Cloe. Now your stain

Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.

See, the blood that erst did stay,

With the water drops away.

All the pow'rs again are pleas'd,

And with this new knot are appeas'd.

Join your hands, and rise together,

Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Clo. Go back again, whate'er thou art ; unless
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not
press

This hallow'd ground. Go, Satyr, take this hand,
And give him present trial.

Sat. Mortal, stand,
'Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up. Never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.

Clo. Then boldly seek, why dost thou seek
this place ?

Priest. First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy
face,

Where all good dwells that is ; next, for to try
The truth of late report was giv'n to me :
Those shepherds that have met with foul mis-
chance,

Thro' much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure ;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, thro' whose spite
All this confusion fell : for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought a brace
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means, they gave this
bold

Attempt upon their lives.

Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water ; for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air !
It gathers yet more strongly ; take a pair
Of censors fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire : Quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr ; for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins
Of those offenders. Let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard of venom. Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man ; and banish from the chaste
These man-like monsters ; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of ev'ry honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.

[*Exit Priest.*]

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong !
How do you feel your hurts ? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abus'd ! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.

It is enough, dear friend ; leave off to grieve.
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool chystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break.
Hear us, oh, heav'n !

Amo. Be constant.

Peri. Else Pan wreak,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty ;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes !

Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, all envy
dies.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your
will ; the swain

In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace :
Only the maid I have reserv'd, whose face
Shews much amendment ; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault : Great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise ; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.

Clo. I am content to pardon ; call her in.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself : How bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud ! Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand :
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.

[*Satyr brings Amarillis in.*]

Sat. Come forward, maiden ; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame ;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame ;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See, the taper hurts her not !
Go thy ways ; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood :
Thank the gods, and still be good !

Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought
again

To virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove ;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time ;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain :
Keep them from after-ills ; be ever near
Unto their actions ; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass thro', from suspect ;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves ; correct the blood
With thrifty bits, and labour ; let the flood,
Or the next neighb'ring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree

That hangs with wanton clusters; let not
wine,

Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults thro' much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms:
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the
grooms

May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliments, but single truth,
From ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art:
Thus, holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please!

All. And all those blessings Heav'n did ever
give,

We pray upon this bow'r may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, ev'ry shepherd, while with
pow'rful hand

I bless your after-labours, and the land [you
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches; all your strength
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, 'till his pow'r
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to ev'ry soul.
May his care of you control
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!

Now rise and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorns taught ye; Dorns, he
That was the soul and God of melody.

[*They all sing.*]

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,

Move your feet

To our sound,

Whilst we greet

All this ground,

With his honour and his name

That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,

He is ever good, and must

Thus be honour'd. Daffadilies,

Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,

Let us sing,

Whilst we sing,

Ever holy,

Ever holy,

Ever honour'd, ever young!

Thus great Pan is ever sung.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most pow'rful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring the coral, making way
Thro' the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heav'n old Orpheus' lute!
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Cho. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thickets, lest harmless people
catch

Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about the woods as quick
As the breaking light and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales
Faster than the wind-mill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phoebus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!

Cho. And to thee,
All thy master's love be free!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[The *Faithful Shepherdess* was not, like many of the plays published in the collected works of Beaumont and Fletcher, a joint labour. It was wholly the production of the latter. The *tragi-comedy of Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding*, which follows (though, according to our usual arrangement, in this instance inadvertently interrupted, it should have preceded the dramatic pastoral), is generally supposed to have been written conjunctively by these associate bards. Earle, however, the intimate friend of Beaumont, publicly ascribed it entirely to him, and that, too, in the life-time of Fletcher, who is not known to have laid any claim to it himself.—*Compiler.*]

PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

King.

Philaster, heir to the crown.

Pharamond, prince of Spain.

Dion, a lord.

Cleremont,

Thrasiline,

An old captain.

Five citizens.

A country fellow.

Two woodmen.

The king's guard and train.

Women.

Arethusa, the king's daughter.

Galatea, a wise modest lady, attending the princess.

Megra, a lascivious lady.

An old wanton lady, or crone.

Another lady attending the princess.

Euphrasia, { daughter of Dion, but disguised like a page, and
called Bellario.

Scene, Sicily.

ACT I.

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.**Cle.* Here's nor lords nor ladies.*Dion.* Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desire to attend and hear.*Cle.* Can you guess the cause?*Dion.* Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.*Thra.* Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.*Dion.* Oh, Sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.*Dion.* Sir, it is, without controversy, so neant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.*Cle.* Who? Philaster?*Dion.* Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from.*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.*Dion.* Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a

guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

*Enter Galatea, Megra, and a lady.**Thra.* See, the ladies. What's the first?*Dion.* A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.*Cle.* The second?*Dion.* She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simpler when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.*Cle.* The last?*Dion.* Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules pillars.

* * * * *

Cle. She's a profitable member.*La.* Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.*Gal.* What if they should?*Meg.* What if they should?*La.* Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravell'd.*Gal.* Why, what if they be?*Meg.* What if they be?*La.* Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be. I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say 'excuse me.'*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha!*La.* Do you laugh, madam?*Dion.* Your desires upon you, ladies.*La.* Then you must sit beside us.*Dion.* I shall sit near you then, lady.*La.* Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady induces no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.*Meg.* Methinks, he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.*Thra.* Peace, the king.*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and train.**King.* To give a stronger testimony of love Than sickly promises (which commonly In princes find both birth and burial In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy Sir, To make your fair endearments to our daughter.

And worthy services known to our subjects, Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our intent To plant you deeply, our immediate heir, Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady, (The best part of your life, as you confirm me, And I believe) though her few years and sex Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes, Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge Only of what herself is to herself, [sleeps, Make her feel moderate health; and when she In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.

Think not, dear Sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature :
No, Sir ; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her
modesty

A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her ser-
vants.

Last, noble son (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all ; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half
done, whilst

So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not ?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I
take leave

To thank your royal father ; and thus far,
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that
must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your king-
doms :

You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country !
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy ;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good : happy in yours, that is ;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself, most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defended, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tye it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That ev'ry man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law.)
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and
lustre

Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living ; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant ; you shall make him yours, for
whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous !

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being
nothing but a large inventory of his own re-
commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. I wonder what's his price ? For cer-
tainly

He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large
speeches,

Than the large speaker of them.

Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all th' anatomy of you man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable.

By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,

I beg your favour.

King. Rise ; you have it, Sir.

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks
with fear !

Oh ! this same whorson conscience, how it jades
us !

King. Speak your intents, Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely ?
Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn

My language to you, Prince ; you, foreign man !
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread
upon

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)

By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to !) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living ;

Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends besides the
gods ;

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,

And say, 'I might have been.' I'll tell thee,
Pharamond,

'When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes : For, hear me, Pharamond !
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their
faiths,

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swal-
low

Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall ;
By Nemesis, it shall !

Pha. He's mad ; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's
veins :

The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-
drawer.

Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjays, I'll make it
well appear

To you, I am not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, Sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails
And makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: Sure he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. H'as giv'n him a general purge already,
for all the right he has; and now he means to
let him bleed. Be constant, gentlemen: By
these tilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run
my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me to stir of-
fence,
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your
fury

To mutiny within you; without disputing
Ye it genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it
me;

And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine: were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies
Or back such belied commendations)
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
I'es,

You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best
friends.

You deserve our frown. Go to; be better tem-
per'd.

Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your
knowledge;

But th' other is the man set in my eye.

Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, Sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and
fears,

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger
in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of
crystal, for all men to read their actions through:
Mens' hearts and faces are so far asunder, that
they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon
stranger well, and you shall see a fever through
all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true
recreant? If he give not back his crown again,
upon the report of an elder gun, I have no
augury.

King. Go to!

Be more yourself as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure, what
fashion we

Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by
the gods—

Phi. I am dead, Sir; you're my fate. It was
not I

Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak for-
tunes.

Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here,
O king!

A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects,
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me 'king':
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble Sir, your hand:
I am your servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

[Exit King, Pha. and Are.]

Dion. I thank you, Sir; you dare not for the
people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave
fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand.
But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine complete
gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do elect
them strangely: They do the rarest honest things
and please the fullest! As I live, I could love
all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece,
lady!

'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

Dion. See how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous
train

Did he give fire to! how he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand methinks, like men that would be
courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones
may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy Sir!
Phi. Well, very well:
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The king must please,
What we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy
Sir,

But call your father to you: in whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The god of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall
beg

For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love
me?

Thra. Do we love Heav'n and honour?

Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman called you
father;
Is she yet alive?

Dion. Most honour'd Sir, she is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen
you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would
entreat your present company,

Phi. The princess send for me! You are mis-
taken.

Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will at-
tend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face!

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.

Thra. But are you sure it was the princess
sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul
out:

There's all the danger in't. But be what may,
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit Phi.*]

Dion. Go on:

And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.

Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends ac-
quainted.

Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Enter Arethusa and a lady.

Are. Comes he not?

Lady. Madam?

Are. Will Philaster come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.

How look'd he, when he told thee he would
come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful!

Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what
it is.

Are. Ye are all of his faction; the whole
court

Is hold in praise of him: whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.

Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks
hid more

Of love than fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? to you?

Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.

Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to
me?

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in.

Ye gods, that would not have your dooms with-
stood,

Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,

To make the passion of a feeble maid

The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.

Are. Oh! 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself.

Phi. Madam, your messenger

Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are
such

I have to say, and do so ill beseeem

The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,

And yet am loth to speak them. Have you
known,

That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set

My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you. [lic place,

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a pub-
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great ;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question ?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak,
will be

Foolish : But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,

I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam ! Both ?

Are. Both, or I die : by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life :

Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay then, leave !

I must and will have them, and more——

Phi. What more ?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepar'd,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more ?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I can't endure it. Turn away my face ?

I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he ; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore it under underneath, as much as his ;
Nor beast that I could turn from : shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds ! a lady's voice,
Whom I do love ? Say, you would have my life ?
Why, I will give it you ; for it is of me
A thing so tooth'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price :
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me ?

Are. Thy love ; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible ?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me
dead,

(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble
thoughts,

To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking : to suspect
Where base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life :
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and
spirit,

Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus : 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so ; and, sure, our love,
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss ;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt
us,

And we should part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill.

I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true ; and worse

You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a boy,

Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that my-tic order, that the rareness
Delighted me : but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the merry of the fields,
Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his
light.

Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify ; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief : and, to my thoughts, did
read

The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd ; so that, methought, I
could

Have study'd it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow ; and have got
The truest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well ; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his
service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with your-
self :

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have ap-
pointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond !

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of
Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not ;

And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it. [world

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope
and way

In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers
ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier.
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good Sir, do so still: I would not talk
with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable—

Phi. Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword—

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou—

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone: By Heav'n, I'll fetch
you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the
princess?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess.
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee
And for your greatness. know, Sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.

[Exit Philaster.

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must
stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Phi. I think he would discharge it well. But,
madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stol'n
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [Exit.

Pha. The constitution of my body will never
hold out till the wedding. I must seek else-
where. [Exit.

ACT II.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apt to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was
nothing;
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that which you
were apt

To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning
of a boy

Hard'ned in lies and theft: Yet ventur'd you
To part my miserie and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady

That bears more honour in her breast than you
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art
young,

And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee
fair yet.

But when thy judgment comes to rule those
passions,

Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.

She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the
world.

I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without once warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st
with me

Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.

Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.

But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your
designs!

May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be
one! *[Exit.]*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is
strange:

I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. *[Exit Phi.]*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long?
They must come this way: I know the queen
employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent
me word, they would all be for the garden. If
they should all prove honest now, I were in a
fun taking. I was never so long without sport
in my life; and, in my conscience, 'tis not my
fault. Oh, for our country ladies! Here's one
belted; I'll bound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, Sir.

Pha. Nay, say, you are too quick. By this
sweet head—

Gal. You'll be forsworn, Sir; 'tis but an old
glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for
you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do
not brag: these two I bar: And then, I think,
I shall have sense enough to answer all the
weighty apothegms your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost
you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear re-
pentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, Sir,
to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire
mine own hair covers; and this face has been
so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er
cost penny painting. And, for the rest of my
poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand
behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife
curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you, or I, could
help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give
no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, un-
less your grace means growing to fatness; and
then your only remedy (upon my knowledge,
prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-
wine, brew'd with carduus; then fast till sup-
per; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and
keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller*:

* You can shoot in a tiller; i. e. a stand; a small tree left in a
wood for growth, till it is felleable: Or it may mean rather, in
a steel bow; quasi *diana*, a stealer: i. e. *Arcus chalybeatus*, as
skinner says in his *Etymologicum*. *Mr. Theobald.*

But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy,
fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: The
are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit
well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite.
She's a Danæ, and must be courted in a shower
of gold. Madam, look here: All these, and more
than—

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold:
Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have
silver for it, to play with the pages: You could
not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you
have present use, my lord, I'll send my man
with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white
money. Yet, for all this I'll match you.

Exit Gal. behind the hangings.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this
kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang
up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions
as this, would call the golden age again in ques-
tion, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd
husband to get his own children; and what a
mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter Megra.

Here's another: If she be of the same last, the
devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings,
lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this
wench is free.

If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an
hour.

Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;

There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are
yet even,

Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, 'they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd
in blushes,

Which those fair suns above, with their bright
beams,

Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!

She that hath snow enough about her heart.

To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,

May be a nun without probation. Sir,

You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss,

That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it,
madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, you shall not.

I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' don't before;

But yet I shall stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;

I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?

* * * * *

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own.

* * * * *

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

* * * * *

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when—

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee? [*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowsabel*, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Ask'd you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace. That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discover'd?

Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.

Are. I prithee, how?

Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry.

Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again

With other ladies; leave the rest to me.

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say, 'Why, thou did'st this!') have not decreed it so In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters Were never altered) yet, this match shall break. Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you.

To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.

Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou can'st sing, and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?

Had'st thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?

Thou art not capable of other grief.

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be, When no breath trouble them: Believeme, boy, Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,

And builds himself caves, to abide in them.

Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Can'st thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?

Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me

As if he wish'd me well?

Bel. If it be love,

To forget all respect of his own friends,

To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily as men i' th' streets do fire;

If it be love, to weep himself away,

When he but hears of any lady dead

Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance,

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)

'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says, to name you once,

As others drop a bead; be to be in love,

Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,

For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie,

That bears this sound, is welcome to me

Than any truth, that says he loves me not.

Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too.

'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Mr. Theobald supposes the word Dowsabel to be a corruption of *douce et belle*, here used ironically.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, and Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.

Gal. 'Tis late.

Megra. 'Tis all

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find

The way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters-up.

What think you of a pleasant dream, to last Till morning?

Alc. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of ladies.

Is't not late, gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, madam.

Ar. Wait you there.

[Exit.]

Megra. She's jealous, as I live. Look you my lord,

The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Megra. Why, this is he must, when you are wed.

Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep:

The princess does provide him for you, and for herself.

Pha. I find no music in these boys.

Megra. Nor I.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Ye.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she keeps him.

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck

To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams

Megra. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.

Come, shall we go to-bed?

Gal. Yes; all good night.

[Exit Gal. and Megra.]

Dion. May your dreams be true to you.

What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king

Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope, Your highness will not tie me to a man, That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off, And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean?

King. If it be true,
The lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureless disease: Get you to your rest.

[Exit Are. and Bel.]

You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?

Dion. I saw him enter there.

King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover

If Megra be in her lodging.

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

King. If she be there, we shall not need to make

A vain discovery of our suspicion.

Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously

Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst

In that which meaner men are blest withall.

Ages to come shall know no male of him

Left to inherit; and his name shall be

Blotted from earth. If he have any child,

It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves

Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.

Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin

I have committed; let it not fall

Upon this under-standing child of mine;

She has not broke your laws. But how can I

Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,

Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds: I

told 'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my

business was important; they said, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my business

was a matter that concerned life and death; they answer'd, so was sleeping, at which their lady

was. I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they snil'd again, and

seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more

direct I could not get: In short, Sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally. You o'th' Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,

And see that none pass thence, upon your lives. Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!

What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing;

I'll break your meditations. Knock again!

Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this Larum by him. Once more. Pharamond!

prince!

Pharamond above.

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?

Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul, He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.

Come down.

Pha. The king?

King. The same, Sir; come down.

We have cause of present counsel with you.

Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you

To your chamber.

[*Pha. below.*

King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself, Make me unmannerly, and say, 'you cannot.' Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must Come through my life, that comes here.

[*Enters.*

King. Sir, be resolv'd.

I must and will come.

Pha. I'll not be dishonour'd.

• He that enters, enters upon his death.

Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me, To bring these renegadoes to my chamber, At these unseason'd hours.

King. Why do you chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause To ourself known: Enter, I say.

Pha. I say, no.

[*shall be!*

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter; I am up, and ready: I know their business: 'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour, They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it, You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here. Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you To make public the weakness of a woman.

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours,

Your private whispers, and your broader fleerings,

Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage.

But I have vengeance yet in store for some, Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me, Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; But I shall wring you, If my skill fail me not.

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness.

You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more. Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.

Enter Megra.

Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?

No man can fit your palate, but the prince.

Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness; thou piece

Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;

Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,

Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud

Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;

Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,

Had you none to pull on with your courtesies, But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?

By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,

And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;

Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes, And sear thy name with candles upon walls. Do you laugh, lady Venus?

Meg. 'Faith, Sir, you must pardon me; I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry. If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it, By all those gods you swore by, and as many More of mine own, I will have fellows, and Such fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth. The princess, your daughter, shall stand by me On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.

Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts, Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all:

Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen; Know what she does with him, where, and when.

Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness, The glory of a fury; and if I do not

Do it to the height—

King. What boy is this she raves at?

M. g. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;

I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault, As you would keep your health, from the hot air Of the corrupted people or, by Heav'n,

I will not fall alone. What I have known, Shall be as public as a print! all tongues

Shall speak it, as they do the language they

Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,

Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at; And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms—

Far and foreign,

Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, 'till they find

No tongue to make it more, nor no more people; And then behold the fall of your fair princess.

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace. I have seen a boy wait

On her; a fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:

For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study

To forget you. [*Ex. King, Meg. and guard.*

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules. If ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride, and be their captain.

Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange found-out antidote to cure her infection: That boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else. But there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

Enter Cleremont, Dion, and Thrastiline.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods

That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to you strange prince, who, but that
people
Please to let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man, that would not stir with
you,

To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause, that draws Philaster
back

From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.

Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own
good,

I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. Here he comes.

Good-morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptance?

Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a
head,

The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserv'd none? Know, my
friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Phi-
laster

With too much courtesy) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.

Dion. The time is fuller, Sir, than you ex-
pect:

That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be
reach'd

By violence, may now be caught. As for the
king,

You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they lov'd—

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Dion. She's known a whore.

Phi. Thou ly'st.

Dion. My lord—

Phi. Thou ly'st,

[Offers to draw, and is held.

And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardon'd: Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd
friend,

That comes to do his service, and will shew
You why he utter'd this.

Phi. I ask you pardon, Sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.

Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.

Phi. Oh, say not so! good Sir, forbear to
say so!

'Tis then truth, that all womankind is false!
Urge it no more; it is impossible.

Why, should you think the princess light?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis false! Oh, Heav'n! 'tis false! it
cannot be!

Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth,
speak!

Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?

Dion. Why, no, my lord.

Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy?

Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh, good gods!

A little boy?

Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?

Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceiv'd;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you:

If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he
acts,

Which is the great delight of wickedness.

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

Dion. How you, my lord?

Phi. Why, all the world's abus'd
In an unjust report.

Dion. Oh, noble Sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.

Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly
from my rage!

'Would thou hadst ta'en devils engend'ring
plagues,

When thou didst take them! Hide thee from
my eyes!

'Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been stricken
dumb

For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!

Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four sev'ral corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a
sword

To run me through?

Dion. Why, my lord, are you so mov'd at
this?

Phi. When any falls from virtue, I'm dis-
tract;

I have an int'rest in't.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself,
And think what's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you; I will do it.
Please you to leave me—I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.

Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!

Thra. He was extreme impatient.

Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.

[*Exeunt Dion, Cle. and Thra.*]

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took
them.

I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:

And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.

Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve our-
selves,

With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the water of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man—See, see, you gods,

Enter Bellario.

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!

The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.

Phi. Oh, Bellario!

Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: Sh'as made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attir'd me past my
wish,

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—(Oh, let
all women,

That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,

As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her; or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity.

As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:

But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my
youth

With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks, your words

Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

Bel. How, my lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.

I bad her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights.

* * * * * Tell me, gentle boy,

Is she not paralleless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee.
Come,

Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:

Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust. I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart!

This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do.

She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time

To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:

The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling!
Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bel. Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie

To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.

Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs

Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys condemn that?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he

Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:

'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game that must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls: Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with. If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I do?

Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far

As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,

Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

[Exit.]

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!

[Exit.]

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I rememb'ed him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept,
sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at
his stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who
attends you?
Are. None but my single self. I need no
guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, Sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?
Are. Yes, Sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away, he's done you that
good service,
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good Sir let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast
him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to
learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*]
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of ~~defamings~~, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortify'd
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest
mistress.
Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war
within me.
Phi. He must be more than man, that makes
these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me—
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The king.
Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd you?
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears
I send?
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, brace-
lets?
Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
Your crying elegies? And strike a sad soul
Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?
Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear, dear
Philaster!'
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee
know
This lady was not loyal. Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again, as
my Bellario?
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked; alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,

And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I
have

To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How Heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues,
like scorpions,

Bot' heal and poison: How your thoughts are
woven

With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you: How that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I'm morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten! How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my woe, all my delight!

[*Exit Phi.*]

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me
dead!

What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn
her eyes,

To find out constancy? Save me, how black
(*Enter Bellario.*)

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spok'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understand'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of
hills,

Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops

To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my
heart,

And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The pow'r of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth;
whilst I

Go seek out some forgotten place to die!

[*Exit Bel.*]

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast over-
thrown me once;

Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls
for you

With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!

Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arctusa, Galatea,
Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and
attendants.*

King. What, are the hounds before, and all
the woodmen;

Our horses ready, and our bows bent?

Dion. All, Sir.

King. You're cloudy, Sir; Come, we have
forgotten

Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

* * * * *

[*To Arctusa.*]

Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, Sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent?
methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet
he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a
sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man
had done this fault now, some physical justice
or other would presently (without the help of
an almanack) have opened the obstructions
of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-
whip.

Dion. See, see, how modestly yon lady looks,
as if she came from churching with her neigh-
bour. Why, what a devil can a man see in her
face, but that she's honest?

Thra. Troth, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings*: He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuft his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristram; for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stage once, to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye†. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all.

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods,

With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of womens' looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd
my bed

With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of
beasts,

Our neighbours; and have borne at her big
breasts

* I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an assay of the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings.—*Mr. Theobald.*

† He forsook the stage once to strike a rascal milking in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye: A rascal is a lean deer, or doe; but what sense is there in a deer milking in a meadow? I hope I have retriev'd the true reading, mitching, i. e. creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her in the eye, is a sarcasm on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart.—*Mr. Theobald.*

My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!

An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are griev'd, can pity: Hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!

View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone!

Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for
them;

The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?
Ev'n so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st,
when first

I took thee up: Curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that
way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to
have

That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt Phi. and Bel. severally.*]

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance!
You, Woodmen!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a
sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the
plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt Wood.*]

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! What,
is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself.
She cannot stray about a little necessary natural
business, but the whole court must be in arms:
When she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Thrasiline.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that? Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie again, rather than tell me that.

I say again, where is she? Mutter not!

Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heav'n,

It is thy last. You, fellows, answer me; Where is she? Mark me, all, I am your king; I wish to see my daughter; shew her me; I do command you all, as you are subjects, To shew her me! What, am I not your king? If 'ay,' then am I not to be obey'd?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,

Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things

Possible and honest; shew her me,

Or, let me perish, if I cover not

All Sicily with blood!

Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betray'd me; y'have let me lose

The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me, And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,

Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea, And stop the flood of Heav'n. Speak, can it not?

Dion. No.

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs

Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the pow'rs

That must be just.

King. Alas! what are we kings?

Why do you, gods, place us above the rest, To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we Believe we hold within our hands your thunder; And, when we come to try the pow'r we have, There's not a leaf shakes at our threat'nings. I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;

Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods: 'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse: He gallop'd empty by. There's some treason. You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood: Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! You should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth, To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us, for our hurt;

But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not, By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,

A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. Yet you may do well To spare your lady-bedfellow; and her You may keep for a spawner.

King. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all; disperse yourselves! The man that finds her,

Or, (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way; here I myself.

Dion. Come gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd myself.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,

Without the counsel of my troubled head:

I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,

O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.

Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heav'n knows I want nothing.

Because I do not wish to live; yet I

Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty!

From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground. See,

The lively red is gone to guard her heart!

I fear she faints. Madam, look up! She breathes not.

Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell. Oh, she
stirs:

How is it, madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good
gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a
heart!

But he must ease it here?

Bel. My lord, help the princess.

Are. I am well: Forbear.

Phi. Let me love light'ning, let me be em-
brac'd

And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a
stone,

Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this base act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may
guilt

Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-
man's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then?

Are. Kill you?

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be
gone;

Leave me without reply; this is the last

Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or
suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy, in the other world; no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me, then, the way.

Phi. Then guide

My feeble hand, you that have pow'r to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your
youth

Have any way offended Heav'n, let pray'rs
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a country fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest;
I have hunted him these two hours; if I should
come home and not see him, my sisters would
laugh at me. I can see nothing but people
better hors'd than myself, that outride me; I
can hear nothing but shouting. These kings
had need of good brains; this whooping is able
to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a
courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand,
upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With Heav'n and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou'rt
a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth
to play half a dozen of venies at wasters* with
a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude
thyself

Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. God uds, I understand you not; but,
I know, the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;

Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can
lay it on, if you touch the woman.

[*They fight.*]

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

Are. Heav'n's guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me: Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.

[*Exit Phi.*]

* *Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters* [i. e. cudgels. Minshew, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a most ridiculous reason for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were called *wasters*, because, in frequently clashing against each other, they splintered and wasted. I'll venture to advance a more probable conjecture. We find in our old law-books, that the statute of Westminster (5th Edwardi tertii, chap. 14) was made against night-walkers, and suspected persons called roberdersmen, *wastours*, and drawlatches. These *wastours*, or plunderers, derived their name from the Latin term, *vastatores*; and thence the mischievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went armed, were called *wasters*; i. e. destroyers.—*Mr. Theobald.*

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I prithee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?

Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I'faith, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

Coun. 'Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How, will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;

'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,

I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, And bring him all in my hat.

Are. Nay, good Sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment, Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing. Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. and 1 Woodman.*]

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.

[*Exeunt.* Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow, And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank, For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all, Let me unworthy press you: I could wish, I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you, Than quick above you. Dullness shuts mine eyes, And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

[*Enter Philaster.*

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,

To strike at her that would not strike at me.

When I did fight, methought I heard her pray The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd, And I a loathed villain: If she be, She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds, And cannot follow; neither knows he me. Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,

[*Cry within.*

So broken. Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods, I'll take this offer'd means of my escape: They have no mark to know me, but my wounds, If she be true; if false, let mischief light On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think, Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[*Wounds him.*

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope is come: Blest be that hand!

It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself: [*Phi. falls.*

The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,

Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge; Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death: I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand Wounded the princess; tell my followers, Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me, And I will second thee: Get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

Phi. How's this?

'Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain

For me to live. These little wounds I have Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand; I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,

Creep in among those bushes: Who does know But that the gods may save your much-lov'd breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this, That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows That I can stand no longer.

[*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.*

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, Sir! what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods

By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men, Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord, Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy, That wicked boy, that serv'd her.

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,

Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge! for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as
swift

As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse,
And more condemn'd, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.

[*Philaster creeps out of a bush.*]

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in
one,

The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh
down

That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,
Higher than hill of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, *Bellario*.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead
me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to
keep,

And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, *Bellario*,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, Sirs, I fear me, we were all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it:

Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you
die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Cæsar*,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your
flesh

To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their
tears

Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor *Philaster*.

Enter King, Arethusa, and a guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but,
say it was *Philaster*?

Phi. Question it no more; it was.

* *King.* The fellow that did fight with him,
will tell us that.

Are. Ah me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should
live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!

Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.

Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me, then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? Soft! our law
Will not reach that, for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a
guard.

Come, princely *Pharamond*, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray, that this action lose not *Philas-
ter* the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their ever-wise heads will
think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the king must know; 'tis not
in his power to war with Heav'n.

Cle. We linger time; the king sent for *Phi-
laster* and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wonderous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind;

I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death: Oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then out-live
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I should close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin, swear,
To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep, forgotten with my faults!
Ev'ry just servant, ev'ry maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you?

He was not born of woman that can cut
It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For else my heart will break with shame and
sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love,
Sir,

Deal with me truly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, Sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, Sir, we would have ask'd you
pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.

L 2

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me, then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cle. So please you, Sir, he's gone to see the city,

And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her we stay.

Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The head, you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overthrow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable
roots

Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, tow'rs, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario, in a
robe and garland.*

King. How now! what masque is this?

Bel. Right royal Sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers,
and slept

Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-
stroke,

Free from the clouds, when they were big with
humour,

And deliver'd, in thousand spouts, their issues
to the earth:

Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!

'Till never pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the
sun

Scorch'd them ev'n to the roots, and dry'd them
there:

And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine to-
gether,

Never to be divided. The god, that sings

His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.

King. How, how!

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For there's no masquing in't) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought
him,

Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband! Call in
The captain of the citadel; there you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad requiems to your departing souls:
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flow'rs about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to
swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I've done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou wor-
thy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll ex-
cuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able
To cover this base murder: Make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramids; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little mar-
ble

(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far outshine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heav'nly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, 'less it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is my joy to die:
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?

King. Here.

Mes. Get you to your strength
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.

Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your
weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!

King. A thousand devils take 'em!

Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em!

Mes. Arin, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.

[Exit with *Are. Phi. Bel.*
King. Away to th' citadel: I'll see them
safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the
guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.
[Exit.]

Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear
honour!

Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?
Well, my dear countrymen, What-ye-lack, if you
continue, and fall not back upon the first bro-
ken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled,
and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-
praised sonnets, and grav'd in new brave bal-
lads, that all tongues shall trouble you in *sæcula*
sæculorum, my kind cancarriers.

Thra. What if a toy take 'em i' th' heels now,
and they run all away?

Dion. If they all prove cowards, my curses
fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they
have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at
home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths
branch their velvets, and their silks only be
worn before sore eyes! May their false lights
undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains,
and oldness in their stuffs, and make them
shoprid! May they know no language but that
gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless
it be the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds;
and may they write that false, and lose their
debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods
confound them, how they swarm together!

What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits!

[Exit Cle.

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, Sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremont and Philaster.

King. Oh, worthy Sir, forgive me! Do not make

Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you.

And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,

And be what you were born to: Take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my pray'rs. By th' gods, my heart speaks this;

And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,

And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,

And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, Sir: I shall bring you peace
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [Exeunt.

Enter an old captain and citizens, with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave myrmidons, let's fall on! let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mother's gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths up, children, till your palates fall frighted, half a fathom pass the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster!

Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, my pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, than your cold water camlets, or your paintings spotted with copper. Let not your hasty silks, or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues, dearly beloved of spice cake and custard, your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections in darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought valours; and let your uncut choler make the king feel the measure of your mightiness. Philaster! cry, my rose nobles, cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things that will not strike their top-sails to a foist; and let man of war, an argucy*, hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; and give your greatness warning, that you talk no more such bug-words, or that sold' red crown shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince Phippen, down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled. Let him loose, my spirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, and let us see what this trim man dares do. Now, Sir, have at you! Here I lie, and with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd, like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

i Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, Sir: We have not seen one foe a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a satin, and between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. Oh! for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold; the man begins to fear, and know himself; he shall for this time only be seal'd up, with a feather through his noset, that he may only see heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay, my beyond-sea Sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king! Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet; thou royal ring-tail†, fit to fly at nothing but poor mens' poultry, and have

* A foist is an old word for a smaller vessel. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, 'When the galley foist is adloat to Westminster.'—*Symphon.*

† He shall for this time only be seal'd up, with a feather through the noset. There is a difference, which the printers did not know, betwixt seal'd and seal'd; the latter is a term in falconry. When a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids, so that she may see very little, to make her the better endure the hood.—*Mr. Theobald.*

‡ Thou royal ring-tail. A ring-tail is a sort of a kite, with a whitish tail.—*Mr. Theobald.*

every boy beat thee from that too with his bread
and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own
charge build a college, and clap it upon the
gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit
with; for, certainly, a royal gut will sound like
silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I
past my pain once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to
feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be
tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming
of your two-hand sword, and let me have his
skin to make false scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, Sir, has he?

Cap. No, Sir, he's a pollard*. What would'st
thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made rare
hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shinbones, if
they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince
Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are
these

Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your
hands

Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosiclear,

We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!

And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,

And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,

Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,

And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foe-
men,

And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this
stand

Of royal blood shall be abroad, a-tilt,

And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?

Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?

Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets

Kiss their gum'd gollst, and cry, 'we are your
servants?'

Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy
castle,

And this man sleeps.

* No, Sir, he's a pollard.] A pollard, among gardeners, is an
old tree, which has been often lopped: but, among hunters,
a stag, or male deer, which has cast its head, or horns.—*Mr.*
Theobald.

† Kiss their gum'd gollst.] *Gollst*, in old English authors,
means *hands*, or *paws*. *Gum'd* we apprehend to be found
from the substantive *gum*; and the whole passage to signify,
'Do the nobility kiss their hands in token of civility,' and say,
'We are your servants!' *Mr. Theobald* reads, *kiss the gum*
gollst.—*Mr. Culman.*

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your
friend; I am what I was born to be, your
prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery: Set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual 'prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness,
age,

To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you. Friends, discharge your
fears;

Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good Sir, take heed he does not hurt
you:

He's a fierce man, I can tell you, Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a sur-
cingle, and mail you like a hawk.

[*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.

Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon
my word,

He's tame enough, he needs no further watch-
ing.

Good my friends, go to your houses,

And by me have your pardons, and my love;

And know, there shall be nothing in my pow'r

You may deserve, but you shall have your
wishes.

To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.

Continue still your love; and, for an earnest

Drink this.

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince!
brave prince!

Brave prince!

[*Exit Phi. and Pha.*

Cap. Thou art the king of courtesy! Fall off
again, my sweet youths. Come and every man
trace to his house again, and hang his pewter
up; then to the tavern, and bring your wives
in muffs. We will have music; and the red
grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleme-
mont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, and attend-
ants.*

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!

I will not break the least word I have giv'n

In promise to him: I have heap'd a world

Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope

To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son!

Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of
grief

That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take
her;

She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. For you, Prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.

And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.

Meg. I know your meaning. I am not the
first

That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves
To cur' ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Ship us all four, my lord; we can en-
dure

Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for
father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means
is left

For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I
may speak.

As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as be her actions! Hear me, Sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it hand-
somely.

Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, Sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the pow'rs above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away that boy

To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy
Sir!

Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands
a man,

The falsest and the basest of this world.

Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied!

My former deeds were hateful, but this last

Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,

Have given the dear preserver of my life

Unto his torture! Is it in the pow'r

Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to kill himself.*]

Are. Dear Sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that
hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, Sir; your tender flesh will try
your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No! Help, Sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there! why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,

You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command

This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things
than these

You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told

In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

Dion. By Heav'n, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair sake,

Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st

As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;

But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! Is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,

Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?

Bel. In Siracusa.

Dion. What's thy name?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!

Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,

And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?

Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Dion. All is discover'd.

Phi. Why then hold you me?

[*He offers to stab himself.*]

All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is discover'd?

Dion. Why, my shame!

It is a woman: Let her speak the rest.

Phi. How? that again!

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Bless'd be you pow'rs that favour innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that lady.

Phi. It is a woman. Sir! Hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two.
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.

Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy!

Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gate.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haste

To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens' eyes.

For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount.
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, Sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth

Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Phi. I do confess,
Renowned Sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy,
Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heav'n wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[The following little pieces are taken from Francis Beaumont's Poems, of which the first edition was published in 1640.]

TO THE MUTABLE FAIRE.

HERE, Cœlia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so neere my heart ;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy ;
And that I may successefull prove,
Transforme myself to what you love.

Foole that I was, so much to prize
Those simple vertues you despise ?
Foole, that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove ;
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force, and mock our skill ;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the aire,
Mount, make a stoope at every faire,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawlesse as the sea, or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe're you flie,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formall stars do travell so
As we their names and courses know ;
And he that on their changes looks
Would thinke them govern'd by our books ;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art the motion us'd,
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despaires to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide ;
And therefore of the spacious aire
Jove's royall consort had the care,
And by that power did once escape
Declining bold Ixion's rape ;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shinin' cloud, which he imbrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thirsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cœlia caught ;
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the faire
He fill'd his armes with yeelding aire,
A fate for which he grieves the lesse
Because the gods had like successe:
For in their story one (we see)
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree ;
A second with a lover's haste
Soone overtakes what he had chaste ;
But she that did a virgin seeme,
Possess'd, appears a wand'ring streame.
For his supposed love a third
Laies greedy hold upon a bird ;
And stands amaz'd to see his deare
A wild inhabitant of the aire.

To such old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new ;

The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cœlia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend :
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same :
Againe deceive him, and againe,
And then he sweares he'l not complaine ;
For still to be deluded so
Is all the pleasures lovers know,
Who, like good falkners, take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vaine delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly ;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholly,
O sweetest melancholly !

Welcome folded armes and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies ;
A looke that's fastned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

Fountain heads, and pathlesse groves,
Places which pale passion loves ;
Moon-light walks, when all the fowles
Are warmly hous'd save bats and owles ;
A midnight bell, a parting groane,
These are the sounds we feed upon !
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholly.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night :
The wind blowes out, the bubble dies,
The spring intomb'd in autumn lies :
The dew's dry'd up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

SONG TO CUPID.

O turn thy bow,
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid turn away thy bow :
They be those golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their sorrows ;
And 'till there be more truth in men
Never shoot at maids agen !

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Born 1570.—Died 1626.*

NOSCE TEIPSUM*.

[Extracts from the *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem on the Immortality of the Soul.]

WHAT can we know? or what can we discern?
When error choaks the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things, how can we learn?
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Waisted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness such:
"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, He knew nought, but that he nought did know,
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, *know thyself*, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, not what she is.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live and he,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we hear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

* This is supposed to be the earliest philosophical poem in the language.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own Soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how:

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's Soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies [there,
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin, [fire,
And threat the feeblér sense with sword and
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part ;
 As bees in storms back to their hives return ;
 As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
 As men seek towns, when foes the country
 burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
 (Making us pry into ourselves so near)
 Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
 Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
 And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
 Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear ;
 Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air :
 So working seas settle and purge the wine :
 So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair :
 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
 Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
 Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
 As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
 That now beyond myself I will not go ;
 Myself am centre of my circling thought,
 Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my Body's of so frail a kind,
 As force without, fevers within can kill :
 I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
 But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will :

I know my Soul hath power to know all things,
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all :
 I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
 Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall :

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;
 I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing ;
 And to conclude, I know myself a man,
 Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

THE lights of heav'n (which are the world's fair
 eyes)
 Look down into the world, the world to see ;
 And as they turn or wander in the skies,
 Survey all things that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tow'r do shine,
 Mine eyes, which view all objects nigh and
 far,
 Look not into this little world of mine,
 Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
 Why want I means my inward self to see ?
 Which sight the knowledge of myself might
 bring,
 Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That Pow'r, which gave me eyes the world to
 view,
 To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
 Whereby my Soul, as by a mirror true,
 Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
 Except the sun-beams in the air do shine ;
 So the best Soul, with her reflecting thought,
 Sees not herself without some light divine.

O light, which mak'st the light, which makes
 the day !
 Which set'st the eye without, and mind within,
 Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
 Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
 Which, dim by nature, art did never clear ?
 When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
 Are ignorant both of what she is, and where.

One thinks the Soul is air ; another fire ;
 Another blood, diffus'd about the heart ;
 Another saith, the elements conspire,
 And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies ;
 Physicians hold that they complexions be ;
 Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
 Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral Soul fills every brain,
 As the bright sun sheds light in every star ;
 And others think the name of Soul is vain,
 And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary ;
 And thus they vary in judgment of her seat ;
 For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
 Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart ;
 Some in the river, fountain of the veins ;
 Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part ;
 Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom shew,
 While with their doctrines they at hazard
 play ;
 Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
 To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
 Touching the Soul, so vain and fond a thought ;
 But some among these masters have been found ;
 Which in their schools the self-same thing
 have taught.

* * * * *

She is a substance, and a real thing,
 Which hath itself an actual working might,
 Which neither from the senses power doth
 spring,
 Nor from the Body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things
past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own, without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take,
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many cases, like one rule of law;
These her collections, not the senses are.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring
doth rise;

And seeing the branch, conceives the root below:
These things she views without the Body's eyes.

When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly [West;
Swifter than lightning's fire from East to
About the centre, and above the sky,
She travels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end;
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
What instruments doth then the Body lend?

When without hands she doth thus castles
build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd;
By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers virtue, vice, and general things;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her Body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the Body's prison so she lies,
As through the Body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise, [book.
By gathering notes out of the world's great

Nor can herself discourse or judge of aught,
But what the sense collects, and home doth
bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

Are they not senseless then, that think the Soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the Sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the Sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the Sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets spheres not much asun-
der:

What tells us then their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the
thunder:

What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: What makes us
think them men?

When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judg-
ment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better
course;

When her rebellious Sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did Sense persuade Ulysses not to hear [please,
The mermaid's songs which so his men did
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of Sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right-hand with courage
stout?

Could Sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
Beside the Senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures
drown'd,
It seems their Souls but in their Senses are."

If we had nought but Sense, then only they
Should have found minds, which have their
senses found:

But Wisdom grows, when Senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest Sense is found.

If we had nought but Sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp
than we;

As having Sense's apprehensive might,
In a more clear and excellent degree.

* * * * *

Were she a Body, how could she remain
Within this Body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape con-
tain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All Bodies are confin'd within some place,
 But she all place within herself confines :
 All Bodies have their measure and their space ;
 But who can draw the Soul's dimensive lines ?

No Body can at once two forms admit,
 Except the one the other do deface ;
 But in the Soul ten thousand forms do sit,
 And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All Bodies are with other Bodies fill'd,
 But she receives both heav'n and earth together :
 Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
 For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be ;
 For they that most and greatest things embrace,
 Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
 As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
 As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd :
 So little glasses little faces make,
 And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast Body must we make the mind,
 Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas,
 and lands ;
 And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
 And each thing in the true proportion stands ?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
 Bodies to Spirits, by sublimation strange ;
 As fire converts to fire the things it burns ;
 As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
 And draws a kind of quintessence from things ;
 Which to her proper nature she transforms,
 To bear them light on her celestial wings.

* * * * *

Her only end is never-ending bliss ;
 Which is, the eternal face of God to see ;
 Who, last of ends, and first of causes, is ;
 And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,
 Which thinks his Soul doth with his body die ;
 Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
 That he might sin with more security ?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
 Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
 Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
 And when we die, doth turn to wind at last :

Although they say, come let us eat and drink ;
 Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies ;
 Though thus they say, they know not what to think ;
 But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no hereticks desire to spread
 Their light opinions, like these epicures ;
 For so their staggr'ing thoughts are comforted,
 And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
 There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
 Which cannot be extinct, but still revive ;
 That though they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
 And doth with patience view himself therein,
 His Soul's eternity shall clearly find,
 Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Born 1563.—Died 1631.

THE NYMPHIDIA.

OLD Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
 Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
 A later third of Dowsabel,
 With such poor trifles playing :
 Others the like have labour'd at,
 Some of this thing, and some of that,
 And many of they know not what,
 But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
 Be talking of the Fairies still,
 Nor never can they have their fill,
 As they were wedded to them :
 No tales of them their thirst can slake,
 So much delight therein they take,
 And some strange things they fain would make,
 Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
 Or of the later, or the old,
 Those elvish secrets to unfold,
 Which lie from others reading ;
 My active muse to light shall bring
 The court of that proud Fairy King,
 And tell there of the revelling :
 Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
 Which meeting me upon the way,
 These secrets didst to me bewray,
 Which now I am in telling :
 My pretty light fantastic maid,
 I here invoke to thee my aid,
 That I may speak what thou hast said,
 In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way so'er it blow it :
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded :
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only Fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure :
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows' seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them :
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping :
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother :
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the Fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befel,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting :
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwigen was this Fairy Knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed :
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwigen gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing :
At length this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the Queen a fitting bow'r,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth :
In all your train there's not a Fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb a Fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry :
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For naught must her be letting :
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell ;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning :
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bones,
 And daintily made for the nonce,
 For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it :
 For all her maidens much did fear,
 If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
 That Mab his Queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
 Nor would she stay for no advice,
 Until her maids, that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fitted,
 But ran herself away alone ;
 Which when they heard, there was not one
 But hastened after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
 Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
 To Mab their sovereign dear,
 Her special maids of honour ;
 Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
 Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
 Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

'Upon a grasshopper they got,
 And what with amble and with trot,
 For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they lie them.
 A cobweb over them they throw,
 To stop the wind if it should blow
 Themselves they wisely could bestow,
 Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
 Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
 That now had gotten by this wile,
 Her dear Pigwiggen kissing ;
 And tell how Oberon doth fare,
 Who grew as mad as any hare,
 When he had sought each place with care,
 And found his Queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
 He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
 And as he runneth here and there,
 An acorn-cup he getteth ;
 Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
 About his head he lets it walk,
 Nor dot he any creature baulk,
 But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
 The frantic Paladine of France,
 And those more ancient do inhance
 Alcides in his fury,
 And others Ajax Telamon :
 But to this time there hath been none
 So Bedlam as our Oberon,
 Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
 He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
 As though his breath he forth would grasp,
 Him for Pigwiggen taking :
 ' Where is my wife, thou rogue ? (quoth he)
 Pigwiggen, she is come to thee ;
 Restore her, or thou dy'st by me.'
 Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, " Oberon, great Fairy King,
 Content thee, I am no such thing ;
 I am a wasp, behold my sting !"
 At which the Fairy started.
 When soon away the wasp doth go,
 Poor wretch was never frightened so,
 He thought his wings were much too slow,
 O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
 (You must suppose it now was night)
 Which, for her hinder part was bright,
 He took to be a devil ;
 And furiously doth her assail
 For carrying fire in her tail ;
 He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
 The mad King fear'd no evil.

' Oh ! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
 Thou puissant King of Fairy land,
 Thy mighty strokes who may withstand ?
 Hold, or of life despair I.'
 Together then herself doth roll,
 And tumbling down into a hole,
 She seem'd as black as any coal,
 Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
 Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
 And down their combs begins to rive,
 All likely to have spoiled :
 Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
 And with their honey daub'd his beard ;
 It would have made a man afear'd,
 To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides :
 He met an ant which he bestrides,
 And post thereon away he rides,
 Which with his haste doth stumble,
 And came full over on her snout,
 Her heels so threw the dirt about,
 For she by no means could get out,
 But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
 And all befurried head and face,
 On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
 As here and there he rambles,
 Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
 And for a mountain taking it,
 For all he was out of his wit,
 Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling :
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry :
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancho's travel :
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken :
'Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, God save thy grace,
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken.'

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us ;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winters nights, out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

'Dear Puck, quoth he, my wife is gone ;
As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her :
Bring her to me, alive or dead ;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head ;
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her.'

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching :
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm ;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping :
A humble bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
'My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you :
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you.'

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down :
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling :
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind ;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find :
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them :
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had :
When quoth this Fay, 'Dear queen, be glad,
'Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

Come all into this nut, (quoth she)
Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chuser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt.
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
 Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
 That he would be her over-match,
 Of which she well bethought her ;
 Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
 The queen against him that must arm,
 Or surely he would do her harm,
 For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
 That her might hinder, or might fear ;
 But finding still the coast was clear,
 Nor creature had descry'd her :
 Each circumstance and having scann'd,
 She came thereby to understand,
 Puck would be with them out of hand,
 When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
 The kernel of the missletoe ;
 And here and there as Puck should go,
 With terror to affright him,
 She night-shade strews to work him ill,
 Therewith her vervain and her dill,
 That hind'reth witches of their will,
 Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
 That groweth underneath the yew,
 With nine drops of the midnight dew,
 From lunary distilling ;
 The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
 And with the same the pismire's gall.
 For she in nothing short would fall,
 The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
 Which at both ends was rooted deep,
 And over it three times she leapt,
 Her magic much availing :
 Then on Proserpina doth call,
 And so upon her spell doth fall,
 Which her : to you repeat I shall,
 Not in one tittle failing.

' By the croaking of the frog ;
 By the howling of the dog ;
 By the crying of the hog
 Against the storm arising ;
 By the evening curfew-bell ;
 By the doleful dying knell ;
 O let this my direful spell,
 Hob, hinder thy surprising.

' By the mandrake's dreadful groans ;
 By the Lubrican's sad moans ;
 By the noise of dead men's bones
 In charnel-houses rattling ;
 By the hissing of the snake,
 The rustling of the fire-drake,
 I charge thee this place forsake,
 Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

' By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
 By the thunder's dreadful stound,
 Yells of spirits under ground,
 I charge thee not to fear us :
 By the screech-owl's dismal note,
 By the black night-raven's throat,
 I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
 With thorns, if thou come near us.'

Her spell thus spoke, she slept aside,
 And in a chink herself doth hide,
 To see thereof what would betide,
 For she doth only mind him :
 When presently she Puck espies,
 And well she markt his gloating eyes,
 How under every leaf he pries,
 In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
 The charms to work do straight begin,
 And he was caught as in a gin :
 For as he thus was busy,
 A pain he in his head-piece feels,
 Against a stubbed tree he reels,
 And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels :
 Alas ! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
 Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
 And as again he forward sets,
 And through the bushes scrambles.
 A stump doth trip him in his pace,
 Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
 And lamentably tore his case
 Amongst the briars and brambles.

' Plague upon Queen Mab (quoth he)
 And all her maids, where'er they be ;
 I think the devil guided me,
 To seek her, so provoked.'
 When stumbling at a piece of wood,
 He fell into a ditch of mud,
 Where to the very chin he stood,
 In danger to be choaked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
 Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
 That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted sore
 Some treason had been wrought her :
 Until Nymphidia told the Queen
 What she had done, what she had seen,
 Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
 With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
 Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
 And come again to have a bout
 With Oberon yet madding :
 And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
 Who much was troubled in his thought,
 That he so long the queen had sought,
 And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
'King Oberon, I thee defy,
 And dare thee here in arms to try,
 For my dear lady's honour :
 For that she is a queen right good,
 In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
 And that thou in this jealous mood
 Hast laid this slander on her.'

And quickly arms him for the field,
 A little cockle-shell his shield,
 Which he could very bravely wield,
 Yet could it not be pierced :
 His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
 And well near of two inches long :
 The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
 Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
 Which was of a fish's scale,
 That when his foe should him assail,
 No point should be prevailing.
 His rapier was a hornet's sting,
 It was a very dangerous thing ;
 For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
 It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
 Most horrible and full of dread,
 That able was to strike one dead,
 Yet it did well become him :
 And for a plume, a horse's hair,
 Which being tossed by the air,
 Had force to strike his foe with fear,
 And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
 Yet scarce he on his back could get,
 So oft and high he did curvet,
 E'er he himself could settle :
 He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
 To gallop, and to trot the round,
 He scarce could stand on any ground,
 He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
 One that a valiant knight had been,
 And to great Oberon of kin :
 Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,
 'Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
 'Then bid him stand upon his guard ;
 'This hand his baseness shall reward,
 'Let him be ne'er so wary.

'Say to him thus, That I defy
 'His slanders and his infamy,
 'And as a mortal enemy
 'Do publicly proclaim him :
 'Withal, that if I had mine own,
 'He should not wear the Fairy crown,
 'But with a vengeance should come down ;
 'Nor we a king should name him.'

This Tomalin could not abide,
 To hear his sovereign vilify'd ;
 But to the Fairy court him hy'd,
 Full furiously he posted,
 With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said ;
 How title to the crown he laid,
 And in what arms he was array'd,
 And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
 He told the arming of each joint,
 In every piece how neat and quaint ;
 For 'Tomalin could do it :
 How fair he sat, how sure he rid ;
 As of the courser he bestrid,
 How manag'd, and how well he did.
 The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, 'Go, 'Tomalin, with speed.
 Provide me arms, provide my steed,
 And every thing that I shall need,
 By thee I will be guided :
 To strait account call thou thy wit,
 See there be wanting not a whit,
 In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
 Just as my foe's provided.'

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
 Which gave Queen Mab to understand
 The combat that was then in hand
 Betwixt those men so mighty :
 Which greatly she began to rue,
 Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
 The first occasion from her grew,
 Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
 Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
 To Proserpine the Queen of shades,
 To treat, that it would please her
 The cause into her hands to take,
 For ancient love and friendship's sake,
 And soon thereof an end to make,
 Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
 And come we to King Oberon,
 Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
 For proud Pigwiggen crying :
 Who sought the Fairy King as fast,
 And had so well his journies cast,
 That he arrived at the last,
 His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
 Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
 That perfect were in ev'ry thing
 To single fights belonging :
 And therefore they themselves engage,
 To see them exercise their rage,
 With fair and comely equipage,
 Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
 As they had been a very pair,
 So that a man would almost swear
 That either had been either :
 Their furious steeds began to neigh,
 That they were heard a mighty way :
 Their staves upon their rests they lay ;
 Yet e'er they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
 Which was indifferent to them both,
 That on their knightly faith and truth,
 No magic them supplied ;
 And sought them that they had no charms,
 Wherewith to work each other's harms,
 But came with simple open arms,
 To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
 That to the ground came horse and man ;
 The blood out of their helmets span,
 So sharp were their encounters :
 And though they to the earth were thrown,
 Yet quickly they regain'd their own ;
 Such nimbleness was never shewn,
 They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
 They forward came with might and main,
 Yet which had better of the twain,
 The seconds could not judge yet :
 Their shields were into pieces cleft,
 Their helmets from their heads were reft,
 And to defend them nothing left,
 These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
 Their cruel swords they quickly drew
 And freshly they the fight renew,
 They every stroke redoubled :
 Which made Proserpina take heed,
 And make to them the greater speed,
 For fear lest they too much should bleed,
 Which would rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
 She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
 And in a bag doth them enclose,
 When well she had them blended :
 She hies her then to Lethe spring,
 A bottle and thereof doth bring,
 Wherewith she meant to work the thing
 Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
 Unto the place where Oberon
 And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
 Both to be slain were likely :
 And there themselves they closely hide,
 Because they would not be espy'd ;
 For Proserpine meant to decide
 The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
 Which out of it sent such a smoke,
 As ready was them all to choke,
 So grievous was the pother :
 So that the knights each other lost,
 And stood as still as any post,
 Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
 Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
 Proserpina commandeth peace,
 And that a while they should release
 Each other of their peril :
 ' Which here (quoth she) I do proclaim
 ' To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
 ' That as ye will eschew his blame,
 ' You let me hear the quarrel.

' But here yourselves you must engage,
 ' Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
 ' Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
 ' That first you drink this liquor ;
 ' Which shall your understandings clear,
 ' As plainly shall to you appear,
 ' Those things from me that you shall hear,
 ' Conceiving much the quicker.'

This Lethe water, you must know,
 The memory destroyeth so,
 That of our weal, or of our woe,
 It all remembrance blotted,
 Of it nor can you ever think :
 For they no sooner took this drink,
 But nought into their brains could sink,
 Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
 That he for jealousy ran mad ;
 But of his queen was wondrous glad,
 And ask'd how they came thither.
 Pigwiggen likewise doth forget,
 That the Queen Mab had ever met,
 Or that they were so hard beset,
 When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
 That e'er they had each other sought,
 Much less that they a combat fought,
 But such a dream were loathing.
 Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
 And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
 Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
 That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
 Amongst themselves do closely smile,
 To see the king caught with this wile,
 With one another jesting :
 And to the Fairy court they went,
 With mickle joy and merriment,
 Which thing was done with good intent ;
 And thus I left them feasting.

POLY-OLBION.

[Extract from the 26th Song.]

BUT, Muse, return at last, attend the princely
Trent,
Who straining on in state, the north's imperious
flood,
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty
wood,
Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood
where she shows
Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she
flows,
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin
clear,
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derby-
shire;
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent
upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.
Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroll'd
she ranges,
Her often varying form, as variously and changes.
First Erwash, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood
sends her in;
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had
been,
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud
height,
So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,
That she from running wild, but hardly can re-
frain,
To view in how great state, as she along doth
strain,
That brave exalted seat, beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-spread meads upon the other
side,
All flourish in flowers, and rich embroideries
dress'd,
In which she sees herself above her neighbours
bless'd.
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this pro-
spect brings,
In her peculiar praise, lo, thus the river sings:
What should I care at all, from what my
name I take,
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did
seat:
Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do
live,
To me this name of Trent did from that number
give.
What reck I? let great Thames, since by his
fortune he
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Isis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive:
And for the second place, proud Severn that
doth strive,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud
mountain sprung,
Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,
And of that princely maid, whose name she boasts
to bear,

Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted
heir.
Let these imperious floods draw down their long
descent
From these so famous stocks, and only say of
Trent,
That Mooreland's barren earth me first to light
did bring,
Which though she be but brown, my clear com-
plexion'd spring
Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when
I first did rise,
The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hyda-
gies,
And on her spacious breast, (with heaths that
doth abound)
Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round:
And of the British floods, though but the third
I be,
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short
of me.
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the south, on my so either
sides,
That reckoning how these tracts in compass be
extent,
Men bound them on the north, or on the south
of Trent;
Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd
with mine,
Through my prespicious breast, the pearly
pebbles shine:
I throw my crystal arms along the flow'ry valleys.
Which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-
alleys,
Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court
my stream,
And crown my winding banks with many an
anadem:
My silver-scaled skulls about my streams do
sweep,
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new spawn'd numer-
ous fry
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do
lie.
The barbell, than which fish a braver doth not
swim,
Nor greater for the ford within my spacious
brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth
please;
The greling, whose great spawn is big as any
pease;
The perch with pricking fins, against the pike
prepar'd,
As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger
guard,
His daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's
proof)
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the
ruffe.
His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,

The pretty slender dare, of many call'd the dace,
 Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his
 face,
 Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
 But with such nimble slight, that e'er ye can
 disclose
 His shape, out of your sight like lightning he
 is shot.
 The trout, by nature mark'd with many a crimson
 spot,
 As though she curious were in him above the
 rest,
 And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the
 best;
 The roche, whose common kind to every flood
 doth call:
 The chub, (whose neater name) which some a
 chevin call,
 Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)
 Who for their numerous store he most doth
 them devour;
 The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry
 realm,
 When as his season serves, stemming my tideful
 stream,
 Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
 (For whom the fisher then all other game for-
 sakes)
 Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a
 ring,
 Above the forced weares, himself doth nimbly
 fling,
 And often when the net hath drag'd him safe to
 'and,
 Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's
 hand;
 Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness in-
 terlarded,
 Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
 And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry
 store,
 Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the
 more
 Should have my beauties grac'd with something
 from him sent;
 Not Ancon's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
 Though the sweet smelling smelt be more in
 Thames than me,
 The lamprey, and his lesse, in Severn general
 be;
 The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers
 caught,
 Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not
 thought:
 The dainty gudgeon, loche the minnow, and the
 bleake,
 Since they but little are, I little need to speak
 Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to
 reck,
 Which every where are found, in every little
 beck;
 Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst
 my stones, [bones:
 From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his

For carp, the tench, and breame, my other store
 among,
 To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do be-
 long,
 Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters
 clear,
 Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are
 here.
 From Nottingham, near which this river first
 begun,
 This song, she the meanwhile, by Newark having
 run,
 Receiving little Synte, from Bever's batning
 grounds,
 At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincoln-
 ian bounds.
 Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
 Her love to princely Trent, as downward she
 doth flow,
 Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mans-
 field sends
 To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends
 Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to
 meet,
 When she tow'rd's Humber comes, do humbly
 kiss her feet,
 And clip her till she grace great Humber with
 her fall,
 When Sherwood somewhat back the forward
 muse doth call;
 For she was let to know, that Soare had in her
 song
 So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that
 along,
 Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there were
 no other lays,
 But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood,
 and her praise:
 Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much
 disdain'd,
 (As one that had both long, and worthily main-
 tain'd
 The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)
 To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd
 Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts
 compar'd:
 Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd
 nor car'd
 For ought to her might chance, by others love
 or hate,
 With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
 All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
 That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a
 king
 Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to
 range
 For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
 To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing
 court,
 Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly
 report:
 'The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an
 age to tell, [befel,
 And the adventures strange that Robin Hood

When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath
 been laid,
 How he hath cousen'd them, that him would
 have betray'd;
 How often he hath come to Nottingham dis-
 guis'd,
 And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpriz'd.
 In this our spacious isle, I think there is not
 one,
 But he hath heard some talk of him and little
 John;
 And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be
 done,
 Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the
 miller's son,
 Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon
 made
 In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their
 trade.
 An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin
 Hood,
 Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right
 good,
 All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and
 blue,
 His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but
 knew,
 When setting to their lips their little beugles
 shrill,
 The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and
 hill:
 Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their
 shoulder's cast,
 To which under their arms their sheafs were
 buckled fast,
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a
 span,
 Who struck below the knee, nor counted then a
 man:
 All made of Spanish yew, their bows were won-
 drous strong;
 They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard
 long.
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
 With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving
 shaft,
 At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick,
 and rove,
 Yet higher than the breast, for compass never
 strove;
 Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly
 win:
 At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could
 cleave the pin:
 Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for
 feather,
 With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any wea-
 ther;
 And shot they with the round, the square, or
 forked pile,
 The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard
 a mile.
 And of these archers brave, there was not any
 one,

But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
 Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty
 wood,
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more king-
 ly food.
 Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
 Slept many a summer's night under the green-
 wood tree.
 From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant
 store,
 What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst
 the poor;
 No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
 To him before he went, but for his pass must
 pay:
 The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin
 griev'd:
 He from the husband's bed no married woman
 wan,
 But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
 Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er
 she came,
 Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the
 game:
 Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braid-
 ed hair,
 With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here
 and there
 Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
 Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.'

 JOHN DONNE.

Born 1573.—Died 1631.

TO SIR HENRY GOODERE.

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
 Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
 And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it should be,
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
 But he which dwells there is not so; for he
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
 And shall not better; her next change is night:
 But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
 Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier;
 Her appetite and her digestion mend:
 We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
 With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
 All libraries, which are schools, camps and courts;
 But ask your garners if you had not been
 In harvest too indulgent to your sports?

Would you redeem it? then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more
scant
Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit;
We can beginnings but not habits choke.
Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's heav'n, and God her
father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well if it teach you to spare,
And make you asham'd to make your hawk's
praise your's,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say that high enough she tow'rs.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God; love him now, but fear him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there;
And in these thoughts, although you never stir
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

SONNET TO DEATH.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called
thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost over-
throw,
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must
flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and des-
perate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou
then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more—Death, thou shalt
die.

BEN JONSON.

Born 1574.—Died 1637.

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Volpone, a Magnifico.
Moula, his Parasite.
Voltore, an Advocate.
Corbaccio, an old Gentleman.
Cervino, a Merchant.
Assuators, four Magistrates.
Notario, the Register.
Nano, a Dwarf.
Castrone, an Eunuch.
Poltick Would-be, a Knight.
Peregrine, a Gentleman Traveller.
Bonario, a young Gentleman.

Women.

Fine Madam Would-be, the Knight's Wife.
Celia, the Merchant's Wife.
Commandadori, Officers.
Mercatori, three Merchants.
Servatore, a Servant.

SCENE, Venice.

ACT I.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. Goon morning to the day; and next,
my gold:

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad
than is

The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour dark'ning his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relick
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far trans-
cending

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth.

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand
Cupids:

Such are thy beauties and our loves! dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all mentongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do
all things;

The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in
fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat no
beasts,

To feed the shambles: have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtil glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no moneys in the public bank,
No usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasp'ing prison, where their bones
May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for ven-
geance.

Volp. Right, Mosca, I do lothe it.

Mos. And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With Romagna, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and
worms

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds.
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me your poor ob-
server,

Or to your dwarf,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle,
Your pleasure allows maint'nance—

Volp. Hold thee, Mosca,
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let them make me sport. What should I do,
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, allie,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe
me:

This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,
jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute), it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand.
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.

SCENE II.*

* * * * *

[One knocks without.
Volp. Who's that? Away, look, Mosca; fool,
begone.

Mos. 'Tis signior Voltore the advocate,
I know him by his knock.

Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say, my couch is
changing:

And let him entertain himself a while
Without i' th' gallery. Now, now, my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorgew, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcass, now they come;
I am not for 'em yet. How now? the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

Volp. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge.

Massy, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
And arms engraven.

Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretcht on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca?

Mos. Sharp, sir.

Volp. Give me my furs. Why dost thou laugh
so, man?

Mos. I cannot chuse, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has (without) now, as he
walks:

That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you die to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ven-
tures:

How he should worshipp'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride with his furs, and foot-clothes; waited on
By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
Made for his moile, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Mos. O, no: rich

Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca; fetch
him in.

Mos. Stay, sir, your ointment for your eyes.

Volp. That's true;

Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.

Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.

Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.

[dust,
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended
And hundred such as I am, in succession—

Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.

* A part of this scene, forming a kind of interlude invented
by Mosca to entertain his patron Voltore, I have taken the
liberty to omit.—*Compiler.*

† An allusion to *Æsop's fable of the Crow and the Fox.*

Volp. Loving Mosca,
'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.
Now my feign'd cough, my phthisick, and my
gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrh,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein this three year, I have milk'd their
hopes.
He comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

SCENE III.

Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only
you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his love:
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron, sir,
Here's signior Voltore is come——

Volp. What say you?

Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come, this morning
To visit you.

Volp. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.

Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.

Mos. Yes.

Volp. What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desire. you see him
often.

Volp. Mosca.

Mos. My patron?

Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.

Mos. The plate is here, sir.

Volp. How fare you, sir?

Volp. I thank you. signior Voltore,
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

Volp. I'm sorry,

To see you still thus weak.

Mos. That he's not weaker.

Volp. You are too munificent.

Volp. No, sir, would to heaven,

I could as well give health to you as that plate.

Volp. You give, sir, what you can. I thank
you. Your love

Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd.

I pray you see me often.

Volp. Yes, I shall, sir.

Volp. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, sir?

Volp. Hearken unto me still: it will concern
you.

Mos. You are a happy man, sir, know your
good.

Volp. I cannot now last long——

Mos. You are his heir, sir.

Volp. Am I?

Volp. I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

I'm sailing to my port, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
And I am glad I am so near my haven.

Mos. Alas, kind gentleman, well, we must all

Volp. But, Mosca—— [go—

Mos. Age will conquer.

Volp. Pray thee, hear me.

Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain?

Mos. Are you?

I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me i' your family. All my hopes
Depend upon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.

Volp. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.

Mos. Sir,

I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and moneys; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.

Volp. But am I sole heir?

Mos. Without a partner, sir, confirm'd this
morning;

The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.

Volp. Happy, happy, me!

By what good chance, sweet Mosca?

Mos. Your desert, sir;

I know no second cause.

Volp. Thy modesty

Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.

Mos. He ever lik'd your course, sir; that
first took him.

I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; make knots, and undo them;
Give forked council; take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And (for his part) he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a cecchine!

[Another knocks.

Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you
seen, sir.

And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse. And, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of clients.

Volp. Mosca——

Mos. When will you have your inventory
brought, sir?

Or see a copy of the will? (anon)
I'll bring 'em to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put business i' your face.

Volt. Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.

Volt. Set the plate away,
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!

SCENE IV.

Mosca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.—

Stand there and multiply.—Now shall we see
A wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave. Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.

Corb. How does your patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

Corb. What? mends he?

Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.

Corb. That's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.

Corb. Does he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor——

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by, while it was made, saw all th' ingredients:

And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

Volt. I, his last sleep, if he would take it.

Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physick.

Corb. 'Say you, say you?

Mos. He has no faith in physick: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.

Corb. Not I his heir?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him.

Corb. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.

Corb. It is true, they kill,
With as much license, as a judge.

Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.

Corb. I, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?

Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.

His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer, than 'twas wont——

Corb. How? how?

Stronger than he was wont?

Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.

Corb. O, good.

Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.

Corb. Good.

Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'Tis good.

Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good symptoms still.

Mos. And from his brain——

(*Corb.* I conceive you, good.)

Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual
rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

Corb. Is 't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?

Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy*; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:

You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-
last him:

This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.

Corb. Has he made his will?

What has he giv'n me?

Mos. No, sir.

Corb. Nothing? ha?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

Corb. Oh, oh, oh,

What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?

Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but
heard

My master was about his testament;

As I did urge him to it for your good——

Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.

Corb. To be his heir?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

Corb. True.

I know it too.

Mos. By your own scale, sir.

Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright ceochines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mos. Yea, marry, sir.

This is true physick, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.

Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.

Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl?

Corb. I, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessed cordial.

This will recover him.

Corb. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

* *Mos.* O, sir, 'tis past the SCOTOMY.] *Scotomia* is a dizziness or swimming in the head, when the animal spirits are so whirled about, that the external objects seem to run round.—*Dr. Grey.*

Corb. What?

Mos. To recover him.

Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mos. Why, sir, this

Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my venture:

Give me it again.

Mos. At no hand; pardon me;

You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I

Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How?

Mos. All, sir, 'tis your right, your own; no man

Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.

Corb. How! how, good Mosca?

Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mos. And, on first advantage

Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him

Unto the making of his testament:

And shew him this.

Corb. Good, good.

Mos. 'Tis better yet.

If you will hear, sir.

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.

Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed;

There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.

Corb. And disinheret
My son?

Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.

Corb. O, but colour?

Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me,
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your cares, your watchings, and your many
prayers,

Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,

And last, produce your will; where (without
thought,

Or least regard, unto your proper issue,

A son so brave, and highly meriting)

The stream of your diverted love hath thrown
you

Upon my master, and made him your heir:

He cannot be so stupid, or stouè-dead,

But out of conscience, and mere gratitude——

Corb. He must pronounce me his?

Mos. 'Tis true.

Corb. This plot

Did I think on before.

Mos. I do believe it.

Corb. Do you not believe it?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Corb. Mine own project.

Mos. Which when he hath done, sir——

Corb. Publish'd me his heir?

Mos. And you so certain to survive him——

Corb. I.

Mos. Being so lusty a man——

Corb. 'Tis true.

Mos. Yes, sir.——

Corb. I thought on that too; See how he
should be

The very organ to express my thoughts!

Mos. You have not only done yourself a
good——

Corb. But multiplied it on my son.

Mos. 'Tis right, sir.

Corb. Still, my invention.

Mos. 'Las; sir, heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow grey withal) how to work things——

Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.

Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.

Corb. I, do, do, do:

I'll straight about it.

Mos. Rook go with you, raven*.

Corb. I know thee honest.

Mos. You do lie, sir——

Corb. And——

Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your
ears, sir.

Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.

Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.

Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why
not?

Mos. Your worship is a precious ass——

Corb. What say'st thou?

Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste,
sir.

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go.

Volp. O, I shall burst:

Let out my sides, let out my sides——

Mos. Contain

Your flux of laughter, sir: you know, this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:

I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;

Follow your grave instructions; give 'em words;
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare
punishment

Is avarice to itself?

Mos. I with our help, sir.

Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,

Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish

Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs faint,

Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,

All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,

Their instruments of eating, failing them:

Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,

Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!

Feels not his gout, nor palsie, feigns himself

Younger by scores of years, flatters his age,

With confident belying it, hopes he may,

With charms like Æson, have his youth re-
stor'd;

* Rook go with you, raven.] That is, may you, raven, be rook-
ed or cheated.—*Whalley.*

And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! Who's that there, now? a
third?

[Another knocks.

Mos. Close to your couch again: I hear his
voice.

It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

Volp. Dead.

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. Who's
there?

SCENE V.

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

Mos. Signior Corvino! comest most wisht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corr. Why? what? wherein?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

Corr. He is not dead?

Mos. Not, dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.

Corr. How shall I do then?

Mos. Why, sir?

Corr. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mos. Perhaps he has

So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir;
He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth: is your pearl orient, sir?

Corr. Venice was never owner of the like.

Volp. Signior Corvino.

Mos. Hark.

Volp. Signior Corvino.

Mos. He calls you, stop and give it him. He's
here, sir,

And he has brought you a rich pearl.

Corr. How do you, sir?

Tell him, it doubles the twelfth carat.

Mos. Sir,

He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you——

Corr. Say,

I have a diamond for him, too.

Mos. Best shew't, sir,

Put it into his hand: 'tis only there

He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.

See how he grasps it!

Corr. 'Las, good gentleman!

How pitiful the sight is!

Mos. Tut, forget, sir.

The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,
Under a visor.

Corr. Why? am I his heir?

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the will,
Till he be dead: but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many.
All gaping here for legacies; but I

Taking the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior Corvino, signior Corvino) took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and here I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his heir? Corvino. Who
Should be executor? Corvino. And,
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods, he made

(Through weakness) for consent: and sent home
th' others,

Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.

Corr. O, my dear Mosca. Does he not per-
ceive us?

[They embrace.

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows
no man.

No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.

Corr. That's well, that's well. Art sure he
does not hear us?

Mos. Sure, sir? why, look you, credit your
own sense.

(You may come near, sir) would you would once
close

Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits: and those same hanging
cheeks.

Cover'd with hide instead of skin, (nay, help,
sir.)

That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end.

Corr. Or like an old smok'd wall, on which
the rain

Run down in streaks.

Mos. Excellent, sir, speak out:

You may be louder yet: a culverin

Discharged in his ear, would hardly bore it.

Corr. His nose is like a common sewer, still
running.

Mos. 'Tis, good! And what his mouth?

Corr. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up——

Corr. By no means.

Mos. 'Pray you, let me.

Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow.

As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corr. Do as you will, but I'll begone.

Mos. Be so;

It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corr. I pray you, use no violence.

Mos. No, sir? why?

Why should you be thus scrupulous, 'pray you,
sir?

Corr. Nay, at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.

Corr. I will not trouble him now, to take my
pearl.

Mos. Puh, nor your diamond. What a need-
less care

Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?

Am not I here? whom you have made your
creature?

That owe my being to you?

Corr. Grateful Mosca!

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shall share in all my fortunes.

Mos. Excepting one.

Corr. What's that?

Mos. Your gallant wife, sir.

Now is he gone: we had no other means,
To shoot him hence, but this.

Volp. My divine Mosca !
Thou hast to-day out-gone thyself. Who's
there?

[*Another knocks.*]

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights ;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,
Than will Volpone. Let me see ; a pearl ?
A diamond ? plate ? cecchines ? (Good morning's
purchase ;
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet :
Or fat, by eating (once a month) a man.
Who is 't ?

Mos. The beauteous lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick
Would-be,
(This is the stile, sir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know, how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited.

Volp. Not now.
Some three hours hence.——

Mos. I told the squire so much.

Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine :
then,
'Tore heav'n, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters !

Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politic,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange
airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest :
But had she signior Corvino's wife's face——

Volp. Has she so rare a face ?

Mos. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy ! a wench
O' the first year ! a beauty ripe as harvest !
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over !
Than silver, snow, or lilies ! a soft lip.
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing !
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood !
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold !

Volp. Why had no. I known this before ?

Mos. Alas, sir——

Myself but yesterday discover'd it.

Volp. How might I see her ?

Mos. O, not possible ;
She's kept as warily as is your gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes air,
But at a window. All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are.

Volp. I must see her——

Mos. Sir,

There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her,
All his whole household ; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge
When he goes out ; when he comes in, examin'd.

Volp. I will go see her, though but at her
window.

Mos. In some disguise then.

Volp. That is true : I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same : we'll
think.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

Pol. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his
soil :

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yea, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
My dearest plots) hath brought me out ; much
less,

That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project,
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with
Ulysses :

But a peculiar humour of my wife's
Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so
forth——

I hope you travel, sir, with licence ?

Per. Yes.

Pol. I dare the safelier converse——How
long, sir,

Since you left England ?

Per. Seven weeks.

Pol. So lately ?

You ha' not been with my lord ambassador.

Per. Not yet, sir.

Pol. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our cli-
mate ?

I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded ?

Per. What was 't, sir ?

Pol. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's*.

Per. This fellow,
Does he gull me, trow ? or is gull'd ? Your
name, sir.

Pol. My name is Politick Would-be.

Per. O, that speaks him. A knight, sir.

Pol. A poor knight, sir.

Per. Your lady

Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtizans ? the fine lady Wou'd-be.

Pol. Yes, sir ; the spider and the bee, oft-times,
Suck from one flower.

Per. Good sir Politick,

I cry you mercy ; I have heard much of you :
'Tis true, sir, of your raven.

Pol. On your knowledge ?

Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the
tower.

Pol. Another whelp !

Per. Another, sir.

Pol. Now heaven !

What prodigies be these ? The fires at Berwick !

* *Pol.* Marry, sir, of a raven that should build in a ship-
royal of the king's.] Dr. Grey thinks this is probably an allusion
to the swallows that built in Cleopatra's admiral-ship. See
Life of Antony, by Plutarch ; and Shakspeare's *Antony and
Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 8.

And the new star! these things concurring,
strange!

And full of omen! saw you those meteors?

Per. I did, sir.

Pol. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the
bridge,

As they give out?

Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

Pol. I am astonish'd.

Per. Nay, sir, be not so;

I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these—

Pol. What should these things portend!

Per. The very day

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river,
As high as Woolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how many months) for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.

Pol. Is't possible? believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain. or the arch-dukes!
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy
sir,

Some other news.

Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern-fool extremely.

Pol. Is Mass' Stone dead?

Per. He's dead, sir; why? I hope,
You thought him not immortal? O, this knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.

Pol. Stone dead!

Per. Dead. Ah! how deeply, sir, you ap-
prehend it?

He was no kinsman to you?

Pol. That I know of.

Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?

Pol. I did so, Sir,

I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Pol. While he liv'd, in action.

He has receiv'd weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
(For all parts of the world) in cabbages;
And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,
Lemons, pomecitrons, and such-like; some-
times,

In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.

Per. You make me wonder!

Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge.

Nay, I've observ'd him, at your public ordina-
ry,

Take his advertisement from a traveller
(A conceal'd statesman) in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

* *There was a whale discover'd in the river, as high as Wool-
wich.* This is mentioned by Stow, as happening in January,
1635.—*Dr. Grey.*

Per. Strange!

How could this be, sir?

Pol. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the cypher.

Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.

Pol. So 'twas given out
(In politic) by those that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to't as sound a noddle—

Per. I have heard, sir,
That your Baboons were spies, and that they
were

A kind of subtle nation near to China.

Pol. I, I, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely given to women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here (on Wednesday last)
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations, (as the fashion is)
And now stand fair for fresh employment.

Per. 'Heart!
This sir Pol. will be ignorant of nothing.

It seems, sir, you know all?

Pol. Not all, sir: but

I have some general notions: I do love
To note, and to observe: though I live out
Free from the active torrent, yet I'll mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.

Per. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge (if your bounty equal it)
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude and raw—

Pol. Why? came you forth
Empty of rules, for travel?

Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar gram-
mar,

Which he that cry'd Italian to me, taught me.

Pol. Why this it is that spoils all our brave
bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of out-side, and mere hark. You seem
To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race—
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,
In this high kind, touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honour.—

Per. Who be these, sir?

SCENE II.

Mosca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

Mos. Under that window, there't must be.
The same.

Pol. Fellows, to mount a bank! Did your
instructor

In the dead tongues, never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?

Per. Yes, sir.

Pol. Why,
Here you shall see one.

Per. They are quacksalvers,
Fellows that live by vending oils and drugs.

Pol. Was that the character he gave you of
them?

Per. As I remember.

Pol. Pity his ignorance.

They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet-counsellors to the greatest princes!
The only languag'd men of all the world!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd
impostors;

Made all of terms and shreds; no less belyers
Of great men's favours, than their own vile
med'cines;

Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for two-pence, ere they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

Pol. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with
silence.

Yoursel'f shall judge. Who is it mounts, my
friends?

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, sir.

Pol. Is't he? Nay, then,
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phan'tsied to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in face of the public Piazza, near the shelter
In face of the Piazza! Here he comes.

Volp. Mount, Zany.

Gre. Follow, follow, follow, follow. [man

Pol. See how the people follow him! he's a
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here.

Note,

Mark but his gesture: I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up!

Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.

Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons, it may seem strange, that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now after eight months absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza."

Pol. Did not I now object the same?

Per. Peace, sir.

Volp. "Let me tell you: I am not (as your Lombard proverb saith) cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, than I am accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession, (Alessandro Buttone, I mean) who gave out, in public, I was condemned a' Sforzato to the galleys, for poisoning the cardinal Bembo's — cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen, (to tell you true,) I can-

not endure to see the rabble of these ground Ciarlitani, that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccaccio, like stale Tabarine the fabulist: some of them discouraging their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turks' galleys, when indeed (were the truth known) they were the Christians' galleys, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance (enjoined them by their confessors) for base pilferies."

Pol. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. "These rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapt up in several scartoccios, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet, these meagre starv'd spirits, who have half stopt the organs of their minds with earthly opipulations, want not their favourers among your shrivel'd, sallad-eating artisans: who are overjoyed that they may have their half-pe'rth of physick, though it purge 'em into another world, it makes no matter."

Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir?

Volp. "Well, let 'em go. And gentlemen, honorable gentlemen know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the canaglia, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight: for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell."

Pol. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the Terraferma; worshipful merchants; I, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detain'd me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily. For, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuf't with moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but water cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life——"

Per. You see his end.

Pol. I, is't not good?

Volp. "For, when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your cecchine of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes——"

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Pol. 'Pray you, observe.

Volp. "To fortify the most indigent and crude stomach, I, were it of one that (through extreme weakness) vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace; for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy: the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralyties, epilepsies, tremor cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a dysentery immediately; and cures melancholia hypochondriaca, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. [*Pointing to his bill and his glass.*] For, this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and (in sum) both together may be term'd an abstract of the theoric and practick in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And, Zan Fritada, pr'y thee sing a verse extempore in honour of it."

Pol. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Pol. Is not his language rare?

Per. But Alchimy,

I never heard the like: or Broughton's books*.

SONG.

"Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
(That to their books put medicines all in)
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper:
No Indian drug had e'er been famed.
Tobacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymond Lullie's great elixir.
Ne, had been known, the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword."

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. "No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed Oglio del Scoto, with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendöm; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita, and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency, in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the

government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But, may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assay'd, like apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stills, alembicks, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists;) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha. Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable. For myself, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange or for money: I spared nor cost nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake (by virtue of chymical art) out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo, I have been at my book: and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flow'ry plains of honour and reputation."

Pol. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. "But to our price."

Per. And that withal, sir Pol.

Volp. "You all know (honourable gentlemen) I never valu'd this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for six; six crowns is the price; and less in courtesie I know you cannot offer me: take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns; so the cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great duke of Tuscany, my gossip, with divers other princes have given me; but I despise money: only to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious state here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, fram'd my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels. Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance

Is here, to get some three or four Gazets*?

Some three-pence i' the whole, for that 'twill come to.

*—What painful circumstance

Is here to get some three or four GAZETS? A gazet was a small Venetian coin: and as this was the usual price given for newspapers, the name of the coin was afterwards transferred to be the name of the newspaper itself.—*Whalley.*

* Hugh Broughton wrote books of prophecies founded on the Old Testament.

SONG.

"You that would last long, list to my song,
 Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
 Would you be ever fair and young?
 Stout of teeth? and strong of tongue?
 Tart of palate? quick of ear?
 Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
 Moist of hand? and light of foot?
 (Or I will come nearer to't)
 Would you live free from all diseases?
 Yea, fright all aches from your bones?
 Here's a med'cine for the nones."

Volp. "Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains: to the rich in courtesie, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a muccinigo*. Six-pence it will cost you, or six hundred pound—expect no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a Bagatine, that I will have only a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit, that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, than if I had presented it with a double pistolet."

Per. Will you be that heroic spark, sir Pol?
 O, see! The window has prevented you.

[*Celia at the window throws down her handkerchief.*]

Volp. "Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair; from her, deriv'd to Helen, and at the sack of Troy (unfortunately) lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious anti-

* No, nor a MUCCINIGO.] Muccinigo, or mocenigo, is a small Venetian coin.

quary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their hair. The rest (at this present) remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black as——"

SCENE III.

Corvino, Politick, Peregrine.

Cor. Come down: no house but mine to make your scene?

[*He beats away the mountebank, &c.*]

Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down? What, is my wife your Franciscina? sir? No windows on the whole Piazza, here, To make your properties, but mine? but mine? Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new-christen'd,

And call'd the Pantalone di besogniosi, About the town.

Per. What should this mean, sir Pol?

Pol. Some trick of state, believe it. I will home.

Per. It may be some design on you.

Pol. I know not.

I'll stand upon my guard.

Per. It is your best, sir.

Pol. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,

They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Best have a care.

Pol. Nay, so I will.

Per. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my nirth, till night.

SCENE IV.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. O, I am wounded.

Mos. Where, sir?

Volp. Not without;

Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.

But angry Cupid bolting from her eyes, Hath shot himself into me like a flame; Where, now, he flings about his burning heat, As in a furnace, an ambitious fire, Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.

I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca; My liver melts, and I, without the hope Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath, Am but a heap of cinders.

Mos. 'Las, good sir,

Would you had never seen her.

Volp. Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her.

Mos. Sir, 'tis true;
I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy: but I'm bound in conscience,

No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.

Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

Mos. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught,
Within a human compass.

Volp. O, there spoke
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me too:
So thou, in this, but crown my longings, Mosca.

Mos. Use but your patience.

Volp. So I have.

Mos. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.

Volp. Nay, then.

I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.

Volp. True:

Besides, I never meant him for my heir.
Is not the colour o' my beard and eye-brows
To make me known?

Mos. No jot.

Volp. I did it well.

Mos. So well, would I could follow you in
mine,

With half the happiness; and yet I would
Escape your epilogue.

Volp. But were they gull'd

With a belief that I was Scoto?

Mos. Sir,

Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
I have not time to flatter you, now, we'll part:
And as I prosper, so applaud my art.

SCENE V.

Corvino, Celia, Servitore.

Corr. Death of mine honour, with the cities
fool?

A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank?
And at a public window? where, whilst he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted letchers,
Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their
whistle?

Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings?

*His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't?

* His saffron jewel, with the TOAD-STONE in't.] The toad-stone is a kind of jewel, which the French call *la crapaudine*: it is commonly said to be engendered in the head of a toad; but most probably it is so named from its colour, which may resemble the eyes of a toad, that are bright and shining. To the first of these opinions *Shakespeare* alludes, where he is speaking of affliction:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."
As you like it. act 2, sc. 1.—*Whalley.*

Or his embroidered suit, with the copestitch,
Made of a herse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? well! you shall have
him, yes:

Get you a cittern, lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man*;
Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For, if you thought me an Italian,
Thou 'ldst tremble, to imagine, that the mur-
der

Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice!

Cel. Good sir, have patience.

Corr. What could'st thou propose
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?

Cel. Alas, sir, be appeas'd! I could not think
My being at the window, should more now
Move your impatience, than at other times.

Corr. No? not to seek and entertain a par-
ley,

With a known knave? before a multitude?
You were an actor with your handkerchief;
Which he, most sweetly kist in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet:
your sister's,

Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the
turn.

Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these
excuses?

Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?

And that so seldom——

Corr. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
First I will have this bawdy light dam'd up:
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line: o'er which, if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot; more hell, more hor-
ror,

More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjurer, that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.

Then here's a lock which I will hang upon
thee;

And, now I think on't, I will keep thee back-
wards;

Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks
backwards:

Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no plea-
sure,

That thou shalt know but backwards: nay,
since you force

My honest nature, know, it is your own
Being too open, makes me use you thus.

* Get you a cittern, lady VANITY,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man.] The skillful, or learned
man, the virtuoso. She is called lady *Vanity*, in allusion to
the old plays in which *vanity*, the vice, was personized, and acted
a part. The mountebanks were attended with rope-dancers and
girls that played on a cittern, or guitar.—*Whalley.*

Since you will not contain your subtil nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers—One knocks.

[*Knock within.*]

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the window: if thou dost—
(Nay, stay, hear this) let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away. Who's there?

Ser. 'Tis signior Mosca, sir.

SCENE VI.

Corrino, Mosca.

Corr. Let him come in, his master's dead:
there's yet
Some good to help the bad. My Mosca, wel-
come,

I guess your news.

Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.

Corr. Is't not his death?

Mos. Rather the contrary.

Corr. Not his recovery?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Corr. I am curs'd,

I am bewitch'd, my crowses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?

Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil!
Corlaccio, and Vulture brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner room—
Corr. Death! that vile mountebank! but for
the law

Nay, I could kill the rascal: 't cannot be.
His oil should have that virtue. Ha! not I
Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in
To the Osteria, with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks,
been glad

Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:
I know 'em to a dram.

Mos. I know not, sir,

But some on't, there, they pour'd into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace.

Corr. Pox o' that fricace.

Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flattering of his health, there, they have
had

(At extreme fees) the College of Physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Were one would have a cataplasm of spices,
Another a flay'd ape clap'd to his breast,
A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an oil
With wild cats' skins: at last, they are re-
solv'd

That to preserve him, was no other means,
But some young woman must be straight sought
out,

Lusty and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service (most unhappily,
And most unwillingly) am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most,
Because, I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole depend-
ence, sir:

Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate.
I do but tell you, sir. Besides they are all
Now striving, who shall first present him. There-
fore—

I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat:
Prevent 'em if you can.

Corr. Death to my hopes!

This is my villainous fortune! best to hire
Some common courtesan?

Mos. I, I thought on that, sir.

But they are all so subtle, full of art,
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may perchance
Light on a quean, may cheat us all.

Corr. 'Tis true.

Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no
trick, sir,

Some simple thing, a creature made unto it;
Some wench you may command. Ha! you no
kinswoman?

Godso—Think, think, think, think, think, think,
think, sir.

One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corr. How?

Mos. Yes, signior Lupo, the physician.

Corr. His daughter?

Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why? alas,
He knows the state of 's body, what it is;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever;
Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one or
two—

Corr. I pray thee give me leave. If any man
But I had had this luck—The thing in 'tself,
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections,
As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mos. I hear him coming.

Corr. She shall do't: 'tis done.
Slight, if this doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless 't be for his counsel (which is nothing)
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: wretch!
Covetous wretch! Mosca, I have determin'd.

Mos. How, sir?

Corr. We'll make all sure. The party, you
wot of,
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

Mos. Sir, the thing
(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have mention'd to you at the first:

And make your count, you have cut all their throats.

Why! 'tis directly taking a possession!

And in his next fit we may let him go.

'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: 't had been done before,
But for your scrupulous doubts.

Corv. I, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit. Well, I'll be brief,
And so be thou, lest thou should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing (as thou may'st do truly)
Mine own free motion.

Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good (you must not know't).

Corv. But, do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not.

SCENE VII.

Corvino, Celia.

Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia? wife?
what blubbing?

Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st
me in earnest?

Ha? by this light I talk'd so but to try thee.
Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not
jealous.

Cel. No?

Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was:

It is a poor unprofitable humour.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the world?
And that the fiercest spies are tam'd with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:
And see, I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready
straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best looks:
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I'm free, from jealousy, or fear.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Mos. I fear, I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosperous parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy i' my blood: (I know not how)
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin, now, like a subtil snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred mongst clods and alod-pouls, here on
earth.

I muse, the mystery was not made a science,
It is so liberally profest! almost

All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites, or sub-parasites. And, yet,
I mean not those that have your bare town art,
To know who's fit to feed 'em; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or
get

Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and
flee,

Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
Eccho my lord, and lick away a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stop (almost together) like an arrow,
Shoot thro' the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a visor, swifter than a thought!
This is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their Zani's.

SCENE II.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Who's this? Bonario? old Corbaccio's
son?

The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happily met.

Bon. That cannot be by thee.

Mos. Why, sir?

Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and
leave me:

I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art.

Mos. Courteous sir,

Scorn not my poverty.

Bon. Not I, by heaven:

But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy base-
ness.

Mos. Baseness?

Bon. I, answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?

Thy means of feeding?

Mos. Heav'n be good to me.

These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor;
You are unequal to me, and howe'er
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are
not,

That ere you know me, thus proceed in cen-
sure:

St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.

Bon. What! does he weep? the sign is soft
and good:

I do repent me that I was so harsh.

Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong ne-
cessity,

I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment,
Out of my mere observance, being not born

To a free fortune : but that I have done
 Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
 Dividing families, betraying counsels,
 Whispering false lies, or mining men with
 praises,
 Train'd their credulity with prejudices,
 Corrupted chastity, or am in love
 With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
 Prove the most rugged and laborious course,
 That might redeem my present estimation ;
 Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bon. This cannot be a personated passion !
 I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature ;
 Prythee forgive me : and speak out thy business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you ; and though I
 may seem,
 At first to make a man offence in manners,
 And in my gratitude unto my master ;
 Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
 And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
 This very hour your father is in purpose
 To disinheret you——

Bon. How !

Mos. And thrust you forth,
 As a mere stranger to his blood ; 'tis true, sir :
 The work no way engageth me, but, as
 I claim an interest in the general state
 Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
 I" abound in you : and, for which mere respect,
 Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.

Bon. 'This tale hath lost thee much of the
 late trust
 Thou hast with me ; it is impossible :
 I know not how to lend it any thought,
 My father should be so unnatural.

Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes
 Your piety ; and form'd (no doubt) it is
 From your own simple innocence : which makes
 Your wrong more monstrous and abhorr'd. But,
 sir,

I now will tell you more. This very minute,
 It is, or will be doing : and, if you
 Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring
 you,

(I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
 Your ear shall be a witness of the deed :
 Hear yourself written bastard, and profest
 The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I'm amaz'd !

Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
 And score your vengeance on my front and face ;
 Mark me your villain : you have too much wrong,
 And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
 Weeps blood in anguish——

Bon. Lead. I follow thee.

SCENE III.

Volpone, Nano.

Volp. Bring forth your sports,
 And help to make the wretched time more sweet.
 [One knocks.
 Who's there ? my couch ; away, look, Nano, see :
 Give me my caps, first——go, inquire. Now
 Cupid

Send it be Mosca, and with fair return.

Nan. It is the beauteous madam——

Volp. Would-be——is it ?

Nan. The same.

Volp. Now torment on me ; squire her in :
 For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.
 Nay, quickly, that my fit were past. I fear
 A second hell too, that my loathing this
 Will quite expel my appetite to the other :
 Would she were taking now her tedious leave,
 Lord how it treats me what I am to suffer.

SCENE IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women 2.

Lady. I thank you, good sir. 'Pray you signify

Unto your patron, I am here. This band
 Shews not my neck enough (I trouble you, sir,
 Let me request you, bid one of my women
 Come hither to me.) In good faith, I am drest
 Most favourably to-day ! It is no matter :
 'Tis well enough. Look, see these petulant
 things !

How they have done this !

Volp. I do feel the fever
 Ent'ring in at mine ears ; O, for a charm,
 To fright it hence.

Lad. Come nearer : is this curl
 In his right place ? or this ? why is this higher
 Than all the rest ? You ha' not wash'd your
 eyes, yet ?

Or do they not stand even i' your head ?
 Where is your fellow ? call her.

Nan. Now, St. Mark
 Deliver us ! anon, she'll beat her women,
 Because her nose is red.

Lad. I pray you, view
 This tire, forsooth : are all things apt or no ?

Wom. One hair a little here, sticks out, for-
 sooth.

Lad. Does't so, forsooth ? and where was
 your dear sight,
 When it did so, forsooth ? What now ? bird-
 ey'd ?

And you too ? 'Pray you both approach and
 mend it.

Now (by that light) I muse yo'are not ashamed !
 I that have preach'd these things so oft unto
 you,

Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
 Disputed every fitness, every grace,
 Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings——

(*Nan.* More carefully than of your fame or
 honour.)

Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample
 dowry

The knowledge of these things would be unto
 you,

Able, alone, to get you noble husbands
 At your return : and you thus to neglect it ?
 Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
 Th' Italians are, what will they say of me ?
 The English lady cannot dress herself ;
 Here's a fine imputation to our country !

Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
This fucus was too coarse too, it's no matter.

Good sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?

Volp. The storm comes toward me.

Lad. How does my Volpone?

Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt

That a strange fury enter'd, now, my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.

Lad. Believe me, and I

Had the most fearful dream, could I remember 't—

Volp. Out on my fate; I ha' given her the occasion

How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

Lad. Methought, the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate—

Volp. O, if you do love me,

No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.

Lad. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.

Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of apples;

Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,

Year elicampagne root, myrobalanes—

Volp. Ay me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by the wing.

Lad. Burnt silk, and amber, you have muscadel

Good i' the house—

Volp. You will not drink, and part?

Lad. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall not get

Some English saffron (half a dram would serve)
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dry'd mints,
Bugloss, and barley-meal—

Volp. She's in again;

Before I feign'd a' cases, now I have one.

Lad. And these apply'd, with a right scarlet cloth—

Volp. Another flood of words! a very torrent!

Lad. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?

Volp. No, no, no,

I'm very well. you need prescribe no more.

Lad. I have a little studied physick; but now,
I'm all for musick, save i' the forenoons.

An hour or two for painting. I would have

A lady, indeed, t' have all, letters, and arts,

Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,

But principal (as Plato holds) your musick

(And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it)

Is your true rapture; when there is consent

In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed,

Our sex's chiefest ornament.

Volp. The poet,

As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,

Says, that your highest female grace is silence*.

Lad. Which o' your poets? Petrarch? or Tasso? or Dante?

Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?

Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. Is every thing a cause to my destruction?

Lad. I think I ha' two or three of 'em about me!

Volp. The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still,

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can 'scape it.

Lad. Here's Pastor Fido—

Volp. Profess obstinate silence;
That's now my safest.

Lad. All our English writers,

I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
Almost as much as from Montaigne:

He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-ears;

Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,

In days of something, trusted 'em with much:

Dante is hard, and few can understand him.

But, for a desperate wit, there's Aretine!

Only his pictures are a little obscene—

You mark me not?

Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.

Lad. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,

Make use of our philosophy—

Volp. O'y me.

Lad. And as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with reason, or divert 'em,

By giving scope unto some other humour

Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,

There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment,

And clouds the understanding, than too much settling and fixing, and (as 'twere) subsiding

Upon one object. For the incorporating

Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain faces

That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,

Assassinates our knowledge.

Volp. Now, the spirit

Of patience help me.

Lad. Come, in faith, I must

Visit you more a-days; and make you well:

Laugh and be lusty.

Volp. My good angel save me.

Lad. There was but one sole man in all the world,

With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he

Would lye you often, three, four hours together,

To hear me speak: and he (sometime) so rapt

As he would answer me quite from the purpose,

Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse

folio: our highest, should be read your highest. The poet perhaps is Sophocles,

Γυναιξί κοσμον η σιγη φερει.

Or Euripides, whom the Oracle pronounced the Wiser,

Γυναικι γαρ σιγη τε, και το σωφρονειν

Καλλιστον.

Whalley.

* ————— The poet
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that our highest female grace is silence.] Here is a slight
error in the text, which I correct on the authority of the first

(And 't be but only, sir, to bring you sleep)
How we did spend our time and loves together,
For some six years.

Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Lad. For we were coætanei, and brought
up—

Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune
rescue me.

SCENE V.

Mosca, Lady, Volpone.

Mos. God save you, madam.

Lad. Good sir.

Volp. Mosca? welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

Volp. Oh,

Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My madam, with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The cock-pit comes not near it. All my house,
But now, steam'd like a bath, with her thick
breath.

A lawyer could not have been heard; nor
scarce

Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. I tell thee, rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented?

Volp. O, I do not care,
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss.

Mos. Madam—

Lad. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work—

Mos. 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it—

Lad. Where?

Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,

Rowing upon the water in a gondola,
With the most cunning curtizan of Venice.

Lad. Is't true?

Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes:
Leave me, to make your gift. I knew, 'twould
take.

For lightly, they that use themselves most
licence,
Are still most jealous.

Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what say'st thou?

Lad. But do you hear, sir?—

Volp. Again, I fear a paroxysm.

Lad. Which way

Row'd they together?

Mos. Toward the Rialto.

Lad. I pray you lend me your dwarf.

Mos. I pray you take him.

Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,

Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will:
When he is gone, I'll tell you more.

Volp. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am alive.

SCENE VI.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd, you may hear all.
But pray you
Have patience, sir; the same's your father's
knock:

[*One knocks.*]

I am compell'd to leave you.

Bon. Do so. Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

SCENE VII.

Mosca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

Mos. Death on me! you are come too soon,
what meant you?

Did not I say, I would send?

Corv. Yes, but I fear'd

You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mos. Prevent? did e'er man haste so, for his
horns?

A courtier would not ply it so, for a place.
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return.

Corv. Where are you, Celia?

You know not wherefore I have brought you
hither?

Cel. Not well, except you told me.

Corv. Now, I will:

Hark hither.

Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word,
[*To Bonario.*]

It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery—at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you,
sir.

Bon. Yes, I will stay there; I do doubt this
fellow.

Mos. There, he is far enough; he can hear
nothing:

And, for his father, I can keep him off.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back,
and therefore,

Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.
It must be done, nor would I move 't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.

Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever:
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live,
Where I may please your fears, if not your
trust.

Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I,
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad:
Not horn-mad, see you? Go to, shew yourself
Obedient, and a wife.

Cel. O heaven!

Corv. I say it,
Do so.

Cel. Was this the train?

Corv. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements
are;

My means; and the necessity of those means,
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.

Cel. Before your honour?

Corv. Honour? Tut, a breath:
There's no such thing in nature: a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching? clothes for being
look'd on?

Why, this's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others' fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;

And, what can this man hurt you?

Cel. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entred him?

Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it?
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow.
Whose lips are i' my pocket: save yourself,
If you'll proclaim't, you may. I know no other
Should come to know it.

Cel. Are heaven, and saints, then, nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?

Corv. How?

Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.

Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer you this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood,
That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were profest critick in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin: but here 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physick,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.

Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a
change?

Volp. Thou art my honour, Mosca, and my
pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring 'em.

Mos. Please you draw near, sir.

Corv. Come on what—

You will not be rebellious? by that light—

Mos. Sir, signior Corvino, here, is come to
see you.

Volp. Oh.

Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute—

Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca.

Mos. Freely, unask'd, or untreated—

Corv. Well.

Mos. (As the true fervent instance of his
love)

His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty,
Only of price in Venice—

Corv. 'Tis well urg'd.

Mos. To be your comfortress, and to pre-
serve you.

Volp. Alas, I'm past already! Pray you
thank him

For his good care and promptness; but for
that,

'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to a stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell
him,

What I have done for him: marry, my state is
hopeless!

Will him to pray for me; and t' use his fortune
With reverence, when he comes to't.

Mos. Do you hear, sir?

Go to him with your wife.

Corv. Heart of my father!

Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee
come.

Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down
poison,

Eat burning coals, do any thing.—

Corv. Then I will drag thee hence, home by
the hair;

Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip
up

Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose;
Like a raw rotchet—Do not tempt me, come,

Yield, I am loth—(Death!) I will buy some
slave

Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my window hang you forth, devising

Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital let-
ters,

Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning cor'sives, on this stubborn breast.

Now, by the blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do't.

Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am
your martyr.

Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not de-
serv'd it:

Think who it is intreats you. Pr'ythee, sweet;
(Good faith) thou shalt have jewels, gowns, at-
tires,

What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss
him;

Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my suit.
This once. No? not? I shall remember this.

Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst
my undoing?

Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd.

Corv. No, no.

She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this
is skirvy,

'Tis very skirvy: and you are—

Mos. Nay, good sir.

Corv. An errant Locust, by heaven, a Locust !
Whore ! crocodile ! that hast thy tears prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow.

Mos. Nay, 'pray you, sir,
She will consider.

Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy.

Corv. (S'd death) if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, 'twere somewhat ;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin.

Mos. I, now you ha' put your fortune in her
hands.

Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit
her ;

If you were absent, she would be more coming ;
I know it : and dare undertake for her.

What woman can before her husband ? 'pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.

Corv. Sweet Celia,
Thou may'st redeem all, yet ; I'll say no more :
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.

Cel. O God, and his good angels ! whither,
whither,
Is shame fled human breasts ? that with such
ease,

Men dare put off your honours, and their own ?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance ?
And modesty an exile made, for money ?

Volp. I, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
[*He leaps off from his couch.*]

Tha never tasted the true heav'n of love,
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man*.
Why art thou maz'd to see me thus reviv'd ?
Rather applaud thy beauties miracle :
'Tis thy great work ; that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times, rais'd me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning like a mountebank,
'To see thee at thy window. I, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.
Now art thou well welcome.

Cel. Sir !

Volp. Nay, fly me not ;
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think, I am so :
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when (in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valoys)
I acted young Antinous ; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
'T' admire each graceful gesture, note, and
footing.

* — Had he met a COPE-MAN.] i. e. a chap-man. So Verstegan
in the word *chapman* : for this we now say *chapman* ; which is
as much as to say, as a merchant or *cope-man*. — *Whalley*.

SONG.

"Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever ;
Spend not then his gifts in vain,
Suus, that set, may rise again :
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys ?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies ?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile ?
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal ;
But the sweet thefts to reveal :
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been."

Cel. Some serene blast me*, or dire lightning
strike

This my offending face.

Volp. Why droops my Celia ?

Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover : use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of ; not in expectation,
As I feed others : but possess'd and crown'd.
See, here a rope of pearl ; and each, more
orient

Than that the brave Ægyptian queen carous'd :
Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark ;
A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina,
When she came in like star-light, hid with
jewels,

That were the spoils of provinces : take these,
And wear, and lose 'em : yet remains an ear-ring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing : we will eat such at a meal.
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches
Shall be our food : and, could we get the phoenix
(Though nature lost her kind) she were our dish.

Cel. Good sir, these things might move a
mind affected

With such delights ; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose
beyond it,

Cannot be taken with these sensual baits :
If you have conscience——

Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue :
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.

* Some SERENE blast me.] *Serene* is here, not that disorder in
the eyes called *gutta serena*, which often occasions blindness ;
but it means a calm, moist, warm air, or evening, which is fre-
quently the cause of blasts or blights. Jonson uses the same
word again in his epigrams ;

" — Wherever death doth please t' appear,
Sens, serenities, swords, 'hot, sickness, all are there. " — *Epig. 32.*
And it is used also by Daniel in the same sense ;

" The fogs and the serens offend us more,
Or we may think so, than they did before. " — *Queen's*
Arcadia, act 1, sc. 1. — *Whalley*.

Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
 Spirit of roses, and of violets,
 The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
 Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.
 Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;
 Which we will take, until my roof whirl round
 With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
 My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antick,
 Whilst we in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,
 Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
 Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine;
 So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,
 And wearied all the fables of the gods.
 Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
 Attired like some sprightly dame of France,
 Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
 Sometimes, unto the Persian sople's wife;
 Or the grand-signior's mistress; and, for change,
 To one of our most artful curtizans,
 Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
 And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
 Where we may so transfuse our wandering
 souls:

Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasure,
 "That the curious shall not know
 How to tell them as they flow;
 And the envious, when they find
 What their number is, be pin'd."

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierc'd; or
 eyes,

That can be open'd; a heart may be touch'd;
 Or any part, that yet sounds man about you:
 If you have touch of holy saints, or heaven,
 Do me the grace to let me 'scape. If not,
 Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
 I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,
 By one, whose shame I would forget it were.
 If you will deign me neither of these graces,
 Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your
 lust;

(It is a vice comes nearer manliness)
 And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
 Which you miscall my beauty: slay my face,
 Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
 Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
 With what may cause an eating leprosie,
 E'en to my bones and marrow: any thing,
 That may disfavour me, save in my honour.
 And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay
 down

A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health,
 Report, and think you virtuous——

Volp. Think me bold,
 Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
 I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
 To play with opportunity thus long.

Bon. Forbear, foul ravisher, libidinous swine,
 Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st impostor.

[*He leaps out from where Mosca had
 placed him.*]

But that I'm loth to snatch the punishment
 Out of the hand of justice, thou should'st, yet,
 Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
 Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.

Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
 Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:
 And he, ere long, shall meet his just reward.
Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin;
 Become my grave, that wert my shelter. O!
 I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
 Betray'd to beggary, to infamy——

SCENE VIII.

Mosca, Volpone.

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched
 shame of men,
 To beat out my unlucky brains?

Volp. Here, here.

What! dost thou bleed?

Mos. O that his well-driv'n sword
 Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
 Unto the navel, e'er I liv'd to see
 My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
 Thus desperately engaged, by my error.

Volp. Woe on thy fortune.

Mos. And my follies, sir.

Volp. Th' hast made me miserable.

Mos. And myself, sir.

Who would have thought he would have heark-
 en'd so?

Volp. What shall we do?

Mos. I know not; if my heart
 Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
 Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my throat?
 And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,
 Since we have liv'd like Grecians.

Volp. Hark, who's there?

[*They knock without.*]

I hear some footing; officers, the saffi,
 Come to apprehend us; I do feel the brand
 Hissing already at my forehead; now,
 Mine ears are boring.

Mos. To your couch, sir; you
 Make that place good, however. Guilty men
 Suspect what they deserve still. Signior Cor-
 baccio!

SCENE IX.

Corbaccio, Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?

Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, sir.

Your son, (I know not by what accident)
 Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
 Touching your will, and making him your heir,
 Enter'd our house with violence, his sword
 drawn,

Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
 Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me?

Mos. Yes, and my patron.

Corb. This act shall disinheret him indeed:
 Here is the will.

Mos. 'Tis well, sir.

Corb. Right and well.

Be you as careful now for me.

Mos. My life, sir,
 Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?

Mos. I fear he'll out-last May.

Corb. To-day?

Mos. No, last out May, sir.

Corb. Could'st thou not gi' him a dram?

Mos. O, by no means, sir.

Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.

Volt. This is a knave, I see.

Mos. How, signior Valtore! did he hear me?

Volt. Parasite.

Mos. Who's that? O, sir, most timely welcome—

Volt. Scarce,

To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.

You are his only? and mine also? are you not?

Mos. Who? I, sir!

Volt. You, sir. What device is this

About a will?

Mos. A plot for you, sir.

Volt. Come,

Put not your foists upon me, I shall scent 'em.

Mos. Did you not hear it?

Volt. Yes, I hear, Corbaccio

Hath made your patron there his heir.

Mos. 'Tis true,

By my device, drawn to it by my plot. With hope—

Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?

And you have promis'd?

Mos. For your good, I did, sir.

Nay more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,

Where he might hear his father pass the deed;

Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,

That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,

And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,

(Which I did mean t' help on) would sure enrage him

To do some violence upon his parent,

On which the law should take sufficient hold,

And you be stated in a double hope:

Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,

My only aim was to dig you a fortune

Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—

(*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, Mosca.)

Mos. Worth your patience,

And your great merit, sir. And see the change!

Volt. Why, what success?

Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.

Whilst we expected the old raven, in comes

Corvino's wife sent hither by her husband—

Volt. What, with a present?

Mos. No, sir, on visitation,

(I'll tell you how anon:) and staying long,

The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,

Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear

(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)

T' affirm my patron to have done her rape:

Which how unlike it is, you see; and hence

With that pretext he's gone t' accuse his father,

Defame my patron; defeat you—

Volt. Where's her husband?

Let him be sent for straight.

Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.

Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineer.

Mos. Sir, I will.

Volt. This must be stopt.

Mos. O you do nobly, sir.

Alas, 'twas labour'd all, sir, for your good;

Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:

But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow

The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.

Corb. What's that?

Volt. Will't please you, sir, to go along?

Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.

Volt. Need makes devotion: heaven your labour bless.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Politick, Peregrine.

Pol. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see

What observation is. You mention'd me

For some instructions. I will tell you, sir,

(Since we are met here in this height of *Venice*)

Some few particulars, I have set down,

Only for this meridian, fit to be known

Of your crude traveller; and they are these.

I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes, For they are old.

Per. Sir, I have better.

Pol. Pardon,

I meant, as they are themes.

Per. O, sir, proceed:

I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.

Pol. First, for your garb it must be grave and serious,

Very reserv'd and lockt; not tell a secret

On any terms, not to your father; scarce

A fable, but with caution; make sure choice

Both of your company, and discourse; beware

You never speak a truth—

Per. How?

Pol. Not to strangers,

For those be they you must converse with most:

Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,

So as I still might be a saver in 'em:

You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly.

And then for your religion, profess none,

But wonder at the diversity of all;

And, for your part, protest, were there no other

But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content you.

Nic. Machiavel, and monsieur Bodin, both

Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use

And handling of your silver fork at meals,

The metal of your glass: (these are main matters

With your Italian;) and to know the hour

When you must eat your melons and your figs.

Per. Is that a point of state too?

Pol. Here it is:

For your Venetian, if he see a man

Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;

He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,

I now have liv'd here, 'tis some fourteen months:
Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well——

Per. And nothing else.

Pol. I had read Contarene*, took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with move-
ables——

Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I
would——

Per. What? what, sir?

Pol. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again. I would command it.

Per. As how?

Pol. With certain projects that I have,
Which I may not discover.

Per. If I had

But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly.

Pol. One is (and that
I care not greatly who knows) to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that pur-
pose;

He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.

Per. He is a chandler?

Pol. No, a cheesemonger.

There are some others too, with whom I treat
About the same negotiation;
And I will undertake it: for, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: your hoy
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk: but this is now,
If my main project fail.

Per. Then you have others?

Pol. I should be loth to draw the subtil air
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir; where-e'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call my cautions; and, sir, which
I mean (in hope of pension) to propound
To the great council, then unto the forty,
So to the ten. My means are made already——

Per. By whom?

Pol. Sir, one that though his place b' obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A Commandadore.

Per. What, a common serjeant?

Pol. Sir, such as they are, put in their mouths,
What they should say, sometimes, as well as
greater,

I think I have my notes to shew you——

Per. Good sir.

Pol. But you shall swear unto me, on your
gentry,

Not to anticipate——

Per. I, sir?

Pol. Nor reveal

A circumstance——

My paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, sir.

Pol. My first is

Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,

No family is here without its box.

Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,

Put case, that you or I were ill affected

Unto the state, sir, with it in our pockets,

Might not I go into the Arsenal,

Or you come out again, and none the wiser?

Per. Except yourself, sir.

Pol. Go to then. I therefore

Advertise to the state, how fit it were,

That none but such as were known patriots,

Sound lovers of their country, should be suffer'd

T' enjoy them in their houses; and even those

Scal'd at some office, and at such a bigness

As might not lurk in pockets.

Per. Admirable!

Pol. My next is, how t' enquire, and be re-
solv'd,

By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arriv'd from Syria, or from

Any suspected part of all the Levant,

Be guilty of the plague: and where they use

To lie out forty, fifty days sometimes,

About the Lazaretto, for their trial,

I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Pol. Or——I will lose my labour.

Per. 'My faith, that's much.

Pol. Nay, sir, conceive me. 'Twill cost me
in onions,

Some thirty livres——

Per. Which is one pound sterling.

Pol. Beside my water-works: for this I do,
sir.

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick-walls:

(But those the state shall venture); on the one

I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that

I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other

Is full of loop-holes, out of which I thrust

The noses of my bellows; and those bellows

I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,

(Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.)

Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally

Attract th' infection, and your bellows blowing

The air upon him, will shew (instantly)

By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,

Or else remain as fair as at the first.

Now it is known, 'tis nothing.

Per. You are right, sir.

Pol. I would I had my note.

Per. 'Faith, so would I:

But you ha' done well for once, sir.

Pol. Were I false,

Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons

How I could sell this state now to the Turk,

Spite of their galleys, or their——

* I had read CONTARENE.] A treatise della repubblica & magistrati di Venetia, di Gamp. Contarini.

Per. 'Pray you, sir Pol.

Pol. I have 'em not about me.

Per. That I fear'd.

They are there, sir.

Pol. No, this is my diary,

Wherein I note my actions of the day.

Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here?
Notandum,

A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,

I put on new, and did go forth: but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout Ragion del Stato.
From him I went and paid a moccinigo
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapen'd sprats. 'Faith these are politic
notes!

Pol. Sir, I do slip

No action of my life thus, but I quote it.

Per. Believe me, it is wise!

Pol. Nay, sir, read forth.

SCENE II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

Lad. Where should this loose knight be,
trow? sure he's hous'd.

Nan. Why then he's fast.

Lad. I, he plays both with me.

I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion, than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off!

Wom. My master's yonder.

Lad. Where?

Wom. With a young gentleman.

Lad. That same's the party!

In man's apparel. 'Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.

Pol. My lady!

Per. Where?

Pol. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know
her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
I durst compare—

Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.

Pol. Nay, and for discourse—

Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.

Pol. Madam,

He is a gentleman, 'pray you use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is—

Lad. None.

Pol. Yes, one

Has put his face as soon into the world—

Lad. You mean, as early? but to-day?

Pol. How's this?

Lad. Why in this habit, sir, you apprehend me.
Well, master Would-be, this doth not become
you;

I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name

Had been more precious to you, that you would
not

Have done this dire massacre on your honour;
One of your gravity and rank besides!

But knights, I see, care little for the oath

They make to ladies; chiefly, their own ladies.

Pol. Now, by my spurs, (the symbol of my
knighthood.)

(*Per.* See how his brain is humbled for an
oath!)

Pol. I reach you not.

Lad. Right, sir, your politie

May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.

I would be loth to contest publicly

With any gentlewoman, or to seem

Froward, or violent, (as the courtier says)

It comes too near rusticity in a lady,

Which I would shun by all means; and however

I may deserve from master Would-be, yet

'T have one fair gentlewoman thus be made

The unkind instrument to wrong another,

And one she knows not, I, and to persevere;

In my poor judgment, is not warranted

From being a solecism in our sex,

If not in manners.

Per. How is this!

Pol. Sweet madam,

Come nearer to your aim.

Lad. Marry, and I will, sir.

Since you provoke me with your impudence,

And laughter of your light land-syren here,

Your Sporus, your Hermaphrodite—

Per. What's here?

Poetic fury, and historic storms!

Pol. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our nation.

Lad. I; your White-friars nation?

Come, I blush for you, master Would-be, I;

And am asham'd you should ha' no more fore-
head,

Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,

To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,

A female devil, in a male out-side.

Pol. Nay.

An' you be such a one, I must bid adieu

To your delights. The case appears too liquid.

Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your
state-face!

But for your carnival concupiscence,

Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,

From furious persecution of the marshal,

Her will I disciple.

Per. This is fine, 'faith!

And do you use this often? Is this part

Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?

Madam—

Lad. Go to, sir.

Per. Do you hear me, lady?

Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,

Or to invite me home, you might have done it

A nearer way by far.

Lad. This cannot work you

Out of my snare.

Per. Why? am I in it, then?

Indeed your husband told me you were fair;
And so you are; only your nose inclines
(That side that's next the sun) to the queen-apple.
Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

SCENE III.

Mosca, Lady, Peregrine.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?

Lad. If the senate

Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
To all the world, no aristocracy.

Mos. What is the injury, lady?

Lad. Why, the callet

You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd.

Mos. Who? this? what means your lady-
ship? the creature

I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,

Before the senate: you shall see her—

Lad. Where?

Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young
gentleman,

I saw him land this morning at the port.

Lad. Is't possible! how has my judgment
wander'd!

Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.

Per. What, more changes yet?

Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to re-
member

A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir—

Mos. Will you go, madam?

Lad. 'Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.

Per. This is rare!

Sir Politick Would-be? no, sir Politick Bawd!
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!

Well, wise sir Pol, since you have practis'd thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot.

SCENE IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of
the business,

Your constancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the safety of it.

Mos. Is the lie

Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?

Corv. Yes.

Mos. Then shrink not.

Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?

Mos. O, sir,

By no means. I devis'd a formal tale,
That sav'd your reputation. But be valiant, sir.

Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his
pleading

Should make him stand for a co-heir—

Mos. Co-halter!

Hang him, we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's here.

Corv. I, what shall he do?

Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?

Corv. Yes.

Mos. Why, why we'll think:

Sell him for Mummia, he's half dust already.
Do you not smile to see this Buffalo?

[*To Voltore.*
How he doth sport it with his head?—I should.

If all were well and past. Sir, only you

[*To Corbaccio.*
Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.

Corv. I, peace.

Mos. But you shall eat it. Much!

[*To Corvino.*
Worshipful sir,

*Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,

Or the French Hercules, and make your lan-
guage

As conquering as his club, to beat along

(As with a tempest) flat, our adversaries;

But much more yours, sir.

Volt. Here they come, ha' done.

Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.

Volt. Who is it?

Mos. Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.

*Avocatori 4, Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio,
Corvino, Mosca, Notario, Commandadori.*

Avoc. 1. The like of this the senate never
heard of.

Avoc. 2. 'Twill come most strange to them
when we report it.

Avoc. 4. The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unproved name.

Avoc. 3. So the young man.

Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of
his father.

Avoc. 2. More of the husband.

Avoc. 1. I not know to give

His act a name, it is so monstrous!

Avoc. 4. But the impostor, he's a thing
created

To exceed example!

Avoc. 1. And all after-times!

Avoc. 2. I never heard a true voluptuary
Describ'd, but him.

Avoc. 3. Appear yet those were cited?

Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.

Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?

Mos. Please your fatherhoods,

Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble—

Avoc. 4. What are you?

Bon. His parasite,

* Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules.] The Gallic or Celtic Hercules
was the symbol of eloquence. Lucian has a treatise on this
French Hercules, surnamed Ogmios: he was pictured drest in
his lion's skin; in his right hand he held his club; in his left,
his bow: several very small chains were figured, reaching from
his tongue to the ears of crowls of men at some distance—
Whalley.

His knave, his pandar: I beseech the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impos-
tures.

Volt. Upon my faith and credit, with your
virtues,

He is not able to endure the air.

Avoc. 2. Bring him however.

Avoc. 3. We will see him.

Avoc. 4. Fetch him.

Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be
obey'd;

But sure, the sight will rather move your pities,
Than indignation: may it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.

Avoc. 3. Speak free.

Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, I
must now

Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shane the state of Venice. This lewd
woman

(That wants no artificial looks, or tears,
To help the vizor she has now put on)
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
But known, and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardoi'd: whose timeless bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person
That ever man's own goodness made accus'd.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being
plac'd

So 'bove all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your father-
hoods

T' observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures,
Discover'd in their evils, and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes. But that
anon

Will more appear. This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could
not

Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood) at last decreed
To disinherit him.

Avoc. 1. These be strange turns!

Avoc. 2. The young man's fame was ever fair
and honest.

Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, (my honour'd sires) his father
Having this settled purpose, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,

cannot style him better) by confederacy
(I eparing this his paramour to be there,
Enter'd Volpone's house, (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd
For the inheritance) there sought his father:
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent)
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By this more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new
deeds;

(Mischief doth ever end where it begins;)
An act of horror, fathers! he dragg'd forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid
Three years and more, out off his innocent
couch,

Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
His servant in the face; and with this strumpet,
The stale to his forg'd practice, who was glad
To be so active, (I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable) thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their
lives.

Avoc. 1. What proofs have you of this?

Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
I humbly crave, there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.

Avoc. 2. Forbear.

Bon. His soul moves in his fee.

Avoc. 3. O, sir.

Bon. This fellow,
For six sols more, would plead against his
Maker.

Avoc. 1. You do forget yourself.

Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spar'd his parent?

Avoc. 1. Well, produce your proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.

Volt. Signior Corbaccio.

Avoc. 4. What is he?

Volt. The father.

Avoc. 2. Has he had an oath?

Not. Yes.

Corb. What must I do now?

Not. Your testimony's crav'd.

Corb. Speak to the knave?

I'll ha' my mouth first stopt with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.

Avoc. 1. But for what cause?

Corb. The mere portent of nature:
He is an utter stranger to my loins.

Bon. Have they made you to this?

Corb. I will not hear thee.

Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide,
Speak not, thou viper.

Bon. Sir, I will sit down,

And rather wish my innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the authority of a father.

Volt. Signior Corvino.

Avoc. 2. This is strange!

Avoc. 1. Who's this?

Not. The husband.

Avoc. 4. Is he sworn?

Not. He is.

Avoc. 3. Speak then.

Corv. This woman (please your fatherhoods)
is a whore:

Neighs like a jennet.

Not. Preserve the honour of the court.

Corv. I shall,

And modesty of your most reverend ears.

And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes

Have seen her glew'd unto that piece of cedar,

That fine well-timber'd gallant; and that here

The letters may be read, throw the horn,

That make the story perfect.

Mos. Excellent! sir.

Corv. There is no shame in this now, is there?

Mos. None.

Avoc. 2. Look to the woman. [*She swoons.*]

Corv. Rare! prettily feign'd! again!

Avoc. 4. Stand from about her.

Avoc. 1. Give her the air.

Avoc. 3. What can you say?

Mos. My wound

(May't please your wisdoms) speaks for me, receive'd

In aid of my good patron, when he mist

His sought-for father, when that well-taught
dame

Had her cue given her, to cry out, A rape.

Bon. O most laid impudence! Fathers——

Avoc. 3. Sir, be silent;

You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' imposture
here.

Avoc. 4. This woman has too many moods.

Volt. Grave fathers,

She is a creature of a most profest

And prostituted lewdness.

Corv. Most impetuous!

Unsatisfied, grave fathers!

Volt. May her feignings

Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited

A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,

And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em

Together on the water, in a gondola.

Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw 'em
too,

Without; who then had in the open streets

Pursu'd them, but for saving her knight's honour.

Avoc. 1. Produce that lady.

Avoc. 2. Let her come.

Avoc. 4. These things,

They strike with wonder.

Avoc. 3. I am turn'd a stone.

SCENE VI.

Moscu, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

Mos. Be resolute, madam.

Lad. I, this same is she.

Out, thou camelion harlot; now thine eyes
Vie tears with the Hyæna. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face? I cry your pardons,
I fear I have (forgettingly) transgressed
Against the dignity of the court——

Avoc. 2. No, madam.

Lad. And been exorbitant——

Avoc. 2. You have not, lady.

Avoc. 4. These proofs are strong.

Lad. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.

Avoc. 3. We do believe it.

Lad. Surely, you may believe it.

Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.

Lad. Indeed you may; my breeding

Is not so coarse——

Avoc. 4. We know it.

Lad. To offend

With pertinacy——

Avoc. 3. Lady.

Lad. Such a presence!

No, surely.

Avoc. 1. We well think it.

Lad. You may think it.

Avoc. 1. Let her o'ercome. What witnesses
have you,

To make good your report?

Bon. Our consciences.

Cel. And heaven, that never fails the inno-
cent.

Avoc. 4. These are no testimonies.

Bon. Not in your courts,

Where multitude and clamour overcomes.

Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do wax insolent.

Volt. Here, here,

[*Folpone is brought in as impotent.*]

The testimony comes, that will convince,

And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues.

See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,

The grand voluptuary! Do you not think

These limbs should affect venery? Or these eyes

Covet a concubine? pray you mark these hands;

Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?

Perhaps he doth dissemble?

Bon. So he does.

Volt. Would you ha' him tortur'd?

Bon. I would have him prov'd.

Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burn-
ing irons;

Put him to the strappado: I have heard

The rack hath cur'd the gout; 'faith, give it him,

And help him of a malady, be courteous.

I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,

He shall have yet as many left diseases,

As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.

O my most equal hearers, if these deeds,

Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,

May pass with sufferance, what one citizen

But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,

To him that dares traduce him? which of you

Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask

(With leave of your grave fatherhoods) if
their plot

Have any face or colour like to truth?
Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable:
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons, when they're hot and flesh'd
In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
Base deeds are done with greatest confidence.

Avoc. 1. Take 'em to custody, and sever them.

Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.

Avoc. 1. Let the old gentleman be return'd with care.

I'm sorry our credulity hath wrong'd him.

Avoc. 4. These are two creatures!

Avoc. 3. I've an earthquake in me.

Avoc. 2. Their shame (even in their cradles) fled their faces.

Avoc. 1. You've done a worthy service to the state, sir,

In their discovery.

Avoc. 1. You shall hear, ere night,

What punishment the court decrees upon 'em.

Volp. We thank your fatherhoods. How like you it?

Mos. Rare.

I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipt with gold for this;
I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;

The earth I'd have want men, ere you, want living:

They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's,
Signior Corvino, I would have you go

And shew yourself, that you have conquer'd.

Corv. Yes.

Mos. It was much better that you should profess

Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been prov'd.

Corv. Nay, I consider'd that:

Now it is her fault.

Mos. Then it had been yours.

Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate still.

Mos. I'faith you need not, I dare ease you of that care.

Corb. I trust thee, Mosca.

Mos. As your own soul, sir.

Corb. Mosca.

Mos. Now for your business, sir.

Corb. How? ha' you business?

Mos. Yes, yours, sir.

Corb. O, none else?

Mos. None else, not I.

Corb. Be careful then.

Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.

Corb. Dispatch it.

Mos. Instantly.

Corb. And look that all,

Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.

Mos. Curtain-rings, sir.

Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.

Mos. Sir, I must tender it.

Corb. Two cecchines is well.

Mos. No, six, sir.

Corb. 'Tis too much.

Mos. He talk'd a great while;

You must consider that, sir.

Corb. Well, there's three——

Mos. I'll give it him.

Corb. Do so, and there's for thee.

Mos. Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence

Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth
Worthy this age? You see, sir, how I work
Unto your ends: take you no notice.

Volp. No,

I'll leave you.

Mos. All is yours, the devil and all:

Good advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lad. No, I'll go see your patron.

Mos. That you shall not:

I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge

My patron to reform his will; and for

The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas before

You were but third or fourth, you shall be now

Put in the first; which would appear as begg'd,

If you were present. Therefore——

Lad. You shall sway me.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past:

I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise

Till this fled moment; here 'twas good, in private;

But in your public, *caro* whilst I breathe.

Indeed, my left leg* gan to have the cramp*,

And I apprehended straight some power had struck me

With a dead palsy: well, I must be merry,

And shake it off. A many of these fears

Would put me into some villainous disease,

Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.

Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright

This humour from my heart, (hum, hum, hum) [He drinks.]

'Tis almost gone already: I shall conquer.

Any device now, of rare ingenious knavery,

That would possess me with a violent laughter,

Would make me up again. So, so, so, so. [Drinks again.]

This heat is life: 'tis blood by this time: Mosca!

SCENE II.

Mosca, Volpone, Nano, Castrone.

Mos. How now, sir? does the day look clear again?

Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,

Into our way, to see our path before us?

Is our trade free once more?

Volp. Exquisite Mosca!

* My left leg* gan to have the CRAMP.

And I apprehended straight some power had struck me

With a DEAD PALSY.] Alluding to a piece of antient superstition, that all sudden consternations of mind, and sudden pains of the body, such as cramps, palpitations of the heart, &c. were ominous, and presages of evil.—*Whalley.*

Mos. Was it not carried learnedly?

Volp. And stoutly.

Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Mos. Why now you speak, sir. We must here be fixt:

Here we must rest; this is our master-piece:

We cannot think to go beyond this.

Volp. True,

Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosca.

Mos. Nay, sir,

To gull the court—

Volp. And quite divert the torrent

Upon the innocent.

Mos. Yes, and to make

So rare a musick out of discords—

Volp. Right.

That yet to me's the strangest! how th' hast borne it!

That these (being so divided 'mongst themselves)

Should not scent somewhat, or in me, or thee, Or doubt their own side.

Mos. True, they will not see't.

Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em

Is so possest and stuf't with his own hopes,

That any thing unto the contrary,

Never so true, or never so apparent,

Never so palpable, they will resist it—

Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.

Mos. Right, sir.

Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors

Of land that yields well; but if Italy

Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,

I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare?

Volp. O (my most honour'd fathers, my grave fathers,

Under correction of your fatherhoods,

What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds

May pass, most honour'd fathers—) I had much ado

To forbear laughing.

Mos. 'T seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.

Volp. In troth, I did a little.

Mos. But confess, sir.

Were you not daunted?

Volp. In good faith, I was

A little in a mist, but not dejected;

Never, but still myself.

Mos. I think it, sir.

Now (so truth help me) I must needs say this, sir,

And out of conscience for your advocate,

He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd

(In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,

Not to contrary you, sir) very richly—

Well—to be cozen'd.

Volp. Troth, and I think so too,

By that I heard him, in the latter end.

Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first

Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,

Then use his vehement figures—I look'd still

When he would shift a shirt; and doing this Out of pure love, no hope of gain—

Volp. 'Tis right.

I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,

Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,

I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,

This very instant.

Mos. Good sir.

Volp. Call the dwarf

And eunuch forth.

Mos. Castrone, Nano.

Nan. Here.

Volp. Shall we have a jig now?

Mos. What you please, sir.

Volp. Go,

Straight give out about the streets, you two,

That I am dead; do it with constancy,

Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the grief

Of this late slander.

Mos. What do you mean, sir?

Volp. O,

I shall have instantly my vulture, crow,

Raven, come flying hither. (on the news)

To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,

Greedy and full of expectation—

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their mouths?

Volp. 'Tis true; I will ha' thee put on a gown,

And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;

Shew 'em a will: open that chest, and reach

Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight

Put in thy name.

Mos. It will be rare, sir.

Volp. I,

When they ev'n gape, and find themselves de-luded—

Mos. Yes.

Volp. And thou use them scurvily.

Dispatch, get on thy gown.

Mos. But what, sir, if they ask

After the body?

Volp. Say, it was corrupted.

Mos. I'll say, it stunk, sir; and was fain to have it

Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.

Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,

Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking

An inventory of parcels: I'll get up

Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken;

Sometimes peep over, see how they do look,

With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces!

O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter.

Mos. Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.

Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.

Mos. But your Clarissimo, old round-back, he Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.

Volp. And what Corvino?

Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—

Volp. Yes,
And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils.

Mos. And sweat, sir. Why your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours; it transforms
The most deformed, and restores 'em lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle. Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more sub-
tile

To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her
beauty.

Volp. I think she loves me.

Mos. Who? the lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.

Volp. Dost thou say so?

Mos. Hark!
There's some already.

Volp. Look.

Mos. It is the vulture;
He has the quickest scent.

Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture.

Mos. I am set.

Volp. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

SCENE III.

Voltre, Mosca, Corbuccic, Corvino, Lady, Volpone.

Volt. How now, my Mosca?

Mos. Turkey carpets, nine—

Volt. Taking an inventory? that is well.

Mos. Two suits of bedding, tissue—

Volt. Where's the will?

Let me read that the while.

Corb. So, set me down,
And get you home.

Volt. 'Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. Of cloth of gold, two more—

Corb. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. Of several velvets, eight—

Volt. I like his care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Corv. Ha? is the hour come, Mosca?

Volp. I, now they muster.

[*Volpone peeps from behind a traverse.*]

Corv. What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?

Corb. What do these here?

Lad. Mosca?

Is his thread spun?

Mos. Eight chests of linen—

Volp. O,

My fine dame 'Would-be too!

Corv. Mosca, the will,

That I may shew it these, and rid 'em hence.

Mos. Six chests of diaper, four of damask—
There.

Corb. Is that the will?

Mos. Down-beds and bolsters—

Volp. Rare!

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How their swift eyes run over the long deed.

Unto the name, and to the legacies,

What is bequeath'd them there—

Mos. Ten suits of hangings—

Volp. I, i' their garters, Mosca. Now their
hopes

Are at the gasp.

Volt. Mosca the heir!

Corb. What's that?

Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my
merchant,

He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is
lost,

He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reach'd his despair yet.

Corb. All these

Are out of hope; I'm sure, the man.

Corv. But Mosca—

Mos. Two cabinets—

Corv. Is this in earnest?

Mos. One

Of ebony—

Corv. Or do you but delude me?

Mos. The other, mother of pearl—I am
very busy.

Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—

Item, one salt of agat—not my seeking.

Lad. Do you hear, sir?

Mos. A perfum'd box—'Pray you forbear,
You see I'm troubled—made of an onyx—

Lad. How!

Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at
leisure

To talk with you all.

Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?

Lad. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.

Mos. Madam!

Marry, and shall: 'pray you, fairly quit my
house.

Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but
heark you.

Remember what your ladyship offer'd me

To put you in an heir; go to, think on't:

And what you said e'en your best madams did

For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.

Go home, and use the poor sir Pol your knight
well,

For fear I tell some riddles: go, be melancholy.

Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.

Mos. What! Will not you take your dis-
patch hence yet?

Methinks (of all) you should have been th' ex-
ample.

Why should you stay here? With what thought,
what promise?

Hear you? do you not know, I know you an ass?

And that you would most fain have been a wittol,

If fortune would have left you? that you are

A declar'd cuckold, on good terms? This pearl,

You'll say, was yours? Right: this diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here
else?

It may be so. Why, think that these good
works

May help to hide your bad: I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title, it sufficeth.
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.

Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villainy becomes
him!

Vol. Certain he doth delude all these for
me!

Corb. Mosca the heir?

Volp. O his four eyes have found it.

Corb. I'm cozen'd, cheated, by a parasite
slave;

Harlot, th' hast gull'd me.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years snufft about.
With your most grov'ling nose, and would have
hir'd

Me to the pois'ning of my patron, sir?
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Profess'd the disinheriting of your son?
Perjur'd yourself? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters, go, go, stink.

Volp. Excellent varlet!

Vol. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy.

Mos. Sir.

Vol. Sincere.

Mos. A table

Of porphyry—I mar'le you'll be thus trouble-
some.

Vol. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why? who are you?

What? who did send for you? O, cry you mer-
cy.

Reverend sir! good faith, I'm griev'd for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving tra-
vails:

But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o' th' dead must be observ'd.
Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
You have a gift, sir, (thank your education)
Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir.
If I have any suits (as I do hope,
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not)
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
(Conceive me) for your fee, sir. In mean time,
You that have so much law, I know ha' the con-
science

Not to be covetous of what is mine.

Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look

As you were costive; best go home and purge,
sir.

Volp. Bid him eat lettuce well: my witty
mischief.

Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus—Mosca, go,
Straight take my habit of Clarissimo,
And walk the streets, be seen, torment 'em
more:

We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?

Mos. I doubt it will loose them.

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise.
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions:

How I would vex 'em still at every turn! •

Mos. Sir, I can fit you.

Volp. Canst thou?

Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the Commandadori, sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you
his habit.

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy
brain!

O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

SCENE IV.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3, Woman, Politick.

Per. Am I enough disguis'd?

Mer. 1. I warrant you.

Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.

Mer. 2. If you could ship him away, 'twere
excellent.

Mer. 3. To Zant, or to Aleppo?

Per. Yes, and ha' his

Adventures put i' th' book of voyages,
And his gull'd story register'd for truth.

Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,

And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.

Mer. 1. Trust it to our care.

Per. Save you, fair lady. Is sir Pol within?

Wom. I do not know, sir.

Per. 'Pray you say unto him,
Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
Desires to speak with him.

Wom. I will see, sir.

Per. 'Pray you.

I see the family is all female here.

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of
state,

That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him.

Per. 'Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. What might be
His grave affair of state now? how to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' th' ingredients.

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows

By your word, tidings, that you are no states-
man,

And therefore wills you stay.

Per. Sweet, pray you return him ;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done ;
But—here he deigns to come.

Pol. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd
(to-day)

Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me,
And I was penning my apology
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse
disaster ;

The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd—

Pol. I, was
A fugitive punk ?

Per. No, sir, a spy set on you ;
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the state of Venice to the Turk.

Pol. O me !

Per. For which, warrants are sign'd by this
time,

To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers—

Pol. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books—

Per. All the better, sir.

Pol. And some essays. What shall I do ?

Per. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest,
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard.

Pol. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse-sake merely.

[*They knock without.*]

Per. Hark, they are there.

Pol. I am a wretch, a wretch.

Per. What will you do, sir ?

He's you ne'er a curran-butt to leap into ?

They'll put you to the rack, you must be sudden.

Pol. Sir, I have an ingine—

(*Mer.* 3. Sir Politick Would-be ?

Mer. 1. Where is he ?)

Pol. That I have thought upon before time.

Per. What is it ?

Pol. (I shall ne'er endure the torture.)

Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: 'pray you, sir,
help me.

Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs,
(Please you to lay it on, sir) with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir ; like a tor-
toise,

Till they are gone.

Per. And call you this an ingine ?

Pol. Mine own device—

Good sir, bid my wife's women
To burn my papers.

[*They rush in.*]

Mer. 1. Where's he hid ?

Mer. 3. We must
And will sure find him.

Mer. 2. Which is his study ?

Mer. 1. What

Are you, sir ?

Per. I am a merchant that came here
To look upon this tortoise.

Mer. 3. How ?

Mer. 1. St. Mark !

What beast is this ?

Per. It is a fish.

Mer. 2. Come out here.

Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread
upon him :

He'll bear a cart.

Mer. 1. What, to run over him ?

Per. Yes, sir.

Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.

Mer. 2. Can he not go ?

Per. He creeps, sir.

Mer. 1. Let's see him creep.

Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.

Mer. 2. (Heart) I will see him creep, or
I will prick him.

Mer. 3. Come out here.

Per. Pray you, sir, (creep a little.)

Mer. 1. Forth.

Mer. 2. Yet farther.

Per. Good sir, (creep.)

Mer. 2. We'll see his legs.

[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*]

Mer. 3. See, he has garters !

Mer. 1. I, and gloves !

Mer. 2. Is this

Your fearful tortoise ?

Per. Now, sir Pol, we are even ;
For your next project I shall be prepar'd :

I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.

Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in
Fleet-street.

Mer. 2. I, i' the Term.

Mer. 1. Or Smith-held in the fair.

Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy sight.

Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise.

Pol. Where's my lady ?

Knows she of this ?

Wom. I know not, sir.

Pol. Enquire.

O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the Gazetti, ship-boys' tale ;

And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.

Wom. My lady's come most melancholy
home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for phy-
sick.

Pol. And I, to shun this place and clime for
ever,

Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.

SCENE V.

Volpone, Mosca.

[*The first in a habit of a Commandadore ; the
other of a Clarissimo.*]

Volp. Am I then like him ?

Mos. O, sir, you are he :
No man can sever you.

Volp. Good.

Mos. But what am I?

Volp. A brave Clarissimo, thou well becom'st it.

Pity thou wert not born one.

Mos. If I hold

My made one, 'twill be well.

Volp. I'll go and see

What news first at the court.

Mos. Do so. My Fox

Is out o' his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,
Except he comes to composition with me:

Androgyno, Castrone, Nano.

All. Here.

Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go, sport.

So, now I have the keys, and am possest.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat
Well plac'd; no man would construe it a sin:
Let his sport pay for't; this is call'd the foxtrap.

SCENE VI.

Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.

Corb. They say, the court is set.

Corv. We must maintain

Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

Corb. Why? mine's no tale: my son would there have kill'd me.

Corv. That's true, I had forgot; mine is, I'm sure.

But for your will, sir.

Corb. I, I'll come upon him

For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.

Corv. Of what?

Volp. The sudden good

Dropt down upon you—

Corb. Where?

Volp. (And none knows how.)

From old Volpone, sir.

Corb. Out, arrant knave.

Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir,
make you furious.

Corb. Away, thou varlet.

Volp. Why, sir?

Corb. Dost thou mock me?

Volp. You mock the world, sir;

Did you not change wills?

Corb. Out!

Volp. O! belike you are the man,

Signior Corvino? 'faith, you carry it well;

You grow not mad withal: I love your spirit:

You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune.

You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,

With such an autumn—Did he gi' you all, sir?

Corv. Avoid, your rascal.

Volp. Troth, your wife has shewn

Herself a very woman: but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:
Except Corbaccio have a share.

Corb. Hence, varlet.

Volp. You will not be acknown, sir; why, 'tis wise.

Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble.
No man will seem to win. Here comes my vulture,
Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

SCENE VII.

Volpore, Volpone.

Vol. Outstript thus, by a parasite! a slave!
Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs!

Well, what I'll do—

Volp. The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learn'd hands,
That understand the fingering—

Vol. What do you mean?

Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew discas'd,
A handsome, pretty house,
As any was in Venice.

Vol. Come, sir, leave your prating.

Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your hand,

That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.

'Tis a mere toy to you, sir, candle-rents,

As your learn'd worship knows—

Vol. What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir;

God decrease it.

Vol. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune?

Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir, would 'twere more.

(Now, to my first again, at the next corner.)

SCENE VIII.

Corbaccio, Corvino, (Mosca passant,) Volpone.

Corb. See, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!

Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him,
like gun-stones.

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?

Corb. Again, t' afflict us! monster!

Volp. In good faith, sir,

I'm heartily griev'd, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:

There still was somewhat in his look, did promise

The bane of a Clarissimo.

Corv. Knave—

Volp. Methinks

Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name,
Should not have sung your shame, and dropt
your cheese,

To let the fox laugh at your emptiness.

*Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the
place,*

And your red saucy cap, that seems (to me)
Nail'd to your jolt-head, with those two cec-
chines,

Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; ap-
proach.

*Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour
well,*

Since you durst publish what you are, sir.

*Corv. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.*

Volp. Sir, sir, another time——

Corv. Nay, now.

*Volp. O no, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.*

Corb. What, come again?

[*Mosca walks by them.*]

Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.

Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.

Corv. Let's fly him.

*Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the vul-
ture.*

SCENE IX.

Voltore, Mosca, Volpone.

*Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you
now;*

Your winter will come on.

*Mos. Good advocate,
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a solœcism (as madam says).
Get you a biggen more; your brain breaks
loose.*

Volt. Well, sir.

*Volp. Would you have me beat the insolent
slave?*

Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?

*Volt. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.*

*Volp. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you; I am mad, a mule,
That never read. Justinian, should get up,
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done't:
This's but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heir?*

*Volt. A strange officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.*

*Volp. I know——
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit.
That wealth and wisdom still should go together.*

SCENE X.

*Avocatori 4, Notario, Commandadore, Bonario;
Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore, Volpone.*

Avoc. 1. Are all the parties here?

Not. All but the advocate.

Avoc. 2. And here he comes.

Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to sentence.

*Volt. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your
mercy*

Once win upon your justice, to forgive——

I am distracted——

[*Volp. What will he do now?*]

Volt. O,

I know not which t'address myself to first;

Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents——

[*Corv. Will he betray himself?*]

Volt. Whom equally

I have abus'd, out of most covetous ends——

[*Corv. The man is mad!*]

Corb. What's that?

Corv. He is possest.

*Volt. For which, now struck in conscience,
here I prostrate*

Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.

Avoc. 1, 2. Arise.

[*Vol. O Heav'n, how just thou art!*]

Volp. I am caught

I' my own noose——

Corv. Be constant, sir: nought now

Can help, but impudence.

Avoc. 1. Speak forward.

Com. Silence.

*Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend fa-
thers,*

But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,

That knave hath been the instrument of all.

Avoc. Where is that knave? fetch him.

Volp. I go.

*Corv. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confest it now:
For hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead——*

Corv. 3. How!

Avoc. 2. Is Volpone dead?

Corv. Dead since, grave fathers——

Bon. O sure vengeance!

Avoc. 1. Stay,

Then he was no deceiver.

Volt. O no, none:

The parasite, grave fathers.

Corv. He does speak

Out of mere envy 'cause the servant's made

The thing he gap'd for: please your father-
hoods,

This is the truth, though I'll not justify

The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.

*Volt. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, Cor-
vino:*

But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but confer

them;

As I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.

Corv. The devil has enter'd him !

Bon. Or bides in you.

Avoc. 4. We have done ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.

Avoc. 2. For whom ?

Avoc. 4. Him that they call the parasite.

Avoc. 3. 'Tis true,

He is a man of great estate, now left.

Avoc. 4. Go you, and learn his name, and
say, the court

Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts.

Avoc. 2. The same's a labyrinth !

Avoc. 1. Stand you unto your first report.

Corv. My state,

My life, my fame——

(*Bon.* Where is't ?)

Corv. Are at the stake.

Avoc. 1. Is yours so too ?

Corb. The advocate's a knave.

And has a forked tongue——

(*Avoc. 2.* Speak to the point.)

Corv. So is the parasite too.

Avoc. 1. This is confusion.

Volt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read
but those.

Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit
hath writ :

It cannot be, but he's possest, grave fathers.

SCENE XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgynio, Castrone.

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck !
and run

My head into it, wilfully ! with laughter !
When I had newly 'scap'd, was free, and clear !
Out of mere wantonness ! O the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And Mosca gave it second ; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.
How now ! who let you loose ? whither go you
now ?

What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings ?

Nan. Sir, master Mosca call'd us out of
doors,

And bids us all go play, and took the keys.

And. Yes.

Volp. Did master Mosca take the keys ? why,
so !

I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits !
I must be merry, with a mischief to me !
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly ? I must ha' my crotchets !
And my conundrums ! Well, go you, and seek
him :

His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he sraight come to me to the court ;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
UnscREW my advocate, upon new hopes :
When I provok'd him, then I lost myself.

SCENE XII.

Avocatori, &c.

Avoc. 1. These things can ne'er be reconcil'd.
He here

Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Fore'd by her husband, and there left.

Volt. Most true.

Cel. How ready is Heaven to those that pray !

Avoc. 1. But that

Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds

Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

Corv. Grave fathers, he's possest ; again, I
say,

Possest : nay, if there be possession,
And obsession, he has both.

Avoc. 3. Here comes our officer.

Volp. The parasite will straight be here,
grave fathers.

Avoc. 1. You might invent some other name,
sir, varlet.

Avoc. 3. Did not the notary meet him ?

Volp. Not that I know.

Avoc. 4. His coming will clear all.

Avoc. 2. Yet, it is misty.

Volt. May't please your fatherhoods——

Volp. Sir, the parasite

[*Volp. whispers the Advoc.*

Will'd me to tell you, that his master lives,
That you are 'still the man, your hopes the
same ;

And this was only a jest——

Volt. How ?

Volp. Sir, to try

If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Volt. Art' sure he lives ?

Volp. Do I live, sir ?

Volt. O me !

I was too violent.

Volp. Sir, you may redeem it :

They said, you were possest ; fall down, and
seem so :

I'll help to make it good. God bless the man !

[*Voltore falls.*

(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see,
see !

He vomits crooked pins ! his eyes are set.

Like a dead hare's hung in a poulterer's shop !

His mouth's running away ! Do you see, sig-
nior ?

Now, 'tis in his belly.

(*Corv.* I, the devil !)

Volp. Now in his throat.

(*Corv.* I, I perceive it plain.)

Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out, stand clear. See
where it flies,

In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings !

Do you not see it, sir ?

Corb. What ? I think I do.

Corv. 'Tis too manifest.

Volp. Look ! he comes t' himself !

Volt. Where am I ?

Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.

You are dispossess'd.

Avoc. 1. What accident is this ?

Avoc. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder !

Avoc. 3. If he were

Possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.

Avoc. 1. Shew him that writing: do you know it, sir?

Volp. Deny it, sir, forswear it, know it not.

Vol. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand; But all that it contains is false.

Bon. O practice!

Avoc. 2. What maze is this!

Avoc. 1. Is he not guilty then, Whom you there name the parasite?

Vol. Grave fathers, No more than his good patron, old Volpone.

Avoc. 4. Why, he is dead.

Vol. O no, my honour'd fathers, He lives—

Avoc. 1. How! lives?

Vol. Lives.

Avoc. 2. This is subtler yet!

Avoc. 3. You said he was dead.

Vol. Never.

Avoc. 3. You said so.

Corv. I heard so.

Avoc. 4. Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

Avoc. 5. A stool.

Avoc. 4. A proper man; and, were Volpone dead,

A fit match for my daughter.

Avoc. 3. Give him way.

Volp. Mosca, I was a'most lost; the advocate Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd;

All's o' the hinge again—Say, I am living.

Mos. What busy knave is this! most reverend fathers,

I sooner had attended your grave pleasures, But that my order for the funeral

Of my dear patron did require me—

(*Volp.* Mosca!)

Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.

Volp. I, quick, and cozen me of all.

Avoc. 2. Still stranger!

More intricate!

Avoc. 1. And come about again!

Avoc. 4. It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.

(*Mos.* Will you gi' me half?)

Volp. First I'll be hang'd.

Mos. I know

Your voice is good, cry not so loud.)

Avoc. 1. Demand

The advocate: Sir, did you not affirm Volpone was alive?

Volp. Yes, and he is;

This gentleman told me so, (thou shalt have half.)

Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? speak some that know him:

I never saw his face, (I cannot now Afford it you so cheap.

Volp. No?)

Avoc. 1. What say you?

Vol. The officer told me.

Volp. I did, grave fathers, And will maintain he lives, with mine own life, And that this creature told me. (I was born With all good stars my enemies.)

Mos. Most grave fathers, If such an insolence as this must pass Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this For which you sent, I hope.

Avoc. 2. Take him away.

(*Volp.* Mosca!)

Avoc. 3. Let him be whipt.

(*Volp.* Wilt thou betray me? Cozen me?)

Avoc. 3. And taught to bear himself Toward a person of his rank.

Avoc. 4. Away.

Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.

Volp. Soft, soft, whipt?

And lose all that I have? If I confess, It cannot be much more.

Avoc. 4. Sir, are you married?

Volp. They'll be ally'd anon; I must be resolute:

The fox shall here uncase.

(*Mos.* Patron.)

Volp. Nay, now.

[He puts off his disguise.

My ruins shall not come alone; your match I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,

Nor screw you into a family.

(*Mos.* Why, patron!)

Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave;

This, his own knave: this, avarice's fool:

This, a chimera of wittal, fool and knave:

And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope

Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it. You hear me brief.

Corv. May it please your fatherhoods.—

Com. Silence.

Avoc. 1. The knot is now undone by miracle.

Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.

Avoc. 3. Or can more prove These innocent.

Avoc. 1. Give them their liberty.

Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.

Avoc. 2. If this be held the high-way to get riches

May I be poor.

Avoc. 3. That's not the gain, but torment.

Avoc. 1. These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,

Which trullier may be said to possess them.

Avoc. 2. Disrobe that parasite.

Corv. *Mos.* Most honour'd fathers.

Avoc. 1. Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?

If you can, speak.

Corv. *Vol.* We beg favour.

Cel. And mercy.

Avoc. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

Stand forth ; and first, the parasite. You appear
T' have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures ; and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abus'd the court,
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood :
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt ;
Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys.

Folt. I thank you for him.

Mos. Bane to thy wolvisish nature.

Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the Saffi. Thou,
Volpone.

By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure ; but our judgment on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To th' hospital of th' Incurabili.
And since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove
him.

Folt. This is call'd mortifying of a fox.

Avoc. 1. Thou, Voltore, to take away the
scandal

Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profes-
sion.

Art banisht from their fellowship, and our state.
Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess
Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee
To the monastery of San Spirito ;
Where, since thou know'st not how to live well
here,

Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.

Corb. Ha ! what said he ?

Com. You shall know anon, sir.

Avoc. 1. Thou, Corvino, shalt
Be straight imbarc'd for thine own house, and
row'd

Round about Venice, through the grand canal,
Wearing a cap, with fair long asses ears.
Instead of horns ; and so to mount (a paper
Pinn'd upon thy breast) to the Berlina—

Corv. Yes,

And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs—'Tis well.
I'm glad

I shall not see my shame yet.

Avoc. 1. And to expiate ^{her}
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send
Home to her father, with her dowry trebled :
And these are all your judgments.

(*All.* Honour'd fathers.)

Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now
you begin

When crimes are done, and past, and to be
punish'd

To think what your crimes are : away with them.
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs
feed

Like beast, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

Volpone.

" The seasoning of a play, is the applause.

Now, though the fox be punish'd by the laws,

He yet doth hope, there is no suffer'ing due,
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you :
If there be, censure him ; here he doubtful
stands :

If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

NOBLEST Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star !
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood !
Hear what late discourse of you
Love and I have had, and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanc'd your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain ;
Sure, said he, if I have brain,
This here sung can be no other,
By description, but my mother !
So hath Homer prais'd her hair ;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see !
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses,
Such as oft I wanton in !
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripen'd with a breath more sweet
Than when flow'rs and west-winds meet
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's ! hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain !
And between each rising breast,
Lies the valley call'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyn my wings
After flight ; and put new stings
To my shafts ! her very name
With my mother's is the same.
I confess all, I reply'd,
And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But, alas ! thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex : but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spy'd.
Outward grace weak love beguiles :
She is Venus when she smiles ;
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Would'st thou hear, what man can say
 In a little? reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die:
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If, at all, she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 Th' other let it sleep with death;
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER
TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;—
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

THOMAS CAREW.

Born 1589.—Died 1639.

CELIA SINGING.

You that think Love can convey,
 No other way
 But through the eyes, into the heart
 His fatal dart,
 Close up those casements, and but hear
 'This Syren sing,
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice it shall appear
 That Love can enter at the ear:
 When unveil your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voice dwells; and as we know,
 When the cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
 So may you, when the music's done,
 Awake, and see the rising Sun.

TO MY MISTRESS, SITTING BY A RIVER'S SIDE.
AN EDDY.

MARK how yon eddy steals away
 From the rude stream into the bay;
 Then lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
 Her waters from the channel's course,
 And scorns the torrent that did bring
 Her headlong from her native spring.
 Now doth she with her new love play,
 Whilst he runs murmuring away.

Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
 As amorously their arms display,
 T' embrace and clip her silver waves:
 See how she strokes their sides, and craves
 An entrance there, which they deny;
 Whereat she frowns, threatening to fly
 Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
 Backward, but from the channel's brim
 Smiling returns into the creek,
 With thousand dimples on her cheek.
 Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
 My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
 Secure repose, and never dream
 Of the quite forsaken stream:
 Let him to the wide ocean haste,
 There lose his colour, name and taste;
 Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
 Within these arms for ever swim.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
 My resolv'd heart to return;
 I have search'd thy soul within,
 And find nought but pride and scorn:
 I have learn'd thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.
 Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
 That love to her I cast away.

SONG.

TO ONE WHO, WHEN I PRAISED MY MISTRESS'S
 BEAUTY, SAID I WAS BLIND.

WONDER not though I am blind,
 For you must be
 Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
 If, when you see
 Her face, you prove not blind like me:
 If the pow'ful beams that fly
 From her eye,
 And those amorous sweets that lie
 Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
 Find a passage to your heart,
 Then you'll confess your mortal sight
 Too weak for such a glorious light:
 For if her graces you discover,
 You grow like me a dazzled lover;
 But if those beauties you not spy,
 Then are you blinder far than I.

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE.

I WAS foretold, your rebel sex
Nor love nor pity knew ;
And with what scorn you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue ;
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
Could we the fortress win,
The happy lover sure should gain
A paradise within :
I thought love's plagues like dragons sate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy lovers prove ;
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
And taste those sweets of love,
Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate ! to have been once possess'd,
As victor, of a heart
Achiev'd with labour and unrest,
And then forc'd to depart !
If the stout foe will not resign
When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine :
But he that is cast down
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
Only deposed kings can know.

THE ENQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
" Tell me, (said I in deep distress)
Where may I find my shepherdess ? "

" Thou fool," (said Love) " know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is ?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

" In yon enamel'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

" In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

" 'Tis true" (said I) : and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union ;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stop : said Love, " These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee :

And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye :
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together."

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE*.

LET not brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake :
For that lovely face will fail ;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun :
Most fleeting, when it is most dear ;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow : in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose ;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call ?
Like swallows, when your summer's done
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm ; be provident.
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter ; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant,
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day.

* * * * *

For when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd ;
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd ;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never.

* * * * *

Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute :
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes ;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves :
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason ;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r :
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

* I have omitted some lines in the commencement of this poem, as well as in the places marked with stars.—Compiler.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.

THE Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone: With weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn.

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes;
"We," said the Eyes, "send forth those pointed
darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," reply'd the Lips, "proceed those
blisses,
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet
kisses."
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did
pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a show'r.
Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and plea-
sure,
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly
treasure;
And bade Love judge, whether did add more
grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Born 1568.—Died 1639.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and
birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright Sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated: wise, suspected: scorn'd, if poor.
Great, fear'd: fair, tempted: high, still envy'd
more:
I have wish'd all: but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be
rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me The Fair,
Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice
dumb,

As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs: be call'd great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent
groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly
loves!

Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the glad some spring:
A Prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.

* An angel is a coin, of the value of ten shillings.

Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
 And if Contentment be a stranger then,
 I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven, again.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is he born or taught,
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin makes oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.
 You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light!
 You common people of the skies!
 What are you, when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your voices understood
 By your weak accents! what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own!
 What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind;
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Born 1584.—Died 1640.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lovell.
 Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner.
 Frank Wellborn, a prodigal.
 Tom Allworth, a young gentleman, page to lord Lovell.
 Greedy, a hungry justice of peace.
 Garrall, a term-driver; a creature of Sir Giles Overreach.
 Order, steward
 Amble, usher
 Furnace, cook
 Watchall, porter } to Lady Allworth.
 Willdo, a parson.
 Tapwell, an alehouse keeper.
 Creditors, Servants, &c.
 Lady Allworth, a rich widow.
 Margaret, Overreach's daughter.
 Froth, Tapwell's wife.
 Chambermaid.
 Waiting Woman.

SCENE, the country near Nottingham.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before Tapwell's House.

Enter Wellborn in tattered apparel, Tapwell, and Froth.

Well. No house? nor no tobacco?

Tap. Not a suck, sir;

Nor the remainder of a single can
 Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your
 morning's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brache*!

The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a look-
 ing-glass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
 And take the name yourself.

Well. How, dog!

Tap. Even so, sir,

And I must tell you, if you but advance

Your Plymouth cloak†, you shall be soon in-
 structed

There dwells, and within call, if it please your
 worship,

A potent monarch, call'd a constable,
 That does command a citadel call'd the stocks:

Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,
 Such as with great dexterity will haul

Your tatter'd, lousy—

Well. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril: Do not put your-
 self

In too much heat, there being no water near

To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other
 liquor,

* Well. Verity, you brache!

The devil turn'd precisian! A brache is a female hound. A precisian is a puritan: a very general object of dislike in those times.—Gifford.

† That a staff was anciently called a Plymouth cloak may be proved by many instances; but the following will be sufficient:
 "Whose cloak, at Plymouth spun, was crab-tree wood."

DAVENANT, Fol. p. 229.—Gifford.

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell

Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he

Whose riots fed and clothed thee? wert thou not

Born on my father's land, and proud to be

A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;

What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell, Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,

I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father, My quondam master, was a man of worship, Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quorum,

And stood fair to be custos rotulorum;

Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,

Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying, And the twelve hundred a year coming to you, Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly;

You cannot out of your way.

Tap. But to my story:

You were then a lord of acres, the prime galandant,

And I your under butler; note the change now: You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds, With cloice of running horses: mistresses Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot

As their embraces made your lordships melt; Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,

(Resolving not to lose a drop of them,)

On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,

And you have studied it.

Tap. I have not done yet:

Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token*,

You grew the common borrower; no man scaped Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches

In your gallantry.

Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,

Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage; Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,

Gave entertainment——

Well. Yes, to whores and canters, Clubbers by night.

Tap. True, but they brought in profit, And had a gift to pay for what they called for; And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income

I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish

Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time May rise to be overseer of the poor;

Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn, I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter, And you shall thank my worship.

Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,

And thus——

[Beats and kicks him.

Tap. Cry out for help!

Well. Stir, and thou diest:

Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.

Hear me, ungrateful hound! say, did not I Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots, And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst Live like an emperor; 'twas I that gave it In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, sir;

For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all, On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound Ne'er to remember who their best guests were, If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded

That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!— But since you are grown forgetful, I will help

Your memory, and tread thee into mortar; Not leave one bone unbroken. [Beats him again.

Tap. Oh!

Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter Allworth.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.

All. Hold, for my sake hold.

Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.

Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre*;

But let them vanish, creeping on their knees, And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed

On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,

Though you are beaten lame for't.

* *Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre:] The Plymouth cloak mentioned in a former page.—Gifford.

* Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token.] "During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of the public, therefore, tradesmen were permitted to coin small money, or tokens, as they were called, which were used for change." Old Plays, Vol. III. p. 267. These little pieces are mentioned by most of our old writers; their value is not ascertained, but seems to have been about a farthing.—Gifford.

Tap. Patience, Froth ;
There's law to cure our bruises.

[*They go off on their hands and knees.*]

Well. Sent to your mother ?

All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all !
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her :
There are few such stepdames.

Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy ; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no
tongue

To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors ?

All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord, excepted ; such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again, but to no purpose ;
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her pre-
sence.

Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment : I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.

Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel : I am bound to
it.

Thy father was my friend ; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee ;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

All. I thank your noble care ; but, pray you,
in what
Do I run the hazard ?

Well. Art thou not in love ?
Put it not off with wonder.

All. In love, at my years !

Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are
transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have
made ;

And, with my finger, can point out the north
star

By which the loadstone of your folly's guided ;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach ? Does it blush and
start,

To hear her only named ? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

All. You are too bitter, sir.

Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain :
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's
lodge,

And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage ? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him ;
Court-waiters not exempted.

All. This is madness.

Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful ; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state ?

All. And your's too.

Well. I confess it.
True ; I must tell you as a friend, and freely.
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind
thee)

That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her
great

In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his
own too,—

Will e'er consent to make her thine ? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

All. You have well advised me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own :
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.

All. Yes, 'tis much material :
You know my fortune, and my means ; yet some-
thing

I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

Well. How's this ?

All. Nay, be not angry ; there's eight pieces,
To put you in better fashion.

Well. Money from thee !
From a boy ! a stipendiary ! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord !

I'll eat my arms first. Howsое'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me ;
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred ; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy ;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer ;
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it ; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.

All. A strange humour !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Order, Amble, Furnace and Watchall.

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is
Order,

And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,

For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.

Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd
Cooks, by their places, may be cholerick.

Furn. You think you have spoke wisely,
goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before!

Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furn. 'Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!

At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amb. There was no hurt meant.

Furn. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.

Ord. With whom?

Furn. No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,

I am angry with my lady.

Watch. Heaven forbid, man!

Ord. What cause has she given thee?

Furn. Cause enough, master steward.

I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting
sauces,

And raise fortifications* in the pastry,
Such as might serve for models in the Low
Countries;

Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and
ne'er took it—

Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.

Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.

Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady?

Furn. What's this? marry this; when I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Furn. By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?

Furn. The same, the same: meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.

[Knocking within.

Watch. One knocks.

[Exit.

Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter Watchall with Allworth.

Amb. Welcome, sir.

Furn. Your hand;

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Ord. His father's picture in little.

Furn. We are all your servants.

Amb. In you he lives.

All. At once, my thanks to all;

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?
Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

Lady All. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

[Exit Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Furn. You air and air;

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?

L. All. Prithee, be not angry;

I shall ere long; i' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.

L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning

I am visited by any, entertain them

As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,

I am indisposed.

Ord. I shall, madam.

L. All. Do, and leave me.

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

[Exit Order, Amble, Furnace and Watchall.

All. I shall gladly grow here,

To wait on your commands.

L. All. So soon turn'd courtier! [is duty

All. Style not that courtship, madam, which
Purchased on your part.

L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;

I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

* And raise fortifications in the pastry—

Which, if they had been practised at Breda, Spinola, &c.] This was one of the most celebrated sieges of the time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Spinola sat down before Breda on the 26th of August, 1624, and the town did not surrender until the 1st of July in the following year. The besieged suffered incredible hardships: "butter," says the historian, Herman Hugo, "was sold for six florins a pound; a calf of 17 days old, for forty-eight; a hog, for one hundred and fifteen; and tobacco, for one hundred florins the lb.;" this was after they had consumed most of the horses. A few days after, the narrator adds, that "as much tobacco as in other places might have been had for ten florins, was sold in Breda for twelve hundred!" It appears that this tobacco was used as "physick, it being the only remedy they had against the scurvy."

The raising of fortifications in pastry seems to have been a fashionable practice, since I scarcely recollect the details of any great entertainment in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, where the fortifications of the cook or the confectioner are not duly commemorated.—Gifford.

All. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

L. All. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.

L. All. And how approve you of his course?
you are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

All. Any form, you please,
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

L. All. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to
hear

With such respect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.

All. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;
And, with my utmost strengths of care and ser-
vice,

Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties shower'd upon me.

L. All. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.*

All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.

L. All. To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's
Wellborn: [pity;
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your

But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall
have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Hall in the same.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall, and Marrall.

Greedy. Not to be seen!

Over. Still cloister'd up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve
And not dispute: howe'er, you are nobly wel-
come;

And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a
pipe

Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race?

Ord. Yes, master Greedy.

Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!

Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your
good worship!

Greedy. Honest master cook, thy hand;
again: how I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is
a chine

Of beef, well seasoned.

Greedy. Good!

Furn. A pheasant, larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Furn. Other kickshaws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest
of Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man!

Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for
dinner,

And baked in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, sir Giles, and baked in puff-
paste!

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!

Over. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a com-
mission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly
When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master
cook,

Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

[*Enter Wellborn.*]

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who
have we here?

Well. You know me.

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beg-
gar;

If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged, and whipt.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!

[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*]

Watch. Will you out, sir?

I wonder how you durst creep in.

Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.

Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the
basket?

But you must press into the hall?

Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie,
My scullion shall come to thee.

[*Enter Allworth.*]

Will. This is rare:

Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!

All. We must be strangers;

Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

[*Exit.*]

Well. Better and better. He contemns me
too!

[*Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*]

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! what
thing's this?

Cham. Let us hence, for love's sake, or I
shall swoon.

Woman. I begin to faint already.

[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*]

Watch. Will you know your way?

Amb. Or shall we teach it you
By the head and shoulders?

Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch

* To be served among your fellows, from the basket,] i. e. from the broken bread and meat which, in great houses, was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge, or reserved to be carried every night to the prisons for debtors and other necessitous persons. Hence, perhaps, the allusion of Ambie. Thus Shirley: "I'll have you clapt up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate for a meal at night from the basket." *Bird in a Cage.*—Gifford.

That dares attempt to force me. Why, you
slaves,

Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black jacks or flagons; you that were
born

Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions!—who advances? who
Shews me the way?

Ord. My lady!

*Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and
Chambermaid.*

Cham. Here's the monster.

Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to
your nose.

Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.

L. All. To me!

Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your hus-
band,

And then I shall forget these.

L. All. I am amazed
To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou
think,

Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,
And know, and keep the distance that's between
us;

Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which feeds your veins; those costly
jewels,

And those rich clothes you wear, your men's
observance,

And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the
eye,

To hear him named.

L. All. Have you aught else to say?

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his
fortune

Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels

Lay heavy on him : let it not be thought
A hoast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion ; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his ;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady ;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues
That could forget this ?

Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate ; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame
you for it ;

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble ;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his
friend,

Do not condemn me.

L. All. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Well. No, madam, on no terms :
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers ; 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*]

L. All. Fie ! nothing else ?

Well. Nothing unless you please to charge
your servants,

To throw away a little respect upon me.

L. All. What you demand is yours. [*Exit.*]

Well. I thank you, lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition : I have said all ;
When you please, you may retire :—nay, all's
forgotten ;

And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach and Marrall.

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee : this com-
mission crush'd him.

Mar. Your worships have the way on't and
ne'er miss.

To squeeze these unthrifths into air : and yet
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice : he that bribes his belly
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship hav-
ing

The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself ?

Over. Thou art a fool :

In being out of office I am out of danger ;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a premunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of t ; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion : so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or save, I care not ;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise ; for the other
wisdom,

That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, master Frugal ? as 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange ;
And his land lying in the midst of your many
lordships

Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near
his manor, [*fences,*]

Which done, I'll make my men break ope his
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs ;
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three years,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard : I could adore
you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of
law,

I will pretend some title : want will force him
To put it to arbitrement ; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder !

Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.

This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor
cold

Nor hunger kill him ?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means ; and the last night I
caused

His host the tapster to turn him out of doors ;
And have been since with all your friends and
tenants,

And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him
from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done,
sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall; but
thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and,
if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work with the
lord Lovell,

The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you:
This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable
daughter;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve
her.

And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To save their issue whom I have undone
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And, therefore, I'll not have a cham-
bermaid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.

Over. Hence monster! prodigy!

Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.

Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious,
rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work
him. [*Exit.*]

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

Well. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on
yourself,

You long since had been mad.

Well. You have ta'en a course
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!

The devil's creed!—but what would you have
done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the
shire,

Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang
yourself,

And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch,
or lice devour you?—

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and
trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may
murder,

And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take
some course

For your reputation.

Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever. [*air*]

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.

Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you!

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at
whose cost?

Are they padders, or abram-men* that are your
consorts? [*dine*]

Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?

With the lady of the lake†, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

* Are they padders, or abram-men that are your consorts? An
abram-man was an impudent impostor, who, under the garb and
appearance of a lunatick, rambled about the country, and com-
pelled, as Decker says, the servants of small families "to give
him, through fear, what ever he demanded." A padder (a term
still in use) is a lurker in the highways, a footpad.—Gifford.

† The abraham-man calls himself, says Decker, by the name of
Poor Tom, and coming near any body cries out, Poor Tom is cold
Edgar, in *King Lear*, personates the character.—Compter.

‡ With the lady of the lake,] This is a very prominent character
in *Morte Arthur*, and in many of our old romances. She seems
to be the Circe of the dark ages; and is frequently mentioned by
our old dramatists.—Gifford.

Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.

Well. Mark there with what respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine
own eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance
rather,

To see the curvet, and mount like a dog in a
blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

*Enter Allworth, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid,
Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall.*

Woman. Could you not command your leisure
one hour longer?

Cham. Or half an hour?

All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's not mine own,
How'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket,
They are of mine own preserving.

Cham. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the
same suit, sir.

[*Allworth kisses them severally.*]

Fur. How greedy these chamberers are of a
beardless chin!

I think the tits will ravish him.

All. My service

To both.

Woman. Ours waits on you.

Cham. And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore
careful

That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*]

Fur. Here drink it off; the ingredients are
cordial,

And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow,
Coral, and ambergris; you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's
long;

You may ride on the strength of this till to mor-
row morning.

All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much
grieve

To part from such true friends; and yet find
comfort,

My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within. Exit Watchall.*]

Mar. [*within*] Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. [*within*] Yes, yes, and knock again.

Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt all but Allworth.*]

*Re-enter Watchall, introducing Wellborn and
Marrall.*

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay!
most welcome;

You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in
my primer.

All. When I have given you reasons for my
late harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service

I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

All. All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter Amble.*]

Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet
never

Presented one so welcome as, I know,

You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision; [*hail*];
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dung-

It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan,

An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,

And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

[*Re-enter Furnace.*]

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know
your pleasure,

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Well. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some growse, and
turkey chicken,

Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me
ask you

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,

That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce
for his palate,

That on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-
month,

Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread
on Sundays!

Well. That way I like them best.

Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?

Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter Order.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

Well. I am well here
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-
straw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. O! sir, you are wish'd for.

Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Woman. And the first command she gave, after
she rose,
Was, (her devotions done,) to give her notice
When you approach'd here.

Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.

Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter Lady Allworth.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languish'd
till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellborn.*]

Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!

Well. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you
please
To grace this gentleman with a salute——

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

L. All. Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to salute Marrall.*]
Well. Run backward from a lady! and such
a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*]

L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to day, at mine own
table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good
enough
To sit at your steward's board.

L. All. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Re-enter Furnace.

Furn. Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick
still;

My art ne'er thought on!

L. All. Your arm, master Wellborn:——
Nay, keep us company. [*To Marrall*]

Mar. I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble, Marrall, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*]

Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, and are
come off well;

But if I know the mystery why my lady
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!

Furn. Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to sir Giles Overreach.

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Furn. Just as much

As my throat is worth, for that would be the
price on't.

To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats bought of the
hangman,

To grow rich, and then purchase, is too com-
mon:

But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many ser-
vants,

Who must at his command do any outrage;

Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;

Yet he to admiration still increases

In wealth, and lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb
ill men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove
him.

Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were
never

Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter Amble.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.

Ord. Contain thyself, man.

Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver,
Marrall,

This snip of an attorney——

Furn. What of him, man?

Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the
cook's shop in Ram Alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to
choose;

And feeds so slovenly!

Furn. Is this all?

Amb. My lady

Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please
master Wellborn;

As I live, he rises, and taks up a dish

In which there were some remnants of a boil'd
capon,

And pledges her in white broth!

Furn. Nay, 'tis like

The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.

Ord. Risen already!

Amb. I shall be child.

*Re-enter Lady Allworth, Wellborn, and
Marrall.*

Furn. My lady frowns.

L. All. You wait well:

Let me have no more of this; I observed your
jeering:

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.

L. All. [To Wellborn.] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.

Well. Trouble yourself no further;
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, master Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship.

[*Exeunt Wellborn and Marrall.*]

L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and
you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give
you
Further directions.

Ord. What you please.

Furn. We are ready. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Country near Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Wellborn and Marrall.

Well. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be, right worshipful.

Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease, an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship's present.

Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs
no counsel:

Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Well. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple
judgment
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish
you

A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morn-
ing,

To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed
you,

You savour'd not of amber.

Well. I do now then!

Mar. This your baton hath got a touch of
it. — [*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*]

Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty
pounds here,

Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to
buy you

A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd
Knave's-acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love, but must make no
use of it;

What's twenty pounds?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes,
I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that!

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so
leave thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,
(There being no woman, but is sometimes fro-
ward,)

To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-
acre,

When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*]

Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, master
Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated :

Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed

Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.

I'll presently think of the means.

[Walks by, musing.]

Enter Overreach, speaking to a servant within.

Over. Sirrah, take my horse.

I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,

And exercise will keep me from being purseey.

Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps

The knave has wrought the prodigal to do

Some outrage on himself, and now he feels

Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,

So it be done. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we

In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;

Lives once more to be made a prey to you,

A greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Over. With him! what lady?

Mar. The rich lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth,

And I do so but once a year, unless

It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,

I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,

I dined with him, at the great lady's table, Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,

And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too; But I was not so audacious, as some youths are, That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd, And sad after performance.

Over. Why, thou rascal!

To tell me these impossibilities. Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!— Impudent varlet, have not I myself, To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's death, In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor? And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush, This most incredible lie would call up one On thy buttermilk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir, Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these

Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn—

I would give a crown now I durst say his worship— [Aside.]

My nag, and twenty pounds.

Over. Did you so, idiot! [Strikes him down.]

Was this the way to work him to despair, Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then: now, forgetting Your late imaginary feast and lady, Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.

Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;

And bid my daughter's women trim her up,

Though they paint her, so she catch the lord,

I'll thank them:

There's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:

But there may be a time—

[Aside.]

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, sir.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Country near Overreach's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Allworth, and Servants.

Lor. Walk the horses down the hill: something in private

I must impart to Allworth. [Exeunt Servants.]

All. O, my lord,

What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching, Although I could put off the use of sleep, And ever wait on your commands to serve them; What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes, Nay, death itself, though I should run to meet it, Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer; But still the retribution will fall short Of your bounties shower'd upon me?

Lor. Loving youth;

Till what I purpose be put into act, Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret, Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd Treachery shall never open. I have found you (For so much to your face I must profess, Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)

More zealous in your love and service to me, Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy,
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.

All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have
been

More like a father to me than a master:
Pray pray, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.

All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted,
—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubt-
ful of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchas-
ed,

And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth!

All. As you are the brave lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courti-
ers practise:

Yet being a man (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery) I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous!

All. Were you to encounter with a single
foe,

The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer lan-
guage,

That I may understand them.

All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you,) must be obey'd.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath
it,

And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your
sight.

But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue

Make musick to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if [he]
Now lived again, how'er he stood the Syrens,
Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubt-
ful

Between your reason and rebellious passions.
And this too; when you feel her touch, and
breath

Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical. Allworth.

All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which
would

Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection,) must
Prevail for her: I here release your trust;
'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon
her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach' house?

All. At the most some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

All. O that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers
crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, mas-
ter Greedy.

And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the
water,

With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord
That he may, with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Over. Avaunt, you drudge!

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,

And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them——

Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

Over. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the
baked,
For which I will eat often; and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and
that's pure justice. *[Exit.]*

Over. It must be so:—should the foolish girl
prove modest,

She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter Margaret.

Alone—and let your women wait without.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed
too!

The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroi'der'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help
it.

And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new
woman,

The lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old 'amin* gown,
(Even starved for want of twopenny chops,) to
serve thee,

And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg-
ed him, *[ther.]*

Into the counter, and there let them howl toge-

Marg. You know your own ways, but for me,
I blush

When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferiour to myself
In birth. *[ter.]*

Over. In birth! why, art thou not my daugh-

The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind
not!

Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thy-
self

To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke
me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way
you please.

Re-enter Greedy.

Over. How! interrupted!

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience; there's a fawn brought
in, sir,

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dump-
ling

'Tis not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave
me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?

Over. Let it be dumped
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald
him

In his own caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give
thanks for't. *[Exit.]*

Over. But to our business, Meg; you have
heard who dines here?

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter Greedy.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantick?

Greedy. Frantick! 'twould make me fran-
tick, and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——

Over. Make thyself

Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has
found out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter; my father was a tri-
lor, *[cock;]*

And my name, though a justice, Greedy Wood-

* Linseywoolsey.

And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.

Over. Cook!—Rogue, obey him!

I have given the word, pray you now remove
yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. [Exit.

Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull
disturb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine. to hope it.

Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it,

Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals. [me;

Now for the means to assure him thine, observe
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that

Confines a virgin?

Over. Virgin me no virgins!

I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private:

If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though
he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

Marg. I have heard this is the strumpets'
fashion, sir,

Which I must never learn.

Over. Learn any thing,

And from any creature that may make thee
great;

From the devil himself.

Marg. This is but devilish doctrine!

Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer

Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.

Marg. In your house,

Your own house, sir! for heaven's sake, what
are you then?

Or what shall I be, sir?

Over. Stand not on form;

Words are no substances.

Marg. Though you could dispense

With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse
me,

In worldly policy this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it
may do.

My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er tempted by others: so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.

Over. How! forsake thee!

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose
me?

Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares
not.

Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[Exit Margaret.

Is the loud musick I gave order for
Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Over. Let them sound

A princely welcome. Roughness awhile leave
me;

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Loud musick. *Enter Lord Lovell, Greedy,*

Albworth and Marrall.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleased to style so, is
an honour

Above my worth and fortunes.

All. Strange! so humble.

Over. A justice of peace, my lord.

[Presents Greedy to him.

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this
a favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord

To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly

She shall attend my lord.

Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir.

[Exeunt all but Overreach.

Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask
for her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!—

Re-enter Margaret.

How! tears in your eyes!

Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,
But he instructed, or expect—he comes!

Re-enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, and Marrall.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

[*Lord Lovell salutes Margaret.*]

Lov. As I live, a rare one.

All. He's ta'en already: I am lost.

Over. That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.

[*Exeunt all but Over. Lov. and Marg.*]

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar: but—

Over. I am past learning,

And therefore leave you to yourselves: remem-
ber. [*Exit.*]

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is soli-
citous

To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,

Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty.

Marg. Which, forced too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours;

And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and
wither.

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow;

Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,

I of a low descent, however rich;

And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.

O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter Overreach behind listening.

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is ex-
cellent!

And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter Greedy behind.

Greedy. Sir Giles, sir Giles!

Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly
rings noon.

The baked-meats are run out, the roast turn'd
powder.

Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.

Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of
the shambles*! [*Strikes him.*]

Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis
petty treason

Edwardi quinto: but that you are my friend,
I could commit you without bail or mainprize.

Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall
commit you

Where you shall not dine to-day; disturb my
lord,

When he is in discourse!

Greedy. Is't a time to talk

When we should be munching?

Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain: vanish! shall we break
a bargain

Almost made up? [*Thrusts Greedy off.*]

Lov. Lady, I understand you,

And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct

Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives,
and bind us

Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,

Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir
Giles!

Where is sir Giles? [*Overreach comes forward.*]

Re-enter Allworth, Marrall, and Greedy.

Over. My noble lord; and how

Does your lordship find her?

Lov. Apt, sir Giles, and coming;

And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too.

Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first
assault,

"Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm
her

With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

Over. With all my soul:—a towardly gen-
tleman!

Your hand, good master Allworth; know my
house

Is ever open to you.

All. 'Twas shut till now.

[*Aside.*]

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable
daughter!

Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

[*Noise within as of a coach.*]

* *Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles* [*]*
Literally from Horace:

Prenus et tempestas, barathrumque macelli!

Barathrum is frequently used by our old poets in the classical
sense of an abyss, or devouring gulf: Thus Shirley,

"You come to scour your maw with the good cheer

Which will be lost in your lean barathrum,

You kitchen-stuff devourer!"

The Wedding.

I have not heard it observed that Massinger has taken a few
traits of the character of his justice from *Psallipho*, in the old
comedy of the *Supplices*.—*Gifford.*

Over. A coach!

Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner!

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for
all
Can be objected.

Lov. How! the lady Allworth!

Over. And thus attended!

[*Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth
salutes Murgaret.*]

Mar. No, I am a dolt,
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.

Over. Peace, Patch;
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and
much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first
inn:

And therefore doubting that you might forget
me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample
cause,

In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob
me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

L. All. Good sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him*]
—How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat
so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.

L. All. When you please, master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your know-
ledge

This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents Wellborn.*]

His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever
For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have condemn'd him. Sir Giles

Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew!

He has been too long a stranger: faith you
have,

Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring aside with Wellborn.*]

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself; no man of
worship,
Much less your nephew.

Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.

Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear, and help them.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.

L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear
master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*]

Greedy. Dear master Wellborn! So she said;
heaven! heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ru-
minate

All day on this: I have granted twenty war-
rants

To have him committed, from all prisons in the
shire,

To Nottingham gaol; and now, Dear master
Wellborn!

And, My good Nephew!—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter Marrall.

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must; my master
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold
with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being
come in

Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse
him,

And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner,

After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in com-
mission

Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug words, sir:
Should his worship hear you—

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have
dumpling,

Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:

I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach, as from dinner.

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects my lord,

And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!

The garments of her widowhood laid by,

She now appears as glorious as the spring.

Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses.

And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.

She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;

And if in our discourse he be but named,

From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I

At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,

All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,

Watch an occasion to invite my nephew

To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who! the rogue

The lady scorn'd to look on?

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plentiful dinner,

I shall make bold to walk a turn or two

In your rare garden

Over. There's an arbour too,

If your ladyship please to use it.

L. All. Come, master Wellborn.

[Exit Lady Allworth and Wellborn.]

Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet

feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote

Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull:

This lady's lust's more monstrous. My good lord.

Enter Lord Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.

Excuse my manners.

Lov. There needs none, sir Giles,

I may ere long say Father, when it pleases

My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter Wellborn and Lady Allworth.

Marg. My lady is return'd.

L. All. Provide my coach,

I'll instantly away; my thanks, sir Giles,

For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness

To think it such.

L. All. I must do you a further wrong,

In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good sir Giles.

L. All. Good mistress Margaret; nay, come, master Wellborn,

I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;

Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,

And, after some small conference between us,

Soon overtake your ladyship.

L. All. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss: *[Kisses Margaret.]*
you shall every day hear from me

By my faithful page.

All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[Exit Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Alworth and Marrall.]

Over. Daughter, to your chamber.

[Exit Margaret.]

You may wonder, nephew,

After so long an enmity between us,

I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir;

'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no wonder;

And what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand

To lift them up, but rather set our feet

Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;

As, I must yield, with you I practised it:

But, now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will assist you; this rich lady

(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;

'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:

Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in a word,

Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen

No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,

She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.

[Aside.]

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,

In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour

May taint your credit for your petty debts,

You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,

And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are staid for: ere you have sup'd

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!

To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,

That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh
not. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell and Allworth.

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now
discharge you

From further service: mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.

All. What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—

Lov. Nay, do not melt:

This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.

Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?

Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let
him in.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marraill.

Over. A good day to my lord!

Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so
soon!

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is
up

I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's
favour,

I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, sir Giles, and pray you an-
swer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be

From your manor-house, to this of my lady
Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four mile.

Greedy. How! four mile, good sir Giles—

Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles rid-
ing

Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,

Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah? prating

Before my lord! no difference! Go to my ne-
phew, [*ship*]
See all his debts discharged, and help his wor-
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too.

Toss'd like a dog still. [*Eat.*]

Lov. I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's
already:—

Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill
carry you

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there
plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a
license,

Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,

And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman,
get your breakfast;

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with
you,

And eat to purpose.

Over. Hungry again! did you not devour
this morning

A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester
oysters?

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my
stomach.

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of

Flushing,

Alone, while I am here.

Lov. Haste your return.

All. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I to line

My Christmas coffer.

[*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*]

Over. To my wish; we are private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:

In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,

In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,

With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall
you have

One motive to induce you to believe

I live too long, since every year I'll add

Something unto the heap, which shall be your's
too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?

It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change

To entertain your friends in a summer progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,

And well built pile; and she that's mistress
of it

Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!

It may be so for a time: but let my lord

Say only that he likes it, and would have it,

I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing
me,

Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone

The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-born's

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,) Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's In all the shire, and say they lie convenient And useful for your lordship, and once more I say aloud, they are your's.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The publick voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon your's.
For, though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find
you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her
brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own
sword,

If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call
me

Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows'
cries,

[old,
And undone orphans wash with tears my thresh-
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take
pleasure

In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word,
therefore,

Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all
mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advance-
ment

One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow.

[Exit.

Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth
can bear

Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all
over

In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head*
With sudden drifts of snow.

*Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and
Amble.*

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?

Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no
sooner:

Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.

L. All. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On others privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.

Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.

-than Olympus is

*When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.]* Either Massinger, or his transcriber, has mistaken Olympus for Parnassus; it may be the former, for, in trusting to their memory, such slips are not unusual in our old writers, who were indeed little solicitous of accuracy in these trivial matters.—Gifford.

L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.

Woman. And well know our distance.

L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become
your breeding. [*Exeunt Ambie and Woman.*]
Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend—

Lor. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

L. All. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours, than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births:—though I must
grant,

Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.

Lor. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?

L. All. This, my lord;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one
scale,
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the
other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely pur-
chased,

Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she
cannot,

With all that she brings with her, fill their
mouths,

That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Well-
born's,

(How wrong from both needs now no repetition,)
Were real motives that more work'd your lord-
ship

To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.

Lor. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in
years,

And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—
But I come nearer.

L. All. Pray you do, my lord.

Lor. Were Overreach's states thrice centupled,
his daughter

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

L. All. I am glad to hear this,— [*Aside.*]
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to
her?

Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line by which you hitherto
Have measured all you actions.

Lor. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have
you,

That, since your husband's death, have lived a
strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given your-
self

To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,
'Tis not grown publick conference? or the fa-
vours

Which you too prodigally have thrown on Well-
born,

Being too reserved before, incur not censure?

L. All. I am innocent here, and, on my life,
I swear

My ends are good.

Lor. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other further, you having shewn
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.

L. All. So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Tapwell's House.

Enter Tapwell and Froth.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your coun-
sel, Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master
Marrall

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly com-
mand us,

On pain of sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment, to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,

When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,

And then his information could not hurt us ;

But now he is right worshipful again,

Who dares but doubt his testimony ? methinks I see thee, Froth, already in a cart

For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out With dirt and rotten eggs ; and my hand hissing,

If I escape the halter, with the letter R Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst !

That were but nine days' wonder : as for credit We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money [on't.

He owes us, and his custom ; there's the worst *Tap.* He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers

On the pay day ; and has found out such a NEW WAY

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely He shall be chronicled for it !

Froth. He deserves it More than ten pageants*. But are you sure his worship

Comes this way to my lady's ?

[*A cry within :* Brave master Wellborn !

Tap. Yes :—I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it

To his good grace.

Enter : Wellborn in a rich habit, followed by Marrall, Greedy, Order, Furnace, and Creditors ; Tapwell kneeling, delivers his petition.

Well. How's this ! petition'd too ?—

But note what miracles the payment of A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes Can work upon these rascals ! I shall be, I think, prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married You may be :—I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known

Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And shou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch These needy followers, and for my admittance, Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,

*——'tis very likely
He shal' be chronicled for it !

Froth. He deserves it

More than ten pageants. This is a pleasant allusion to the minute industry with which Holingshead, Stowe, Baker, and the other chroniclers of those times, collected every unimportant event and individual history, to swell their useful but desultory pages.

"I more voluminous should grow
Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All kind of weather that befel,
Than Holingshead or Stowe."

Cowley.

The reply of Froth is sarcastically aimed at the perverse pains bestowed by the former of these writers on the ridiculous mummery, under the name of pageants, which the city was in the habit of exhibiting on every publick occasion.—*Gifford.*

Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not sir Giles.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell ? I remember thy wife brought me, Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do every Christmass, let your worship

But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How ! with master Wellborn ?

I can do any thing with him on such terms.—

See you this honest couple, they are good souls As ever drew out fosset ; have they not

A pair of honest faces ?

Well. I o'erheard you,

And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd in them ;

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots, This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,

For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved me,

And therefore speak not for them : by your place You are rather to do me justice ; lend me your ear :

—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,

And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen

Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden

In my opinion ! come near ; nearer, rascal.

And, now I view him better, did you e'er see One look so like an archknave ? his very countenance,

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,

Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.

Greedy. No, though the Great Turk came, instead of turkies,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name : besides thy musty ale, That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege people,

Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon, Or any esculent, as the learned call it,

For their emolument, but sheer drink only.

For which gross fault I here do damn thy license, Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw ;

For, instantly, I will in mine own person

Command the constable to pull down thy sign, And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy !

Greedy. Vanish !

If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore me !

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth.*
Well. Speak ; what are you ?

I Cred. A decay'd vintner, sir,

That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me

With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after drink-
ings,

When you lodged upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid
to arrest you ;

And therefore, sir—

Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again ; see his bill paid.
What are you ?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in pay-
ment,
I was removed from the shop-board, and confin-
ed

Under a stall.

Well. See him paid ; and botch no more.

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such tailors need not ;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,
Thou wert my surgeon : you must tell no tales ;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.

Ord. A royal gentleman !

Furn. Royal as an emperor !

He'll prove a brave master ; my good lady knew
To choose a man.

Well. See all men else discharg'd ;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me ;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good
breakfasts,

And this for your respect ; take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.

Ord. You are too munificent.

Furn. He was ever so.

Well. Pray you, on before.

3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you !

Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to
meet me.

[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors.*]

Well. Now, master Marrall, what's the weigh-
ty secret

You promised to impart ?

Mar. Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance,

This only in a word ; I know Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For his thousand pounds, which you must not
consent to.

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land ;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it : then urge him to
produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies : I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your worship : if I play not my
prize

To your full content, and your uncle's much
vexation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

Well. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my
lord's

Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweet-
ness,

That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to lord Lovell ;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.

All. 'Tis true, my dearest ;
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and
oaths

To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness ;
And you rise up no less than a glorious star
To the amazement of the world,—that hold ou
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court
you ;

I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.

Marg. Yet, and ever.

To me what's title, when content is wanting ?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,
In being dispossest'd of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines ? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will ;
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election ?

All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—

Marg. To me they are nothing :
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his rage, he kill me ;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my horse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours ;
I then shall rest in peace : or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering tor-
ments,

In mind and body, I must waste to air,
In poverty join'd with banishment ; so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.

All. Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me !
Nor will it unto you that are all mercy,
Shew so much rigour : but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure ;
And though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter Overreach behind.

The end may yet prove happy : now my All-
worth.

All. To your letter, and put on a seeming
anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his
title ;

And when with terms, not taking from his
honour,

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.

But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
T' appoint a meeting, and, without my know-
ledge,

A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.

All. I hope better,
Good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please : for me
I must take a safe and secure course ; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my fa-
vour,

I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience : [*Comes forward.*
But whoso'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord ; he has a jewel of you.
How ! frowning, Meg ? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord ? what's this ? give
me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the
inscriptions.

Over. [*Reads.*] Fair mistress, from your ser-
vant learn, all joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys ;

Therefore this instant, and in private meet

A husband that will gladly, at your feet

Lay down his honours, tendering them to you

With all content, the church being paid her due.

—Is this the arrogant piece of paper ? fool !

Will you still be one ? in the name of madness,
what

Could his good honour write more to content
you ?

Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,

That are already offer'd ; marriage first,

And lawful pleasure after : what would you
more ?

Marg. Why, I would be married like
your daughter ;

Not hurried away i' the night I know not whi-
[ther,

Without all ceremony ; no friends invited

To honour the solemnity.

All. An't please your honour,

For so before to-morrow I must style you,

My lord desires this privacy in respect

His honourable kinsmen are far off,

And his desires to have it done brook not

So long delay as to expect their coming ;

And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,

As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting

To have his marriage at court celebrated

When he has brought your honour up to Lon-
don.

Over. He tells you true ; 'tis the fashion, on
my knowledge :

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness*,

Must put it off, forsooth ! and lose a night.

Tempt me no further ; if you do, this goad

Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,

Were you but by, to do a father's part,

And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,

What do I care who gives you ? since my lord

Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.

I know not, master Allworth, how my lord

May be provided, and therefore there's a purse

Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense ; to-
morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums : in the mean
time,

Use my ring to my chaplain ; he is beneficed

At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Will-
do :

'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant
is your ring ?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,

Without your knowledge ; and then to be re-
fused,

Were such a stain upon me !—if you pleased, sir,

Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse !

I say again, I will not cross my lord ;

Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there !

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*

All. You may, if you please, put out the name
of my lord,

In respect he comes disguised, and only write,

Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advised.

'Tis done ; away !—[*Margaret kneels.*] my bles-
sing girl ? thou hast it.

Nay, no reply, be gone :—good master All-
worth,

This shall be the best night's work you ever
made.

All. I hope so, sir.

[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*

* Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness, i. e. you ; his daughter, to whom he gives the title. I have sometimes thought that this mode of expression, which is more common than cur-
sory readers, perhaps, imagine, is not sufficiently attended to by
the commentators. Many difficulties would vanish if these ap-
pellations were duly noticed, and applied.—Gifford.

Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, Will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto,
(This is state in ladies) or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compass'd!—then for
Wellborn
And the lands; where he once married to the
widow—
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and Amble.

L. All. By this you know how strong the
motives were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Well-
born.

Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I
Coyly, or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good suc-
cess;

For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young All-
worth,

Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their
desires,

On my knowledge, they are equal.

L. All. As my wishes

Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to
fear

The building, though well grounded: to deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam:

Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of
worldly men,

That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason, that the politick

And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to
express it

Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself

Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!

What think you of the motion?

L. All. Troth, my lord,

My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my low-
ness

Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,

I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest,

And undervalue that which is above

My title, or whatever I call mine.

I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry

A widow might disparage me; but being

A true-born Englishman, I cannot find

How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,

That which you think a blemish, is to me

The fairest lustre. You already, madam,

Have given sure proofs how dearly you can
cherish

A husband that deserves you; which confirms
me,

That, if I am not wanting in my care

To do you service, you'll be still the same

That you were to your Allworth: in a word,

Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,

You being descended nobly, and allied so;

If then you may be won to make me happy,

But join your lips to mine, and that shall be

A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good,

Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me

As such a one, the study of whose whole life

Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,

Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.

Enter Wellborn.

You are welcome, Sir.

Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue

Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am

Your creature, madam, and will never hold

My life mine own, when you please to command
it. [you;

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes
You could not make choice of a better shape

To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy

That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,

By his minister, Marrall: he's grown into strange
passions

About his daughter : this last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.

L. All. I strongly hope.

Over. [within] Ha! find her, booby, thou
huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. [Steps aside.

*Enter Overreach, with distracted looks, driving in
Marrall before him, with a box.*

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writ-

Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [Aside.

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my
daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your
house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make
courtsies

When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

L. All. When I know, sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay
it;

But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

Well. Sir.

Over. No more!

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you!

Why, what are you, sir unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married.

L. All. This is excellent! [use it,

Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen
marriage,

In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been
cozen'd;

I name no parties.

Well. Well, sir, and what follows?

Over. Marry, this; since you are peremp-
tory: remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent
you

A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have
you

Dragg'd in your lavender robes* to the gaol:
you know me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else?

Over. End me no ends! engage the whole
estate,

And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swag-
ger,

And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after;

Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.

Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.

Outbraved! [Both draw.

L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him.
Arm'd with his cut-throat practises to guard
him;

The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!

L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Where't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed.

Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your
hands full

Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law, (how'er you have no conscience,)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover

* Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol:— i. e. your clothes which have been just redeemed out of pawn. To lay a thing in lavender was a cant phrase for pawning it. Thus, in Green's *Quippe for an upstart Courtier*, c. 3.—"There is he ready to lend the looser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any good pawns, but the poorer gentleman paises so deare for the lavender it is laid up in, that if it lie long at the broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice." The expression is also used by Jonson, and indeed by most of our old poets.—Gifford.

A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
Is value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I
not purchase

The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd
over

Any such land; I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use*,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for
favour.

L. All. Never: do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make
thee give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!

L. All. A fair skin of parchment.

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunder-
struck?

Not a syllable to insult with? my wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd, and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, ras-
cal?

There is a statute for you, which will bring†
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

* —————but when

This manor is extended to my use,] i. e. seized. It is a legal
phrase, and occurs continually.—*Gifford.*

† There is a statute for you, &c.] This statute, which unfor-
tunately brought many a neck into a hempen circle, was made in
the first year of James. It decreed the punishment of death for
a variety of impossible crimes; which yet were fully proved
upon a number of poor ignorant superannuated wretches, who
were cajoled or terrified into a full confession of them. This
diabolical law was repealed about the middle of the last cen-
tury.—*Gifford.*

Over. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your
testimony

Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything to dash
This cunning sleight: besides I know thou art
A publick notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn
too

By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good for
my title.

Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! no, I assure you:

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet

Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.

The idiot, the Patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise, your football, or
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge;
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride: and with these gabions
guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

L. All. How he foams at the mouth with
rage!

Well. To him again.

Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would,
tear thee

Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and
then

Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet live,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk*.

Well. All will come out.

L. All. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture
thee,

And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords, that keep thee from me should
fix here,

Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;

One bandog worry the other!

[*Aside.*

Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:

* To take in, means to subdue, to seize.—*Gifford.*

There will be a time and place, there will be,
cowards,

When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter Greedy and Parson Willdo.

Shall find no harbour here:—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!

There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,

And I am tame.

Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's
more gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
(Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting; at least for a
month

I am provided: stomach, croak no more,
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind.
But bearing dishes*.

Over. Instantly be here?

[*Whispering to Willdo.*

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot
against me, [me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemn'd
Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud musick.*—they
come! I hear the musick.

A lane thure for my lord!

Will. This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,

[*Kneeling.*

Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage

With every circumstance are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not
for it; [say
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may
Your dutiful daughter.

* But bearing dishes.] i. e. solid, substantial dishes; or what the steward (in the *Unnatural Combat*) calls portly viands. I mention this because the word is frequently mistaken:

"Cloudele with a bearing arrowe

Old Ballad.

"A bearing arrow," says Strutt, "is an arrow shot compass, i. e. so as the arrow in its flight formed a segment of a circle." And so we get the prize of accuracy! A bearing arrow is, in three words, a strong and weighty arrow.—*Gifford.*

Over. Devil! are they married?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven
give them joy!

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak
quickly,

Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!

Willdo. Why this rage to me?

Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot:

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print

Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by
children,

Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.

Well. As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not
waste

A syllable, but thus I take the life

Which wretched I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill Margaret.*

Lor. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own
sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite
left you,

Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost
here,

Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?

Consider; at the best you are but a man,

And cannot so create your aims, but that

They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,

And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,

And as thou art a soldier, if the valour

Dares shew itself, where multitude and example

Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and
change

Six words in private.

Lor. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,

Contest with one distracted!

Well. You'll grow like him,

Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in
thus.—

Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,

My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,

And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:

Alone I can do nothing, but I have servants

And friends to second me; and if I make not

This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,

What I have spoke I will make good!) or

leave

One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions!

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en
away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed
nothing?

I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the in-
ducement

To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused
me

To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be
false

To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take or-
der

Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Ord. Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Overreach.

L. All. Come again!

Loc. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, un-
der your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then

Are friends and servants? Say there were
a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[Flourishing his sword sheathed.]

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans'
tears.

Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure,
hangmen,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new
shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate
I will be forced to hell like to myself.

Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you. [Rushes forward.]

Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.

Lor. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my dear father!

[They force Overreach off.]

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked
men,

That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take
comfort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, master
Wellborn,

Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of sir Giles Overreach; for me, here's the an-
chor

That I must fix on.

All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king, and country, but I shall do some-
thing

That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.

Well. Nothing wants then
But your allowance— [To the Spectators.]

EPILIQUE.

BUT your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may,)
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Born 1590.—Died 1645.

PASTORALS.

[Extracts from the 4th and 5th Songs, of the Pastorals, Book I.]

DESCRIPTION OF RIOT.

(From the 4th Song, Book I.)

SOMETHING appear'd, which seem'd, farre off a
man,
In stature, habit, gate, proportion:
But when the eyes their object's masters were,
And it for stricter censure came more neere,
By all his properties one well might ghesse,
Than of a man he sure had nothing lesse.
For verily since olde Deuculion's flood
Earth's time did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Upon the various earth's embroderea gowne
There is a weed, upon whose head growes downe;
Sow-thistle 'tis ycleep'd, whose downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deeme her for a maid: such was his haire,
Ready to shed at any stirring aire.
His eares were stricken deafe when he came nie,
To hear the widow's or the orphan's crie.
His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
With poaring in the blood of bodies slaine.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
Vollies of execrable blasphemie;
Banning the Heavens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him:
Like Scythian wolves, or men* of wit bereaven,
Which howle and shoote against the lights of
Heaven.
His hands, (if hands they were) like some dead
corse,
With digging up his buried ancestors;
Making his father's tombe and sacred shrine
The trough wherein the hog-herd fed his swine.
And as that beast hath legs (which shepherds
feare,
Ycleep'd a badger, which our lambs doth teare)
One long, the other short, that when he runnes
Upon the plaines, he halts; but when he wounes
On craggy rocks, or steepy hills, we see

* Men of Scirum shoote against the starrs.

None runnes more swift, nor easier, than he:
Such legs the monster had, one sinew shrunk;
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunk;
And halted in the paths to virtue tending;
And therefore never durst be that way bending:
But when he came on carved monuments,
Spiring colosses, and high raised rents,
He pass'd them o'er, quick, as the easterne winde
Sweeps through a meadow; or a nimble hinde;
Or satyre on a lawne; or skipping roe;
Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bowe.
His body made (still in consumptions rife)
A miserable prison for a life.

Riot he hight; whom some curs'd fiend did raise,
When like a chaos were the nights and dayes;
Got and brought up in the Cimmerian clime,
Where sunne nor moone, nor daies nor nights do
time:

As who should say, they scorn'd to show their
faces

To such a fiend, should seeke to spoil the graces.

THE PROGRESS OF RIOT IN THE PATH OF RE-
PENTANCE.

(From the 5th Song, Book I.)

As when a maide, taught from her mother's
wing
To tune her voyce unto a silver string,
When she should run, she rests; rests, when should
run,
And ends her lesson, having now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And, doing of her best, she still is wrong:
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her virginals;
And yet within an hour she tries a-new,
That with her daily paines (art's chiefest due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderness,
Than that Cægrian harpist*, for whose lay
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray.
So Riot, when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haste, and there long standeth still,
Now getteth up a step, then falls againe,
Yet not despairing, all his nerves doth straine
To clamber up a-new, then slide his feet,
And downe he comes; but gives not over yet,
For (with the maide) he hopes, a time will be
When merit shall be linckt with industrie.

Now as an angler melancholy standing,
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,
Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled stream;
At last a hungry pike, or well-growne bream,
Snatch at the worrne, and hasting fast away
He, knowing it a fish of stubborn sway,

* Orpheus, the son of Cægrus and Calliope, according to Plato, in Conv. Apollon. Argonaut. l. i. and himself, if the Argonautics be hist of Apollo and Calliope, by some; of other, by others.

Puls up his rod, but soft ; (as having skill)
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.
 Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
 Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
 Th' insnar'd fish, here on the toppe doth scud,
 There underneath the banckes, then in the mud ;
 And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
 That each one takes his hyde or starting hole :
 By this the pike, cleane wearied, underneath
 A willow lyes, and pants (if fishes breathe) ;
 Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him,
 And, leaste his haste might happen to undoe him,
 Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
 And by degrees getting the fish to land,
 Walkes to another poole : at length is winner
 Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner :
 So when the climber halfe the way had got,
 Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,
 How (since the mount did always steeper tend)
 He might with steps secure his journey end.
 At last (as wand'ring boyes to gather nuts)
 A hooked pole he from a hasell cuts ;
 Now throws it here, then there, to take some
 hold,

But bootlesse and in vaine, the rocky molde
 Admits no cranny, where his ha-ell hooke
 Might promise him a step, till in a nooke
 Somewhat above his reach he hath espide
 A little oake, and having often tride
 To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
 Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so ;
 He rols a stone towards the little tree,
 Then gets upon it, fastens warily
 His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
 The early rising crow with clam'rous kawing,
 Leaving the greene bough flies about the rocke,
 Whilst twentie twentie couples to him flocke :
 And now within his reach the thinne leaves wave,
 With one hand onely then he holds his stave,
 And with the other grasping first the leaves,
 A pretty bough he in his fist receives ;
 Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,
 His other hand another bough hath tooke ;
 His first, a third, and that, another gives,
 To bring him to the place where his roote lives.

Then, as a nimble squirrill from the wood,
 Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
 Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts cracking,
 And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
 Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes
 (To share with him) come with so great a noyse,
 That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
 And for his life leape to a neighbour oake ;
 Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes ;
 Whilst thro' the quagmires and red water plashes,
 The boyes runne dabling thro' thicke and thin,
 One teares his hose, another breakes his shin ;
 'This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
 Got by the bryers ; and that hath lost his shooe :
 This drops his band ; that head-long fells for haste ;
 Another cryes behinde for being last :
 With stickes and stones, and many a sounding
 hollow,

The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,

Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
 Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray :
 Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up,
 And so from bough to bough he wonne the toppe,
 Though hind'rances, from ever coming there
 Were often thrust upon him by Despaire.

ADDRESS TO A LOVELY LADY.

(From the 4th Song, Book 1.)

THE highest synode of the glorious skye,
 (I heard a wood-nymph sing) sent Mercurie
 To take a survey of the fairest faces,
 And to describe to them all women's graces :
 Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,
 Noting what parts by beauty were possess :
 At last he saw this maide, then thinking fit
 To end his journey, here, Nil ultra, writ.

Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
 And thus bespake : " Hayle glorious Deitie !
 (If such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse ?)
 Whether thou reign'st queene of the wilderness,
 Or art that goddesse ('tis unknowne to me)
 Which from the ocean draws her pettigree :
 Or one of those, who by the mossie banckes
 Of drisling Helicon, in airie ranckes
 Tread rounde-layes upon the silver sands,
 While shaggy satyres tripping o'er the strands,
 Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their senses thralls
 To the sweet cadence of your madrigals :
 Or of the faery troupe which nimbly play,
 And by the springs daunce out the summer's
 day ;

Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
 And in their singing how to keepeen rests :
 Or one of those, who watching where a spring
 Out of our graudame Earth hath issuing,
 With your attractive musicke wooe the streame
 (As men by faeries led, false in a dreame)
 To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
 In many mazes, intricate meanders ;
 Till at the last, to mocke th' enamour'd rill,
 Ye bend your traces up some shady hill ;
 And laugh to see the wave no further treade ;
 But in a chafe runne foaming on his head,
 Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
 Leaving the other destitute of name.
 If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
 Succour a seely maid, that doth implore
 Aide, on a bended heart, unfain'd and meeke,
 As true as blushes of a maiden cheek."

THE ADVENTURES OF TRUTH.

(From the same.)

IN winter's time when hardly fed the flockes,
 And isicles hung dangling on the rockes ;
 When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,
 And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines ;
 When every barne rung with the threshing flailles,
 And shepherds' boyes for cold gan blow their
 nailes :

(Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
 That had a sparke of true devotion ;)

It was my chance, (chance onely helpeth neede)
To find an house ybuilt for holy deede,
With goodly architect, and cloisters wide,
With groves and walkes along a river's side;
The place itself afforded admiration,
And every spray a theme of contemplation.
But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan intreat an entrance thereat:
The porter askt my name: I told; he swell'd,
And bad me thence: wherewith in grieve repell'd,
I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
Harb'ring the weasell, and the dust-bred mouse;
And others none, except the two-kinde bat,
Which all the day there melancholy sate:
Here sate I downe with winde and raine ybeate;
Grief sate my minde, and did my body eate.
Yet Idlenesse I saw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance when poor Truth was kept with-
out.

There saw I Drunkenesse with dropsies swolne;
And pamp'ring Lust that many a night had stolne
Over the abby-wall when gates were lock'd,
To be in Venus' wanton bosom rock'd:
And Gluttony that surfetted had bin,
Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in:
Sadly I sate, and sighing griev'd to see
Their happinesse, my infelicitie.
At last came Envy by, who having spide
Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
And to the convent eagerly she cries,
'Why sit you here, when with these cares and
eies

I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
She is the true faire Aletheia,
Which you have boasted long to live among you?
Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you.
With this provok'd. all rose, and in a rout
Run to the gate, strove who should first get out,
Bad me begone, and then (in terms uncivil)
Did call me counterfaint, witch, hag, whore, divell;
Then like a strumpet drove me from their cels,
With tinkling paws, and with the noise of hels.
And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,
Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face.

'Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
Infor'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night;
A seely sheepe seeing me straying by,
Forsooke the shrub where once she meant to lie;
As if she in her kinde (unhurting elfe)
Did bid me take such lodging as herselfe:
Gladly I took the place the sheepe had given,
Uncanopy'd of any thing but Heaven.

By this had Chanticleere, the village-cocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her maides to knocke:
And the swart plow-man for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and vallies here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound,
Each shepheard's daughter with her cleanly peale,
Was come a field to milke the morning's meale,
And ere the Sunne had clym'd the easterne hils,
To guild the mutt'ring bournes, and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,

And nimble fishes which in rivers dive,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned fie,
I rose from rest, not infelicitie.
Seeking the place of Charitie's resort,
Unware I hap'ned on a prince's court;
Where meeting Greatnesse, I requir'd reliefe,
(O happy undelayed) she said in brieve,
'To small effect thine oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and so many friends?
If of my household I should make thee one,
Farewell my servant Adulation:
I know she will not stay when thou art there:
But seeke some great man's service other-where.
Darkenesse and light, summer and winter's wea-
ther

May be at once, ere you two live together.'
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.

Thence to the citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had
throwne,
'It was a place wherein I was not knowne.'
And therefore went unto these homely townes,
Sweetly environ'd with the dazied downes.

THE FATE OF ALL THINGS.

(From the same.)

AND as the yeere hath first his jocund spring,
Wherein the leaves, to birds' sweet carolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees the summer's
day

Perfect the embriom blossome of each spray:
Next commeth autumnne, when the threshed sheafe
Looseth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Lastly cold winter's rage, with many a storme,
Threats the proud pines which Ida's toppe adorne,
And makes the sappe leave succourlesse the
shoote,

Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
Or as a quaint musitian being won,
To run a point of sweet division,
Gets by degrees unto the highest key;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throwes
His period in a diapazon close:
So every humane thing terrestriall,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.

NIGHT.

(From the 1st Song, Book II.)

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The orientall hils blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle two-light fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered
Ail-drowsie night; who in a carre of jet,
By steeds of iron-gray (which mainely swet
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through
the skye,
The helmes of darknesse waited orderly.
First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid
plaines:

Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose
veynes
Were conduit pipes to many a christall spring:
From standing pooles and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and
Heaven,
And as night's chariot through the aire was
driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's
song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyres broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry summer's dust, in feareful whisp'rings stir'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird.

MORNING.

(From the 2nd Song, Book II.)

THE Muse's friend (gray-eyde Aurora) yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat,
The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharp and usefull steering goad
Laid on the strong-neckt ox; no gentle bud
The Sun had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low level'd on the grasse; no flye's quicke sting
Inforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passive earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy snayle
Might on the wainscot (by his many mazes
Winding meanders and selfe-knitting traces)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wipt off. It was so earely time
The carefull smith had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience: owles abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire Albion all the western swaines
Were long since up, attending on the plaines
When Nereus' daughter with her mirthfull hoast
Should summon them, on their declining coast.
But since her stay was long: for feare the
Sunne
Should find them idle, some of them begunne
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday;
Some tales of love their love sicke fellows told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his pipe:
That, for his lasse sought fruits most sweet,
most ripe.
Here, (from the rest) a lovely shepherd's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him thinke what he had lost.
Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:

Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted working. Neere the sands
Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,
That moanes the losse of what he sometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of's grave as of the river; showing how
That as those floods, which passe along right now,
Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
"And in the sea have all their burying:"
Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this round:)
One age is now, another that succedes,
Extirping all things which the former breeds:
Another followes that, doth new times raise,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours,
new days.
Mankinde thus go like rivers from their spring
"And in the earth have all their burying."
Thus sate the olde man counselling the yong;
Whilst, underneath a tree which over-hung
The silver streame, (as, some delight it tooke
To trim his thick boughes in the chrystall brooke)
Were set a jocund crew of youthfull swaines
Wooving their sweetings with dilicious straynes.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Born 1605.—Died 1641.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her.

SONG.

Or thee, kind boy, I ask no red and white
To make up my delight,
No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good store
Of love, for her I court,
I ask no more;
'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
 It is mere cozenage all;
 For though some long ago
 Lik'd certain colours mingl'd so and so,
 That does not tie me now from choosing new,
 If I a fancy take

To black and blue,
 That fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
 Makes eating a delight,
 And if I like one dish
 More than another, that a pheasant is;
 What in our watches, that in us is found,
 So to the height and nick
 We up be wound.
 No matter by what hand or trick.

SONG.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart;
 (Time strangely spent) a year and more,
 And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise,
 And did already understand
 The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
 My tongue was engineer;
 I thought to undermine the heart
 By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great cannon oaths, and shot
 A thousand thousand to the town,
 And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
 By cutting off all kisses,
 Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
 I drew all batteries in:
 And brought myself to lie at length
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
 And thought the place mine own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and were,
 These hopes, and this relief?
 A spy inform'd, honour was there,
 And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,
 Let's lose no time, but leave her;
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
 As will not siege abide;
 I hate a fool that starves her love
 Only to feed her pride.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen:
 Oh things without compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such folks as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Among'st the rest, one pest'lent fine,
 (His beard no bigger though than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest:
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
 The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him;
 Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town:
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing;
 The parson for him staid:
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all past
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
 For such a maid no Whitson ale
 Could ever yet produce:
 No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck:
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It look'd like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light:
 But oh! she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter Day,
 Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
 But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
 She wou'd not do't in sight;
 And then she look'd as who shou'd say
 I will do what I list to day;
 And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daizy makes comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone)
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
 Compar'd to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly.
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get,
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

* * * * *

Passion o'me! how I run on!
 There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
 I trow; besides the bride.
 The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that men should eat;
 Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the cock knock'd thrice,
 And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey,
 Each serving-man with dish in hand,
 March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
 Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
 What man of knife, or teeth, was able
 To stay to be entreated:
 And this the very reason was,
 Before the parson could say grace,
 The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
 Healths first go round, and then the house,
 The bride's came thick and thick;
 And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
 Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
 And who could help it, Dick?

O th' sudden up they rise and dance;
 Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
 Then dance again and kiss.
 Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
 Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
 And ev'ry man wish'd his.

* * * * *

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Born 1585.—Died 1647.

SONNETS.

I know that all beneath the Moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is brought
 In time's great periods shall return to nought;
 That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
 I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
 With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought;
 That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
 I know frail beauty's like the purple flow'r,
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
 That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
 Where sense and will bring under reason's
 power:
 Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
 But that, alas! I both must write and love.

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
 Prince whose approach peace to all mortals
 brings,
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
 Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
 Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
 Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
 Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

Am burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
 And your tumultuous broils awhile appease:
 Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
 Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
 Let hope (though false) yet lodge within my
 breast,
 My high attempt (though dangerous) yet praise:
 What though I trace not right Heaven's steepy
 ways,
 It doth suffice my fall doth make me blest.
 I do not doat on days, I fear not death,
 So that my life be good, I wish't not long;
 Let me renown'd live from the worldly throng,
 And when Heaven lists, recal this borrow'd
 breath.
 Men but like visions are, time all doth claim,
 He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
 If one short day I never spent in mirth,
 If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
 If sorrows death is but new sorrows birth;
 If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
 Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
 If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
 If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,

If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that'stobe,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

SLIDE soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that Earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds wonder, and through wond'ring hold your
pace;

Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain
From sending sighs, feeling a lover's case,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain.
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From my oppressed breast, and fill the sails,
Or some sweet breath new brought from paradise:
The floods do smile, love o'er the winds prevails,
And yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought
my woe,

When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do
show

Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Darl. hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass re-
joice,

And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flow'rs
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April show'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name:
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

Look as the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and
green,

As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread.
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

THE weary mariner so far not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain;
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes:
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While sense's slight mind's perspective kept blind;
Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave.

WHY, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's
dreams,

And lean to gilded glories which decay;
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy pillars, which soon melt away?
True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal Sun spreads lasting beams;
There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of sp'rits stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.

Look home, lest he your weaken'd wit make
thrall,
Who Eden's foolish gard'ner erst made fall.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake where God pour'd from
the sky
Huge show'rs of flames, worse flames to over-
throw:
Such are their works that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descrie.
Bad is that angel that erst fell from Heaven;
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven.
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn.
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn.

THrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'ring's near a prince's throne,

Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,

Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's tumults, spites, and wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

LET us each day inure ourselves to die,
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly;
If this be death, our best part to untie
(By ruining the jail) from lust and wrath,
And every drowsy languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd citizen of sky;
To have more knowledge than all books contain
All pleasures even surmounting wishing pow'r,
The fellowship of God's immortal train,
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour:
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's ugliness compare?

MORE oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
"Grave what thou hear'st in diamond and gold;
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear.
Who have in dust their far-stretch'd pride up-
roll'd.

All, all is mine beneath Moon's silver sphere;
And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold:
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrors thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take:
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow;
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day, as if it were thy last.

THE WORLD.

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce, is
Death;

His speedy greyhounds are,
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care;
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.

Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

SPRING.

NEW doth the Sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flower's forth comes the in-
fant year;

My soul, time posts away,
And thou, yet in that frost
Which flow'r and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay:
For shame! thy powers awake,
Look to that Heaven which never night makes
black,

And there at that immortal Sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs, which fear not rage of
days.

LIFE.

LIFE a right shadow is;
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws
near;

Shadows are moving, light,
And is there ought so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none knows how or where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

A TRANSLATION OF SIR JOHN SCOT'S VERSES,

Beginning, Quod vitæ sectabor iter?

WHAT course of life should wretched mortals
take?

In books hard questions large contention make.
Care dwells in houses, labour in the field;
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yield.
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest:
If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, distress'd.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void;
Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of these two offers try,
Not to be born; or, being born, to die?

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Born 1615.—Died 1650.

MUSICK'S DUEL*.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak ; there sat
A sweet lute's master : in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood :
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their Syren, harmless Syren she)
There stood she listening and did entertain
The music's soft report ; and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet prelude
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch ; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes : to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too.
His nimble hands' instinct then 'aught each
string

A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance ; now negligently rash
He throws his arm and with a long drawn dash
Blends all together, then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails he. plain ditty in one long spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat :
A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles ; he amaz'd
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out, the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once ; as when the trumpets call

* From Strada.

Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson too
She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roul themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
Music's best seed-plot ; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;
Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Preferr soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their mattens
sing :

(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise ;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their
nest ;

Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train ;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse
bird ;

Her little soul is ravish'd ; and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd
Above her self, music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face ; " Yet once again
(Mistress) I come ; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy ;"
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings :
The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted :
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs

Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres and make Heaven's self
look higher ;

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar
drop,

Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup :
The humourous strings expound his learned
touch

By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongu'd accents, striving to be single ;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
Gives life to some new grace : thus doth h'
invoke

Sweetness by all her names ; thus, bravely
thus,

(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoll rapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wide
airs,

Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares ;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world : thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul (snatcht out at his
ears

By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
Of music's heaven ; and seat it there on high
In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best
life

Of blest variety attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender
throat,

Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note ;
Alas ! in vain ! for while (sweet soul) she
tries

To measure all those wild diversities,
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone ;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving
dies ;

She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute ; O fit to have,
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave !

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Born 1605.—Died 1654.

A DIALOGUE, BETWEEN ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

Araphill.

Dost not thou, Castara, read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes ?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise ?
Sences act each other's part,
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

Castara.

I saw love as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speak.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sence of learning heares
The dumbe musicke of the sphcares.

Araphill.

Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Listning to an unfain'd love.
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move ?
No y'are pittious as y're faire,
Heaven relents, o'ercome by prayer.

Castara.

But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes ;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes ;
Frailty to your armes may yeeld ;
Who resists you wins the field.

Araphill.

Triumph not to see me bleed,
Let the bore chafed from his den,
On the wounds of mankind feede.
Your softe sexe should pittie men.
Malice well may practise art,
Love hath a transparent heart.

Castara.

Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire.
She within her selfe is great,
Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may finde his eyes.

Araphill.

Hymen's torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands,
A proud day, but mournfull night,
She sustaines, who marries lands.
Wealth slaves man ; but for their ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

Castara.

And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire.
And in honour there's a blisse,
Th' are immortal who aspire.
But truth sayes no joyes are sweete,
But where hearts united meete.

Araphill.

Roses breathe not such a sent,
 To perfume the neighb'ring groves;
 As when you affirme content,
 In no speare of glory moves.
 Glory narrow soules combines:
 Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade:
 My Castara lives unknowne,
 To no looser eye betray'd,
 For shee's to her selfe untrue,
 Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood.
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant;
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.
 Of her self survey she takes,
 But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
 Her grave parents' wise commands.
 And so innocent, that ill,
 She nor acts, nor understands.
 Women's feet runne still astray,
 If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
 Where oft honour splits her mast:
 And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
 Where her fame may anchor cast.
 Vertue safely cannot sit,
 Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
 Where sinne waits not on delight,
 Without maske, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.
 O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
 Prayer and sleepe, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
 While wild passions captive lie.
 And each article of time,
 Her pure thoughts to Heaven fie:
 All her vowes religious be,
 All her love she vowes to me.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Born 1618.—Died 1658.

SONG.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair,
 And fetter'd to her eye,—
 The birds, that wanton in the air,
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,—
 Fishes, that tippie in the deep,
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,—
 Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage.
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,—
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Born 1591.—Died 16—.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

ONE silent night, of late,
 When ev'ry creature rested,
 Came one unto my gate,
 And, knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,
 And troubles thus the sleepy?
 Cast off, said he, all fear,
 And let not locks thus keep ye;

For I a boy am, who
 By moonless nights have swerved,
 And all with show'rs wet through,
 And e'en with cold half starved.

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted:

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too which did shiver;
And, looking down below
I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chaff'd his hands with mine,
And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd;
Let's try this bow of our's,
And string, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with these late show'rs.

Forthwith his bow he bent.
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said, flying,
Adieu, mine host, adieu!
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flow'r, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse; and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the last'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush, and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile; they glide
Into the grave.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Born 1618.—Died 1667.

THE CHRONICLE, A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine:
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And on times both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame;
And th' artillery of her eye
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast,
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But I should now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell,
All change of weathers that befel)
Than Hollingshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora! first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But verses only; they shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are men to read or hear,
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust;
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumph over it.
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus
took
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.

With artificial pace the warlike pine,
 The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
 With all the better trees which erst had stood
 Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
 Craving the honour of his brow;
 And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny.
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,
 And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
 Nightingales, harmless Syrens of the air,
 And Muses of the place, were there;
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
 And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
 Happy, O happy they! whose tomb might be,
 Mausolus! envied by thee!

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade
 Of the black ewe's unlucky green,
 Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
 Where rev'rend Cam cut out his famous way,
 The melancholy Cowley lay;
 And, lo! a muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
 (The Muses oft' in lands of vision play)
 Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light:
 A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
 A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
 In which all colours and all figures were,
 That Nature or that Fancy can create,
 That Art can never imitate,
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air,
 In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
 She us'd of old, near fair Ismenus' stream
 Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
 A crown was on her head, and wings were on her
 feet.

She touch'd him with her harp and rais'd him
 from the ground;
 The shaken strings melodiously resound.
 "Art thou return'd at last," said she,
 "To this forsaken place and me?
 Thou Prodigal! who didst so loosely waste,
 Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
 Art thou return'd here to repent too late?
 And gather husks of learning up at last,
 Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
 And Winter marches on so fast?
 But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
 And did as learn'd a portion assign
 As ever any of the mighty Nine
 Had to their dearest children done;
 When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,
 Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
 Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and
 show,

Wouldst into courts and cities. From me go;
 Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
 In all the follies and the tumults there;
 Thou would'st, forsooth! be something in a state,
 And bus'ness thou wouldst find, and would'st
 create:

Business! the frivolous pretence
 Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
 Business! the grave impertinence;
 Business! the thing which I of all things hate;
 Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

Go, Renegado! cast up thy account,
 And see to what amount
 Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
 The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
 The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
 Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were
 past,
 All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
 Behold the public storm is spent at last,
 The Sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
 And thou, with all the noble company,
 Art got at last to shore:
 But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
 All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
 Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
 Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
 After a tedious stormy night,
 Such was the glorious entry of our King;
 Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
 Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
 But then, alas! to thee alone,
 One of Old Gideon's miracles was shewn,
 For ev'ry tree and ev'ry hand around,
 With pearly dew was crown'd,
 And upon all the quicken'd ground
 The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,
 And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
 It did all other threats surpass,
 When God to his own people said,
 (The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had
 led)
 That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass;
 They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
 That bounteous heav'n! which God did not re-
 strain
 Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years, and
 more,
 Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
 And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
 Tho' she contracted was to thee,
 Giv'n to another, thou didst see,
 Giv'n to another, who had store
 Of fairer and of richer wives before,
 And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
 Go on, twice sev'n years more, thy fortune try,
 Twice sev'n years more God in his bounty may
 Give thee to fling away
 Into the Court's deceitful lottery;

But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough
Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou! to whose share so little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on
all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said:
"Ah! wanton Foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo, still in verse, against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth
ever grow.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain,
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling string of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must an entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heav'n desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and better king t' accuse;
The heav'n under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient Sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end;

2 A

How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accurs'd if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say, and tho' I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small
or slow;
Thou! who rewardest but with pop'lar breath,
And that, too, after death!

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

PHILOSOPHY! the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
Though full of years he do appear,
(Philosophy! I say, and call it *he*,
For whatsoever the painter's fancy be,
It a male virtue seems to me)
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.
Three or four thousand years, one would have
thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A science so well bred and nurs'd,
And of such hopeful parts, too, at the first;
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)
Would ne'er consent to set him free,
Or his own nat'ral pow'rs to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

That his own bus'ness he might quite forget,
They amus'd him with the sports of wanton
Wit;
With the deserts of poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
Instead of vig'rous exercise they led him
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh dis-
course:
Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endless treasury,
They chose his eye, to entertain
(His curious, but not cov'tous, eye)
With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted sp'rits this latter age has shewn,
That labour'd to assert the liberty
(From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
For such a long-oppressed right.
Bacon, at last, a mighty man! arose,
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
Lord chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority, which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout
With the plain magic of true reason's light,

He chas'd out of our sight,
Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
By the vain shadows of the dead :
To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd
phantom fled.

He broke that monstrous god which stood,
In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a useless scythe of wood,
And something else not worth a name,
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
Or to defend or to beget,
Ridiculous and senseless terrors !) made
Children and superstitious men afraid.
The orchard's open now, and free ;
Bacon has broke that scarecrow deity :
Come, enter all that will,
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come, gather now your
fill !

Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree ;
We would be like the Deity ;
When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we
Without the senses' aid within ourselves would
see ;
For 'tis God only who can find
All nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the
thought,

(Though we our thoughts from them perversely
drew)

To things, the mind's right object, he it brought ;
Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew.
He sought and gather'd for our use the true ;
And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
He press'd them wisely the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one vessel join.
Ferment into a nourishment divine,
The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from other's work a copy take ;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyck ;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory :
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and living face ;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

From these, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wand'ring predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts, but of small extent,
Bacon ! like Moses, led us forth at last ;
The barren wilderness he pass'd,
Did on the very border stand
Of the bless'd Promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too ;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast deeps of Nature's sea :

The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low affliction and high happiness :
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight !

From you, great champions ! we expect to get
These spacious countries but discover'd yet ;
Countries where yet, instead of Nature, we
Her image and her idols worship'd see :
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
Tho' Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop she ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with design has pick'd out you,
To do these noble wonders by a few.
When the whole host he saw, They are, said he ;
Too many to o'ercome for me :
And now he chooses out his men,
Much in the way that he did then :
Not those many, whom he found
Idly extended on the ground
To drink, with their dejected head,
The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled :
No ; but those few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too, you take :
Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Lo ! sound too the trumpets here !
Already your victorious lights appear ;
New scenes of heav'n already we espy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
Could never yet discover'd be
By sailor's or Chaldean's watchful eye.
Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
No smallness her near objects can secure :
Ye 'ave taught the curious sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible littleness :
Ye 'ave learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and
call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do.
Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the blows of ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious Wit.
So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
In many thousand years
A star, so long unknown, appears,

Though heav'n itself more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, shew.

With courage and success you the bold work
begin;

Your cradle has not idle been :
None e'er but Hercules and you could be
At five years' age worthy a history :
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' historian to the story fit.
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of Philosophy,
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit :
His candid style like a clean stream does slide,
And his bright fancy all the way
Does, like the sunshine, in it play ;
It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the crystal urn,
And with judicious hands does the whole current
guide.

It has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dress, without the paint, of
Art.

THE EPICURE.

[From the *Anacreonticks*.]

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day ?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love ! nay, fill it up ;
And, mingled, cast into the cup
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way :
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour ?
Beauteous flow'rs why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead ?
Nothing they but dust can shew,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give ;
After death, I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoicks in the grave.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

[From the *Anacreonticks*.]

HAPPY insect ! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine !

2 A 2

Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill ;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee ;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice :
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear
Prophet of the ripen'd year !
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy Insect ! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know ;
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

[From the *David's*.]

BENEATH the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the Sun's fruitful beams give metals
birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which, above, more influence has than he ;
Beneath the dens where unfedged tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try ;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,—
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep ;
There is a place, (deep, wond'rous deep, below,)
Which genuine Night, and Horror does o'erflow ;
No bound controuls th' unwearied space ; but
Hell,

Endless,—as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes thro' the solid darkness of the place ;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display ;
One slight, weak beam would, here, be thought
the day :

No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd Night ;
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains ;
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled Nights ;
But down, like light'ning, which him struck, he
came ;

And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame :

Myriads of sp'rits fell, wounded, round him,
 there ;
 With dropping lights thick shone the singed air ;
 Since when, the dismal solace of their woe
 Has only been, weak mankind to undo ;
 Themselves, at first, against themselves, they
 'excite,
 (Their dearest conquest, and most proud delight)
 And if those mines of secret treason fail,
 With open force man's virtue they assail ;
 Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy,
 And, where their poisons miss, the sword em-
 ploy.

HEAVEN.

[From the *Davidids*.]

ABOVE the subtle foldings of the sky ;
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony ;
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night ;
 There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light ;
 Where heav'n, as if it left itself behind,
 Is stretch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find :
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless
 space ;
 For, there, no twilight of the sun's dull ray
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day ;
 No pale-fac'd moon, does, in stol'n beams, ap-
 pear,
 Or, with dim taper, scatters darkness there :
 On a smooth sphere, the restless seasons slide ;
 No circling motion doth swift time divide :
 Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
 But an eternal Now does always last :
 There sits THE ALMIGHTY, First of All, and
 End,
 Whom nothing, but Himself, can comprehend ;
 Who, with His Word, commanded all to be,
 And all obey'd Him, for That Word was HE.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Born 1605.—Died 1668.

SONG.

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
 And climbing, shakes his dewy wings ;
 He takes this window for the east ;
 And to implore your light, he sings,
 Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
 But still the lover wonders what they are,
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
 Awake, awake, break through your vails of
 lawn !
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SONG.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl !
 To purify the air ;
 Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,
 On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
 And wakes the louder drum ;
 Exence of grief gains no remorse,
 When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace,
 Will hide her drowsy head ;
 And, for the sport of kings, increase
 The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft :
 Can I in war delight,
 Who being of my heart bereft,
 Can have no heart to fight ?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old,
 Ordain'd a thief should pay,
 To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
 What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be ;
 O then with speed resign
 My own seduced heart to me,
 Accompany'd with thine.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Born 1615.—Died 1668.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those.
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the
 court,

So where the Muses and their train resort
 Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye ;
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the
 space

That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud ;
 Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse*, whose
 flight

* Waller.

Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height ;
 Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
 Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the City lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
 And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems ;
 Where with like haste, tho' several ways, they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone ;
 While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh ! happiness of sweet retir'd content !
 To be at once secure and innocent.
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes ;
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight :
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load,
 Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance ;
 Mark'd out for such an use, as if 't were meant
 T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
 The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
 Do homage to her ; yet she cannot boast,
 Among that num'rous and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
 The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute ;
 (Tho' this of old no less contest did move
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove ;)
 (Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame :)
 But whose'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
 But thee, great Edward ! and thy greater son*,

(The Lilies which his father wore he won,)
 And thy Bellona*, who the consort came
 Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
 She to thy triumph led one captive king†,
 And brought that son which did the second
 bring† ;
 Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move :)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design has been the great success,
 Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
 That from those kings who then thy captives
 were,
 In after-times should spring a royal pair,
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour ;
 To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
 The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear :
 That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
 shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
 That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
 When he that patron chose to whom are join'd
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circles, he did seem
 But to foretel and prophesy of him,
 Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
 Which Nature for their bound at first design'd ;
 That bound which to the world's extremest
 ends ;
 Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
 But is himself the soldier and the saint.
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my
 praise,
 But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
 A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
 Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)
 Tell me, my Muse ! what monstrous dire offence,
 What crime, could any Christian king incense
 To such a rage ? Was't luxury or lust ?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just ?
 Were these their crimes ! they were his own
 much more ;
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
 Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own ;
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
 No crime so bold but would be understood
 A real, or at least, a seeming good.
 Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name,
 And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
 Thus he the church at once protects and spoils ;
 But princes' swords are sharper than their
 styles :

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philippa.

† The Kings of France and Scotland.

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
 Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
 In empty airy contemplations dwell,
 And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temp'rate region can be known
 Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone?
 Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extreme?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure
 But to be cast into a calenture?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance

So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,
 Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
 Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
 What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
 But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
 This desolation, but a Christian king;
 When nothing but the name of zeal appears
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
 When such th' effects of our devotions are?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,

Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,

My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
 Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity;
 Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;

But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free and common as the sea or wind;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,

Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme;
 Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull.

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame is thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please
 Us for herself with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
 Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move,
 For so our children, thus our friends, we love;) Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe;
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
 Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd* youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
 Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.
 This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!

'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.
 There, Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts.
 And thither all the horned host resorts
 To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
 Nature's great master-piece, to show how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's, should invade

His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.

Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his
ear,

Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his
view

Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his
speed,

His winged heels, and then his armed head ;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.

So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry ;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompence ;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent :

Then tries his friends ; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks : the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,

With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.

Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam ;

Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.

Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight :
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before ;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafe are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.

Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor
force,

Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course ;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst : alas ! they thirst for
blood.

So 'towards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag ; among th' enraged hounds

Repels their force, and wounds returns for
wounds :

And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assaults, now those,
Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd*, and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd and stood at bay ;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the
last.

Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down :
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear :
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood ;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave :
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
'Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts,
but spoils.' [hold,

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could
First made their subjects by oppression bold ;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure ;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells ;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his
shores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford ! worthy of that name, tho' all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms'
fear,

Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd altho'

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Each had an army, as an equal foe.
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make
 The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
 And none was more a looker-on than he.
 So did he move our passions, some were known
 To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
 Now private pity strove with public hate,
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate,
 Now they could him if he could them forgive;
 He's not too guilty, but too wise to live: [bore
 Less seem those facts which Treason's nickname
 Than such a fear'd ability for more.
 They after death their fears of him express,
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.
 Their legislative frenzy they repent,
 Enacting it should make no precedent. [lose
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

ON COWLEY.

[Extract from the verses "On Mr. Abraham Cowley's death, and burial amongst the ancient Poets."]

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
 To us discovers day from far;
 His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
 Which our dark nation long involv'd;
 But he descending to the shades,
 Darkness again the age invades.
 Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
 Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
 The other three with his own fires
 Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
 By Shakspeare's, Johnson's, Fletcher's lines
 Our stage's lustrè Rome's outshines,
 These poets near our princes sleep,
 And in one grave their mansion keep.
 They liv'd to see so many days,
 'Till time had blasted all their bays:
 But curs'd be the fatal hour
 That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
 That in the Muses' garden grew,
 And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
 Time, which made them their fame outlive,
 To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
 Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
 Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have:
 In Spenser, and in Johnson, Art
 Of slower Nature got the start;
 But both in him so equal are,
 None knows which bears the happier share.
 To him no author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own:
 He melted not the ancient gold,
 Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
 To plunder all the Roman stores
 Of poets and of orators.
 Horace's wit and Virgil's state
 He did not steal but emulate,
 And when he would like them appear,
 Their garb but not their clothes did wear.

GEORGE WITHER.

Born 1588.—Died 1669.

THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

[From "The Shepherd's Hunting."]

SHE doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from every thing I saw,
 I could some invention draw;
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight:
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustling;
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can,
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place* allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness:
 The dull loanness, the black shade
 That these hanging vaults have made,
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves,
 This black den, which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss;
 The rude portals, that give light
 More to terror than delight,
 This my chamber of neglect,
 Wall'd about with disrespect,
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this!
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er heav'n to mortals lent;
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
 Though thou be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but earth are born;
 Let my life no longer be,
 Than I am in love with thee!
 Though our wise ones call it madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness
 If I love not thy mad'st fits
 Above all their greatest wits!
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn,
 What makes knaves and fools of them!

* The author was in prison.

JOHN MILTON.

Born 1608.—Died 1674.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into Hell described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos: Here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven: for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

O! Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly Muse! that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God: I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the
first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy
view,

Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

2 B

The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamant chain and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and
night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate:
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those
flames

No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With everburning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold
words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

If thou beest he; but O, how fallen! how
changed

From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst out-
shine

Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual
league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin! Into what pit thou seest,

From what height fallen ; so much the stronger
proved

He with his thunder : and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd
mind,

And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field
be lost ?

All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome ;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall ; since, by fate, the strength of
gods

And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair :
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate ;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as
ours)

Have lost us this our spirit and strength entire
Straitly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, what'er his business be,

Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep ;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment ?
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend re-
plied.

Fallen Cherub ! to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering : but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil ;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see ! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven : the sulphurous
hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling ; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there ;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy ; our own loss how repair ;
How overcome this dire calamity ;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood ; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove ;
Briarëos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held ; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend
lay,

Chain'd on the burning lake : nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head ; but that the will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enraged, might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance, pour'd,
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires,
and, roll'd,

In billows, leave the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire:
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the
sole

Of unblest'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate:
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost arch-angel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mourn-
ful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so! since he,
Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: furthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! And thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at
least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven!
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and companions of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the ghastly pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in Hell?

So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent ~~none~~ could have
foil'd!

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults,
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
Was moving towards the shore: his ponderous
shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves
o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded! Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven! once yours,
now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven's gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!

They heard, and where abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wings, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd;
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile;
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires
 Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
 A multitude, like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
 Forthwith from every squadron, and each band,
 The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
 Their great Commander; god-like shapes, and
 forms
 Excelling human, princely Dignities,
 And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
 Though of their names in heavenly records now
 Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
 By their rebellion from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the
 earth,
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of
 man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and the invisible
 Glory of him that made them to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold
 And devils to adore for deities:
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idols through the heathen world.
 Say, Muse, their names then known; who first,
 who last,
 Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch.
 At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
 The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,
 Their altars by his altar; gods adored
 Among the nations round; and durst abide
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things

His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
 Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels
 loud,
 Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd
 through fire
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worship'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple of God
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
 Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines;
 And Eleale to the Asphaltic pool.
 Peor his other name, when he enticed
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
 With these came they, who, from the border-
 ing flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male,
 These feminine. For spirits, when they please,
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure;
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they
 choose,
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phenicians call'd
 Astarté, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day;

While smooth Adonis from his native rock,
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd
off

In his own temple, on the grundsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worship-
pers:

Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt, and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoked: yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue; held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright mix'd

By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with
looks

Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found
their chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not
lost

In loss itself: which on his countenance cast
Like double hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike
sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:

At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height and noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solem touches troubled thoughts, and
chase

Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and
pain,

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due;

Their visages and stature as of gods;
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
 Glories: for never, since created man,
 Met such imbodied force, as named with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread Commander: he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness; nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
 Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all the Arch-angel: but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain;
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines
 With singed top their stately growth, though
 bare,

Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers: attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their
 way.

O myriads of immortal spirits! O Powers
 Matchless, but with the Almighty! and that
 strife

Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?

For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
 Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
 For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
 If counsels different, or dangers ahunn'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns
 Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom; and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our
 fall.

Henceforth his might we know, and know our
 own;

So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war, provoked: our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so
 rife

There went a fame in heaven that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
 For who can think submission? War then,
 War,

Open or understood, must be resolved.

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined hell: highly they raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of
 war,

Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
 A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;
 Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
 From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and
 thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion, taught,
 Ramack'd the centre, and with impious hands
 Rifi'd the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew

Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering
tell

Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour,
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion
dross:

A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes.
Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis, their gods; or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately highth: and straight the
doors

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by subtile magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King,
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unadored,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry
Jove

Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now

To have built in heaven high towers; nor did
he scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Mean while, the winged heralds, by com-
mand

Of sov'reign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host pro-
claim

A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium; the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping
came,

Attended: all access was throng'd; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious
hall

(Though like a cover'd field, where champions
bold

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the
air

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As
bees

In spring time, when the sun with Taurus
rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the
hive

In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal
given,

Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow
room

Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth
and dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds,
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at
large,

Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and fall. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle is to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven: with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success, untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers and dominions, deities of heaven!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of
Heaven,

Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemn to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred
king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less

Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter
spake.

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather chuse,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way.
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; what to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, con-
demn'd

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:

A fairer person lost not heaven ; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse
appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate ; if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge ? The towers of heaven
are fill'd

With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable : oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions ; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light ; yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolited ; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair : we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us ; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever ? how he can,
Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless ? Wherefore cease we then ?
Say they who counsel war ; we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe ;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse ? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
What ! when we fled again, pursued, and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us ? This hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake ? That sure was
worse.

What if the breath, that kindled those grim

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Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames ? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us ? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall -
One day upon our heads ; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds ; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains ;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end ? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades ; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view ? He from heaven's
height

All these our motions vain sees, and derides ;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments ? Better these than
worse,

By my advice ; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror : this is now
Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger ; and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd ; whence these raging
fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour ; or, inured, not feel ;
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain ;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light ;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what
change

Worth waiting ; since our present lot appears
For happy, though but ill ; for ill, not worst ;
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's
garb,
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace : and after him thus Mammon spake.
Either to disenthroned the King of heaven

We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost : Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife :
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter : for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord
supreme

We overpower ? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced Hallelujahs ; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings ? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight ; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd,
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of
small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create ; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep
world

Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling
Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders
roar

Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles
hell ?

As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please ? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence ; and what can Heaven show
more ?

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements ; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper ; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard

Of what we are, and where ; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur
His train'd
Equal assembly, as when hollow rocks retain

The sound of blustering winds, which all night
long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence
lull

Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by
chance,

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest : such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace : for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell : so much the
fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them ; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time
In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state : deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care ;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin : sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of
heaven,

Ethereal virtues ! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of hell ? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire ; doubtless ! while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath
doom'd

This place our dungeon ; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed
Under the inevitable curb, reserved

His captive multitude : for he, be sure
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt ; but over hell extend

His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden thrones in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war ?

War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought ; for what peace will be
given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel ?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade

Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not,) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of Him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, con-
firm'd.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which, from the lowest
deep,

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neigh-
bouring arms

And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall
we send

In search of this new world? whom shall we
find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can
then

Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection; and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and
each

In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be
found

So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchical pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake.

O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.

These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers
And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught
proposed

And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty pow-
ers,

Terror of heaven, though fallen! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may
ease

The present misery, and render hell

More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
 The monarch, and prevented all reply;
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd;
 And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But
 they

Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they
 bend

With awful reverence prone; and as a god
 Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven:
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
 That for the general safety he despised
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory ex-
 cites,

Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er-
 spread

Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or show-
 er;

If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers:
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
 Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
 And godlike imitated state: him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
 Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
 By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and some-
 what raised

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours till his great chief return.
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their
 spears

Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
 With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
 Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
 Their song was partial; but the harmony
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more
 sweet

(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud

Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile ; or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiatra and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching
air

Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies haled
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce,

From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethæan sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to
lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink ;
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
Ali taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous
bands,

With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest : through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
of death,

A universe of death : which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature
breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv-
ed,

Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.

Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest de-
sign,

Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of
hell

Explores his solitary flight : sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the
left ;

Now shaves with level wing the deep, then
soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by æquinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs ; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole : so
seem'd

Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell-hounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates ; threefolds were
brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape ;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair ;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast ; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting : about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal ; yet, when they list, would
creep,

If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd and
howl'd,

Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
Nor uglier follow the night hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring
moon

Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides ; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be ad-
mired ;

Admired, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunn'd ;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape !
That darest, though grim and terrible, ad-
vance

Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to
pass,

That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee :
Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,
Hell-born ! not to contend with spirits of hea-
ven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied.
 Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith,
 till then
 Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
 Conjured against the Highest; for which both
 thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here con-
 demn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
 Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here and
 scorn,
 Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering; or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt
 before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
 Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black
 clouds,

With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they
 stood;

For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great
 deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father! what intends thy hand, she cried,
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son!
 Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for
 whom;

For him who sits above, and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge; to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice,
 bids;

His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!
 She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
 Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so
 strange

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,

What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and
 why,

In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
 Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.

To whom thus the portress of hell-gate re-
 plied.

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
 In heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combined
 In bold conspiracy against heaven's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and
 fast

Threw forth; till, on the left side opening wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized
 All the host of heaven; back they recoild
 afraid

At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a sign
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becamest enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in heaven; wherein re-
 main'd

(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout,
 Through all the empyrean: down they fell
 Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
 Into this deep; and in the general fall
 I also; at which time, this powerful key
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass,
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
 Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and
 pain

Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
 Made to destroy! I fled, and cried out, *Death!*
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded, *Death!*
 I fled; but he pursued, (though more, it seems,
 Inflamed with lust than rage,) and swifter far,
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd;
 And, in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou saw'st; hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb

That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw

My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father! I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

Dear daughter! since thou claim'st me for
thy sire,

And my fair son here show'st me, (the dear
pledge

Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire
change

Befallen us, unforeseen, unthought of) know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
Thine uncouth errand sole; and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void
immense

To search with wandering quest a place fore-
told

Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more re-
moved,

Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or
ought

Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon re-
turn,

And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased; and
Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and blest his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heaven's all-powerful King,

I keep; by him forbidden to unlock

These adamant gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me
soon

To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole
turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass
through

With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and
height,

And time, and place, are lost; where eldest
Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or
slow,

Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most ad-
here,

He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,

And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd awhile,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small), than when Bellona

storms,

With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a
league,

As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he
drops

Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot.
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and
sail.

As when a grypon, through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimasian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense,
or rare,

With head, hands, wings, feet, pursues his
way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or
flies:

At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his
ear

With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the
throne

Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,

The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Hades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye
powers

And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy
bounds

Confine with heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof: if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!

Thus Satan; and him thus the anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's King, though
overthrown.

I saw and heard; for such a numerus host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven, and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side heaven from whence your legions
fell.

If that way be your walk, you have not far:
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed!
Havock, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.

He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply;
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the farboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on; with difficulty and labour he;

But, he once pass'd, soon after, when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
 Of this frail world: by which the spirits per-
 verse

With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God, and good Angels, guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works a broken foe,
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din;
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
 With opal towers, and battlements adorn'd
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
 And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accus'd, and in a cursed hour, he lies.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice. Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and, therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless someone can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him: they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vandy; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

HAIL! holy Light! offspring of Heaven, first-born,
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is
 light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness
 borne,

With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
 I sung of chaos and eternal night;
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop-serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and everduring dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at our entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow-
 ers

Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High throned above all height, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view:
 About him all the sanctities of heaven
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son. On earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,

Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night,
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son! seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his
way

Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And man there placed, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who
fail'd;

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sin-
cere

Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they
receive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree,
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew.

Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.

So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Bordering on me immutably foreseen,

thence authors to themselves in all
Of Chaos, and his judge, and what they choose;
Wide on the wasteful

Sat sable-vested Night, and free they must remain
themselves; I else must change
the high decree

Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their
fall.

The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved: man falls, deceived
By the other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory
excel;

But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance
fill'd

All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father! gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find
grace:

For which both heaven and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost? should man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that he from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.

Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplished, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus replied.
O Son! in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest: so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes

The incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide,
 My umpire conscience; whom if they will hear,
 Light after light, well used, they shall attain,
 And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done; man disobeying,
 Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of heaven,
 Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,
 'To expiate his treason hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He, with his whole posterity, must die;
 Die he or justice must; unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such
 love?

Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute
 And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd.
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
 Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
 Behold me then: me for him, life for life
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleased; on me let death wreak all his rage;
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
 Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
 Though now to death I yield, and am his due
 All that of me can die; yet, that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil:
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
 stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the
 sight

Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile;
 While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave;
 Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
 Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
 And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized
 All heaven, what this might mean, and whither
 tend,

Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied.

O thou in heaven and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,
 Though last created; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join;
 And be thyself Man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restored
 As many as are restored, without thee none.
 His crime makes all his sons; thy merit,
 Imputed, shall to all them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest
 bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,

Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high ; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds ;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and man,
Anointed universal King ; all power
I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits ; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, principdoms, powers, dominions, I re-
duce :

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that hide
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal ; forthwith from all winds,
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels ; they, arraign'd, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full.
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall
dwell,

And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies ;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions : lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the
ground

With solemn adoration they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold ;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there
grows,

And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of
heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with
beams ;

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.

Then, crown'd again, their golden harp- they took
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet

Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King ; the Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud,
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear ;
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sung of all creation first,
Begotten Son, divine similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.

He heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein
By thee created ; and by thee threw down
The aspiring dominations : thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angel-disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on man : him through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline :
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of merry and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than divine !
Hail, Son of God ! Saviour of men ! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my heart thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclos'd
From chaos, and the inroad of darkness old,
Satan alighted walks : a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
Of chaos blustering round, inclement sky ;
Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud :
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,

Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the
springs

Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams ;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light :
So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey ;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none ;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like æreal vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men :
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life ;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;
All the unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Disso'lv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here ;
Not in the neighbouring moon as some have
dream'd ;

Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daugh'ters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaâr, and still with vain design,
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :
Others came single ; he, who, to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles ; and he, who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,
Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friars
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven ;
And they, who to be sure of Paradise,
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved ;
And now saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo !
A violent cross-wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air : then might ye see
Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds : all these, up whirl'd aloft,

Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travell'd steps : far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heaven a structure high ;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd ; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of heaven.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
Viewless ; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Wrapp'd in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss :
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of aftertimes
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land to God so dear ;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore ;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were
set

To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eyes discover unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams ;
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he
stood

So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
 Of *Libra*, to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the world's first region throws
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
 Like those *Hesperian* gardens famed of old,
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
 Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
 He staid not to inquire. Above them all
 The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
 Allured his eye: thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheer-
 ing lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
 So wondrously was set his station bright.
 There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
 Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
 In *Aaron's* breastplate, and a stone besides
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
 That stone, or like to that which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
 Volatile *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from the equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round

Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness
 hid;

Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders sledge with wings
 Lay waving round: on some great charge em-
 ploy'd

He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandering flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay:
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd:
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known
 The arch-angel *Uriel*, one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
 That run through all the heavens, or down to
 the earth

Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
 O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
 Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that
 stand

In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye,
 To visit oft this new creation round;
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
 Hath brought me from the quires of *Cherubim*
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest *Seraph*! tell,
 In which of all these shining orbs hath man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze
 Or open admiration him behold,
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces
 pour'd;

That both in him and all things, as is meet,
 The universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes

To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems; which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd.

Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes
deep?

I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected,
shines;

That place is earth, the seat of man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring
moon

(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower.

Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,

Took leave, and toward the coast of earth
beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel;
Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel: by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O, for that warning voice, which he, who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been
warn'd

The coming of their secret foe, and scaped,
Haply, so scaped his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes de-
spair,

That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must
ensue.

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards heaven, and the full-blazing
sun,

Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless
 King :

Ah, wherefore ! he deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
 I 'sdeign'd subjection, and thought one step
 higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?
 O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though
 mean,

Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to
 stand ?

Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then or what to
 accuse,

But heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 O, then, at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery : such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon
 unsay

What feign'd submission swore ? ease would
 recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow,
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so
 deep :

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope ; and with hope farewell, fear :
 Farewell, remorse : all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold.
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall
 know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimn'd his
 face

Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair ;
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first
 That practised falsehood under saintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge :
 Yet not enough had practised to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursued him down
 The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort : his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champion head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied ; and over head up grew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene ; and as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung :
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd :

On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely
seem'd

That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many
a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean
smiles:

So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better
pleased

Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the
spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
On the one side there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side: which, when the arch-felon
saw,

Due entrance he disdain'd; and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for
prey,

Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at
eve

In huddled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect, what, well used, had been the
pledge

Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea
more,

A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold: and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing
ill.

Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy
hill

Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades,
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bowers. Thus was
this place

A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
balm:

Others, whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed:
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The birds their quire apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours, in dance
Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd; which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world: nor that sweet
grove

Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive: nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her foster son
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye:
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock.
A whole day's journey high; but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace:
He, for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd:
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shews instead, mere shews of seeming
pure,

And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity, and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill.
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green

Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat reclined
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all
chase

In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and
wreath'd

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
Declined was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould; earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits; yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath
pour'd.

Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd
Long to continue; and this high seat your heav'n
Ill-fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept, your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room
(Not like these narrow limits,) to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge

On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
(The tyrant's plea) excused his devilish deeds:
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree,
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word, or action mark'd: about them round,
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare:
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied,
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing, he might surest seize them
both,

Gripped in each paw; when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need: He who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou
know'st,

God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were
sweet.

To whom thus Eve replied. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee

Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as the expanse of heaven, I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd;
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou
seest,

What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following criest aloud, "Return, fair
Eve;

Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou
art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half." With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unproved,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd [lip
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill

Of bliss on bliss ; while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbid-
den ?

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that ? can it be sin to know ?
Can it be death ? and do they only stand
By ignorance ? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith ?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue ?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied ;
A chance, but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of heaven by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye
may,

Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er
dale, his roam.

Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting 'sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high ;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night ;
About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of heaven, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's latest image: I described his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait ;

But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from heaven ; and since meridian
hour

No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promised he ; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now
raised

Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen
Beneath the Azores ; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, on this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair consort, the
hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways ;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey : so God ordains :
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for
whom

'I his glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?

To whom our general ancestor replied.
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morn, evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things ; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were
none,

That heaven would want spectators, God want
praise :

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night : how often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding
walk,

With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd

On to their blissful bower : it was a place
Chosen by the sov'reign Planter, when he framed
All things to man's delightful use : the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous
flower,

Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought

Mosaic ; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with
stone

Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed ;
And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O ! too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and hea-
ven,

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole : Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee ; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went ; and, eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid ; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused :
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man ?

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise of all things common else!
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition: nor in court amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 These, huddl'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 Shower'd roses which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
 Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the cherubim
 Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade;
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:
 Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
 From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he
 call'd

That near him stood, and gave them thus in
 charge:

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no
 nook;

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
 Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?)
 escaped

The bars of hell, on errand bad, no doubt:
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they
 found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,

Blown up with high conceits ingendering pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
 So started up, in his own shape, the fiend.
 Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amazed,
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell
 Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and, trans-
 form'd,

Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar?
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with
 scorn.

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
 As when thou stood'st in heaven upright and pure;
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
 But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,
 Or all at once; more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
 Will save us trial what the least can do
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
 But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughtily on,
 Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they
 nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding
 guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
 Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud.

O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hastening this way, and now by glimpse discern
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;

And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,

And brief related whom they brought, where found,

How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabrielspake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his
pain?

Who would not, finding way, break loose from
hell,

Though thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself,
no doubt,

And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope
to charge

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was
ask'd.

The rest is true; they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus replied.

O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment!
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frown-
ing stern:

Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves

From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:

I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy

This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find

Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;

Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;

Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his

throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior Angel soon replied.
To say and straight unsay, pretending first

Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,

Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.

Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve

Allegiance to the acknowledg'd Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem

Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd

Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?

But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,

And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud liminary cherub! but ere then

Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King

Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels

In progress through the road of heaven star-pav'd.
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron

bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns

Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field

Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting
stands,

Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas*, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful
deeds

Might have ensu'd, nor only *Paradise*
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet
seen

Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpián* sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanced air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
mine;

Neither our own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled
now

To trample thee as mire: for proof, look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light,
how weak,

If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of
night.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

[From *Paradise Regained*, Book II.]

[*Belial* in the infernal Council proposes to tempt *Jesus* with female beauty. Satan replies.]

SET women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among the daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguile'd the heart
Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:

Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself dost d'st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive
grace,

None are, thou think'st but taken with such
toys.

Before the flood, thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st
In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiope*,
Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more,
Too long; then lay'st thy scapes on names
ador'd,

Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*,
Satyr, or *Faun*, or *Sylvan*? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small ac-
count

Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that *Pellean* conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he surnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* maid;
For *Solomon*, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not be-
yond

Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you
find,

Tho' of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of foul desire? Or should she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of *Venus* once
Wrought that effect on *Jove*, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of *Virtue's* hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe; for beauty stands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease t' admire, and all her
plumes

Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular
praise;

Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd.

DESCRIPTION OF GREECE.

[From *Paradise Regained*, Book IV.]

[Satan's speech to Jesus on the rejection of his offer of the kingdoms of the world.]

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd reply'd:
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 What both from men and angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
 The trial hath indamag'd thee no way;
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judg'd,
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou
 went'st

Alone into the temple; there wast found
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the
 man,

As morning shews the day. Be famous then
 By wisdom: as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st;
 Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular
 mount,

Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer
 long;

There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound,
 Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream: within the wall then view

2 F

The schools of ancient sages, his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
 Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heav'n descended to the low-roof house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
 unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
 wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
 Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door
 Stoutly struts his dames before;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern-gate
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his sithe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast,
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set,
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thelys to bind the sheaves;

Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong day-light fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
 And he, by friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There late Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding toys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay notes that people the sunbeams;
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might bescem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended.
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 O't in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait;
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
 There, held in holy passion still.
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will dign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak:
 Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song:
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar:
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting 'Thebes' or 'Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of 'Troy divine';
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower!
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek!
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,

Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And, when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
 Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high-embowered roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light:
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
 And, with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:

So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destin'd urn;
 And, as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;

For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose, at evening bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had slop'd his wester-
 ing wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;
 And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn:
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorse-
 less deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet were Deva spreads her wizard stream:
 Ay me! I fondly dream [done?
 Had ye been there—for what could that have
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Naxos's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin, spun life. "But not the
praises."

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal
reeds!

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle
swain?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest
pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young
swain,

Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
to hold [least

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What rocks it them? What need they? They
are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with
ruth:

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd
the waves;

Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and
rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals
grey;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his doric lay;
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the
 hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay:
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

COMUS.

THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus, with his crew.

The Lady.

First Brother.

Second Brother.

Sabrina, the Nymph.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted
 care

Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants,
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of Eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
 The unadorn'd bosom of the deep,
 Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire
 crowns,

And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
 A nobler peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
 Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear
 wood,

The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard:
 And listen why; for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds
 listed,

On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe,
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)
 This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus
 nam'd:

Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
 And, in thick shelter of black shades embower'd,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as
 they taste

(For most do taste through fond intemperate
 thirst)

Soon as the potion works, their human counte-
 nance,

The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery

Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before;
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

Therefore when any, favor'd of high Jove,
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: but first I must put off
 These my sky-ropes spun, out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied
 song,

Well knows to still the wild winds when they
 roar,

And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand,
 his glass in the other; with him a rout of
 monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts,
 but otherwise like men and women, their apparel
 glistering; they come in making a riotous and
 unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus.

The Star, that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold.

And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle both allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing towards the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Topsy Dance, and Jollity
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.
 Rigor now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head.
 Strict Age and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
 And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report:—
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon
 womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,
 The nice morn, on the India steep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and
 trees;

Our number may affright: some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
 Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,

And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be; for that's against my
 course:

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplausible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the
 sound

Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges
 full,

In wanton dance they praise the bounteous
 Pan,

And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,
 Of such late wassailers; yet, O! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit.
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.

They left me then, when the gray-hooded
 even,

Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus'
 wain.

But where they are, and why they came not
 back,

Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandering steps too
 far;

And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me: else, O thievish
 night,

Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their
 lamps

With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What this might be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names

On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
 O welcome pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things
 ill

Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And cast a gleam over this tufted grove:
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margin green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the lovelorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's
 harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's
 mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign won-
 der!

Whom certain these rough shades did never
 breed,

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lad. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that
 praise

That is address'd to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you
 thus?

Lad. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering
 guides?

Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lad. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly
 spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded,
 lady?

Lad. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
 return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented
 them.

Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present
 need?

Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youth-
 ful bloom?

Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls long the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colors of the rainbow live,
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck
 And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to heaven,
 To help you find them.

Lad. Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lad. To find out that, good shepherd, I sup-
 pose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

From her thatch'd pallet rouse ; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd
And yet is most pretended : in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength—Shepherd, lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter The Two Brothers.

El. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou,
fair moon,

That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades ;
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Br. Or, if our eyes

Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad
fears.

What, if in wild amazement and affright ?
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger or of savage heat ?

El. Br. Peace, brother : be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion !

I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day :
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Sec. Br. 'Tis most true,

That musing meditation most effects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

El. Br. I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy ;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

Sec. Br. What hidden strength,

Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean
that ?

El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden
strength,

Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her
own ;

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
She that has that is clad in complete steel ;
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night

In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'
 the woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin.
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, [stone,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
 And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows
 damp,

Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres
 Ling'ring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. Br. How-charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

El. Br. List, list; I hear,
 Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

Sec. Br. Methought so too; what should it be?

El. Br. For certain,
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roving robber, calling to his fellows.

Sec. Br. Heaven keep my sister. Again,
 again, and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

El. Br. I'll halloo:

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.
 [Enter the Attendant Spirit habited like a shepherd.]

That halloo I should know; what are you? speak;
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that? my young lord?
 speak again.

Sec. Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd,
 sure.

El. Br. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have
 oft delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal;
 And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale?
 How com'st thou here, good swain? hath any
 ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd
 nook?

Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next
 joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf: not all the fleecy wealth,
 That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, O my virgin lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

El. Br. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without
 blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

El. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee
 briefly show.

Spir. I'll tell ye: 'tis not vain or fabulous.
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)
 What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly
 Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse,
 Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing
 poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks.
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Character'd in the face: this have I learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade; whence night by
 night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
 Of knot-grass dew-beesprent, and were in fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so plac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death; but O! ere long,
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honor'd lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly
 snare!

Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,
 Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew,) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbor villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
 But further know I not.

Sec. Br. O night, and shades!
 How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

El. Br. Yes, and keep it still;
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,—
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd:
 Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness; when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed and self-consum'd: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.—But come,
 let's on.

Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt

With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous-
 forms

"Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good venturous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms and other weapons must
 Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms:
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

El. Br. Why pr'ythe, shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

Spir. Care, and utmost shifts,
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this
 soil:

Unknown, and light esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
 And yet more medicinal is it than that moly,
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd:
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him; break his
 glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd
 crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

El. Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow
 thee
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lad.

Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immannacled, while Heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates

Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures,
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd;
Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lad.

'Twill not, false traitor!

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.

Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green-shops weave the smooth-
hair'd silk,

To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd the all-worshipt ore, and precious
gems,

To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but
frieze,

'The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-
prais'd,

Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own
weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility;
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd
with plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the un-
sought diamonds

Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

List, lady: be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young
yet.

Lad. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.—
Impostor! do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,

That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beeseeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst her gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of virginity;
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd:
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That duncy things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves and
 shake,

Fill all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;
 This is mere moral babble, and direct,
 Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:
 But this will cure all straight: one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest
 his glass out of his hand, and break it against the
 ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but
 are all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes
 in.*

Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of Melibœus old I learn'd,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn
 stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
 Whilom she was the daughter of Loocrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearly wrists, and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
 Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel;
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made goddess of the river: still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasp charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honor's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen, and save.

Listen, and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus;
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Syrens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks;

By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
'Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen, and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkoi blue, and em'rald green,

That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me:
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:—
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Loocrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,

Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence; and beside
All the swains, that there abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer:
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid-sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the president's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers, and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back; enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday:
Here be, without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances [being] ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show;
And drenches with Elysian dew

(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen :
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
 After her wand'ring labors long
 'Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love virtue ; she alone is free :
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime ;
 Or if virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

SONNETS.

To the Nightingale.

O NIGHTINGALL, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,

While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,

First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love ; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :

Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

On his being arrived at the Age of Twenty-three.
 How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth
 year !

My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which time leads me, and the will of
 Heav'n ;

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

When the Assault was intended for the City.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
 seize,

If deed of honor did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and
 tow'r

Went to the ground : and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

To the Lord General Fairfax.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe
 rings,

Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings ;
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their hydraheads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed ?)
 'Till truth and right from violence be freed
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

To the Lord General Cromwell.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu-

ed,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots im-
 brued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much re-
 mains

To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war : new foes arise
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

To Sir Henry Vane the younger.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms re-
 pell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold

The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
 Whatsevers each, thou hast learn'd, which few
 have done:
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

—
On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
 bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
 Forget not; in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

—
On his Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day labour, light denied,
 I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his
 state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

—
To Mr. Lawrence.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and
 choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air:
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

To Cyriac Skinner.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our
 laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to
 drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the
 French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time or-
 dains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise, in
 shew,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day.
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

To the same.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, though
 clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. What supports me? dost thou
 ask:
 The conscience, friend, to 've lost them over-
 ply'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask,
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

On his deceased Wife.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
 gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and
 faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
 taint,
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
 shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my
 night.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Born 1620.—Died 1678.

BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied ;
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing ;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night ;
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet ;
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh ! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault :
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may,
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.
Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays ;
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flow'rs, and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

2 H

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And innocence, thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companys of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white, nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed,
How far these beautys her exceed !
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow :
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, the curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets, and claps its silver wings ;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet he meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two Paradises are in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new :
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes his time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hour
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs ?

WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Born 1647.—Died 1680.

LOVE AND LIFE.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone:
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
 How can it then be mine?
 The present moment's all my lot;
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows;
 If I, by miracle, can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heaven allows.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Born 1612.—Died 1680.

HUDIBRAS.

[FROM PART I. CANTO I.]

Hudibras and his Squire.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears,

* * * * *

When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling*.
 A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right worshipful on shoulder blade;
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of war, as well as peace:
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,

* The knight (if, as is supposed, Sir Samuel Luke was M. Butler's hero) was not only a colonel in the parliament-army, but also a scout-master-general in the counties of Bedford, Surry, &c.

Are either for the land or water,)
 But here our authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout:
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
 For't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras:
 For that's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challenges did write.
 But they're mistaken very much;
 'Tis plain enough he was not such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it,
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about:
 Unless on holidays or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd
 His bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.

* * * * *

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute:
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice*,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination:
 All this by syllogism true,
 In mood and figure he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 He had hard words ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech,
 In loftiness of sound, was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect;

* Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) a malignant psalm.

It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin;
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent,
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em,
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe* or Erra Patert;
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith:
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go;
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts:
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly:
 In school-divinity as able,
 As he that hight Irrefragable †;

* An eminent Danish mathematician.

† William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

‡ Alexander Haies, so called: he was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called school-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*; that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be resisted.

A second Thomas*, or, at once
 To name them all, another Duncet†:
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways beyond them all‡:
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
 That's empty when the moon is full;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.

* * * * *

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit;
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew§
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended:
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for:
 Freewill they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow:
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin:
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with mine'd pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.

* Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He never modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Engle of divines*.

† Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunee in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Duns Scotus*.

‡ Guilelmus Occam was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Duns Scotus of the Reals.

§ This satirical description of the most extravagant of the ancient Puritans ought not to be offensive to the moderate Presbyterians of these days — *Compter*.

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so likt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew

In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate,
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn.
With red hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revild, and spit upon, and martyr'd:
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

* * * * *

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose

To carry victual in his hose.

That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were storm'd, and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table some suppose
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their luncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digest,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets.
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.

In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft' had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for dredging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,

It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care :
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get :
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap :
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse :
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe ;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft' he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The beast was sturdily, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
I would say eye ; for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state :
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt ;
And yet so fiery he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground ;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hoof.
Nor trod upon the ground so soft ;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up ;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back ;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad :
His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd

Like furrows he himself had plough'd ;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His dragging tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender side he prickt
With arm'd heel. * * * * *

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph ;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in ; by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir ;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace :
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't :
Some call it gifts, and some new-light ;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken ;
Like commendation ninepence crookt†
With—To and from my love—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth ;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too :
Forsaints themselves will sometimes be
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle :
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way,

* Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) says, that this famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new quip or cut in church-government ; but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12, it is observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

† Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings ; and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, *To my love, and from my love* ; and such ninepences men gave or sent to their sweethearts, as tokens of love.

What'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,
 Which none see by but those that hear it;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;
 An *ignis fatuus* that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear;
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
 Into small poets song infuse,
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,
 Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible
 As three or four-legg'd oracle.
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;
 Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

[FROM PART II. CANTO I.]

Hudibras and Ralph in the Stocks, are visited by the unkind Widow, with whom the former is in love.

This tattling gossip^{*} knew too well
 What mischief Hudibras befel,
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears
 Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,
 Or funerals, with stately pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump.
 As she laugh'd out, until her back,
 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she would go see the sight,
 And visit the distressed knight;
 To do the office of a neighbour,
 And be a gossip at his labour;
 And from his wooden jail the stocks,
 To set at large his fetter-jocks;
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
 This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood
 And fisher, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting damsel to attend her,
 All which appearing, on she went
 To find the knight, in limbo pent;
 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him and his stout squire in the pound;
 Both coupled in enchanted tether,
 By further leg behind together:
 For as he sat upon his rump,
 His head, like one in doleful dump,
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd
 Unto his ears on either side,

* Fanny.

And by him, in another hole,
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jole:
 She came upon him in his wooden
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,
 As spirits do t' a conjurer,
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
 No sooner did the knight perceive her,
 But straight he fell into a fever,
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
 To be seen by her in such a place;
 Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
 And wink and goggle like an owl:
 He felt his brains begin to swim,
 When thus the dame accosted him.
 "This place" quoth she, "they say's enchanted,

And with delinquent spirits haunted,
 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
 Look, there are two of them appear,
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
 With saucer eyes, and horns; and some
 Have heard the devil beat a drum;
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,
 That give a wrong account of faces,
 That beard and I should be acquainted,
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted,
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 As if 't had lately been in combat,
 It did belong to a worthy knight,
 Howe'er this goblin is come by 't."

When Hudibras the lady heard,
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,
 And speak with such respect and honour
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
 He thought it best to set as good
 A face upon it as he could;
 And thus he spoke: "Lady, your bright
 And radiant eyes are in the right;
 The beard's th' identic beard you knew.
 The same numerically true;
 Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
 But its proprietor himself."

"O heavens!" quoth she, "can that be true?
 I do begin to fear 'tis you:
 Not by your individual whiskers,
 But by your dialect and discourse,
 That never spoke to man or beast,
 In notions vulgarly exprest:
 But what malignant star, alas!
 Has brought you both to this sad pass?"

Quoth he, "The fortune of the war,
 Which I am less afflicted for,
 Than to be seen with beard and face
 By you in such a homely case."

Quoth she, "Those need not be ashamed
 For being honourably maim'd;
 If he that is in battle conquer'd,
 Have any title to his own beard,
 Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
 It does your visage more adorn
 Than if 't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,

And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's ;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led ;
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end."

Quoth Hudibras, "This thing call'd pain,
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phenomenas*
In which it oft' mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
I, free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows, we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure.
And just so far are sore and griev'd
As 'y the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight ;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no confusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grits and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling ;
Then how is 't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?"

Quoth she, "I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure ;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no medicine can assuage."

Quoth he, "That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish :
For what's more honorable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow :
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists
They that are bruise'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons ;
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd."
"Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,

Our princes worship, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly ;
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows ;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable :
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow :
And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worse than by the en'my us'd ;
In close *catasta* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope ;
As beads, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth still grow more reverend ;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches ;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height."

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak ;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink ;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd ;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey ;
And when their merchants are blown up and
crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt,
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their couns-in-germans up in dishes ;
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

BREVITY.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Born 1651.—Died 1685.

VENICE PRESERVED: OR, A PLOT DISCOVERED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
Men.

Duke of Venice.
Priuli, father to Belvidera, a Senator.
Antonio, a fine speaker in the Senate.
Bedamar, the Spanish Ambassador.
Jaffier.
Perie.
Renault.
Spinosa.
Theodore.
Eliot.
Rerillido.
Durand.
Mazzana.
Brameel.
Ternon.
Brabe.

Conspirators.

Women.

Belvidera.
Aquilina.
Two women, attendants on Belvidera.
Two women, servants to Aquilina.
The Council of Ten.
Officer, Guard, Friar, Executioner and Rabbie.

SCENE, Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Priuli and Jaffier.

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more; be gone and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! by my suffering but you shall!

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me: patience! where's the distance
throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear
me!

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father!
Wrong'd you?

Pri. Yes! wrong'd me in the nicest point;
The honour of my house; you have done me
wrong.

You may remember, (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness,) when you first came
home

From travel, with such hopes, as made you look'd
on

By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd
you;

Court'd, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have us'd
me

To your best service; like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me.
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom:
Oh Belvidera!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct, no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke,
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize:
I brought her, gave her your despairing arms:
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd
me,

'Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief
you stole her

At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.

May all your joys in her prove false like mine;
A steril fortune, and a barren bed,

Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; 'till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestow'd
in vain:

Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his
grandsire,

And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries: whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if 'twou'd please you.

Pri. 'Twou'd, by heav'n.

Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life was not so precious:
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my grave.

Pri. And she too with thee;
For, living here, you're but my curs'd remem-
brancers.

I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera : you perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me !
Oh ! could my soul ever have known satiety ;
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with contentedly,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder !

Pri. You dare not do it.

Jaff. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart that awes me, is too much my master :
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice ;
Distinction, place, attendance and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded ;
Out of my little fortune I've done this ;
Because (tho' hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see, I lov'd her for herself.
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.—

Pri. No more !

Jaff. Yes ! all, and then adieu for ever. [*ty*
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me : for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning,
Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet s wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home and be humble, study to retrench ;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly,
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state ;
Then to some suburb cottage both retire ;
Drudge to feed loathsome life ; get brats, and starve—

Home, home, I say.—

[*Exit.*

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me —
This proud, this swelling heart : home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to mine eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring ;
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
O Belvidera ! Oh ! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

Pier. My friend, good-morrow !
How fares the honest partner of my heart ?
What, melancholy ! not a word to spare me ?

Jaff. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving quality,
Call'd honesty, got footing in the world.

Pier. Why, pow'ful villainy first set it up,
For its own ease and safety : honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten : were all mankind villains,
They'd starve each other ; lawyers would want practice,

Cut-throats rewards : each man would kill his brother

Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for murder :

Honesty ! 'twas a cheat invented first

*

To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
And lord it uncontrol'd above their betters.

Jaff. Then honesty is but a notion ?

Pier. Nothing else :

Like wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd :

He that pretends to most too, has least share in't ;

'Tis a ragged virtue : honesty ! no more on't.

Jaff. Sure thou art honest ?

Pier. So indeed men think me.

But they're mistaken, Jaffair : I am a rogue
As well as they :

A fine gay bold-fac'd villain, as thou seest me ;

'Tis true, I pay my debts when they're contracted ;

I steal from no man ; would not cut a throat,

To gain admission to a great man's purse,

Or a whore's bed ; I'd not betray my friend,

To get his place or fortune : I scorn to flatter

A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch beneath me :

Yet Jaffair, for all this I am a villain.

Jaff. A villain !

Pier. Yes, a most notorious villain :

To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,

And own myself a man : to see our senators

Cheat the deluded people with a shew

Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of ;
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,

Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds ;

Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow ;

Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of power,

Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction ;

All that bear this are villains, and I one,

Not to rouse up at the great call of Nature,

And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,

That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.

Jaff. Oh Aquilina ! friend, to lose such beauty,

The dearest purchase of thy noble labours ;

She was thy right by conquest, as by love.

Pier. Oh Jaffair ! I'd so fix'd my heart upon her,

That wheresoe'er I fram'd a scheme of life

For time to come, she was my only joy,

With which I wish'd to sweeten future cares ;

I fancied pleasures, none but one that loves

And doats as I did, can imagine like 'em :

When in th' extremity of all these hopes,

In the most charming hour of expectation,
Then when our eager wishes soar'd the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely game,
A haggard owl, a worthless kite of prey,
With his foul wings sail'd in, and spoil'd my quarry.

Jaff. I know the wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st him.

Pier. Curse on the common good that's so protected,

* Where every slave that heaps up wealth enough
To do much wrong, becomes a lord of right :
I, who believ'd no ill could e'er come near me,
Found in the embraces of my Aquilina
A wretched, old, but itching senator ;
A wealthy fool, that had bought out my title :
A rogue, that uses beauty like a lamb-skin,
Barely to keep him warm ; that filthy cuckoo too
Was in my absence crept into my nest,
And spoiling all my brood of noble pleasure.

Jaff. Didst thou not chase him thence ?

Pier. I did, and drove

The rank old-bearded Hircio stinking home :
The matter was complain'd of in the senate,
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,
For violating something they call privilege—
This was the recompence of my service.
Would I'd been rather beaten by a coward :
A soldier's mistress, Jaffeir, is his religion ;
When that's profan'd, all other ties are broken :
That even dissolves all former bonds of service,
And from that hour I think myself as free
To be the foe as e'er the friend of Venice—
Nay, dear revenge, whene'er thou call'st, I'm ready.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve my friend as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good,
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

Pier. We've neither safety, unity, nor peace,
For the foundation's lost of common good ;
Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us ;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)

Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up t'enslave us deeper :
Now could this glorious cause but find out friends
To do it right ! oh Jaffeir ! then might'st thou
Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face :
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak ! but my heart bleeds this moment.

Jaff. Curst be the cause, tho' I thy friend be part on't :

Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge—

Jaff. Then from thee

Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

Pier. Then thou art ruin'd !

Jaff. That I long since knew ;
I and ill fortune have been long acquainted.

Pier. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains ;
The sons of public rapine were destroying :
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune :
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale :
There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing ; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments,
Rich hangings, intermix'd and wrought with gold ;

The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaff. Now thank Heav'n—

Pier. Thank Heav'n ! for what ?

Jaff. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice,

Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false ;

Where there's no trust, no truth ; where innocence

Stoops under vile oppression ; and vice lords it :
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,

Shining through tears, like April-suns in showers
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em ;

Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she lean'd,

Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her :

E'en the lewd rabble that were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her ;

Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity :

I could have hugg'd the greasy rogues : they pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story, from my soul,

Since now I know the worst that can befall me :

Ah Pierre ! I have a heart, that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me :

But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward : bear my weakness,
If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh ! I shall drown thee with my sorrows !

Pier. Burn!

First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin.
What, starvelike beggars' brats in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou, or thy cause shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee;
Command my heart: thou'rt every way its
master.

Jaff. No, there's a secret pride in bravely
dying.

Pier. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run
mad;

Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow.
Revenge! the attribute of gods; they stamp it
With their great image on our natures: die!
Consider well the cause that calls upon thee:
And if thou'rt base enough, die then: remem-
ber

Thy Belvidera suffers: Belvidera!

Die—damn first—what, be decently interr'd
In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit slain fools, the common dung o' th' soil.

Jaff. Oh!

Pier. Well said, out with 't, swear a little—

Jaff. Swear! By sea and air! by earth, by
heav'n and hell,

I will revenge my Belvidera's tears!

Hark: thee my friend—Priuli—is—a
senator!

Pier. A dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart.

No more: where shall we meet at night?

Pier. I'll tell thee;

On the Rialto every night at twelve
I take my evening's walk of meditation:
There we two will meet, and talk of precious
Mischief—

Jaff. Farewell.

Pier. At twelve.

Jaff. At any hour; my plagues

Will keep me waking. [*Exit Pierre*]

Tell me why, good Heav'n,

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's
on me?

Is this just dealing, Nature?—Belvidera!

Enter Belvidera.

Poor Belvidera!

Belv. Lead me, lead me, my virgins!
To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my
refuge!

Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face:
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly
joys. [*spring,*]

Oh smile, as when our loves were in their
And cheer my fainting soul!

2 1 2

Jaff. As when our loves

Were in their spring? has then my fortune
chang'd?

Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found
thee?

If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where com-
plain?

Belv. Does this appear like change, or love
decaying;

When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
Beats not my heart as 'twould alarm thine
To a new charge of bliss? I joy more in thee,
Than did thy mother when she hugg'd thee
first,

And bless'd the gods for all her travel past.

Jaff. Can there in woman be such glorious
faith?

Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false;
Oh woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without
you.

Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Belv. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous
rich;

I have so much, my heart will surely break
with 't;

Vows can't express it. When I wou'd declare
How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big
thought;

I swell and sigh, and labour with my longing.
O lead me to some desert wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent; where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's
fraught;

Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love with kisses, kindling joy,
And let off all the fire that's in my heart.

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar,
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee;
Want! worldly want! that hungry meagre fiend
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? can these
limbs,

Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
(In some far climate where our names are stran-
gers)

For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our head;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in madness love
thee.

Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Tho' the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head ;
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with
sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the
morning.

Jaff. Hear this you heav'ns, and wonder how
you made her !

Reign, reign ye monarchs that divide the world,
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine ;
Like gawdy ships, th' obsequious billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your pride ;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you :
I, in my private bark, already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant driv'n on unknown land,
That had by chance pack'd up his choicest trea-
sure

In one dear casket, and sav'd only that.

Since I must wander further on the shore,

Thus hug my little, but my precious store ;
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more. }

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pierre and Aquilina.

Aqui. By all thy wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my
arms

Than all the wealth of Venice : pr'ythee stay,
And let us love to-night.

Pier. No : there's fool,

There's fool about thee : when a woman sells
Her flesh to fools, her beauty's lost to me ;
They leave a taint, a sully where they've past ;
There's such a baneful quality about 'em,
E'en spoils complexions with their nauseous-
ness,

They infect all they touch ; I cannot think
Of tasting any thing a fool has pall'd.

Aqui. I loath and scorn that fool thou mean'st,
as much

Or more than thou canst ; but the beast has gold
That makes him necessary ; power too,
To qualify my character, and poise me
Equal with peevish virtue, that beholds
My liberty with envy : in their hearts
They're loose as I am ; but an ugly power
Sits in their faces, and frights pleasures from 'em.

Pier. Much good may't do you, madam, with
your senator.

Aqui. My senator ! why, canst thou think that
wretch

E'er fill'd thy Aquilina's arms with pleasure ?
* * * * *

Think'st thou I love him ? No, by all the joys
Thou ever gav'st me, his presence is my penance ;
The worst thing an old man can be's a lover.

A mere memento mori to poor woman.

I never lay by his decrepit side,
But all that night I ponder'd on my grave.

Pier. Would he were well sent thither.

Aqui. That's my wish too :

For then, my Pierre, I might have cause with
pleasure

To play the hypocrite. Oh ! how I could weep
Over the dying dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite ; then, when the
time

Was come to pay my sorrows at his funeral,
(For he has already made me heir to treasures
Would make me out-act a real widow's whining ;)
How could I frame my face to fit my mourning !
With wringing hands attend him to his grave,
Fall swooning on his hearse : take mad posses-
sion

E'en of the dismal vault where he lay bury'd ;
There like th' Ephesian matron dwell, 'till thou
My lovely soldier, com'st to my deliverance ;
Then throwing up my veil, with open arms
And laughing eyes, run to new dawning joy.

Pier. No more ! I've friends to meet me here
to-night,

And must be private. As you prize my friend-
ship,

Keep up your coxcomb : let him not pry nor listen,
Nor frisk about the house as I have seen him,
Like a tame mumping squirrel with a hell on ;
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

Aqui. What friends to meet ? mayn't I be of
your council ?

Pier. How ! a woman ask questions out of bed ?
Go to your senator, ask him what passes
Amongst his brethren ; he'll hide nothing from
you :

But pump me not for politics. No more !
Give order that whoever in my name

Comes here, receive admittance. So good night.

Aqui. Must we ne'er meet again ! embrace no
more !

Is love so soon and utterly forgotten !

Pier. As you henceforward treat your fool, I'll
think on't.

Aqui. Curst be all fools—I die if he forsakes
me ;

And how to keep him, heav'n or hell instruct me.
[*Exit.*]

Scene the Rialto.

Enter Jaffeur.

Jaff. I'm here ; and thus, the shades of night
around me,

I look as if all hell were in my heart.

And I in hell. Nay surely 'tis so with me ;*

For every step I tread, methinks some fiend

Knocks at my breast, and bids me not be quiet.

I've heard how desperate wretches, like myself,

Have wander'd out at this dead time of night

To meet the foe of mankind in his walk :

Sure I'm so curst, that tho' of heav'n forsaken,

No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.

Hell ! hell ! why sleepest thou ?

Enter Pierre.

Pier. Sure I've staid too long :
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, who goes there ?

Jaff. A dog that comes to howl
At yonder moon : what's he that asks the ques-
tion ?

Pier. A friend to dogs, for they are honest crea-
tures,
And ne'er betray their masters ; never fawn
On any that they love not : well met, friend :
Jaffair ?

Jaff. The same. Oh Pierre, thou'rt come in
season,
I was just going to pray.

Pier. Ah that's mechanic,
Priests make a trade on't, and yet starve by't
too :
No praying ; it spoils business, and time's pre-
cious :

Where's Belvidera ?

Jaff. For a day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, 'till I see farther
What fortune will do with me. Pr'ythee friend,
If thou would'st have me fit to hear good coun-
sel,

Speak not of Belvidera ?

Pier. Not of her ?

Jaff. Oh no !

Pier. Not name her ? May be I wish her well.

Jaff. Whom well ?

Pier. Thy wife, thy lovely Belvidera ;
I hope . . . can may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done !

Jaff. You are merry, Pierre !

Pier. I am so :

Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile ;
We'll all rejoice : here's something to buy pins,
[*Gives him a purse.*]

Marriage is chargeable.

Jaff. I but half wisht
To see the Devil, and he's here already. Well !
What must this buy, rebellion, murder, treason ?
Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this.

Pier. When last we parted, we'd no qualms
like these.

But entertain'd each other's thoughts like men,
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reform'd since our last meeting ? What new
miracles

Have happen'd ? Has Priuli's heart relented ?
Can he be honest ?

Jaff. Kind Heav'n ! let heavy curses
Gall his old age ; cramps, aches rack his bones,
And bitterest disquiet wring his heart ;
O let him live 'till life become his burden !
Let him groan under 't long, linger an age
In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
And find its ease, but late.

Pier. Nay, could'st thou not
As well, my friend, have stretch'd the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain ?

Jaff. But curses stick not : could I kill with
cursing,

By heav'n I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted ; senators should rot
Like dogs on dunghills ; but their wives and
daughters

Die of their own diseases. Oh for a curse
To kill with !

Pier. Daggers, daggers, are much better !

Jaff. Ha !

Pier. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they ?

Pier. Oh, a thousand

May be dispos'd of in honest hands in Venice.

Jaff. Thou talk'st in clouds.

Pier. But yet a heart half wrong'd
As thine has been, would find the meaning,
Jaffair.

Jaff. A thousand daggers all in honest hands ;
And have not I a friend will stick one here ?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be
cherish't

T' a nobler purpose, I would be that friend.
But thou hast better friends, friends whom thy
wrongs

Have made thy friends ; friends worthy to be
call'd so !

I'll trust thee with a secret : there are spirits
This hour at work. But as thou art a man,
Whom I have pickt and chosen from the world,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
And when I've told thee that which only gods,
And men like gods are privy to, then swear
No chance or change shall wrest it from thy
bosom.

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there
need of oaths ?

* * * * *
For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou may'st
see

Its bottom, sound its strength and firmness to
thee.

Is coward, fool, or villain in my face ?

If I seem none of these, I dare believe

Thou would'st not use me in a little cause,

For I am fit for honour's toughest task ;

Nor ever yet found fooling was my province ;

And for a villainous inglorious enterprize,

I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine

Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.

Pier. Nay, it's a cause thou wilt be fond of,
Jaffair.

For it is founded on the noblest basis,
Our liberties, our natural inheritance ;
There's no religion, no hypocrisy in't ;
We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray
for't :

Openly act a deed the world shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaff. For liberty !

Pier. For liberty, my friend !

Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequestered fortunes heal'd again.

I shall be freed from those opprobrious wrongs
That press me now, and bend my spirit down-
ward.

All Venice free, and every growing merit
Succeed to its just right : fools shall be pull'd
From wisdom's seat ; those baleful unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who, perch'd near fortune's top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmo-
nious.

Jaff. What can I do ?

Pier. Can'st thou not kill a senator ?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could
kill him

For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.
By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had, and the brave story warns me.

Pier. Swear then !

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering stars
And yon great ruling planet of the night !
By all good powers above, and ill below !
By love and friendship, dearer than my life !
No pow'r or death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my
heart.

A council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire's hatching : there I'll lead
thee !

But be a man, for thou'rt to mix with men
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when it's wildest——

Jaff. I give thee thanks

For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man,
And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest
my fears

Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and shew it for a coward's.
Come, let's be gone, for from this hour I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies
Out of my bosom : vengeance shall have room :
Revenge !

Pier. And liberty !

Jaff. Revenge ! revenge !—— [Exeunt.

*The scene changes to Aquilina's house, the Greek
Courtezan.*

Enter Renault.

Ren. Why was my choice ambition, the worst
ground

A wretch can build on ? it's indeed at distance
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view ;
The height delights us, and the mountain-top
Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to heav'n ;
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake
us.

Who's there ?

Enter Spinosa.

Spin. Renault. good-morrow ! for by this
time

I think the scale of night has turn'd the balance,
And weighs up morning. Has the clock struck
twelve ?

Ren. Yes ; clocks will go as they are set :
but man,
Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain :

I've spent at least three precious hours of dark-
ness

In waiting dull attendance ; 'tis the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mixt, like mine,
With giddy tempers, souls but half resolv'd.

Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us, it can
frighten.

Ren. What's then the cause that I am here
alone ?

Why are we not together ?

Enter Eliot.

O Sir, welcome !

You are an Englishman : when treason's hatch-
ing

One might have thought you'd not have been
behindhand.

In what whore's lap have you been lolling ?

Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef and a sea-coal-fire, he's yours for ever.

Eli. Frenchman, you are saucy.

Ren. How !

*Enter Bedamar the Ambassador, Theodore Bram-
veil, Durand, Brabe, Revillido, Mezzana,
Ternon, Retrosi, Conspirators.*

Bed. At difference ! fie :

Is this a time for quarrels ? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl : should men of your high
calling,

Men separated by the choice of providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this assembly as in one great jewel,
T' adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smil'd on :
Should you like boys wrangle for trifles ?

Ren. Boys !

Bed. Renault, thy hand !

Ren. I thought I'd given my heart
Long since to every man that mingles here ;
But grieve to find it rusted with such tempers.
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.

Bed. Eliot, thou once hadst virtue ; I have
seen

Thy stubborn temper bent with god-like good-
ness,

Not half thus courted. 'Tis thy nation's glory,
To hug the foe that offers brave alliance.

Once more embrace, my friends——we'll all em-
brace——

United thus, we are the mighty engine
Must twist this rooted empire from its basis !
Totters not it already ?

Eli. Would 'twere tumbling.

Bed. Nay it shall down : this night we seal
its ruin.

Enter Pierre.

Oh Pierre, thou art welcome !

Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou look'st
Lovely dreadful, and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh my Mars !
The poets that first feign'd a god of war
Sure prophesied of thee.

Pier. Friends ! was not Brutus,

(I mean that Brutus, who in open senate

Stabb'd the first Cæsar that usurp'd the world)
A gallant man?

Ren. Yes, and Catiline too ;
Tho' story wrong his fame : for he conspir'd
To prop the reeling glory of his country :
His cause was good.

Bed. And ours as much above it,
As Renault thou'rt superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.

Pier. Then to what we aim at,
When do we start ? or must we talk for ever ?

Bed. No, Pierre, the deed's near birth. Fate
seems to have set

The business up, and given it to our care :
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us
But is firm and ready.

Alc. All !
We'll die with Bedamar.

Bed. Oh men,
Matchless, as will your glory be hereafter,
The game is for a matchless prize, if won ;
If lost, disgraceful ruin.

Ren. What can lose it ?
The public stock's a beggar ; one Venetian
Trusts not another. Look into their stores
(Of general safety ; empty magazines,
A tatter'd fleet, a murmuring unpaid army,
Bankrupt nobility, harass'd commonalty,
A factions, giddy, and divided senate,
Is all the strength of Venice. Let's destroy it ;
Let's fill their magazines with arms to awe them,
Man out their fleet, and make their trade main-
tain it ;

Let loose the murmuring army on their masters,
To pay themselves with plunder ; lop their
nobles

To the base roots, whence most of 'em first
sprung ;

Enslave the rout, whom smarting will make
humble ;

Turn out their droning senate, and possess
That seat of empire which our souls were fram'd
for.

Pier. Ten thousand men are armed, at your
nod,

Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world ;
This wretched state has starv'd them in its
service.

And by your bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd
To serve your glory, and revenge their own :
They've all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for th' alarm and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Bed. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied
diligence

Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease ;
After this night it is resolv'd we meet
No more, 'till Venice own us for her lords.

Pier. How lovelily the Adriatic whore,
Dress'd in her flames, will shine ! devouring
flames !

Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiss in her foundation.

Bed. Now if any

Amongst us that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or interest he'd wish to save,
Let it be told ; the general doom is seal'd ;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pier. I must confess, you there have touch'd
my weakness.

I have a friend ; hear it, such a friend !
My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell
you.

He knows the very business of this hour ;
But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it :
We've chang'd a vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How ! all betray'd ?

Pier. No—I've dealt nobly with you ;
I've brought my all into the publick stock ;
I'd but one friend, and him I'll share amongst
you :

Receive and cherish him : or if, when seen
And search'd, you find him worthless ; as my
tongue

Has lodg'd this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears I wear a dagger here,
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
Come forth thou only good I e'er could boast of.

Enter Jaffeir with a dagger.

Bed. His presence bears the shew of manly
virtue !

Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus
uncall'd,

I dare approach this place of fatal councils ;
But I'm amongst you, and by heav'n it glads me,
To see so many virtues thus united,
To restore justice and dethrone oppression.
Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast ; but if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the curs'd assembled senate ;
It shrinks not, tho' I meet a father there.
Would you behold this city flaming ? Here's
A hand shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To th' arsenal, and set its gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, sir.

Jaff. Nay—by Heav'n I'll do this.
Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces,
You fear me a villain ; and indeed its odd
To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated ;
But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with coun-
cils ;

I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice :
A friend to none, but men resolv'd like me,
To push on mischief. Oh did you but know me,
I need not talk thus !

Bed. Pierre ! I must embrace him,
My heart beats to this man as if it knew him.

Ren. I never lov'd these huggers.

Jaff. Still I see
The cause delights ye not. Your friends survey
me

As I were dangerous—but I come arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give

A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for.

My Belvidera! Ho! my Belvidera!

Bed. What wonder's next?

Jaff. Let me intreat you,
As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
That all but the Ambassador, and this
Grave guide of counsels, with my friend that
owns me,

Withdraw a while, to spare a woman's blushes.

[*Exit all but Bed. Ren. Jaff. Pier.*]

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. Who,

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love:
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art
thou?

Jaff. Indeed 'tis late.

Belv. Oh! I have slept and dreamt,
And dreamt again: where hast thou been, thou
loiterer?

Tho' my eyes clos'd, my arms have still been
open'd;
Stretch'd every way betwixt my broken slum-
bers,

To search if thou wert come to crown my rest;
There's no repose without thee: oh the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow;
Come, come to bed, and bid thy cares good-night.

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! we must change the
scene

In which the past delights of life were tasted:
The poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our labours late, and early every morning,
'Midst winter frosts, thin clad and fed with
sparing,

Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.

Belv. Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead
me!

Methinks I read distraction in your face!
Something less gentle than the fate you tell me:
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs
cold!

Heav'n's guard my love, and bless his heart with
patience.

Jaff. That I have patience, let our fate bear
witness,

Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I,
(Thou the divinest good man e'er possess'd,
And I, the wretched'st of the race of man)
This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then
forsaken?

Will my love cast me off? have my misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me?

Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
My dear! my life! my love!

Jaff. Oh friends!

Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff. Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold else I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care,
Relieve her troubles and assuage her sorrows.

Ren. Rise, madam! and command amongst
your servants.

Jaff. To you, sirs, and your honours, I be-
queath her,
And with her this; when I prove unworthy—

[*Gives a dagger.*]

You know the rest—then strike it to her
heart;

And tell her, he who three whole happy years
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward for all her truth and sufferings.

Belv. Nay, take my life, since he has sold it
cheaply;

Or send me to some distant clime your slave;
But let it be far off, lest my complainings
Should reach his guilty ears, and shake his peace.

Jaff. No, Belvidera, I've contriv'd thy
honour;

Trust to my faith, and be but fortune kind
To me, as I'll preserve that faith unbroken.
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height,
Shall gather all the gazing world about thee,
To wonder what strange virtue plac'd thee there.
But if we ne'er meet more—

Belv. Oh thou unkind one!

Ne'er meet more! Have I deserv'd this from
you?

Look on me, tell me; speak, thou dear deceiver,
Why am I separated from thy love?

If I am false, accuse me; but if true,
Don't, pry'thee don't in poverty forsake me,
But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me! yet recal me—

[*Ex. Ren. Bed. and Belv.*]

Jaff. Oh my eyes!

Look not that way, but turn yourselves awhile
Into my heart, and be wean'd all together.

My friend, where art thou?

Pier. Here, my honour's brother.

Jaff. Is Belvidera gone?

Pier. Renault has led her

Back to her own apartment; but by Heav'n!
Thou must not see her more 'till our work's
over.

Jaff. No?

Pier. Not for your life.

Jaff. Oh Pierre, wert thou but she,
How I could pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee 'till my eye-strings crackt with
love,

'Till all my sinews with its fire extended,
Fixt me upon the rack of ardent longing;

Then swelling, sighing, raging, to be blest,
Come like a panting turtle to thy breast,

On thy soft bosom, hovering, bill and play.
Confess the cause why last I fled away;

Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it o'er,
And never follow false ambition more. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aquilina and her Maid.

Aqui. Tell him I am gone to bed: tell him I am not at home; tell him I've better company with me,—or any thing; tell him, in short, I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious fool! He's worse company than an ignorant physician—I'll not be disturb'd at these unseasonable hours.

Maid. But, madam! he's here already, just enter'd the doors.

Aqui. Turn him out again, you unnecessary, useless, giddy-brain'd ass! If he will not be gone, set the house a-fire and burn us both: I'd rather meet a toad in my dish, than that old hideous animal in my chamber to-night.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Nacky, Nacky, Nacky,—how dost do, Nacky? hurry durry. I am come, little Nacky; past eleven o'clock, a late hour; time in all conscience to go to bed, Nacky—Nacky did I say? Ay, Nacky, Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Nacky, queen Nacky—come let's to bed—you fubbs, you pugg, you—you little puss—purree tuzzy—I am a senator.

Aqui. You are a fool, I am sure.

Ant. May be so too, sweetheart. Never the worse senator for all that. Come, Nacky, Nacky.

Aqui. You would do well, signior, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to myself; be sober and go home, sir.

Ant. Home, Madonna!

Aqui. Ay, home, sir. Who am I?

Ant. Madonna, as I take it you are my—you are—thou art my little Nacky Nacky;—that's all!

Aqui. I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome; and so to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you—hang you, you are an old, silly, impertinent, impotent, solicitous coxcomb; crazy in your head, and lazy in your body, love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had not money, you are good for nothing.

Ant. Good for nothing! Hurry durry. Sixty-one years old, and good for nothing; that's brave. [*To the Maid.*] Come, come, Mrs. Fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a season; go, turn out I say, it is our will and pleasure to be private some moments—out, out when you are bid too—[*Puts her out and locks the door.*] Good for nothing, you say!

Aqui. Why, what are you good for?

Ant. In the first place, madam, I am old, and consequently very wise, very wise, Madonna, d'ye mark that? In the second place, take notice, if you please, that I am a senator, and when I think fit can make speeches, Madonna. Hurry durry, I can make a speech in the senate-house now

and then—would make your hair stand on end, Madonna.

Aqui. What care I for your speeches in the senate-house? If you would be silent here, I should thank you.

Ant. Why, I can make speeches to thee too, my lovely Madonna; for example—my cruel fair one, [*Takes out a purse of gold, and at every pause shakes it.*] Since it is my fate, that you should prove angry with your servant; tho' late at night—I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain reception for my love—there's for thee, my little Nicky Nacky—take it, here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your head—How now rebel!

Aqui. Truly, my illustrious senator, I must confess your honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

Ant. Very well: come, now let's sit down and think upon't a little—come, sit I say—sit down by me a little, my Nicky Nacky, ha—[*sits down*] hurry durry—good for nothing—

Aqui. No, sir, if you please I can know my distance and stand.

Ant. Stand: You won't sit down?

Aqui. No, sir.

Ant. Then look you now, suppose me a bull, a Basan-bull, the bull of bulls, or any bull. Thus up I get and with my brows thus bent—I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't sit down, will you—I broo—

[*Bellows like a bull and drives her about.*]

Aqui. Well, sir, I must endure this, [*She sits down.*] Now your honour has been a bull, pray what beast will your worship please to be next?

Ant. Now I'll be a senator again, and thy lover, little Nicky Nacky! [*He sits by her*] I'll be a dog.

Aqui. A dog, my lord

Ant. Ay a dog—and I'll give thee this t'other purse to let me be a dog—and use me like a dog a little. Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis—[*Gives the purse.*]

Aqui. Well, with all my heart. But let me beseech your dogship to play your tricks over as fast as you can, that you may be turn'd out of doors as you deserve.

Ant. Ay, ay,—no matter for that—that shan't move me—[*He gets under the table.*] Now bough waugh waugh, bough waugh—

[*Barks like a dog.*]

Aqui. Hold, hold, hold, sir, I beseech you: what is't you do? If curs bite they must be kickt, sir. Do you see, kickt thus.

Ant. Ay, with all my heart: do, kick, kick on, row I am under the table, kick again—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—odd, I'll have a snap at thy shins—bough waugh waugh, waugh bough—odd she kicks bravely—

Aqui. Nay, then I'll go another way to work with you: and I think here's an instrument fit for the purpose!

[*Fetches a whip and a bel.*]

What, bite your mistress, sirrah! out, out of doors, you dog, to kennel and be hang'd—bite your mistress by the legs, you rogue——

[*She whips him.*]

Ant. Nay, pr'ythee Nacky, now thou art too loving: hurry durry, odd, I'll be a dog no longer.

Aqui. Nay, none of your fawning and grinning; but be gone, or here's the discipline. What, bite your mistress by the legs, you mongrel? Out of doors——hout, hout, to kennel, sirrah! go.

Ant. This is very barbarous usage, Nacky, very barbarous: look you, I will not go—I will not stir from the door, that I resolve——hurry durry, what, shut me out?

[*She whips him out.*]

Aqui. Ay, and if you come here any more to-night I'll have my footmen lug you, you cur: What, bite your poor mistress Nacky, sirrah!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heav'ns, madam! what's the matter?

[*He howls at the door like a dog.*]

Aqui. Call my footmen hither presently.

Enter two Footmen.

Maid. They are here already, madam; the house is all alarm'd with a strange noise, that nobody knows what to make of.

Aqui. Go all of you and turn that troublesome beast in the next room out of my house.—If I ever see him within these walls again, without my leave for his admittance, you sneaking rogues,—I'll have you poison'd all, poison'd like rats: every corner of the house shall stink of one of you. Go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure. So now for my Pierre: Thus when the godlike lover is displeas'd, We sacrifice our fool, and he's appeas'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. I'm sacrific'd! I'm sold! betray'd to shame!

Inevitable ruin has inclos'd me!
No sooner was I to my bed repair'd,
To weigh and, weeping, ponder my condition,
But the old hoary wretch, to whose false care
My peace and honour was entrusted, came
(Like Tarquin) ghastly, with infernal lust.
Oh thou Roman Lucrece!
Thou could'st find friends, to vindicate thy wrong!

I never had but one, and he's prov'd false!
He, that should guard my virtue, has betray'd it!
Left me! undone me! Oh, that I could hate him!
Where shall I go! Oh! whither, whither wander?

Enter Jaffier.

Jaff. Can Belvidera want a resting-place,
When these poor arms are open to receive her?
Oh! 'tis in vain to struggle with desires
Strong as my love to thee; for every moment
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,

Whose nurse had left it. Come, and with the songs

Of gentle love, persuade it to its peace.

Belv. I fear the stubborn wanderer will not own me;

'Tis grown a rebel, to be rul'd no longer;
Scorns the indulgent bosom that first lull'd it,
And, like a disobedient child, disdains
The soft authority of Belvidera.

Jaff. There was a time——

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time,

When Belvidera's tears, her cries and sorrows,
Were not despis'd; when, if she chanc'd to sigh,

Or look'd but sad——there was, indeed, a time

When Jaffier would have taken her in his arms,
Eased her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her, till he found the cause.

But let her now weep seas;

Cry, till she rend the earth; sigh, till she burst
Her heart asunder; still he bears it all.

Deaf as the wind, and as the rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that rock unmov'd,

Against whose root tears beat, and sighs are sent,

In vain? Have I beheld thy sorrows calmly?

Witness against me heav'ns, have I done this?

Then bear me in a whirlwind back again,

And let that angry dear one ne'er forgive me.

Oh! thou too rashly censures my love!

Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night,

Dark and alone, no pillow to my head,

Rest in my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,

Thou would'st not, Belvidera, sure thou would'st not

Talk to me thus; but, like a pitying angel,
Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,
And hatch warm comfort there, ere sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why, then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner

Hast thou been talking with that witch, the night?

On what cold stone hast thou been stretch'd along,

Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head,
To mix with theirs, the accent of thy woes?

Oh! now I find the cause my love forsakes me;

I am no longer fit to bear a share

In his concerns—My weak female virtue

Must not be trusted: 'tis too frail and tender.

Jaff. Oh, Portia! Portia! what a soul was thine!

Belv. That Portia was a woman; and when Brutus,

Big with the fate of Rome, (Heav'n guard thy safety!)

Conceal'd from her the labours of his mind,

She let him see her blood was great as his,

Flow'd from a spring as noble, and a heart

Fit to partake his troubles as his love.

Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful
dower
Thou gav'st last night in parting with me ;—
strike it

Here to my heart; and, as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as Cato's daughter's.

Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unwor-
thy,

Unworthy so much virtue. Teach me how
I may deserve such matchless love as thine,
And see with what attention I'll obey thee.

Belv. Do not despise me: that's the all I ask.

Jaff. Despise thee! Hear me —

Belv. Oh! thy charming tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness;
Knows, let it name but love, my melting heart
Dissolves within my breast; 'till, with closed
eyes,

I reel into thy arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do?

Belv. Tell me! be just, and tell me
Why dwells that busy cloud upon thy face?
Why am I made a stranger? why that sigh,
And I not know the cause? Why, when the
world

I-rapt in rest, why chuses then my love
To wander up and down in horrid darkness,
Loathing his bed, and these desiring arms?
Why are these eyes bloodshot with tedious
watching?

Why starts he now? and looks as if he wished
His fate were finished? Tell me, ease my fear;
Lest when we next time meet, I want the power
To search into the sickness of thy mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera!

Belv. Why was I last night delivered to a vil-
lain?

Jaff. Ha! a villain?

Belv. Yes, to a villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches,
That look as hell had drawn them into league?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I deliv'ed with such dreadful ceremonies?
"To you, sirs, and to your honours, I bequeath
her,

And with her this: whene'er I prove unworthy—
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart."
Oh! why is that rest concealed from me?—
Must I

Be made the hostage of a hellish trust!
For such I know I am: that's all my value.
But by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves;
Straight to the senate, tell them all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaff. Is this the Roman virtue? this the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter?
Would she have e'er betrayed her Brutus?

Belv. No:

For Brutus trusted her. Wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee!

Jaff. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am, a woman:

But as a bone, thy wife, thy friend; who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Studied the virtues of thy gallant nature.
Thy constancy, thy courage, and thy truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learned
them,

And, bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of fates for thee, and with thee share
them.

Jaff. Oh, you divinest powers! look down and
hear

My prayers! instruct me to reward this virtue!
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;
Think I have a tale to tell will shake thy na-
ture,

Melt all this boasted constancy, thou talk'st of,
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:

Then, if thou should'st betray me! —

Belv. Shall I swear?

Jaff. No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature, with so rude a bond:

But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast;
I have bound myself, by all the strictest sacra-
ments,

Divine and human——

Belv. Speak!

Jaff. To kill thy father——

Belv. My father!

Jaff. Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us,
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damned. How rich and beauteous will the
face

Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood!
I, and the glorious partners of my fortune,
Shouting and striding o'er the prostrate dead,
Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in safety
Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring,
And, when night comes, with praise and love re-
ceive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in
thought!

For if thou dost——

Belv. I know it; thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing;
Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butchered in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroyed?
And can'st thou shed the blood that gave me
being?

Nay be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix, with hired slaves, bravoës, and common
stabbers,

Nose-slitters, alley-lurking villains! join
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I have
engaged,

With men of souls fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart among'st
them

But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were
fashion.

Belv. What's he, to whose curst hands last
night thou gavest me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story,
Would rouse thy lion-heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaff. Speak on, I charge thee.

Belv. O my love! if e'er
Thy Belvidera's peace deserved thy care,
Remove me from this place. Last night! last
night!

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the
truth!

Belv. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone
Left in the power of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I laid on my sad bed,
But that vile wretch approached me. Then
my heart

Throbb'd with its fears: oh, how I wept and
sighed,
And shrunk and trembled! wished in vain for
him,

That should protect me! Thou, alas! wert gone.
Jaff. Patience, sweet Heaven, 'till I make
vengeance sure!

Belv. He drew the hideous dagger forth thou
gavest him,
And, with upbraiding smiles, he said, 'Behold it!
'This is the pledge of a false husband's love.'
And in my arms then pressed, and would have
clasped me;

But with my cries, I scared his coward heart,
'Till he withdrew, and muttered vows to hell.
These are thy friends! with these thy life, thy
honour,

Thy love, all staked, and all will go to ruin.

Jaff. No more: I charge thee keep this se-
cret close;

Clear up thy sorrows; look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour;
I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy love.

Belv. Oh! should I part with thee, I fear
thou wilt

In anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaff. Return no more! I would not live with-
out thee

Another night, to purchase the creation.

Belv. When shall we meet again?

Jaff. Anon; at twelve

I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms:
Come like a travelled dove, and bring thee peace.

Belv. Indeed!

Jaff. By all our loves.

Belv. 'Tis hard to part:

But sure no falsehood ever looked so fairly.

Farewell! remember twelve.

Jaff. Let Heaven forget me,

[Exit.

When I remember not thy truth, thy love!
How cursed is my condition, tossed and jostled
From every corner; fortune's common fool,
The jest of rogues, and instrumental ass,
For villains to lay loads of shame upon,
And drive about just for their ease and scorn!

Enter Pierre.

Pier. Jaffair!

Jaff. Who calls?

Pier. A friend, that could have wished
To have found thee otherwise employed. What
hunt

A wife on the dull soil! Sure a staunch husband
Of all hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be weaned from caudles and confections?
What feminine tales hast thou been listening to,
Of unaired shirts, catarrhs and tooth-ache, got
By thin-soled shoes?

Jaff. May not a man, then, trifle out an hour
With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?

Pier. Not in a cause like ours.

Jaff. Then, friend, our cause
Is in a damned condition: for I'll tell thee, [it:
That canker-worm, called lechery, has touched
'Tis tainted vilely. Would'st thou think it?
Renault

(That mortified, old, withered, winter rogue)
Loves simple fornication like a priest;
He visited her last night, like a kind guardian:
Faith! she has some temptation, that's the
truth on't.

Pier. He durst not wrong his trust?

Jaff. 'Twas something late, though,
To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.

Pier. Was she in bed?

Jaff. Yes, faith, in virgin sheets,
White as her bosom.

Pier. Patience guide me!

He used no violence?

Jaff. No, no; out on it, violence!

Played with her neck; brushed her with his
grey beard;
Struggled and touzed; tickled her, till she
squeaked a little,

May be, or so—but not a jot of violence—

Pier. Damn him!

Jaff. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more of it.
All hitherto is well, and I believe
Myself no monster yet: though no man knows
What fate he is born to. Sure it is near the
hour

We all should meet for our concluding orders:
Will the ambassador be here in person?

Pier. No, he has sent commission to that vil-
lain Renault,

To give the executing charge:

I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
And keep thy temper; for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

Jaff. Fear not, I am as cool as patience.

Had he completed my dishonour, rather
Than hazard the success our hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying virtue.

Pier. He's yonder, coming this way through the hall;
His thoughts seem full.

Jaff. Prithee retire, and leave me
With him alone: I'll put him to some trial;
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.

Pier. Be careful, then.
Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.
What! be a devil, take a damning oath
For shedding native blood! Can there be a sin
In merciful repentance? Oh, this villain!

Enter Renault.

Ren. Perverse and peevish! What a slave is man
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!

Dispatch the tool her husband—that were well.
Who's there?

Jaff. A man.

Ren. My friend, my near ally!
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge
is very well.

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse
even?

Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jaff. Oh, women have fantastic constitutions,
Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,
And never fixed. Was it not boldly done,
Even at first sight, to trust the thing I loved
(A tempting treasure, too) with youth so fierce
And virorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jaff. Cursed be he, that doubts
Thy virtue! I have tried it, and declare,
Were I to chuse a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping: for I know thee.

Ren. Know me! [thee:]

Jaff. Ay, know thee. There's no falsehood in
Thou look'st just as thou art. Let us embrace!
Now, would'st thou cut my throat, or I cut
thine?

Ren. You dare not do it.

Jaff. You lie, sir.

Ren. How!

Jaff. No more,

'Tis a base world, and must reform, that's all.

Enter Spinosa, Theodore, Eliot, Revillido, Durand, Bramveil, and the rest of the conspirators.

Ren. Spinosa, Theodore!

Spin. The same.

Ren. You are welcome.

Spin. You are trembling, sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold night, indeed, and I am
aged;

Full of decay, and natural infirmities;

[*Pierre re-enters.*

We shall be warm, my friends, I hope, to-mor-
row.

Pier. 'Twas not well done; thou should'st
have stroked him,
And not have galled him.

Jaff. Damn him, let him chew on it.

Heaven! Where am I? beset with cursed fiends,
That wait to damn me! What a devil is man,
When he forgets his nature—hush, my heart.

Ren. My friends, 'tis late; are we assembled
all?

Where's Theodore?

Theod. At hand.

Ren. Spinosa.

Spin. Here.

Ren. Bramveil.

Bram. I'm ready.

Ren. Durand and Brabe.

Dur. Command us.

We are both prepared.

Omnes. All; all.

Ren. Mezzana, Revillido,

Ternon, Retrosi! Oh! you are men, I find.

Fit to hold your fate, and meet her summons.

To-morrow's rising sun must see you all

Decked in your honours. Are the soldiers ready?

Pier. All, all.

Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand, must
possess

St. Mark's; you, captain, know your charge al-
ready;

'Tis to secure the ducal palace: you,

Brabe, with an hundred more, must gain the

Secque:

With the like number, Bramveil, to the Pro-
cural;

Be all this done with the least tumult possible,

'Till in each place you post sufficient guards:

Then sheathe you swords in every breast you
meet.

Jaff. Oh! reverend cruelty! damned bloody
villain! [Aside.]

Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the midst keep your battalia fast;
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
That may command the streets; whilst Revillido,
Messano, Ternon, and Retrosi guard you.

This done, we'll give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the arsenal gates;
Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our cannon (if it dare resist)

Batter to ruin. But above all, I charge you,
Shed blood enough; spare neither sex nor age,
Name nor condition; if there live a senator
After to-morrow, though the dullest rogue
That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends.
If possible, let's kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaff. Merciless, horrid slave—Ay, blood
enough!

Shed blood enough, old Renault! how thou
charimest me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell,
till fate

Join us again, or separate us for ever:

First let's embrace. Heaven knows, who next
shall thus

Wing ye together; but let's all remember,

We wear no common cause upon our swords:

Let each man think, that on his single virtue

Depends the good and fame of all the rest ;
 Eternal honour, or perpetual infamy.
 Let us remember through what dreadful hazards
 Propitious fortune hitherto has led us :
 How often on the brink of some discovery
 Have we stood tottering, yet still kept our ground
 So well, that the busiest searchers ne'er could
 follow

Those subtle tracks, which puzzled all suspicions.
 You droop, sir.

Jaff. No ; with most profound attention
 I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.

Ren. Though there be yet few hours 'twixt
 them and ruin,

Are not the senate lulled in full security,
 Quiet and satisfied, as fools are always ?
 Never did so profound repose fore-run
 Calamity so great. Nay, our good fortune
 Has blinded the most piercing of mankind.
 Strengthened the fearfullest, charmed the most
 suspectful,

Confounded the most subtle. For we live,
 We live, my friends, and quickly shall our life
 Prove fatal to these tyrants. Let's consider,
 That we destroy oppression, avarice,
 A people nursed up equally with vices
 And loathsome lusts, which nature most abhors,
 And such as without shame she cannot suffer.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera ! take me to thy arms,
 And shew me where's my peace, for I have lost
 it ! [Exit.

Ren. Without the least remorse, then, let's
 resolve

With fire and sword to exterminate these
 tyrants ;

And when we shall behold those cursed tribunals,
 Stained by the tears and sufferings of the in-
 nocent,

Burning with flames rather from Heaven than
 ours,

The raging, furious, and un pitying soldier
 Pulling his reeking daggers from the bosoms
 Of gasping wretches ; death in every quarter ;
 With all, that sad disorder can produce,
 To make a spectacle of horror ; then,
 Then let us call to mind, my dearest friends,
 That there is nothing pure upon the earth ;
 That the most valued things have most alloys,
 And that in change of all those vile enormities,
 Under whose weight this wretched country la-
 bours,

The means are only in our hands to crown them.

Pier. And may those powers above, that are
 propitious

To gallant minds, record this cause and bless
 it !

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish
 for,

Should there, my friends, be found among us
 one,

False to this glorious enterprise, what fate,
 What vengeance, were fit for such a villain ?

Eli. Death here without repentance ; hell
 hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my lot, if, as here I stand,
 Listed by fate among her darling sons,
 Though I had one only brother, dear by all
 The strictest ties of nature ; though one hour
 Had given us birth, one fortune fed our wants,
 One only love, and that but of each other,
 Still filled our minds ; could I have such a friend
 Joined in this cause, and had but ground to fear
 He meant foul play ; may this right hand drop
 from me,

If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
 And stab him to the heart before you. Who,
 Who would do less ? Would'st thou not, Pierre,
 the same ?

Pier. You've singled me, sir, out for this hard
 question,

As if it were started only for my sake :
 Am I the thing you fear ? Here, here's my bosom,
 Search it with all your swords. Am I a traitor ?

Ren. No ; but I fear your late commended
 friend

Is little less. Come, sirs, 'tis now no time
 To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffair ?

Spin. He left the room just now, in strange
 disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him ; I observed
 him ;

During the time I took for explanation,
 He was transported from most deep attention,
 To a confusion which he could not smother ;

His looks grew full of sadness and surprise,
 All which betrayed a wavering spirit in him,

That laboured with reluctance and sorrow.
 What's requisite for safety must be done

With speedy execution ; he remains
 Yet in our power : I, for my own part, wear

A dagger—

Pier. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it—

Pier. Where ?

Ren. Buried in his heart.

Pier. Away ; we're yet all friends ;

No more of this, 'twill breed ill blood among us.

Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search
 the house.

Pull him from the dark hole, where he sits brood-
 ing

O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share
 of him.

Pier. Who talks of killing ? Who is he, will
 shed the blood

That's dear to me ? is it you, or you, sir ?

What, not one speak ! how you stand, gaping all
 On your grave oracle, your wooden god there !

Yet not a word ! Then, sir, I'll tell you a secret ;
 Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.

[To Ren.
Ren. A coward !— [Handles his sword.

Pier. Put up thy sword, old man ;
 Thy hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this
 breach ;

I am too hot, we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship cannot
 be so.

Pier. Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

The. And I.

Ren. And I.

Om. And all.

Ren. Who are on my side?

Spin. Every honest sword.

Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pier. One such word more, by Heaven I'll to the senate,

And hang ye all, like dogs, in clusters.

Why peep your coward swords half out their shells?

Why do you not all brandish them like mine?

You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing!

Ren. Go to the senate, and betray us! haste!

Secure thy wretched life; we fear to die

Less than thou darest be honest.

Pier. That's rank falsehood.

Fear'st not thou death! Fie, there's a knavish itch

In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting.

Had Jaffair's wife proved kind, he'd still been true.

Faugh!—how that stinks! thou die! thou kill my friend!

Or thou! or thou! with that lean, withered face!

Away, disperse all to your several charges,

And meet to-morrow where your honour calls you.

I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for,

And ye shall see him venture for you fairly—

Hence! hence, I say. [*Exit Rena. It angrily.*]

Spin. I fear we have been to blame,

And done too much.

The. 'Twas too far urged against the man you loved.

Rev. Here take our swords, and crush them with your feet.

Spin. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pier. Nay, now you've found

The way to melt, and cast me as you will.

I'll fetch 'his friend, and give him to your mercy:

Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me.

For your repose, I'll quit my heart's best jewel;

But would not have him torn away by villains,

And spiteful villainy.

Spin. No, may you both

For ever live, and fill the world with fame.

Pier. Now ye are too kind. Whence rose all this discord?

Oh, what a dangerous precipice have we 'scaped! How near a fall was all we had long been building!

What an eternal blot had stained our glories,

If one, the bravest and the best of men,

Had fallen a sacrifice to rash suspicion,

Butchered by those, whose cause he came to cherish!

Oh! could you know him all, as I have known him;

How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,

You would not leave this place till you had seen him;

Humbled yourselves before him, kissed his feet, And gained remission for the worst of follies.

Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,

And to your loves me better recommend,

That I have preserv'd your fame, and sav'd my friend.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rialto.

Enter Jaffair and Belvidera.

Jaff. Where dost thou lead me? Every step I move,

Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb

Of a racked friend! Oh, my dear charming ruin!

Where are we wandering?

Bel. To eternal honour;

To do a deed, shall chronicle thy name

Among the glorious legends of those few,

That have saved sinking nations. Thy renown

Shall be the future song of all the virgins,

Who, by thy piety, have been preserved

From horrid violation. Every street

Shall be adorned with statues to thy honour;

And at thy feet this great inscription written,

Remember him, that propped the fall of Venice.

Jaff. Rather, remember him, who, after all

The sacred bonds of oaths, and holier friendship,

In fond compassion to a woman's tears,

Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,

To sacrifice the bosom that relieved him.

Why wilt thou damn me?

Bel. Oh, inconstant man!

How will you promise! how will you deceive!

Do, return back, replace me in my bondage,

Tell all thy friends how dangerously thou lovest me,

And let thy dagger do its bloody office.

Oh! that kind dagger, Jaffair, how 'twill look

Struck through my heart, drenched in my blood

to the hilt!

Whilst these poor dying eyes shall, with their tears,

No more torment thee; then thou wilt be free:

Or, if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,

Till I'm a victim to the hateful lust

Of that infernal devil, that old fiend,

That's damned himself, and would undo mankind.

Last night, my love!

Jaff. Name it not again!

It shews a beastly image to my fancy,

Will wake me into madness. Oh, the villain!

That durst approach such purity as thine

On terms so vile: destruction, swift destruction,

Fall on my coward head, and make my name

The common scorn of fools, if I forgive him!

If I forgive him? If I not revenge

With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,

Thy sufferings, thou dear darling of my life.

Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the senate,

And tell the dismallest story ever uttered:

Tell them what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
Have been prepared : how near's the fatal hour.
Save thy poor country, save the reverend blood
Of all its nobles, which to-morrow's dawn,
Must else see shed. Save the poor tender lives
Of all those little infants, which the swords
Of murderers are whetting for this moment.
Think thou already hear'st their dying screams ;
Think that thou see'st their sad distracted mothers,
Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity :
With torn dishevelled hair, and streaming eyes,
Their naked mangled breasts, besmeared with blood ;
And even the milk, with which their fondled babes
Softly they hushed, dropping in anguish from them ;
Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.
Jaff. Oh !

Bel. Think too, if you lose this present minute,

What miseries the next day brings upon thee :
Imagine all the horrors of that night ;
Murder and rapine, waste and desolation,
Confusedly raging. Think what then may prove
My lot ; the ravisher may then come safe,
And 'midst the terror of the public ruin,
Do a damned deed ; perhaps may lay a train
To catch thy life. Then where will be revenge,
The dear revenge, that's due to such a wrong ?

Jaff. By all Heaven's powers, prophetic truth dwells in thee !

For every word thou speakest, strikes through my heart,
Like a new light, and shews it, how it has wandered.

Just what thou hast made me, take me, Belvidera,

And lead me to the place, where I am to say
This bitter lesson ; where I must betray
My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends.
Must I betray my friend ? Ah ! take me quickly ;
Secure me well before that thought's renewed ;
If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera ?

Jaff. No ; thou art my soul itself ; wealth, friendship, honour,

All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summed in thee. Methinks, when in thy arms,

Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
Why was such happiness not given me pure ?
Why dashed with cruel wrongs, and bitter warnings ?

Come, lead me forward, now, like a tame lamb
To sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal garlands
Decked fine and pleased, the wanton skips and plays,

Trots by the enticing flattering priestess' side,
And much transported with its little pride,
Forgets his dear companions of the plain ;

Till, by her bound, he's on the altar slain,
Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.

Enter Officer and six Guards.

Off. Stand ! who goes there ?

Bel. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, Belvidera ! Hide me from my friends !

By Heaven, I would rather see the face of hell,
Than meet the man I love.

Off. But what friends are you ?

Bel. Friends to the senate, and to the state of Venice.

Off. My orders are to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring them to the council,

Who are now sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obeyed. [me.

Hold, brute, stand off ! none of your paws upon
Now, the lot's cast, and, Fate, do what thou wilt.
[*Exeunt guarded.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House, where appear sitting the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio, and eight other Senators.

Duke. Antonio, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night ?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or its safety ?

Pri. Could words express the story I have to tell you,

Fathers, these tears were useless ; these sad tears,
That fall from my old eyes ; but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven :
Heaven knows, if yet there be an hour to come,
Ere Venice be no more.

All Sen. How !

Pri. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends, our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes ; nay, the hour too fixed ;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,

And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning ; but, if we are men,
Let us not be tamely butchered, but do something

That may inform the world, in after ages,
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.

[*A noise without.*

Room, room, make room for some prisoners——

Sen. Let us raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guards.

Duke. Speak, there. What disturbance ?

Off. Two prisoners have the guards seized in the street,

Who say, they come to inform this reverend senate

About the present danger.

Enter Jaffeir and Officer.

All. Give them entrance—Well, who are you?

Jaff. A villain.

Ant. Short and pithy.

The man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every man, that hears me,
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumoured, that a plot has been
contrived

Against this state: and you have a share in it
too.

If you are a villain, to redeem your honour
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaff. Think not, that I to save my life came
hither;

I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You may see here before
you

The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice;
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates!
Give him the torture!

Jaff. That you dare not do:
Your fear wont let you, not the longing itch
To hear a story, which you dread the truth of—
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get
from me.

Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are
whipt

Into confessions; but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the torture! Name but such a thing
Again, by Heaven I'll shut these lips for ever.
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at.

Ant. A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant;
A damned bloody-minded fellow.

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaff. For myself full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends,
Whose names are here enrolled—Nay, let their
crimes

Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend council,
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secret of your danger.

All. We'll swear.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaff. By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter.
Swear.

All. We all swear.

Jaff. To grant me what I have asked,
Ye swear?

All. We swear.

Jaff. And, as ye keep the oath,
May you, and your posterity be blessed,
Or cursed for ever.

Jaff. Then here's the list, and with it the full
disclose

Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers a paper.*]
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.

Ant. Why, what a dreadful catalogue of cut-
ting throats is here! I'll warrant you, not one
of these fellows but has a face like a lion. I
dare not so much as read their names over.

Duke. Give order, that all diligent search be
made

To seize these men; their characters are public;
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a famed Grecian courtesan,
Called Aquilina; see that place secured.

You, Jaffeir, must with patience bear, till morn-
ing,

To be our prisoner.

Jaff. Would the chains of death
Had bound me safe, e'er I had known this mi-
nute!

I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run
Down thro' the low traditions of the vulgar,
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffeir.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaff. Sir, if possible,

Lead me, where my own thoughts themselves
may lose me;

Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and false-
hood.

Cruel remembrance! how shall I appease thee?
[*Exit guarded.*]

Off. [*Without*] More traitors; room, room,
room, make room there.

Duke. How is this? guards!
Where are our guards? Shut up the gates, the
treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Off. My lords, more traitors,
Seized in the very act of consultation;
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief.
Bring in the prisoners.

Enter Pierre, Renault, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido,
and other Conspirators, in fetters.

Pier. You, my lords, and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Ve-
nice,

If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs,
That have so often laboured in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow
On those that bring you conquest home, and
honours?

Duke. Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

Ant. And be hanged too, I hope.

Pier. Are these the trophies I have deserved
for fighting

Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspired to overthrow
you,

And brought the fleets of Spain to your own
harbours;

When you, great duke, shrunk trembling in
your palace,

And saw your wife, the Adriatic, ploughed,

Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than yours,
Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians

The task of honour, and the way to greatness?
Raised you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
And this my recompence! if I am a traitor,
Produce my charge; or shew the wretch that's base

And brave enough, to tell me I am a traitor.

Duke. Know you one Jaffair?

[*Consp. murmur.*]

Pier. Yes, and know his virtue.

His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings

From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Enter Jaffair guarded.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pier. My friend too bound! nay, then,
Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man, whose welfare's so much mine,

They are but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffair,

Call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother?

Jaff. To thee, I am the falsest, veriest slave,
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,

Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.

Pier. So, then, all's over:

Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.

No more. Farewell.

Duke. Say; will you make confession

Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?

Pier. Cursed be your senate! cursed your constitution!

The curse of growing factions and divisions,
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear,
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me!

Duke. Pardon, or death?

Pier. Death! honourable death!

Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give;

No shameful bonds, but honourable death.

Duke. Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.

Jaffair, you are free, but these must wait for judgment. [*Exeunt all the Senators.*]

Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:

It will not be the first time I've lodged hard,
To do the senate service.

Jaff. Hold, one moment. [*senate?*]

Pier. Who's he disputes the judgment of the presumptuous rebel—on— [*Strikes Jaffair.*]

Jaff. By Heaven, you stir not!

I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.
Thou has disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance;
But, as there dwells a god-like nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications!

Pier. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,

That would encroach upon my credulous ears,
And canst thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not;

Dissemble and be nasty. Leave, hypocrite.

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre!

Pier. No, I know thee not! What art thou?

Jaff. Jaffair, thy friend, thy once-loved valued friend!

Thou' now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

Pier. Thou, Jaffair! thou my once-loved valued friend!

By Heavens thou liest; the man so called, my friend,

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;

Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart;

But thou! a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,

Poor, even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.

Prithce avoid; nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.

Jaff. I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,

But still am honest, true, and, hope too, valiant;

My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart

Detest me utterly. Oh! look upon me,
Look back, and see my sad, sincere submission!

How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my bosom;

Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee.

What shall I do? what say, to make thee hear me?

Pier. Hast thou not wronged me? Dar'st thou call thyself

That once-loved, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?

Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?

Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pier. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have proposed: thou, and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my life! Confess! record myself

A villain, for the privilege to breathe!

And carry up and down this cursed city,
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to itself, a few years longer ;
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as
thou art !

No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,

And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men, like thee, are fit to live in it.

Jaff. By all that's just——

Pier. Swear by some other powers,

For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaff. Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,

Till to thyself, at least, thou art reconciled,
However thy resentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me !

Jaff. No ; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave ;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head : I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty ;
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, though they
spurn me :

Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou not——

Jaff. What ?

Pier. A traitor ?

Jaff. Yes.

Pier. A villain.

Jaff. Granted.

Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward :
Spiritless, void of honour ; one, who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life !

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more : my faults
are numberless.

Pier. And would'st thou have me live on
terms like thine ?

Base, as thou art false——

Jaff. No ; 'tis to me, that's granted :

The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompence for faith and trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserved by
thee ;

And as, when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the
state [thee,

Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged
To rank thee in my list of noble friends ;
All I received, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast
stolen :

So I restore it back to thee again ;
Swearing by all those powers, which thou hast
violated,

Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our
years

Were to exceed those limited the world.

Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pier. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired
with.

Jaff. Oh, Pierre !

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me—Nay, then, thus, thus I throw
thee from me ;

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee !
[Exit.

Jaff. Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here's the portion he has left me :

[Holds the dagger up.
This dagger. Well remembered ! with this dagger,

I gave a solemn vow of dire importance ;
Parted with this, and Belvidera together.

Have a care, memory ! drive that thought no
farther :

No, I'll esteem it, as a friend's last legacy ;
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That, when they meet, they start not from each
other.

So now for thinking—A blow ! called traitor,
villain,

Coward, dishonourable coward !

Oh ! for a long sound sleep, and so forget it.
Down, busy devil !

Enter Belvidera.

Belc. Whither shall I fly ?

Where hide me and my miseries together ?
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted ?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation,
Not daring to look up to that dear face,
Which used to smile, even on my faults ; but,
down,

Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaff. Mercy ! Kind Heaven has surely endless
stores,

Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted :
Let wretches, loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,

Creep with a remnant of that strength, they've
left,

Before the footstool of that Heaven, they've
injured.

Oh, Belvidera : I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth. Now, if thou hast virtue,
help me ;

Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of
peace

To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion :

By Heaven, I'm tottering on the very brink
Of pence, and thou art all the hold I've left.

Belc. Alas ! I know thy sorrows are most
mighty :

I know thou'st cause to mourn ; to mourn, my
Jaffair,
With endless cries, and never-ceasing wailing :
Thou'st lost——

Jaff. Oh ! I have lost what can't be counted.
My friend too, Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my heart rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave, shamefully used me :
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What should I do ? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory, how I've wronged
him,

Distract my quiet with the very thought of it,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.

Belv. What has he done ?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Belv. Why ?

Jaff. Oh ! he has used me—yet, by Heaven, I
bear it ;

He has used me, Belvidera—but first swear,
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me
utterly,

Though vilest blots, and stains appear on me ;
But still, at least, with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
Nor scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'er been false, that now I
am doubted ?

Speak, what's the cause I am grown into distrust ?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complain-
ing ?

Jaff. Oh !

Belv. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my failings, for they are many.
Oh, my dear angel ! in that friend, I have lost
All my soul's peace ; for every thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deadens it in my brains !
Would'st thou believe it ?

Belv. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,
E'er yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrow for his sufferings,
With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself, almost beneath my nature,
As at his feet I kneeled and sued for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness,
In which we have lived so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow :
He struck me, Belvidera ! by Heaven, he struck
me !

Buffeted, called me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward ? Am I a villain ? Tell me !
Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am
so.

Damnation ! Coward !

Belv. Oh ! forgive him, Jaffair ;
And, if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow ?

Jaff. Ah !

Belv. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretched in all the
agonies

Of a tormenting and a shameful death ;
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,

Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain ;
What will thy heart do then ? Oh ! sure 'twill
stream,

Like my eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful story ?

Death, and to-morrow ! Broken limbs and bow-
els !

Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain !

By all my fears, I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing, if the truth's hid longer.

Belv. The faithless senators, 'tis they've de-
creed it :

They say, according to your friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage ;
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited :
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.

Jaff. Death ! doomed to die ! condemned un-
heard ! unpleaded !

Belv. Nay, cruellest racks and torments are
preparing,

To force confession from their dying pangs——
Oh ! do not look so terribly upon me !

How your lips shake, and all your face disor-
dered !

What means my love ?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me—
Strong temptations

Wake in my heart.

Belv. For what ?

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Belv. Why ?

Jaff. Oh ! by Heaven, I love thee with that
fondness,

I would not have thee stay a moment longer
Near these cursed hands : are they not cold up-
on thee ?

[Pulls the dagger half out of his bosom, and
puts it back again.]

Belv. No ; everlasting comfort's in thy arms.
To lean thus on thy breast, is softer ease

Than downy pillows, decked with leaves of roses.

Jaff. Alas ! thou thinks't not of the thorns 'tis
filled with :

[pent
Fly, e'er they gall thee. There's a lurking ser-
pent Ready to leap, and sting thee to the heart.

Art thou not terrified ?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast
brought me.

Belv. Ha !

Jaff. Where's my friend ? my friend, thou
smiling mischief !

Nay shrink not, now 'tis too late ; thou shouldst
have fled

When thy guilt first had cause ; for dire revenge
Is up and raging for my friend. He groans !

Hark, how he groans ! his screams are in my ears
Already ; see, they've fixed him on the wheel !

And now they tear him !—murder ! Perjured se-
nate !

Murder !—Oh !—Hark thee, traitress, thou hast
done this !

Thanks to thy tears, and false persuading love.
How her eyes speak ! Oh, thou bewitching creature !

Madness can't hurt thee. Come, thou little trembler,

Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe ;
'Tis thy own citadel—Ha—yet stand off !
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows—
I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

Belv. What means the lord

Of me, my life, and love ? What's in thy bosom,
Thou graspest at so ? Nay, why am I thus treated ?

[Draws the dagger, and offers to stab her.]

What wilt thou do ? Ah ! do not kill me, Jaffier :
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs
That used to clasp thee, when thy looks were milder,

That yet hang heavy on my unpurged soul,
And plunge it not into eternal darkness !

Jaff. Know, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee, as in trust,
To be thy portion, if I e'er proved false.
On such condition, was my truth believed ;
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[Offers to stab her again.]

[Kneeling.]

Belv. Oh ! Mercy !

Jaff. Nay, no struggling.

Belv. Now, then, kill me,

[Leaps on his neck and kisses him.]

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a coward, witness heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being witness !
'Tis but one blow ! yet, by immortal love.
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

[He throws away the dagger, and embraces her.]

The seal of providence is sure upon thee ;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders.

Oh ! thou : ert either born to save or damn me !
By all the power, that's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love, that still waits on thee,
Fly to thy cruel father, save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever !
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees,
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears,
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him :
Crush him in thy arms, torture him with thy soft-
Noi, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquered me !

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Priuli's House.

Enter Priuli solus.

Pri. Why, cruel heaven, have my unhappy days

Been lengthened to this sad one ? Oh ! dishonour

And deathless infamy is fallen upon me !

Was it my fault ? Am I a traitor ? No.

But then, my only child, my daughter wedded ;
There my best blood runs foul, and a disease

Incurable has seized upon my memory,

To make it rot and stink to after-ages !

Curst be the fatal minute when I got her ;

Or would that I had been any thing but man,

And raised an issue, which would ne'er have wronged me.

The miserablest creatures (man excepted)

Are not the less esteemed, though their posterity

Degenerate from the virtues of their fathers :

The vilest beasts are happy in their offspring,

While only man gets traitors, whores, and villains !

Cursed be the names, and some swift blow from fate

Lay this head deep, where mine may be forgotten !

Enter Belvidera, in a long mourning veil.

Belv. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,

That for three years has left an only child

Exposed to all the outrages of fate,

And cruel ruin !—Oh——

Pri. What child of sorrow

Art thou, that comest wrapt in weeds of sadness,
And movest, as if thy steps were towards a grave ?

Belv. A wretch, who, from the very top of happiness,

Am fallen into the depths of misery,

And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Pri. Indeed thou talkest as thou hadst tasted sorrows ;

Would I could help thee !

Belv. 'Tis greatly in your power :

The world, too, speaks you charitable ; and I,
Who ne'er asked alms before, in that dear hope,
Am come a begging to you, sir.

Pri. For what ?

Belv. Oh, well regard me ! is this voice a strange one ?

Consider, too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content them.

Pri. What wouldst thou beg for ?

Belv. Pity and forgiveness. *[Throws up her veil.]*

By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love !

Pri. My daughter !

Belv. Yes, your daughter, by a mother

Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,

Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,

Dear to your arms : by all the joys she gave you,

When, in her blooming years, she was your treasure,

Look kindly on me. In my face behold

The lineaments of her's you have kissed so often,

Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.

Pri. Thou art my daughter.

Belv. Yes—and you have often told me,

With smiles of love and chaste paternal kisses,
I had much resemblance of my mother.

Pri. Oh!

Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues,
I had been too blessed!

Belv. Nav, do not call to memory
My disobedience; but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the impression.
For could you think how mine's perplexed, what
sadness,

Fears and despair distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young
one,

To shelter me, with a protecting wing,
From the black gathered storm, that's just, just
breaking.

Pri. Don't talk thus.

Belv. Yes, I must; and you must hear too.
I have a husband.

Pri. Damn him.

Belv. Oh! do not curse him:

He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, howe'er he deals with me.

Pri. Ha! what means my child?

Belv. Oh! there's but this short moment
'Twixt me and fate: yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave; afford me one kind blessing
Before we part: just take me in your arms,
And recommend me with a prayer to Heaven,
That I may die in peace; and when I am dead—

Pri. How my soul's catch'd!

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared
her.

Pri. By Heaven, my aching heart forebodes
much mischief!

Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Belv. No; I'm contented.

Pri. Speak!

Belv. No matter.

Pri. Tell me:

By yon blessed Heaven, my heart runs o'er
with fondness!

Belv. Oh!

Pri. Utter it!

Belv. Oh! my husband, my dear husband,
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom.
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera!

Pri. Kill thee!

Belv. Yes, kill me. When he passed his faith
And covenant against your state and senate.
He gave me up a hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger and a dire commission,
Whene'er he failed, to plunge it through this
bosom!

I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
To attempt his heart, and bring it back to ho-
nour.

Great love prevailed, and blest me with success!
He came, confessed, betrayed his dearest friends
For promised mercy. Now they are doomed to
suffer,

Galled with remembrance of what then was
sworn,

If they are lost, he vows to appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood the
atonement!

Pri. Heavens!

Belv. Think you saw what passed at our last
parting:

Think you beheld him, like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury: think you saw his one hand
Fixed on my throat, whilst the extended other
Grasped a keen threatening dagger: Oh! 'twas
thus

We last embraced, when, trembling with revenge
He dragged me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death. Cried out, 'My friends!
Where are my friends?' swore, wept, raged,
threatened, loved,
For yet he loved, and that dear love preserved
me

To this last trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death; but cannot bear the thought,
That that dear hand should do the unfriendly of-
fice.

If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promised lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacri-
fice.

Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Belv. Will you not, my father?

Weep not, but answer me!

Pri. By Heaven I will.

Not one of them but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth, that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness over
thee:

Peace to thy heart! Farewell.

Belv. Go, and remember,

'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

A Garden.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Final destruction seize on all the world!
Bend down ye heavens, and, shutting round this
earth,
Crush the vile globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it with elemental flames to one cursed
cinder,
And all us little creepers on it, called men,
Burn, burn to nothing; but let Venice burn,
Hotter than all the rest: here kindle hell,
Ne'er to extinguish; and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains, which mine feels
now!

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. My life—

[*Meeting him.*]

Jaff. My plague—

[*Turning from her.*]

Belv. Nay, then I see my ruin.
If I must die—

Jaff. No, death's this day too busy :
Thy father's ill-timed mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy labours though ; and him
too ;
But all my poor, betrayed, unhappy friends,
Have summons to prepare for fate's black hour ;
And yet I live.

Belv. Then be the next my doom :
I see, thou hast passed my sentence in thy heart,
And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient patience,
Meet thy dear hands and kiss them, when they
wound me.

Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it
With some remorse ; and when thou givest the
blow,

View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten justice.

Jaff. Shew pity to thee !

Belv. Yes ; and when thy hands, [deed,
(charged with my fate, come trembling to the
As thou hast done a thousand times
To this poor breast, when kinder rage hath
brought thee, [each other,
When our stung hearts have leaped to meet
And melting kisses sealed our lips together ;
When joys have left me gasping in thy arms—
So let my death come now, and I'll not shrink
from it.

Jaff. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy ;
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Belv. I will, when I have done weeping——

Jaff. Fie, no more of it——
How long is it, since that miserable day
We wedded first ?

Belv. Oh ! Oh !

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too

Belv. Heaven knows I cannot ;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow——

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss them dry then.

Belv. But was it a miserable day ?

Jaff. A cursed one.

Belv. I thought it otherwise ; and you have
often sworn,

In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you have sworn,
you blessed it.

Jaff. 'Twas a rash oath.

Belv. Then why am I not cursed too ?

Jaff. No, Belvidera ; by the eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Belv. Still so kind !

Still then do you love me ?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to creation,
Than I do now towards thee. Man ne'er was
blessed,
Since the first pair met, as I have been.

Belv. Then sure you will not curse me ?

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.

'Tis now, I think, three years we have lived to-
gether.

Belv. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till, reverend grown for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together ;
There sleep in peace, till an eternal morning.

Jaff. When will that be ? [Sighing.

Belv. I hope, long ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto, (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) used thee with tenderest love ?
Did e'er my soul rise up in wrath against thee ?
Did I e'er frown, when Belvidera smiled ?

Or by the least unfriendly word betray
Abating passion ? have I ever wronged thee ?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes, o'er wan-
dered

To any other woman ?

Belv. Never, never—I were the worst of false
ones, should I accuse thee.

I own I have been too happy, blessed above
My sex's charter.

Jaff. Did I not say, I came to bless thee ?

Belv. You did.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven !
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand, let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her ;
Feed her with plenty ; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning ;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts ; and prop her
virtue,

To bear the loss of one, that too much loved,
And comfort her with patience in our parting !

Belv. How ! parting, parting !

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting ;

I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.

Belv. Oh ! call back
Your cruel blessing ! stay with me and curse
me !

Jaff. No, 'tis resolved.

Belv. Then hear me too, just Heaven !

Pour down your curses on this wretched head,
With never-ceasing vengeance ; let despair,
Danger and infamy, nay all, surround me ;
Starve me with wanting ; let my eyes ne'er see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace :
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with hor-
rors,

Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose
fury,

To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him ! If I must ? I will not.
Oh ! turn and hear me !

Jaff. Now, hold heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender days we have lived to-
gether,
Pity my sad condition ! speak, but speak !

Jaff. Oh! Oh!

Belv. By these arms, that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss, and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes——

Jaff. Murder! unhold me:
By the immortal destiny, that doomed me

[*Draws his dagger.*
To this cursed minute, I'll not live one longer;
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——

Belv. Hold, sir, be patient!

Jaff. Hark, the dismal bell [*Passing bell tolls.*
Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre, expects me;

He sent a message to require I would see him
Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell, for ever!

Belv. Leave thy dagger with me,
Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at parting?

Oh! my poor heart, when wilt thou break!
[*Going out, looks back at him.*

Jaff. Yet stay:
We have a child, as yet a tender infant;
Be a kind mother to him, when I am gone;
Breed him in virtue, and the paths of honour,
But never let him know his father's story;
I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate

May do his future fortune, or his name.
Now—nearer yet— [*Approaching each other.*
Oh! that my arms were rivetted.
Thus round thee ever! But my friend! my oath!
This, and no more. [*Kisses her.*

Belv. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you have taken such care of!

I will give it him truly.

Jaff. So now, farewell!

Belv. For ever?

Jaff. Heaven knows for ever; all good angels guard thee. [*Exit.*

Belv. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.

Cursed be my days, and doubly cursed my nights,

Which I must now mourn out with widowed tears;

Blasted be every herb, and fruit, and tree;
Cursed be the rain that falls upon the earth,
And may the general curse reach man and beast!
Oh! give me daggers, fire or water!

How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves

Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!

Oh! there all is quiet, here all rage and fury:
The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;
I long for thick substantial sleep. Hell! hell!
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter Priuli and Servants.

Who's there? [*They raise her.*

Pri. Run, seize, and bring her safely home:
Guard her as you would life! Alas, poor creature!

Belv. What to my husband! then conduct me quickly;

Are all things ready? Shall we die most gloriously?

Say not a word of this to my old father:
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers!

Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Opening, discovers a scaffold, and a wheel prepared for the execution of Pierre; then enter Officer, Pierre, and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great rabble.

Offi. Room, room there—stand all by, make room for the prisoner.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Fri. Why are you so obstinate?

Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch can't die in peace,
But you, like ravens, will be croaking round him—

Fri. Yet Heaven——

Pier. I tell thee, Heaven and I are friends:
I ne'er broke peace with it yet by cruel murders,
Rapine, or perjury, or vile deceiving;
But lived in moral justice towards all men:
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers,
Howe'er my own short-sighted faith confine me.

Fri. But an all-seeing Judge——

Pier. You say my conscience
Must be my accuser; I have searched that conscience.

And find no records there of crimes, that scare me.

Fri. 'Tis strange, you should want faith.

Pier. You want to lead

My reason blind-fold, life a hampered lion,
Checked of its nobler vigour; then, when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch.

And shew strange tricks, which you call signs of faith:

So silly souls are gulled, and you get money.
Away; no more. Captain, I'd have hereafter
This fellow write no lies of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter Jaffier.

Jaff. Hold: eyes be dry;
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me, to take
The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
Betrayed by my vile falsehood, to his ruin.
Oh, Pierre!

Pier. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee:

How shall I look up to thy injured face,
That always used to smile with friendship on me?

It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
And stripes are fitter for me, than embraces.

Pier. Dear to my arms, though thou hast undone my fame,

I can't forget to love thee. Prithee, Jaffair,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
I'm now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.

Jaff. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er

Suffered the shameful fate, thou'rt going to taste of.

Why was I sent for to be used thus kindly?
Call, call me villain, as I am! describe
The foul complexion of my hateful deeds:
Lead me to the rack, and stretch me in thy stead!
I have crimes enough to give it its full load,
And do it credit: thou wilt but spoil the use of it—

And honest men hereafter bear its figure
About them, as a charm from treacherous friendship.

Off. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffair; they have all died like men, too,

Worthy their character.

Jaff. And what must I do?

Pier. Oh, Jaffair!

Jaff. Speak loud thy burthened soul.

And tell thy troubles to thy tortured friend.

Pier. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,

I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heaven knows, I want a friend.

Jaff. And I a kind one,

That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.

Pier. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffair.

Jaff. Yes I will live:

But it shall be to see thy fall revenged
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaff. I will, by Heaven.

Pier. Then still thou art noble,

And I forgive thee. Oh!—yet—shall I trust thee.

Jaff. No; I have been false already.

Pier. Dost thou love me?

Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubts!

Pier. Curse on this weakness! [*He weeps.*]

Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy bosom,

That must have vent: though I am a villain,
tell me.

Pier. See'st thou that engine?

[*Pointing to the wheel.*]

Jaff. Why?

2 M

Pier. Is it fit a soldier, who has lived with honour,
Fought nation's quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,

Be exposed a common carcass on a wheel?

Jaff. Ha!

Pier. Speak! is it fitting?

Jaff. Fitting!

Pier. Yes; is it fitting?

Jaff. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Off. The day grows late, sir.

Pier. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffair!

Though thou'st betrayed me, do me some way justice.

Jaff. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfied;

I have a wife, and she shall bleed: my child, too,
Yield up his little throat, and all

To appease thee—

[*Going away, Pierre holds him.*]

Pier. No—this—no more.

[*He whispers Jaffair.*]

Jaff. Ha! is it then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do it.

Pier. Remember.

Off. Sir!

Pier. Come, now I'm ready,

[*He and Jaffair ascend the scaffold.*]

Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour;
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.
Come.

[*Takes off his gown, executioner prepares to bind him.*]

Fri. Son.

Pier. Hence, tempter!

Off. Stand off, priest.

Pier. I thank you, sir.

[*To the Officer.*]

You'll think on't?

[*To Jaffair.*]

Jaff. It won't grow stale before to-morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffair! now I'm going. Now—

[*Executioner having bound him.*]

Jaff. Have at thee,

Thou honest heart, then—here! [*Stabs him.*]
And this is well too. [*Stabs himself.*]

Fri. Dammable deed!

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.
This was done nobly—We have deceived the senate.

Jaff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha, ha, ha—oh! oh!

[*Dies.*]

Jaff. Now, ye cursed rulers,

Thus of the blood ye have shed I make a libation,

And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you,
And all your race! Be henceforth peace a stranger

Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste
Your generation—Oh, poor Belvidera!

Sir, I have a wife, bear this in safety to her,

A token, that with my dying breath I blessed her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick—I'm quiet. [Dies.

Offi. Bear this news to the senate,
And guard their bodies, till there's further orders.

Heaven grant I die so well!

[Scene shuts upon them.

SCENE IV.

Soft Music.—Enter Belvidera distracted, led by two of her Women, Priuli and Servants.

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heaven!

Belv. Come, come, come, come, come, nay, come to bed,

Prithee, my love! The winds; hark! how they whistle;

And the rain beats. Oh! how the weather shrinks me!

You are angry now, who cares? Pish, no indeed, Chuse then; I say you shall not go, you shall not; Whip your ill-nature; get you gone then. Oh! Are you returned? See, father, here he's come again:

Am I to blame to love him? O, thou dear one, Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then? Jaffeir, where art thou? father, why do you do thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.

Stand off, I say. What, gone? Remember it, tyrant:

I may revenge myself for this trick, one day. I'll do't—I'll do't. Renault's a nasty fellow; Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Enter Officer.

Pri. News, what news?

[*Officer whispers Priuli.*

Offi. Most sad, sir; Jaffeir, upon the scaffold, to prevent A shameful death, stabbed Pierre, and next himself;

Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter!

Belv. Ha! look there!

My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder! Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision!

On these poor trembling knees I beg it. Vanished—

Here they went down—Oh, I'll dig, dig the den up!

You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, Jaffeir, Jaffeir! Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him! I've got him father. Oh! now how I'll smuggle him!

My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!

They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.

Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell— [Dies.

Maid. She's dead; Breathless and dead.

Pri. Oh! guard me from the sight on't! Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning: Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun, May never enter: hang it round with black: Set up one taper, that may last a day, As long as I've to live; and there all leave me: Sparing no tears, when you this tale relate, But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EDMUND WALLER.

Born 1605.—Died 1687.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR, OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS AND JOINT INTEREST OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector, shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies.
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
What may be thought impossible to do
By us embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea.
And ev'ry coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies,
Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it
grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had
flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince
too,
France-conqu'ring Henry flourish'd, and now
you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons, you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them
come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than the hills of snow,
May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they come home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our outguard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone.
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loath,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with
both,
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
The only cure which could from Heav'n come
down
Was so much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine.
The meanest in your nature, mild and good,
The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these ;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live.
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept :

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you :
Chang'd like the world's great scene ! when,
without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story ;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found ; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage ;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars ;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that
sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them
lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was
new,
To rule victorious armies but by you ?

You ! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits com-
pose :
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast ;
So England now does, with like toil oppress,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.

Your battles they hereafter shall endite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight :

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won :
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did
choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse.
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing ;
But there, my Lord ! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head ; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside ;
While all your neighbour princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy ;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy !
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use !
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flow'ry
Invok'd to testify the lover's care, — meads ;
Or form some image of his cruel fair,
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled : and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
When all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus, thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes ;
And sorrow too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief :
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move ;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs ;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep ;
Postures which render him despis'd.
Where he endeavours to be priz'd,
For women, (born to be control'd),
Stoop to the forward and the bold,
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast ;

But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thrysis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine;
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame as to enjoy;
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send;
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heav'n itself be due,
To succeed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter liv'd than love.

TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The pow'r which you have o'er us lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
"None but a Prince!"—Alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd

In compass of their cells, how small
 A portion to your share would fall ?
 Nor all appear, among those few,
 Worthy the stock from whence they grew,
 The sap which at the root is bred
 In trees, through all the boughs is spread ;
 But virtues which in parents shine
 Make not like progress through the line.
 'Tis not from whom, but where we live :
 The place does oft' those graces give.
 Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
 A flock perhaps, or herd had led.
 He that the world subdu'd* had been
 But the best wrestler on the green.
 'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
 The hidden seeds of native worth :
 They blow those sparks, and make them rise
 Into such flames as touch the skies.
 To the old heroes hence was giv'n
 A pedigree which reach'd to heav'n :
 Of mortal seed they were not held,
 Which other mortals so excell'd.
 And beauty, too, in such excess
 As your's Zelinda ! claims no less.
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,
 Henceforth, to be of princes born.
 I can describe the shady grove
 Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,
 And yet excuse the faultless dame,
 Caught with her spouse's shape and name.
 Thy matchless form will credit bring
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer.
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair ;
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

SONG:

Go, lovely Rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me.
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

* Alexander.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

CHARLES COTTON.

Born 1630.—Died 1687.

CONTENTATION.

*Directed to my dear Father, and most worthy
 friend, Mr. Isaac Walton.*

HEAV'N, what an age is this ! what race
 Of giants are sprung up, that dare
 Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
 And with his providence make war !

I can go no where but I meet
 With malecontents and mutineers,
 As if in life was nothing sweet,
 And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man ! that murmurs still
 For happiness, and does not know,
 Even though he might enjoy his will,
 What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
 By undiscerning Fortune plac'd,
 In the most eminent degree,
 Where few arrive, and none stand fast ?

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils,
 Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare :
 The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
 The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,
 Th' other eternally doth toil ;
 Each of them equally a beast,
 A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moul.

The titulados oft disgrac'd,
 By public hate or private frown,
 And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
 Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
 Like a brute beast both feeds and lies ;
 Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
 And in the very labour dies.

Excess of ill got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed ;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see that wealth and pow'r,
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head,
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair,
Mirrours, with every breath made dim,
Birds, caught in every wanton snare

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,
Does often far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss,
Destroys whom she was made to save.

Oh, fruitful grief, the world's disease '
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things ;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness, which is health,
That persecution, which is grace ;
That poverty, which is true wealth,
And that dishonour, which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye ;
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb ;
And want of virtue, when the old
At persecution do repine.

Alas ! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly appetite.

'Tis contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below ;
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heaven too.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart ;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whose necessities bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

Who, free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear,
Who ill of princes, in worst times,
Will neither speak himself, nor hear.

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

Who, with his angle and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure ;
And he comes soonest to his rest,
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here ;
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

But he has fortunes worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss,
Can covet naught, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born 1631.—Died 1701.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

The occasion of it explained.*

THE Earl of Shaftesbury seemed bent upon the ruin of the Duke of York. It was mostly through his influence in both houses, that those infamous witnesses, Oates, Tongue, Bedloe, &c. were so strenuously encouraged, and the Popish plot, if not schemed by him, was at least by him cherished and supported. He had been heard to say with some exultation, *I won't pretend to pronounce who started the game, but I am sure I have had the full hunting.*

The indiscreet zeal and imprudent conduct of the Roman Catholics, for some time past, had given too much room for suspicion; they having often openly, and in defiance of the established laws of the kingdom, shewn a thorough contempt for the established religion of their country, propagated as much as possible their own tenets, loudly triumphed in their progress and daily acquisition of proselytes among all ranks of people, without the least secrecy or caution. Hence was the nation ripe for alarm: when given, it spread like wild-fire; and the Duke of York, as head of the party at which it was aimed, was obliged to withdraw to Brussels to avoid the impending storm.

The king being some time after taken ill, produced his highness's sudden return, before his enemies, and those in the opposition to the court-measures, could provide for his reception; so that their schemes were thus for a while disconcerted. Least his presence might revive commotion, he returned again to Brussels, and was then permitted (previously) to retire to Scotland, having received the strongest assurances of his brother's affection and resolution to secure him and his heirs the succession. He had before this the satisfaction of seeing the turbulent Earl of Shaftesbury removed from his seat and precedence in the privy-council, as well as all share in the ministry; and now prevailed to have the Duke of Monmouth dismissed from all his posts, and sent into Holland.

Shaftesbury's views were to lift Monmouth to the throne, whose weaknesses he knew he could so effectually manage, as to have the reins of government in that case in his own hands. Monmouth was the eldest of the king's sons, by whom he was tenderly beloved. His mother was one Mrs. Lucy Walters, otherwise Barlow, a Pembrokehire woman, who bore him at Rotterdam in 1649, and between whom and his Majesty it was artfully reported there had passed a contract of marriage. This report was narrowly examined into, and proved false, to the full satisfaction of the privy-council, and of the people in general, though Shaftesbury did all in his power to support and establish a belief of its reality. The youth was educated at Paris under the queen-mother, and brought over to England in 1662: soon after which time he was created Duke of Orkney in Scotland, and Marquess in England, or rather Wales.

The partizans of Shaftesbury, and other malecontents, had long pointed out his Grace as a proper successor to the crown, instead of the Duke of York, in case of the king's demise; and he began to believe that he had a real right to be so. At the instauration of his old friend Shaftesbury, he returned to England without his father's consent, who would not see him; and, instead of obeying the royal mandate to retire again, he and Shaftesbury jointly made a pompous parade through several counties in the west and north of England, scattering the seeds of discord and disaffection; so that their designs seemed to be levelled against the government, and a tempest was gathering at a distance, not unlike that which swept the royal martyr from his throne and life. Many people, who could not otherwise have taken part with the court, shuddering when they looked back upon the scenes of anarchy and confusion, they had followed that melancholy catastrophe, in order to prevent the return of a similar storm, attached themselves to the king and the Duke of York; and the latter returned to court, where he kept his ground.

The kingdom was now in a high fermentation; the murmur of each party broke out into altercation, and declamatory abuse. Every day produced new libels and disloyal pamphlets. To answer and expose them, their partizans and abettors, several authors were retained by authority, but none came up to the purpose so well as Sir Roger L'Estrange, in the *Observator*; and the poet laureate, in the poem under inspection, the elegance and severity of which raised his character prodigiously, and shewed the proceedings of Shaftesbury and his followers in a most severe light. These writings, according to Richard, in a great measure stemmed the tide of a popular current, that might have otherwise immersed the nation in ruin. His Grace the Duke of Monmouth afterwards engaged in the Rye-house Plot, and a reward was offered for the taking him, both by his father and

Lewis XIV. whether in England or France. He obtained his pardon both of the king and duke, by two very submissive, nay, abject, letters; and being admitted to the royal presence, seemed extremely sorry for his past offences, confessed his having engaged in a design for seizing the king's guards, and changing the government, but denied having any knowledge of a scheme for assassinating either his father or uncle, which it seems was set on foot by the inferior ministers of this conspiracy.

Presuming, however, upon the king's paternal affection, he soon recanted his confession, and consorted with his old followers; so that the king forbid him the court, and he retired to Holland, from whence he returned in 1685, raised a rebellion against his uncle, then on the throne, caused himself to be proclaimed king, and being defeated and taken prisoner, was beheaded on Tower-hill in his thirty-sixth year.—*Derrick.*

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abethdin, the name given, through this poem, to a Lord Chancellor in general.

Absalom, Duke of Monmouth.

Achitophel, the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Adriel, Earl of Mulgrave.

Agoc, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.

Amel, Mr. Seymour, speaker of the House of Commons.

Annabel, Duchess of Monmouth.

Balaam, Earl of Huntingdon.

Barzillai, Duke of Ormond.

Bathsheba, Duchess of Portsmouth.

Caleb, Lord Grey.

Corah, Dr. Oates.

David, Charles II.

Egypt, France.

Ethiopic Plot, the Popish Plot.

Gath, the Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided.

Hebron, Scotland.

Hebrew Priest, the Church of England Clergy.

Hushai, Earl of Rochester.

Ishbo-beth, Richard Cromwell.

Israel, England.

Issachar, Thomas Thynne, Esq.

Jehusites, Papists.

Jerusalem, London.

Jews, English.

Jonas, Sir William Jones.

Jordan, Dover.

Jotham, Marquis of Halifax.

Michal, Queen Catherine.

Nadab, Lord Howard of Escriek.

Pharaoh, King of France.

Sagan of Jerusalem, Dr. Cranpton, Bishop of London.

Sanhedrim, Parliament.

Saul, Oliver Cromwell.

Shame, Sheriff Bethel.

Solyman Rout, London Rebels.

Tyre, Holland.

Zadoc, Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Zunni, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

PART I.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch after heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michael, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To god-like David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend,
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom*:

* So beautiful, so brave.] The Duke of Monmouth was young, exquisitely beautiful, brave, generous, affecting popularity, and tenderly beloved by his father; he had been educated with one part of the flower of the English youth at Oxford, and served with another in the army; so that he

* This explanation is here slightly abbreviated.—*Compiler.*

Whether inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust:
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states ally'd to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had,—for whom from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling
o'er;

And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David, undisturb'd, in Sion reign'd,
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring
race,

As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamp'ring people, whom debauch'd with
ease,

No king could govern, nor no God could please;
Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
That godsmiths could produce or priests devise:
These Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound:
They led their wild desires to woods and caves.
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who, at their very best,

had all the advantages of private friendships joined to those which attend upon royal extraction. His tutor, one Ross, a Scotchman, either from love to his pupil, or to gain importance to himself, was the first person who inflamed his mind with high ambition, by making him believe, or persuading him to make others believe, that the king had been privately married to his mother. Ross went further, for he advised Couzens, bishop of Durham, to write a certificate of the marriage, and to deposit it in a strong box in his own house; making use of this argument, that, if the Duke of York should be converted from popery, there would be no need of bringing the certificate to public view; and if he should not, that all arts were justifiable to exclude a papist from the throne: circumstances which Couzens immediately communicated to the king, but which that prince disregarded, acquitting Mornmouth, and imputing them only to the petulance of his tutor. Yet Ross, after Couzens died, spread a report abroad, that he had left such a certificate behind him.—*Dr. J. Warton.*

* These Adam-wits, &c.] Persons discontented in happy circumstances are not unluckily called *Adam-wits*, from a remembrance of Adam's weakness in Paradise, who, aiming at being happier than the happiest, by persuasion of Eve, eat of the forbidden fruit, and thereby forfeited the divine favour, and was excluded the garden of Eden.—*Derrick.*

Their humour more than loyalty express,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight;
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curst the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths; and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right—
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common
wood.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd
with lies,

To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods are recommended by their taste.
Such savoury deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food,
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For tea to one in former days was odds.

So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to
slay

By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves
thought wise,

Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from
thence,

Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs, and crooked councils fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay. }
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the dangers when the waves went
high

He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour
blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke*;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke: }

* — the triple bond he broke. In the year 1667, a triple alliance was entered into between England, Sweden, and Holland, which was dissolved by the second Dutch war, to which, and a closer connection with France, Lord Shaftesbury contributed his advice, and thereby

— fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.

Derrick.

Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will?
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be
known,

Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate;
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.

"Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land:
Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad-diviner's theme,
The young men's vision; and the old men's
dream!

These, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.

How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign!
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
'Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight!
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,

Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun the example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the }
strand;

But, like the prince of angels, from his height
Comestumbling downward with diminish'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn:
(Our only blessing since his curst return:)
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
Or if they should, their interest soon would break,

And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the sight, but solid power:
And nobler is a limited command,

2 N 2

Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
The ambitious youth too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.

Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus reply'd.—"And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that——" But there he paus'd; then,
sighing, said—

"Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possess;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en the offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,

Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
 Yet oh that fate propitiously inclin'd,
 Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
 And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 Desire of greatness is a god-like sin."

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent
 found,
 While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her
 ground,

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:

"The eternal God, supremely good and wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
 What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
 Against your will your arguments have shown,
 Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
 Not that your father's mildness I condemn;
 But manly force becomes the diadem.
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
 And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to have:
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
 But when should people strive their bonds to
 break,

If not when kings are negligent or weak?
 Let him give on, till he can give no more,
 The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
 And every shekel, which he can receive,
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
 To ply him with new plots shall be my care;
 Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
 Which when his treasure can no more supply,
 He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
 His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
 Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
 Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to public scorn.
 The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
 Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
 And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
 His right, for sums of necessary gold,
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
 'Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
 To pass your doubtful title into law;
 If not, the people have a right supreme
 To make their kings; for kings are made for
 them.

All empire is no more than power in trust,
 Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
 Succession, for the general good design'd,
 In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
 If altering that the people can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
 The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they
 chose,

God was their king, and God they durst depose.
 Urge now your piety, your filial name,
 A father's right, and fear of future fame;

The public good, that universal call,
 To which e'en Heaven submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
 'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
 Our fond begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their posterity.
 Or let his kindness by the effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
 God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
 A better proof, than to anoint him king?
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
 Would David have you thought his darling son?
 What means he then to alienate the crown?
 The name of godly he may blush to bear:
 Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
 He to his brother gives supreme command,
 To you a legacy of barren land;
 Perhaps the old harp, on which he thrums his
 lays,

Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
 Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
 He meditates revenge who least complains;
 And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
 'Till at the last his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the
 ground;

The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
 Your case no tame expedients will afford:
 Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
 And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
 Leave the warm people no considering time:
 For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
 Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
 But try your title while your father lives:
 And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
 Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
 Whose sacred life each minute would expose
 To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.
 And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
 Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
 He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
 For plighted vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd:
 Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
 Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
 Secure his person to secure your cause:
 They who possess the prince possess the laws."

He said, and this advice above the rest,
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
 Unblam'd for life, ambition set aside,
 Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
 How happy had he been, if destiny
 Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!

His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites:
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.

The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
'To sell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all the haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold.
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From the ark, which in the Judges' days they
bore,

Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Pursued their old belov'd Theocracy:
'Where Sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justifi'd their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace!
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest-mouth'd against the government.
A numerous host of dreaning saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much,
These out of mere instinct, they knew not
why,

Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, e'en in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land

In the first rank of these did Zimri* stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in think-
ing.

Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought
relief

By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names† 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.

* ——— Zimri ———
*A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:]*

Was drawn for George Villiers, who succeeded to the title of Duke of Buckingham, on the death of his father, who was murdered by Felton. "He had somewhat great vivacity, was the minister of riot, the slave of intemperance, a pretended atheist, without honour, principle, economy, or discretion." He had a fine person, and the women deemed him handsome; he was capricious and sarcastic; sung well; told a story very facetiously; mimicked the failings of others admirably; and possessed strong powers for ridicule; versified with ease; but knew all his accomplishments, and soiled them by his intolerable vanity. He had shared in the king's exile, and coming into possession of more than 20,000*l.* per annum, at the restoration, was a great favorite. In 1666 it was discovered, that he had endeavoured to stir up such of the people that were ill-disposed to the government, because he had been refused the trust of president of the North. In the following year he made his peace at court, and became a member of the Cabal, which was made up of five ministers, in whom alone the king for some time confided, and who led him into measures that were productive of all the uneasiness he afterwards sustained. In 1675 he became a favorer of the nonconformists; and in the affairs of the Popish plot, and bill of exclusion, stuck close to Shaftesbury, and, with all his strength and influence, opposed the court. Having at length squandered away almost all his immense fortune, with the acquisition of a infamous character, he departed this life in 1687, lamented by nobody, according to Wood, at his house in York-shire.

His grace was the author of several pieces of entertainment, but particularly the Rehearsal; the Bayes of which he intended for Dryden, who has fully avenged himself in the character of Zimri, with this advantage, that the picture is an exact resemblance.—*Dorrick.*

† *Titles and names.*] Four score years ago it might have been interesting and entertaining to have known the particular histories of the persons here enumerated. Who inquires any thing relating to *Balaam*, who was the Earl of Huntingdon; to *Nadab*, Lord Howard of Escrick; to bull-faced *Jonas*, meaning Sir William Jones, a great lawyer of his time, and mentioned by Burnet as having refused the great seal; to *Shimei*, who was Singsby Bethel, Esq. famous for his avarice, of whom our poet says coarsely.

"Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot."
The only person of whom we wish to know more was *Caleb*, who was Ford, Lord Grey, whose memoirs are very curious.—*Dr. J. Warton.*

Wits, warriors, commonwealth's-men, were the best:

Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of dulness, be-
The well-hung Balaam, and cold Caleb* free:
And canting Nadab† let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb;
Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw‡
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's anointed dar'd to curse:

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king;
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath, but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of self,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,)
His business was, by writing to persuade,

That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine:
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorrd:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.

Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
Yet Corah*, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What, though his birth were base, yet comets rise

From earthly vapours, ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,

Sure signs he neither cholerick was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat:
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university†.

* cold Caleb] Lord Grey, who was childless. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell.—Malone.

† Nadab in Lord Howard of Escrick, who took the sacrament in lamb's wool. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell.—Malone.
Ford, Lord Grey of Werk, was strongly attached to the Duke of Monmouth, a zealous promoter of Lord Shaftesbury's measures, and a constant opponent of the court. He was a smooth talker, possessed of a large estate, both which accomplishments gave him influence among the people. Being concerned in the Ryehouse-plot, he was arrested, and examined before the privy-council, who ordered him to the Tower; but when the messenger, who had the care of him, brought him thither, the gates were shut, it being late, and they could not get in; so that they spent the whole night together, and drank pretty freely. In the morning they came to the Tower again very early, the doors not being as yet opened; and his keeper, who was very drunk, falling asleep, he turned down towards the wharf, and taking care, got off to Holland. Here he joined his old friend Monmouth, whom he contributed to spirit up to the rebellion; in the ensuing reign, that brought that unhappy rebellion to the block.—Derick.

‡ James, who could statutes draw] Sir William Jones. He drew the Habeas Corpus Act. MS. Luttrell.—Malone.

* Yet Corah,] This was Titus Oates, the informer of the execrable Popish plot, which was so loaded with absurdities and inconsistencies, that to have believed it, is a lasting disgrace to the people of this country. He was himself the most infamous of men; and among other crimes, had been indicted for perjury; and been expelled from a chaplainship in the fleet on complaint of some unnatural practices. So ample an account has been given of the intended murders, massacres, and cruelties, by Burnet, Echard, North, and Hume, that they need not, and cannot, be detailed in this place, and are indeed sufficiently known. Oates for his discovery was by the Parliament recommended to the king, was lodged in Whitehall, and protected by guards, and had a pension of 1300*l.* a year. But in the succeeding reign, 1685, this abandoned villain was convicted of the most atrocious perjury, on the fullest and clearest evidence, was fined a thousand marks on each of two indictments, and sentenced to be whipped on two different days from Aldgate to Newgate, to be imprisoned for life, and to be pilloried five times every year. All this he survived, and in the succeeding reign obtained a pension of 200*l.* a year.—Dr. J. Warren.

† Unknown to foreign university;] He pretended to have taken a degree at Salamanca. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell.—Malone.

His judgment yet his memory did excel ;
Which piec'd his wonderous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal ;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made :
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his prince despise,
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words :
And Corah might for Agag's murder call*,
In terms as course as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall :
For witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court :
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fired with near possession of a crown.
The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprize,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show ;
On each side bowing popularly low :
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus furn'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then, with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said ; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

" I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate ;
Though far unable to prevent your fate ;
Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws !
Yet oh ! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son !
Now all your liberties a spoil are made ;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade. }
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame ;
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old ;

* And Corah might for Agag's murder call.] Agag, Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey, a justice of peace, before whom Oates had made his first deposition, and who was, soon after, found murdered in a ditch near Primrose-hill, on the road to Hampstead, his sword being run quite through his body, without any effusion of blood. This was done, as it was supposed, with a view to make people think he had murdered himself ; whereas, in fact, his death was occasioned by strangling, a broad livid mark being plain round his neck, which was broken, and his breast bruised in several places, as if he had been kneeled or trampled upon. His gloves and cane lay near him, his shoes were clean and his money untouched. It is very surprising, that his murderers were never discovered, though Neddes, an infamous wretched incendiary, swore the crime against two or three innocent people, who suffered death.—Derrick.

Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys ;
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away :
But why should he his own and yours betray ?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies :
No court-informer can these arms accuse ;
These arms may sons against their fathers use :
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain."

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail ;
But common interest always will prevail :
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless :
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train :
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar :
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend*.
This moving court, that caught the people's

eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise :
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from
foes ;
And try their strength before they came to
blows.

Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd ; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made ;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel ! never warn'd by ill !
Still the same bait, and circumvented still !
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease ;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree ?
What shall we think ? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway ?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord :
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.

* ——— wealthy western friend.] Issachar was Thomas Thynne, Esq. ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, one of the most opulent commoners in the kingdom, and therefore usually called Tom of Ten Thousand. He had once been a favourite of the Duke of York, but he afterwards magnificently entertained the Duke of Monmouth and all his attendants, when he made a progress into the west, at his noble house at Longleat.—Dr. J. Warren.

Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,

And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by night?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few?
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds but Sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels* he withstood

* ——— the rising rebels he withstood

In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:] The Duke of Ormond adhered zealously to the interest of his sovereign Charles I. in Ireland, where, being chief of a noble, ancient, and wealthy family, his power and influence were, as long as possible, enlisted against the arms of Cromwell. But being at length obliged to yield to the necessity of the times, he quitted that kingdom, and accompanied King Charles II. in his exile. After the restoration, he was at one and the same time lord-lieutenant of Ireland, steward of the household, groom of

In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
Which well the noblest objects knew to chuse,
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
His bed could once a faithful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, so Heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime

By unequal fates, and providence's crime;
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd*
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:

From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my muse, here cease thy painful flight:

No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearset?
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.

the stole, and privy-counsellor for the three kingdoms. Perhaps no man was ever better beloved, and no man deserved it better: he was liberal, brave, loyal, and sincere: a friend to the constitution, and a protector of the Protestants. On this account he was no favourite in the succeeding reign, and died in retirement, without post or employment, July 1683, aged seventy-nine.—Derrick.

* Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd:

And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.] Lord Ossory having married a Dutch lady, lived some time in Holland, and was of signal service in presenting the progress of the French arms, by his knowledge and advice.—Derrick.

— and left this verse

To hang on her departed patron's hearset?] This alludes to the custom of affixing poems to the pall or hearse. See Milton's Lat. Eleg. 2. 22. And his epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, ver. 58, &c.—Todd.

With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western dome*, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets' sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
Sharp-judging Adriel†, the Muses' friend,
Himself a Muse: in Sanhedrim's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought:
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only try'd
The worse awhile, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
In public storms of manly stedfastness:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?

* *Him of the western dome.*] This was Dolben, who was bishop of Rochester, and succeeded Sterne in the archbishoprick of York: a man, says Burnet, of more spirit than discretion, an excellent preacher, but of a free conversation, which laid him open to much censure in a vicious court. During the rebellion he bore arms, and was made a major by Charles I.—*Dr. J. Warton.*

† *Sharp-judging Adriel.*] Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Adriel, was a man of a fine person, elegant manners, and insinuating address. When they were both young, he paid his address to Queen Anne, and to prevent a connection, Charles II. is said to have contrived a cruel and unjustifiable scheme of sending him to Langiers in a ship so crazy as to have drowned him. He was always firm in his attachment to James II. for which, with great liberality, King William once commended him, and after some years took him into favour, and gave him a pension of 3000*l.* a year. He was a man of wit and parts, not a genius. His poems are feeble and flimsy, notwithstanding Dryden has so profusely praised his Essay on Poetry. But the prose is terse, perspicuous, and elegant, and his memoirs so curious, that we must regret they were left unfinished.—*Dr. J. Warton.*

‡ *Jotham of piercing wit.*] The Marquis of Halifax, Jotham, was, in Humé's opinion, the man who possessed the finest genius and most extensive capacity of all employed in public affairs, by Charles II. Humé is of opinion, that the many variations he was guilty of in his political conduct, for he voted first for the exclusion bill, then for limitations, then for expedients, and was then on good terms with the Duke, might be the effects of his integrity, rather than of his ambition. Lord Orford, in his Noble Authors, p. 66, vol. II. is of a very different opinion. He wrote many pamphlets on topics then agitated, now forgotten.—*Dr. J. Warton.*

§ *—who can Amiel's praise.*] Sir Edward Seymour, Amiel, was a man of high birth, being the elder branch of that family, of great boldness, vivacity of parts, and a graceful manner, though of insufferable pride. Burnet says, he was the first Speaker of the House of Commons that was not bred to the law. He knew the house and every man in it so well, that by looking about he could tell the fate of any question. Charles II. loved him personally, though he frequently voted against his measures. But once having voted for the court, the king said to him, "You were not against me to-day." He immediately answered, "No, sir, I was against my conscience to-day."—*Dr. J. Warton.*

Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The Sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rash charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:

They, like the unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way:
While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,

And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt the united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent,

To batter down the lawful government.

A numerous faction, with pretended frights,

In Sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;

The true successor from the court remov'd;

The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.

These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,

They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;

That no concessions from the throne would please,

But lenitives fomented the disease:

That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,

Was made the lure to draw the people down:

That false Achitophel's pernicious hate

Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:

The council violent, the rabble worse:

That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress,

And long revolving in his careful breast

The event of things, at last his patience tir'd,

Thus, from his royal throne, by Heaven inspir'd,

The god-like David spoke; with awful fear

His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,

My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:

So willing to forgive the offending age;

So much the father did the king assuage.

But now so far my clemency they slight,

The offenders question my forgiving right,

That one was made for many, they contend;

But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.

They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;

Though manly tempers can the longest bear.

Yet, since they will divert my native course,

'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.

Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,

Are burdens for a camel, not a king.

Kings are the public pillars of the state,

Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:

If my young Sampson will pretend a call

To shake the column, let him share the fall:

But oh, that yet he would repent and live!

How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!

With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his state for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern
sense

Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought indu'd with so much grace.
Good Heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne!
Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government;
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to chuse,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me to approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my power away.
From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my
years,

But save me most from my petitioners!
Unsate as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty!
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends re-
move,

Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For Gods and god-like kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
Why I am forc'd, like Heaven, against my mind, }
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw!
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then shew her face:
They could not be content to look on Grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear*,
'Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.

* Against themselves their witnesses will swear.] Alluding to the inconsistencies and contradictions of Dr. Oates, Captain Bedloe, and other witnesses, made use of to support the credit of the Popish plot.—Derrick.

Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt the event: for factious crowds en-
gage,

In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But, when they stand all breathless, urge the
fight,

And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driven back at length it stands the
ground."

He said: The Almighty nodding gave con-
sent;

And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the god-like David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

MAC-FLECKNOE*.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,
young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase:
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, "'Tis resolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

* This is one of the best, as well as severest satires, ever produced in our language. Mr. Thomas Shadwell is the hero of the piece, and introduced, as if pitched upon, by Flecknoe, to succeed him in the throne of dulness; for Flecknoe was never poet-laureat, as has been ignorantly asserted in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Richard Flecknoe, Esq., from whom this poem derives its name, was an Irish priest, who had, according to his own declaration, laid aside the mechanic part of the priesthood. He was well known at court; yet, out of four plays which he wrote, could get only one of them acted, and that was damned. "He has," says Langhorne, "published sundry works, as he styles them, to continue his name to posterity, though possibly an enemy has done that for him, which his own envious could never have perfected: for, whatever may become of his own pieces, his name will continue, whilst Mr. Dryden's satire, called Mac-Flecknoe, shall remain in vogue."

From this poem Pope took the hint of his Dunciad.—Derrick.

Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty :
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way ;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,

With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge ;
And big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore

The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar :
Echoes from ——— Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou weild'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not even the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme :
Though they in number as in sense excel ;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,

And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more." }
Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,

In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for a roited dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd to inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight :
A watch-tower once ; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains :
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,

And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred ;

Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,

Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear ;

But gentle Simkin just reception finds* }

Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds :
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense : }
To whom true dulness should some Psychas owe,

But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow ;

Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown

Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay :
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies. * * * *

Much Heywood, Shirley, Orleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace.
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome ;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,

That he till death true dulness would maintain ;

And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,

Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.

In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale ;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway ;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

* ————Simkin just reception finds] Simkin is a character of a cobbler in an interlude. Panton, who is mentioned soon after, was a famous punster.—Derrick.

The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.

"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let
him reign

To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his
pen!"—

He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, Amen.
Then thus continu'd he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the
pit,

And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose†.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou would'st
cull,

Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature, or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein‡,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
* * * * *

When did his muse from Fletcher scenes pur-
loin,

* *Beyond Love's Kingdom, &c.*] This is the name of that one play of Flecknoe's, which was acted, but miscarried in the representation.—Derrick.

† *Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;*] Shadwell's play of the *Virtuosos*, in which Sir Formal Trifle, a florid coxcomical orator, is a principal character, was first acted in 1676; and he tells the Duke of Newcastle, in the dedication, "that here he has endeavoured at humour, wit, and satire."—Derrick.

‡ *To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.*] Alluding to Shadwell's comedy, called *Epsom Wells*.—Derrick.

§ ——— *prince Nicander's vein,*] A character of a lover in the opera of *Psyche*.—Derrick.

As thou whole Etheridge dost transfuse to
thine?

But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way.
New humours to invent for each new play;
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side
still,

And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence*
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious art though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen lambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy com-
mand

Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st Wings display and Altars
raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said; but his last words were scarcely
heard:

For Bruce and Longvill† had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame,
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none;)
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more dis-
dain'd.

* *Nor let thy mountain-belly, &c.*] Alluding to Shadwell's form, who was pretty lusty.—Derrick.

† *For Bruce and Longvill, &c.*] Two very heavy characters in Shadwell's *Virtuosos*, whom he calls gentlemen of wit and good sense.—Derrick.

He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
 At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
 But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
 Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid,
 Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:
 Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
 move;
 The work went backward; and the more he
 strove

To advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
 But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
 For who would die to gratify a foe?
 His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
 That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
 But vainer that relief than all the rest,
 The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
 Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
 breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
 care;

He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
 He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
 As men by fasting starve the untam'd disease:
 But present love requir'd a present ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
 Feels lingering death, but looking not he dies.
 Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
 Wasting at once his life, and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
 For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
 Absence, the best expedient they could find,
 Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
 This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
 Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
 But struggling with his own desires he went,
 With large expence, and with a pompous
 train,

Provided as to visit France and Spain,
 Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
 But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
 Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
 Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
 His travels ended at his country-seat:
 To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
 There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to
 stay.

The spring was in the prime; the neigh-
 bouring grove
 Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love,
 Music unbought, that minister'd delight
 To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night;
 There he discharg'd his friends; but not the
 expence

Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
 He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
 From public business, yet with equal charge;
 With house, and heart still open to receive;
 As well content as love would give him leave:
 He would have liv'd more free; but many a
 guest,

Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed,
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On every side surrounded by a wood:
 Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find;
 'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
 The winds within the quivering branches
 play'd,

And dancing trees a mournful music made.

The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:

The day already half his race had run,
 And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
 But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he
 stood,

More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
 At once the wind was laid; the whispering
 sound

Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the
 ground;

With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
 A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
 And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
 Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
 Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal
 eye.

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself, and whole;
 Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
 As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
 And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood
 With briars and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish
 wood;

From thence the noise, which now approaching
 near,

With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
 He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
 With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
 Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts re-
 veal'd.

Which modest nature keeps from sight con-
 ceal'd.

Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
 With passing through the brakes, and prickly
 thorn;

Two mustiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
 And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embrau'd:
 Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender
 side,

Mercy, O mercy, Heaven, she ran, and cry'd;
 When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their
 hold again,

Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
 High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase;
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes were
 fill'd,

And in his hand a naked sword he held:

He chear'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind;
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thundering on, but, from
afar,

Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
Had reach'd the dame, and fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd.
Stood Theodore surpriz'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair up-
right;

Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd.
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:

Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care:
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in
hell.

Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And, as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for
her pride:

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both
were cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below.)
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:

Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her
breast,

Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry
hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain;
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in death, the infernal knight re-
lates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he
drew,

And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:

As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place
Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be

A scene of triumph and revenge to me,
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the
ground

Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with
awe,

And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing na-
ture's law:

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to
wake,

But dreams he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.

But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts de-
cree,

Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from Heaven, he homeward took his
way,

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.

They came, and usual salutations paid,
 With words premeditated thus he said :
 What you have often counsell'd, to remove
 My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
 By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
 Though late, yet is at last become my care :
 My heart shall be my own ; my vast expence
 Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence ;
 This only I require ; invite for me
 Honoria, with her father's family,
 Her friends, and mine, the cause I shall display,
 On Friday next ; for that's the appointed day.
 Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was
 light,

The father, mother, daughter, they invite ;
 Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast ;
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
 The day was come, the guests invited came,
 And, with the rest, the inexorable dame :
 A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
 Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
 The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove.
 Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love :
 The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
 With flowers below, and tissue overhead :
 The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
 To front the thicket, and behold the chace. }
 The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
 That just when the dessert and fruits were
 plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began ; the hollow sound
 Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
 Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
 ground. }

Nor long before the loud laments arise,
 Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries ;
 And first the dame came rushing through the
 wood,
 And next the famish'd hounds that sought
 their food,
 And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their
 jaws in blood. }
 Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
 Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs
 to speed.

She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent,
 (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
 The scene of death, and place ordain'd for pu-
 nishment. }

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
 The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast ;
 The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd ;
 The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
 She rent the heaven with loud laments, im-
 ploring aid. }

The gallants to protect the lady's right,
 Their fauchions brandish'd at the grisly
 spright ; }

High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
 And wither'd all their strength before he strook :
 Back, on your lives, let be, said he, my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destin'd way :

Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
 Against the eternal doom of Providence :
 Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven de-
 sign'd :

Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she
 find.

At this the former tale again he told
 With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold :
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
 But bore each other back : some knew the face, }
 And all had heard the much lamented case
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal
 place. }

And now the infernal minister advanc'd,
 Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
 Her back, and piercing through her inmost
 heart,

Drew backward as before the offending part.
 The reeking entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
 The pale assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd ;
 The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
 The fright was general ; but the female band
 (A helpless train) in more confusion stand :
 With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ; }
 For conscience rung the alarm, and made the
 case their own. }

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
 A plump of fowl behold their foe on high ;
 They close their trembling troop ; and all at-
 tend

On whom the sousing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
 And thought to her alone the vision sent.
 Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
 Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind, }
 And the same fate to the same sin assign'd. }

Already sees herself the monster's prey,
 And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
 'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear ;
 Still on the table lay the unfinish'd cheer :
 The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
 The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground ;
 When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer death ;
 Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying maid :
 The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
 And mounting light as air his sable steed he
 spur'd :

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
 And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
 But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
 And horror heavy sat on every mind.
 Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
 But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
 Some deep designs ; which when Honoria view'd,
 The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd :
 She thought herself the trembling dame who
 fled,

And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd the infernal steed :

The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,

Their courteous host saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind adieu.

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd ;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.

None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more :
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind :
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.

Returned she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast :
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again ;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching spright behind.

Darkling and desperate with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace ;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope ; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young who past expression lov'd,

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd :
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd :
Why not of her ? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd ?

So had another been, where he his vows address'd.

This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,

That once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish bounds assail'd :
He took a lowering leave ; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal ?

Her sex's arts she knew, and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men ?
Here hope began to dawn ; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy ;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight : a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had belov'd above the rest ;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd ;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd :
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe ;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd ;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd ;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare ;)
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide ;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state ;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware ;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair ;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit,
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine ;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge the offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense :
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal ;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight ;

Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain ;

And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean ?
We were at worst but wanton ; he's obscene.

I, nor my fellows, nor myself excuse;
 But love's the subject of the comic muse:
 Nor can we write without it, nor would you
 A tale of only dry instruction view.
 Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
 But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
 Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
 And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
 Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
 With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
 Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
 The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
 To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
 Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
 The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
 And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
 Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
 In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
 When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts
 the mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
 And every grace, and all the loves, resort;
 Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
 And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
 There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest,
 Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
 But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
 Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
 His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
 Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward shew,
 Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
 But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
 His soul belied the features of his face;
 Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
 A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
 And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
 He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
 And body were not of a piece design'd,
 But made for two, and by mistake in one
 were join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
 Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,
 And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
 Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
 The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
 And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute:
 So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
 And care employ'd, that answer'd not the cost,
 Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
 And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
 So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
 Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
 Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
 A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with
 banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
 And his supreme delight, a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday, [way;
 That to the green-wood shade he took his
 For Cymon shunn'd the church and us'd not
 much to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his back.
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
 The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
 Where in a plain defended by the wood,
 Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
 By which an alabaster fountain stood:
 And on the margin of the fount was laid
 (Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with
 sport,

To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
 The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
 Than by the charming features of her face,
 And, ev'n in slumber, a superior grace:
 Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
 Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
 Her bosom to the view was only bare:
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd
 For yet their places were but signify'd:
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
 To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
 The fanning wind, and purling streams, conti-
 nue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
 And gaping mouth, that testifi'd surprize,
 Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
 New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
 His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering
 sense

First found his want of words, and fear'd of-
 fence:

Doubted for what he was he should be known,
 By his clown accent, and his country tone.
 Through the rude chaos thus the running light
 Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
 Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
 Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
 Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
 Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around
 the year.

So reason in this brutal soul began,
 Love made him first suspect he was a man;
 Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
 By love his want of words, and wit, he found;
 That sense of want prepar'd the future way
 To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a
 day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
 Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
 The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
 As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
 Love taught him shame, and shame, with love
 at strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
 His gross material soul at once could find
 Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
 Exciting a desire till then unknown,
 Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.

This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know ;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other face,
Or judge of this, or that peculiar grace ;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire :
As flies allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he
sees ;

On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair, }
And ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air, }
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands and heav-
ing breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid :
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his
thought,

And love new-born the first good manners
taught.

An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race :
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart ;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray, }
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn }
of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair,
(So was the beauty call'd, who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slaving cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she ; What make you, Cymon, here
alone ?

(For Cymon's name was round the country
known

Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd the venom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brut-
al lust.

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe ; his hand she long deny'd,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.

Nor was he long delay'd : the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest. }

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind :
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And study'd lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so
fast,

That in short time his equals he surpass'd :
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd ;
In every exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd :
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please :
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which choak'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
love.

Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd ; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand :
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd :
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still ;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd and bishop'd by
the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd :
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise :
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse :
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract ; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent :

Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd
love

In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my
design.

Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight: then standing on his
prow,

In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight pro-
vide;

Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the
bride.

But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his toes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the
press he pass'd.

Fiercely was the fight, but hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends re-
main'd,

He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I
fought

For love alone, nor other booty sought:
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign.
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force shall love main-
tain. [lease,

You, what by strength you could not keep, re-
And at an easy ransom buy your peace

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the
accord,

And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took;
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;

As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes con-
fess'd

She rather would be thought, than was dis-
tress'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind? }
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind, }
Proud of the present, to the future blind! }
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was
run,

When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake, by fits, and fill, the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were
heard,

And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once: at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the fork lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots
again,

Till counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest
hell,

Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been
bless'd;

More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n, if she could, her love she would repent,
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in heaven's despite,
Invade, and violate another's right:

The powers incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:

But soon they punish'd his presumptuous
pride; }
That for his daring enterprize she died; }
Who rather not resisted, than complied. }

Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the of-
fence.

Sex to the last : mean-time with sails declin'd
The wandering vessel drove before the wind ;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they
know,

But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they
view'd

The land before them, and their fears renew'd ;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near ; to this they bent,
And just escap'd ; their force already spent :
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey ;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view ;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the
ground.

The frighted sailors tried their strength in
vain,

To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main ;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forced them forward on the fatal shore !
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to
land :

Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore ;
Known each, they know ; but each with change
of cheer ;

The vanquish'd side exults ; the victors fear ;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they
fight,

Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;
Mouths without hands ; maintain'd at vast ex-
pence,

In peace a charge, in war a weak defence :
Stout once a month they march, a blustering
band,

And ever, but in times of need, at hand ;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the
day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they
knew

Themselves so many, and their foes so few ;
But crowding on, the last the first impel :
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast :
His life was only spar'd at their request,

Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd :

But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair ;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast pre-
pare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd :
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel ?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height ;
The latter pleas'd, and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd the amends, for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom by promise ti'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride ;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate :
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire ;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet prefer'd, or like Ormisda lov'd :
So stood the affair : some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young Pasimond his marriage
press'd,

Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast ;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studi'd quick relief :
The fatal day approach'd ; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd ;
To justice liable, as law requir'd ;
For when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd :
While power remain'd, the means were in his
hand

By force to seize, and then forsake the land :
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love :
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd : but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape :
Unprais'd by me, though heaven sometimes
may bless

An impious act with undeserv'd success :

The great it seems are privileg'd alone

To punish all injustice but their own.

But here I stop, not daring to proceed,

Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed :

For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent,
To find the means that might secure the event ;

Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
The example pleas'd: the cause and crime the
same:

An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd, }
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To manage loathsome life when love was the
reward.

'This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent ;
In secret sent the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun :
The powers above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive :
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tri'd :
These fruitful seeds within your mind they
sow'd ;

'Twas yours to improve the talent they be-
stow'd :

'They gave you to be born of noble kind,
'They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts ; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they tri'd you, and by proof they
found

The grain intrusted in a grateful ground :
But still the great experiment remain'd,
'They : offer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd ;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone :
And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be ; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd :

Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his ; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd :
Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine :

To-morrow must their common vows be ti'd :
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a
bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to
plead ;

'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed :
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight :
And let the losers talk in vain of right :
We with the fair will sail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves : if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope ;
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain ;)
Then second my design to seize the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st
the way.

Said Cymon overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only shew the foes :

For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lysimachus reply'd,
Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide ;
The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are
dress'd ;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast, }
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest ; when day resigns the
light,

And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call ; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then entering unexpected will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease ;
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight :
And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight :
The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ship well mann'd expects us in the port :
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd : the prisoner to his hold retir'd, }
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work
requir'd.

The sun arose ; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
The expected spouse, and entertains the friends ;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests in-
voke

The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant
smoke.

This done, they feast, and at the close of night }
By kindled torches vary their delight,
These lead the lively dance, and those the
brimming bowls invite.

Now, at the appointed place and hour as-
sign'd,

With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd :
Three bands are form'd ; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore ;
The second at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last :
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests.
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread :
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof re-
bounds.

When, like the harpies, rushing through the
hall

The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown ;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own :
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain ;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain :
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.

The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear :
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend ;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow :
And as the next in rank Ormida stood,
He turn'd the point ; the sword inur'd to blood
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.

With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,

The ravishers turn head, the fight renews ;
The hall is heap'd with corpse ; the sprinkled gore.

Besmeares the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize ;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh.

Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea.
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.

What should the people do when left alone ?
The governor and government are gone,
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd ;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more ;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store ;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grin'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view :

In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ :
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore :
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws :
Both parties lose by turns ; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for shew precure :
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove,
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC ;

AN ODE,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won

By Philip's warlike son :

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne :

His valiant peers were plac'd around ;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :

(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

The lovely Thais, by his side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride

In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the power of mighty love.)

A dragon's fiery form belied the god :

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd :

And while he sought her snowy breast :

Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,

A present deity, they shout around :

A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :

The jolly god in triumph comes ;

Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shews his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

iv.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madneſs rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and cheek'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.

And weltring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

v.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:

If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:

Lovely Thais sits beside thee.

Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

vi.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:

As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise:

See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
slain,

And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

vii.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft de-
sire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

Grand Chorus.

At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

EPISTLE THE TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED "THE DOUBLE DEALER."

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past :
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they
writ,

Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit :
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood :
And thus, when Charles return'd our empire
stood.

Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd ;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude ;
And boist'rous English wit with art indued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length ;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst ;
The second temple was not like the first :
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length ;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base :
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space :
Thus all below is strength, and all above is
grace.

In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment
please ;

Yet doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his
ease.

In differing talents both adorn'd their age ;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in
wit.

In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wy-
cherly.

All this in blooming youth you have atchieved :
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.

So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.

Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome ;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd !
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd :
The father had descended for the son ;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd ;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy ; thou shalt be seen,
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made ;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be
wrought ;

But genius must be born, and never can be
taught.

This is your portion ; this your native store ;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespear gave as much ; she could not
give him more.

Maintain your post : That's all the fame you
need ;

For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence :
But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains ; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend !
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you :
And take for tribute what these lines express :
You merit more ; nor could my love do less.

EPILOGUE TO THE SECOND PART OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

THEY, who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conformed their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse :
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as their comedy, their love was mean ;
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play,
They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped ;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told ;
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand them, that their faults are
shown,

But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
If love and honour now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the poet, but the age is prais'd.
Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree ;
Our native language more refin'd and free.
Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those poets writ.
Then, one of these is, consequently, true ;
That what this poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill (which most he fears,)
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, though you judge (as sure the critics will),
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpast,
To please an age more gallant than the last.

PROLOGUE TO AURENGZEBE.

OUR author, by experience, finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you ;
And out of no feigned modesty, this day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play :
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another taste of wit ;
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress, Rhime.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground :
What verse can do, he has performed in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his ;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakspeare's sacred name :
Aw'd when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage ;
And to an age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield.
As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his verse with those who
live :

Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing gamester, let him sneak away ;
He bears no ready money from the play.
The fate, which governs poets, thought it fit
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar ;
Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war :
All southern vices, heaven be praised, are here ;
But wit's a luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the plant are loth,
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth ;
And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange-trees, 'tis hous'd from snow.

There needs no care to put a playhouse down,
'Tis the most desert place of all the town :
We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,
Like monarchs, ruined with expensive war ;
While, like wise English, unconcern'd you sit,
And see us play the tragedy of wit.

UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS
PARADISE LOST.

THREE Poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd ;
The next, in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

ALL FOR LOVE ; OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Marc Antony.
Ventidius, his general.
Dolabella, his friend.
Alexas, the queen's eunuch.
Serapion, priest of Isis.
Romans.
Myris.

Women.

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.
Octavia, Antony's wife.
Charmion, } Cleopatra's maids.
Isis,
Antony's two infant daughters.

SCENE, Alexandria.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Temple of Isis.

Serapion, and Myris, Priests of Isis, discovered.
SER. PORTENTS and prodigies are grown so
frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful
Nile
Flowed, ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Even of the hinds, that watched it. Men and
beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On the utmost margin of the water-mark :
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove back-
ward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd :
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore ;
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves ; hard by them
Sea-horses, floundering in the slimy mud,
Tossed up their heads, and dashed the ooze about
them.

Enter Alexas behind them.

Myr. Avert these omens, Heaven !

Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve
and one,

In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked,
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast,

Shook all the dome ; the doors around me clapt ;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead :
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up ; the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head : a peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried, ' Egypt is no more.' My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked,
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinished left the horrid scene !

Alex. And dreamt you this, or did invent the story,
To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train them up betimes in fear of priesthood ?

Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears ;
but what
I uttered was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts
And holy luxury.

Ser. I know my duty :
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should,
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.

All southern from yon hills the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Ser. Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony,
But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

Myr. Why, then, does Antony dream out his hours,

And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
Which might redeem what Actium lost ?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Ser. Yet the foe
Seems not to press the siege.

Alex. Oh, there's the wonder.
Mecænas and Agrippa, who can most
With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife, Octavia,
Driven from his house, solicits her revenge ;
And Dolabella, who was once his friend,
Upon some private grudge now seek his ruin ;
Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.

Ser. 'Tis strange, that Antony, for some days past,

Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra,
But here in Isis' temple lives retired,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true ; and we much fear he hopes
by absence,
To cure his mind of love.

Ser. If he be vanquished,
Or make his peace, Egypt is doomed to be
A Roman province, and our plenteous harvests
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
Rivalled proud Rome (dominion's other seat),
And fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,
Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

Alex. Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,
Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish, perish,
Each by the other's sword ; but since our will
Is lamely followed by our power, we must
Depend on one, with him to rise or fall.

Ser. How stands the queen affected ?

Alex. Oh, she doats,
She doats, Serapion, on this vanquished man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins,
Whom, would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,
She might preserve us all : but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things : no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics ; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a gentleman of Antony's.

Ser. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But who's that stranger ? by his warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He is of no vulgar note.

Alex. Oh, 'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first sheaved Rome, that Parthia could be
conquered.

When Antony returned from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Ser. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony :
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt.
But let me witness to the worth I hate ;
A braver Roman never drew a sword :
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave :
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and musing counsels :
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true stamp'd Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes, I know not what, of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what is our present work.

[*They withdraw to a corner of the stage, and Ventidius, with the other, comes forward to the front.*]

Vent. Not see him, say you ?
I say I must, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Vent. I bring him news, will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Vent. Would he had never seen her !

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has
no use
Of any thing but thought ; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving ;

Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.
Sometimes he gnaws his lips, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, 'Take all!
The world's not worth my care.'

Vent. Just, just his nature.

Virtue is his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice, that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
But when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as man he did.
Because his other parts are more than man.
He must not thus be lost.

[*Alexas and the priests come forward.*

Alex. You have your full instructions; now
advance;

Proclaim your orders loudly.

Ser. Romans! Egyptians! hear the queen's
command.

Thus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!
Be this the general voice sent up to heaven,
And every public place repeat this echo.

Vent. Fine pageantry! [*Aside.*

Ser. Set out before your doors

The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crowned; with laurels wreath
your posts,
And strew with flowers the pavement; let the
priest

Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this ge-
neral joy!

Can they be friends to Antony, who revel
When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their mar-
bles,

To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love, which knows no bounds to An-
tony,
Would mark the day with honours; when all
Heaven

Labour'd for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb to watch that hour,
And shed his better influence: her own birth-day
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate,
That passed obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept
Divided far from his, till some remote
And future age had called it out to ruin
Some other prince, not him!

Alex. Your emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle than
To upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the
priest?

He knows him not his executioner.

Oh! she has decked his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing: she has left him
The blank of what he was.

I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmanned
him:

Can any Roman see and know him now,
Thus altered from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinewed, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And cramp'd within a corner of the world?
Oh, Antony!

Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature, next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst
thou give them,

As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle
As the first Romans, when they went to war,
Yet, after victory, more pitiful

Than all their praying virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more
shining virtues,

His truth to her, who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not!

But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arrived to end her charms.

Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trum-
pets.

You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your cowards' holiday in temples.

[*Exeunt Alex. Serap.*

Re-enter the Gentleman of Marc Antony.

2 *Gent.* The emperor approaches, and com-
mands,

On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.

[*Going out with the other.*

Vent. Well, I dare:

But I'll observe him first, unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll ven-
ture.

[*Withdraws.*

*Enter Antony, walking with a disturbed motion
before he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my birth-day; and I'll
keep it

With double pomp of sadness:

'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me
breath.

Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast down-
ward,

To be trod out by Cæsar?

Vent. [*Aside*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains

Now, Antony; wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.

Vent. [*Aside*] How sorrow shakes him!

So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down*] Lie there,
thou shadow of an emperor ;

The place, thou pressest on thy mother earth,
Is all thy empire now : now it contains thee ;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too
large,

When thou art contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes ; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar ;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more
of it.

Give me some music ; look, that it be sad.
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell
And burst myself with sighing— [*Soft music.*
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature ;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted
oak,

I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it :
My uncombed locks, matted like misletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face ; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot—

Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more ; it lulls my thoughts.

[*Soft music again.*
Vent. I must disturb him : I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*

Ant. [*Starting up*] Art thou Ventidius ?

Vent. Are you Antony ?

I'm liker what I was than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me !

Where have you learnt that answer ? Who
am I ?

Vent. My emperor ; the man I love next
heaven :

If I said more I think 'twere scarce a sin :
You're all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then ?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not ; but I dare not leave you ;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satis-
fied ?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew :
[*Weeping.*

I have not wept this forty years ; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes ;
I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By heaven he weeps ! Poor good old man,
he weeps !

The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop them, Venti-
dus,

Or I shall blush to death ; they set my shame,
That caused them, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of
friends ;

See, I have caught it too. Believe me 'tis not
For my own griefs but thine—Nay, father—

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor ! why that's the style of vic-
tory :

The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so ; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium ! Oh—

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by
day,

And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag, that rides my dreams—

Vent. Out with it ; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favourest me, and speakest not
half thou thinkest ;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly ;

But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled, while his soldiers fought ; fled first, Venti-
dus.

Thou longest to curse me, and I give thee leave ;
I know thou camest prepared to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ven-
tidus.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one ; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease ;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands ;
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs,
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains,

And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
 And turned her loose; yet still she came again.
 My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
 At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
 Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, sol-
 To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
 Who laboured to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
 Of what you have done, too conscious of your failings,

And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
 To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
 I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
 Cure your distempered mind, and heal your for-
 tunes.

Ant. I know thou wouldst.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
 Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think
 me desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
 Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
 And learned to scorn it here, which now I do
 So heartily, I think it is not worth
 The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so;

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
 You would be killed like Tully, would you?
 Do;

Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself, and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall
 serve;

But fortune calls upon us now to live,
 To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dreamest, Ventidius.

*I*nt. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away
 your hours

In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.

Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait
 you,

And long to call you chief: by painful journies
 I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
 Down from the Parthian marches of the Nile:
 'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
 Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands: there's
 virtue in them:

'They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
 Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring them hither;

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with
 promised aids

To double my despair? they are mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succour me? Oh trifle!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head them.

Ant. I'm besieged.

Vent. There's but one way shut up—How came
 I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire
 A better reason.

Ant. I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleo-
 patra.

Ant. What was it they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleo-
 patra:

Why should they fight indeed to make her con-
 quer,

And make you more a slave? to gain you king-
 doms,

Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
 You'll sell to her?—Then she new-names her
 jewels,

And calls this diamond such or such a tax;

Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free li-
 cence

On all my other faults, but, on your life,

No word of Cleopatra! she deserves

More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you powers!

To whom you have entrusted humankind;

See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,

And all weighed down by one light worthless
 woman!

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,

Like prodigals, this nether world away

To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to
 speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain inso-
 lence!

Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,

Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented

The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.

Oh that thou wert my equal, great in arms

As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,

Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me:

You have done more already, called me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For shewing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done? But had I
 been

That name, which I disdain to speak again,

I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,

Come to partake your fate, to die with you:
What hindered me to have led my conquering
eagles

To fill Octavia's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I have been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false,
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me,
sir,
Pray kill me: yet you need not; your unkind-
ness

Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince, but you,
Could merit that sincerity I used;
Nor durst another man have ventured it:
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race.
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;
So perfect, that the gods, who formed you, won-
dered

At their own skill, and cried, 'A lucky hit
Has mended our design!' Their envy hindered,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern.
When heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.

Ant. But Cleopatra—
Go on, for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but
thou mayest:
Thou only lovest, the rest have flattered me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for
that kind word!

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and
this. [*Embracing him.*]

Thy praises were unjust: but I'll deserve them,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory; thou knowest the way.

Vent. And will you leave this—

Ant. Prithee do not curse her,
And I will leave her, though heaven knows I
love

Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That is my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, 'Come, follow me.'

Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that
word

Octavius fell. Gods! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.

Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!

Vent. Again!

Ant. I have done; in that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what it is to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are most divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me! my soul's up in
arms,

And man's each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me,
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same! I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like time and Death, marching before our
troops,

May taste fate to them, mow them out a pas-
sage,

And, entering where the foremost squadrons
yield,

Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A grand Saloon.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn!
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me ere he went to
fight.

Flatter me not; if once he goes, he is lost,
And all my hopes destroyed.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?

Cleo. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen, to be besieged
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are
small,

For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius;
I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
I am fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

Iras. Call reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: my love's a noble mad-
ness,
Which shows the cause deserved it. Moderate
sorrow

Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;
But I have loved with such transcendent pas-
sion,

I soared at first quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it—No, I am proud
'Tis thus: would Antony could see me now!

Think you, he would not sigh? Though he
must leave me,
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natured,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well:
Ah no! I know him not: I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras*:
He once was mine, and once, though now it is
gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.

Alex. Think him inconstant, cruel, and un-
grateful.

Cleo. I cannot; if I could, those thoughts
were vain:

Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? Nay, do I live,
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I lived or died.

Char. I found him, madam—

Cleo. A long speech preparing!
If thou bringest comfort, haste and give it me,
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told
me so,
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies
To soften what he said: but give me death
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguised,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him then,
Uncompassed round, I think, with iron statues,
So mute, so motionless, his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And every leader's hopes and fears surveyed.
Methought he looked resolved, and yet not
pleased:

When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blushed, and bade make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet. [sage]

Char. Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my pas-
sage, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place. I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disordered;
I numbered in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I moved your pitiful request,
That you but only begged a last farewell,
He fetched an inward groan, and every time
I named you, sighed, as if his heart were break-
ing,

But shunned my eyes, and guiltily looked down.
He seemed not now that awful Antony,
Who shook an armed assembly with his nod,
But making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguised and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep, and was I worth a
tear?

If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you,
And therefore—

Cleo. Thou wouldst say he would not see me!

Char. And therefore begged you not to use a
power,

Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word

For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
Oh, that faint word respect! How I disdain it!
Disdain myself for loving after it!

He should have kept that word for cold Octavia;
Respect is for a wife. Am I that thing,
That dull insipid lump, without desires,
And without power to give them?

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through love, and that deludes your
sight,

As what is straight seems crooked through the
water;

But I, who bear my reason undisturbed,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his master's eyes; if you pursue him,
My life on it, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee—

Alex. By every circumstance I know he loves.
True, he is hard prest by interest and honour;
Yet he but doubts and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness, who declines the com-
bat;

And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? to my ears the message sounds,
'Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come!
Come, free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.'

[A march.

I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me,
But all, I fear, in vain. [Exit with Char. and Iras.]

Alex. I fear so too,
Though I concealed my thoughts to make her
bold;

But it is our utmost means, and fate befriend it.
[Withdraws. A march till all are on.]

*Enter Lictors with fasces, one bearing the Eagle;
then enter Antony and Ventidius, followed by
other Commanders.*

Ant. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
But holds from virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from cow-
ard.

Oh! 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Illyria once they said he did)

To storm a town, 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the world have fixed their eyes upon
him;

And then he lives on that for seven years after:
But at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard you challenged him.

Ant. I did, Ventidius:

What thinkest thou was his answer? 'twas so
tame

—He said, he had more ways than one to die,
I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one,
But he would chuse them all before that one.

Vent. He first would chuse an ague or a fever.

Ant. No, it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old age and a bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his choice;

He would live like a lamp to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
Oh, Hercules! why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of heaven? why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

Vent. You conquered for him;

Philippi knows it: there you shared with him
That empire, which your sword made all your
own.

Ant. Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.

Good heavens! is this, is this the man, who braves
me,

Who bids my age make way, drives me before
him

To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rub-
bish?

Vent. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mount-
ed all.

Ant. Then give the word to march:

I long to leave this prison of a town,
To join thy legions, and in open field
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer!

Enter Alexus.

Alex. Great emperor,

In mighty arms renowned above mankind,
But, in soft pity to the oppressed, a god,
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.

Vent. Smooth sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand
prayers,

Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent -

As many embraces to your arms,
As many dear parting kisses to your lips,
But those, she fears, have wearied you already.

Vent. [*Aside*] False crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would
not leave her;

That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,

And too presuming (for her low fortune and
your ebbing love);
That were a wish for her most prosperous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kind-
ness.

Ant. [*Aside*.] Well I must man it out—What
would the queen?

Alex. First to these noble warriors, who at-
tend

Your daring courage in the chase of fame.
(Too daring and too dangerous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness Actium.

Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears
him forward

With ardour, too heroic, on his foes;
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet,
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death;
Tell him this god is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,
Which, at your wished return, she will redeem.

[*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*]

With all the wealth of Egypt.

This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Vent. Tell her I'll none of it;
I am not ashamed of honest poverty:
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservedly be placed.

Ant. And who must wear them then?

Vent. The wronged Octavia.

Ant. You might have spared that word.

Vent. And she that bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;

Your slave, the queen——

Ant. My mistress.

Alex. Then your mistress.

Your mistress would, she says, have sent her
soul,

But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm.

[*Presenting a bracelet.*]

Vent. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I
ask you,

For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poisoned gifts,
Infected by the sender! touch them not!
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath them,
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Venti-
dus;

A lady's favours may be worn with honour.

What to refuse her bracelet! on my soul,

When I lie pensive in my tent alone,

'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights

To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love,
When—And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We soldiers are so awkward—help me to tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward

In these affairs; so are all men indeed;
But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it, can.

Vent. Hell! death! this eunuch pandar ruins you.

You will not see her? [*Alexas whispers an attendant, who goes out.*]

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have washed an Ethiop. You are undone!

You're in the toils! you're taken! you're destroyed!

Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Ant. You fear too soon:

I am constant to myself: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the deeps of Afric: I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.

A guest, and kindly used, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;

I formed the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near 'tis lessened.

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting!

Then we must part!

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made them: we have loved each other,

Into our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;

I have no friends in heaven; and all the world
(As 'twere the business of mankind to part us)
Is armed against my love; even you yourself
Join with the rest: you, you are armed against me.

Ant. I will be justified in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me,
If I mix a lie

With any truth, reproach me freely with it,
Else favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: he shows authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. Oh, heavens! I ruin you!

Ant. You promised me your silence, and you break it,

Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,
And were too young to know it. That I settled

Your father in his throne was for your sake;
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepped in, and, with a greedy hand,
Plucked the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,

Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was beside too great for me to rival;
But I deserved you first, though he enjoyed you.
When after I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardoned you.

Cleo. I cleared myself——

Ant. Again you break your promise!
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom, stained by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the business of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your shame to be it spoken!
[*Aside.*]

Ant. How I loved,

Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danced away with down upon your feet,
As all your business were to count my passion.
One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untired with loving.
I saw you every day, and all the day,
And every day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason, raised a war
In Italy, to call me back.

Vent. But yet
You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The world fell mouldering from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp; I thank your love for't.

Vent. Well pushed: that last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else not.

Your silence says I have not. Fulvia died:

(Pardon, you gods ! with my unkindness died.)
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister. In her pride of youth
And flower of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom, blushing, I must praise, although I left
her.

You called ; my love obeyed the fatal summons :
This raised the Roman arms ; the cause was yours.
I would have fought by land, where I was
stronger ;

You hindered it ; yet, when I fought by sea,
Forsook me fighting ; and—oh stain to honour !
Oh lasting shame ! I knew not that I fled,
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails !

And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caused :

And would you multiply more ruins on me ?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gathered up the shipwreck of my fortunes :
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watched the news, and bring
your eyes

To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. She stands confounded :

Despair is in her eyes. [*Aside.*

Vent. Now lay a sigh in the way to stop his passage ;

Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions :
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you,
my judge,
Already have condemned me ? Shall I bring
The love, you bore me, for my advocate ?
That now is turned against me, that destroys
me ;

For love, once past, is, at the best, forgotten,
But oftener sours to hate. It will please my
lord

To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty ;
But could I once have thought it would have
pleased you,

That you would pry with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched ! Speak, my
lord,

For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it ?

Ant. Oh, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desired
To accuse you more than what will clear my-
self,

And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you,
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem grieved

(And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
Enjoyed my love, though you deserved it bet-
ter ;

For had I first been yours, it would have saved
My second choice ; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar
first,

You say, possessed my love. Not so, my lord :
He first possessed my person, you my love :

Cæsar loved me, but I loved Antony :
If I endured him after, 'twas because
I judged it due to the first name of men ;
And, half constrained, I gave, as to a tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Vent. Oh, siren ! siren !

Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruined you ? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was designed. It is true I loved you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,
Such Fulvia was.

Yes ; but he'll say you left Octavia for me :
And can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert for worthless me ?
How often have I wished some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refused for you !

Vent. Words, words ! but Actium, sir, remem-
ber Actium !

Cleo. Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I
counselled

To fight at sea ; but I betrayed you not :
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear :
Would I had been a man not to have feared !
For none would then have envied me your friend-
ship,

Who envy me your love.

Ant. We are both unhappy :
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us,
Speak ! would you have me perish by my stay ?

Cleo. If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go ;
If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish—
'Tis a hard word—but stay. [*Love !*

Vent. See now the effects of her so boasted
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her ;
But could she 'scape without you, oh, how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind !

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.

[*Giving Antony a writing.*

Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had given me means.

Ant. By Hercules the writing of Octavius !
I know it well : 'tis that proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in murder—
See, see, Ventidius ! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a present,
So in requital she forsakes my fortunes,
And joins her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!

You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you!
Indeed I do! I have refused a kingdom,
That's a trifle;

For I could part with life, with any thing,
But only you. Oh let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you

'Tis all, that heaven can give.

Alex. He melts; we conquer.

[*Aside.*

Cleo. No, you shall go; your interest calls you
hence:

Yes, your dear interest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here— [*Takes his hand.*
Go, leave me, soldier,

(For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, 'She's dead!'
The soldiers shout. You then perhaps may
sigh,

And muster all your Roman gravity;
Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears
up,

As I had never been.

Ant. Gods! 'tis too much! too much for man
to bear!

Cleo. What is it for me then,

A weak forsaken woman and a lover?

Here let me breathe my last; envy me not

This minute in your arms! I'll die apace,

As fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.

Ant. Die!—rather let me perish, loosened
nature

Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heaven,
And fall the skies to crush the nether world!

My eyes! my soul! my all!— — [*Embraces her.*

Vent. And what's this toy,

In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?

Ant. What is it, Ventidius? it outweighs
them all.

Why, we have more than conquered Cæsar now;
My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.

This, this is she, who drags me down to ruin!

But, could she escape without me, with what
haste

Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wronged innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die than take it. Will you
go?

Ant. Go! whither? go from all that's excel-
lent!

Faith, honour, virtue, all good things, forbid
That I should go from her, who sets my love

Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods!

Give to your boy, your Cæsar,

This rattle of a globe to play withal,

This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;

I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full
of joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public, and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me
mad.

Vent. Oh women! women! women! all the
gods

Have not such power of doing good to man

As you of doing harm.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Our men are armed:

Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp;

I would revenge the treachery he meant me,

And long security makes conquest easy.

I'm eager to return before I go,

For all the pleasures I have known beat thick

On my remembrance. * * * *

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Alexas, and a
train of Egyptians, Antony and Romans; Cleo-
patra crowns Antony.*

Ant. I Thought how those white arms would
fold me in,

And strain me close and melt me into love:

So pleased with that sweet image I sprung for-
wards,

And added all my strength to every blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my
arms!

You have been too long away from my embraces;
But when I have you fast, and all my own,

With broken murmurs and with amorous sighs,
I'll say you are unkind, and punish you.

And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

Ant. My brighter Venus!

Cleo. Oh, my greater Mars!

Ant. Thou joinest us well, my love.

Suppose me come from the Phlegrean plains,

Where gasping giants lay cleft by my sword,

And mountain-tops par'd off each other blow

To bury those I slew; receive me, goddess!

Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets, like Vulcan;

In thy embraces I would be beheld

By heaven and earth at once,

And make their envy what they meant their
sport,

Let those, who took us, blush; I would
love on,

With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior god.

There's no satiety of love in thee;

Enjoyed, thou still art new; perpetual spring

Is in thy arms; the ripened fruit but falls,

And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,

And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius and stands apart.

Alex. Oh, now the danger's past, your general
comes;

He joins not in your joys, nor minds your tri-
umphs,

But with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Ant. Now, on my soul, he loves me, truly loves me;

He never flattered me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue: even this minute,
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence;
It checks too strong upon me. *Exeunt the rest.*

[*As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the robe.*]

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. 'Tis the old argument; I prithee spare me.

[*Looking back.*]

Vent. But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go

My robe, or by my father Hercules——

Vent. By Hercules' father—that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou seest we are observed; attend me here,

And I'll return.

[*Exit.*]

Vent. I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him;

I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin!
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid:
We have dislodged their troops.
They look on us at distance, and like curs,
'Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.

Vent. 'Tis well; and he
Who lost them could have spared ten thousand more:

Yet if by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms——

Ant. Oh, think not on it, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace!
His malice is considerate in advantage:
Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,
He kills and keeps his temper.

Vent. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Mecænas or Agrippa might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.

We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy love.

Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy farther pains.

Vent. Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard.
I know, sir, you have conquered against odds;
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,

And of Egyptians; he has all the world,
And at his beck nations come pouring in
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself to search

For foreign aids, to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a wide and barren place,
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends——

Yet I have one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women;
He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleased.

Vent. Him would I see, that man of all the world!

Just such a one we want.

Ant. He loved me too;

I was his soul; he lived not but in me:
We were so closed within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found, that joined us first,
That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost:
We were one mass: we could not give or take
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. He moves as I would wish him. [*Aside.*]

Ant. After this

I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.

Vent. He is now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he is no longer mine. He took unkindly,
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I feared he loved her. He confest
He had a warmth, which for my sake he stifled;
For 'twere impossible, that two, so one,
Should not have loved the same. When he de-
parted,

He took no leave, and that confirmed my thoughts.

Vent. It argues, that he loved you more than her,

Else he had staid; but he perceived you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend. I know he
loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him, then, ere now.

Vent. Perhaps

He has thus long been labouring for your peace.

Ant. Would he were here!

Vent. Would you believe he loved you?

I read your answer in your eyes, you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent

A messenger from Cæsar's camp with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and re-enters immediately with Dolabella.*]

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself! by holy friend-
ship!

Art thou returned at last, my better half!

Come, give me all myself!

Let me not live,

If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half so fond!

Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy

About a nobler work. She's new come home,
Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me,
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou findest me at my lowest watermark :
The rivers, that ran in, and raised my fortunes,
Are all dried up, or take another course :
What I have left is from my native spring ;
I have still a heart, that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my bahks.

Dol. Still you are lord of all the world to me.

Ant. Why then, I yet am so, for thou art all !
If I had any joy, when thou wert absent,
I grudged it to myself : methought I robbed
Thee of thy part. But oh, my Dolabella !
Thou hast beheld me other than I am—
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers filled
With scepter'd slaves, who waited to salute me ?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,
To worship my uprising ? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silenced in my presence, watched my eyes,
And, at my least command, all started out,
Like racers to the goal.

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now ; and what am I ?

Vent. What you have made yourself : I will
not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done ?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so : I must join with
him,

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide :
Why am I else your friend ?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraidest my love ! the queen has
eyes,

And thou too hast a soul ! Canst thou remember
When, swelled with hatred, thou beheldest her
first,

As accessory to thy brother's death ?

Dol. Spare my remembrance ! 'twas a guilty
day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself

For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
Her galley down the silver Sydnos rowed,
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold,
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails,
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were
placed,

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Dol. No more ! I would not hear it !

Ant. Oh, you must !

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like Cu-
pids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the
winds,

That played about her face ; but if she smiled,

A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object ! To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time, and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or some-
what more !

For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul ?
Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder ?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not,
That I accused her of my brother's death !

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for
yours ?

Mine was an age, when love might be excused,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing
youth

Made it a debt to nature : yours —

Vent. Speak boldly :

Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forced,
When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
When it went down, then they constrained the
course,

And robbed from nature to supply desire.

In you (I would not use so harsh a word)

'Tis but plain dotage.

Ant. Ha !

Dol. 'Twas urged too home.

But yet the loss was private that I made ;
'Twas but myself I lost ; I lost no legions ;
I had no world to lose, no people's love.

Ant. This from a friend ?

Dol. Yes, Antony, a true one ;

A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.
Oh ! judge me not less kind, because I chide.
To Cæsar I excuse you.

Ant. Oh, ye gods !

Have I then lived to be excused to Cæsar !

Dol. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal :

While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble ?

[yet he
Methinks thou shouldst not bring them else ;
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honour
Divided from his interest. Fate mistook him.
For Nature meant him for an usurer :

He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a
temper

To honourable terms ?

Ant. It was my Dolabella, or some god.

Dol. Not I, nor yet Mecænas nor Agrippa ;
They were your enemies, and I, a friend,
Too weak alone ; yet 'twas a Roman deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done. Show me
that man,

Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour ;

Let me but see his face !

Vent. That task is mine,
And heaven ! thou know'st how pleasing.

[*Exit Vent.*]

Dol. You'll remember,
To whom you stand obliged ?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.

Dol. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do it, The queen, my Dolabella !

Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever ?

Dol. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me my better stars, for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms to betray me ;
But she resisted all : and yet thou chidest me
For loving her too well. Could I do so ?

Dol. Yes ; there's my reason.

Re-enter Ventidius with Octavia, leading Antony's two little daughters.

Ant. Where—Octavia there ! [*Starting back.*]

Vent. What ! is she poison to you ? a disease ?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings :
Are they all strangers to your eyes ? has Nature
No secret call, no whisper, they are yours ?

Dol. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive them

With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet them, embrace them, bid them welcome to you.

Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,
To clasp them in ; your feet should turn to wings

To bear you to them ; and your eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach their lips.

Ant. I stood amazed to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for them ; I brought them in, unknown

To Cleopatra's guards.

Dol. Yet are you cold ?

Oct. Thus long have I attended for my welcome,

Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I ?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

Oct. That's unkind !

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know I had still remained in Cæsar's camp :
But your Octavia, your much injured wife,
Though banished from your bed, driven from your house,

In spite of Cæsar's sister still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer ;

But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride :

I come to claim you as my own, to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness.
Your hand, my lord ; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[*Taking his hand.*]

Vent. Do take it, thou deservest it.

Dol. On my soul,

And so she does. She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty ; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life.

Oct. Begged it, my lord !

Ant. Yes, begged it, my ambassadress ;
Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.

Oct. Poorly and basely I could never beg,
Nor could my brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could say,

Rise up and be a king, shall I fall down
And cry, 'Forgive me, Cæsar ?' Shall I set
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being ? No ; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dol. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you have all betrayed me—

My friend too ! to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me with her prayers and tears,

And now I must become her branded slave :
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave : if I but look awry,
She cries, 'I'll tell my brother.'

Oct. My hard fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes :
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free, free even from her you loathe ;
For though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours ; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled ;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march

To rule the east. I may be dropt at Athens ;
No matter where ; I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour !
Both scorn to be obliged.

Dol. Oh, she has touched him in the tenderest part :

See how he reddens with despite and shame,
To be outdone in generosity !

Vent. See how he winks ! how he dries up a tear

That fain would fall !

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise

The greatness of your soul,

But cannot yield to what you have proposed ;
For I can ne'er be conquered but by love,
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens ; was it not so ?

Oct. It was my lord.

Ant. Then I must be obliged
To one, who loves me not, who to herself
May call me thankless and ungrateful man.
I'll not endure it ; no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there. [virtue ?]

Oct. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's
That pride was all I had to bear me up,
That you might think you owed me for your life,
And owed it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injured, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man, who slights my bed.

Ant. Therefore, you love me not.

Oct. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me.

Oct. And therefore I should leave you—if I
could.

Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. Oh, Dolabella ! which way shall I turn ?
I find a secret yielding in my soul ;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left ? Pity pleads for Octavia,
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra ?

Vent. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia,
For Cleopatra neither.
One would be ruined with you, but she first
Had ruined you ; the other you have ruined,
And yet she would preserve you.

In every thing their merits are unequal.

Ant. Oh, my distracted soul !

Oct. Sweet heaven, compose it !

Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these ;
Are they not yours ? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine ? Go to him, children, go ;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to
him,

For you may speak, and he may own you too
Without a blush ; and so he cannot all
His children. Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad
woman :

You Agrippina, hang upon his arms,
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist ;
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, chil-
dren.

For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[Here the children go to him, &c.]

Vent. Was ever sight so moving ! Emperor !

Dol. Friend !

Oct. Husband !

Both child. Father !

Ant. I am vanquished : take me,
Octavia, take me, children, share me all.

[Embracing them.]

I have been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot from your stock ;
But all shall be amended.

Oct. Oh, blest hour !

Dol. Oh, happy change !

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue !
But it has found two channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.

Ant. [To *Oct.*] This is thy triumph : lead me
where thou wilt,
Even to thy brother's camp.

Oct. All there are yours.

Enter Alexus hastily.

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—

Ant. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this
night ;

To-morrow Cæsar and we are one.

[Exit, leading *Oct.* *Dol.* and the children follow.]

Vent. There is news for you ! Run, my offi-
cious eunuch !

Be sure to be the first ; haste forward ;

Haste, my dear eunuch, haste ! [Exit.]

Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-
skulled hero,

This blunt unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue, has outgone my wit.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and train.

Oh, madam ! I have seen what blasts my eyes ;
Octavia is here !

Cleo. Peace with thy raven's note !

I know it too, and now am in
The pangs of death.

Alex. You are no more a queen,
Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tellest thou me of Egypt !

My life, my soul is lost. Octavia has him !

Oh, fatal name to Cleopatra's love !

My kisses, my embraces, now are her's,

While I—But thou hast seen my rival ; speak,

Does she deserve this blessing ? is she fair ?

Bright as a goddess ? and is all perfection

Confined to her ? It is. Poor I was made

Of that coarse matter, which, when she was fi-
nished,

The gods threw by for rubbish.

Alex. She is indeed a very miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes, a miracle !

Alex. A miracle— [Bowing.]
I mean of goodness ; for in beauty, madam,
You make all wonder cease.

Cleo. I was too rash :

Take this in part of recompence. But oh !

I fear thou flatterest me. [Giving a ring.]

Char. She comes ! she's here !

Iras. Fly, madam ! Cæsar's sister !

Cleo. Were she the sister of the thunderer
Jove,

And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my rival.

Enter Octavia with Ventidius. Octavia bears up
to Cleopatra.

Oct. I need not ask, if you are Cleopatra ;
Your haughty carriage—

Cleo. Shews I am a queen.
Nor need I ask who you are.

Oct. A Roman;
A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.

Cleo. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.

Oct. He was a Roman, till he lost that name
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him hence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my lover's Juno!
When he grew weary of that household clog,
He chose my easier bonds.

Oct. I wonder not
Your bonds are easy; you have long been practised

In that lascivious art. He is not the first,
For whom you spread your snares; let Cæsar witness.

Cleo. I loved not Cæsar; it was but gratitude
I paid his love: the worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him

In my esteem, is he, whom law calls yours.
But whom his love made mine.

Oct. I would view nearer [*Coming up close to her.*]

That face, which has so long usurped my right,
To find the inevitable charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruined my dear lord.

Cleo. Oh, you do well to search; for had you known

But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.
Oct. Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,

Far from a modest wife. Shame of our sex!
Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments,

That make sin pleasing?

Cleo. You may blush you want them.
If bounteous nature, if indulgent heaven,
Have given me charms to please the bravest man,

Should I not thank them? should I be ashamed,
And not be proud? I am, that he has loved me;
And, when I love not him, heaven change this face

For one like that!

Oct. Thou lovest him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Oct. You do not, cannot: you have been his ruin.

Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?

At Actium who betrayed him? Cleopatra.

Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow?—only Cleopatra.

Cleo. Yet she, who loves him best, is Cleopatra.

If you have suffered, I have suffered more.
You bear the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it: the world contemns poor me,

For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And stained the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Oct. Be it so then; take thy wish.

[*Exit with Vent.*]

Cleo. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost, for whom I lived.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances
And swims before me in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were opposed, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn:
But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel
To ruin her, who else must ruin you.

Cleo. Vain promiser!
Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
And draw the curtains round,
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My fill of grief;
There I till death will his unkindness weep,
As harmless infants mourn themselves asleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Saloon.

Enter Antony and Dolabella.

Dol. Why would you shift it from yourself on me?

Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot;

I could pull out an eye and bid it go,
And the other should not weep. Oh, Dolabella!
How many deaths are in this word 'Depart!'
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of her's would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt, till I were lost again.

Dol. Then let Ventidius;
He's rough by nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly,
He'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.

Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood.—I should speak
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore, therefore
Thou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me,
And when thou speakest (but let it first be long),
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?

Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task. Farewell!

I sent her word to meet you.

[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*]

I forgot :

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine :
Her crown and dignity shall be preserved,
If I have power with Cæsar—Oh ! be sure
To think on that !

Dol. Fear not, I will remember.

[*Antony goes again to the door, and comes back.*

Ant. And tell her too, how much I was constrained ;

I did not this but with extremest force.

Desire her not to hate my memory,

For I'll still cherish hers—insist on that.

Dol. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all.

[*Goes out and returns again.*

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more ?

Tell her, though we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another love, [go,

The news would break my heart—Now I must

For every time I have returned, I feel

My soul more tender, and my next command

Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. [*Exit.*

Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth,

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,

And full as craving too, and full as vain ;

And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing,

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,

Works all her folly up, and casts it outward

To the world's open view. Thus I discovered,

And blamed the love of ruined Antony,

Yet wish, that I were he, to be so ruined.

Enter Ventidius above.

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself ! Concerned too !

Perhaps my guess is right : he loved her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dol. Oh, friendship ! friendship !

Ill canst thou answer this, reason worse :

Unfaithful in the attempt, hopeless to win,

And, if I win, undone. Mere madness all.

And yet the occasion fair. What injury

To him, to wear the robe, which he throws by ?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,

To ruin her yet more with Antony. [*Aside.*

Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas, Charmion, and Iras, on the other side.

Dol. She comes ! what charms have sorrow on that face !

Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness ;

Yet now and then a melancholy smile

Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,

And shows a moment's day.

Vent. If she should love him too ! Her eunuch there !

That porcupine bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,

Sweet devil ! that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me ; try

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and*

Iras, seems to talk with them.

To make him jealous ; jealousy is like
A polished glass, held to the lips, when life's in doubt :

If there be breath, 'twill catch the lamp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,

But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine ;

It puts out the disease, and makes it show,

But has no power to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too :

And then this Dolabella, who so fit

To practise on ? He's handsome, valiant, young,

And looks as he were laid for nature's bait

To catch weak women's eyes.

He stands already more than half suspected

Of loving you : the least kind word or glance,

You give this youth, will kindle him with love ;

Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,

You'll send him down again before the wind,

To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleo. Can I do this ? ah, no ! my love's so true,

That I can neither hide it, where it is,

Nor show it, where it is not. Nature meant me

A wife, a silly, harmless household dove,

Fond without art, and kind without deceit ;

But fortune, that has made a mistress of me,

Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
Of falsehood to be happy.

Alex. Force yourself ;

The event will be, your lover will return

Doubly desirous to possess the good,

Which once he feared to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it ;

But oh, with what regret !

[*Exit Alex. She comes up to Dolabella.*

Vent. So now the scene draws near ; they're
in my reach.

Cleo. to Dol. Discoursing with my women !

Might not I

Share in your entertainment ?

Char. You have been

The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How ! and how ?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty !

Cleo. Mere poetry :

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,

Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dol. Those Roman wits have never been in
Egypt.

Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung :

I, who have seen—had I been born a poet,

Should chuse a nobler name.

Cleo. You flatter me ;

But it is your nation's vice : all of your country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend is

like you ;

I am sure he sent you not to speak these words.

Dol. No madam ; yet he sent me—

Cleo. Well, he sent you—

Dol. On a less pleasing errand.

Cleo. How ! less pleasing ?

Less to yourself or me ?

Dol. Madam, to both ;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.

Hold up, my spirits ! [*Aside.*]—Well, now your mournful matter,

For I am prepared, perhaps can guess it too.

Dol. I wish you would, for 'tis a thankless office

To tell ill news ; and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate advances ! Woman ! woman !

Dear, damned unconstant sex !

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken ; is it not so ?

Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleo. Then pass it over, because it troubles you :

I should have been more grieved another time.
Next, I am to lose my kingdom—Farewell,
Egypt !

Yet is there any more ?

Dol. Madam, I fear

Your too deep sense of grief has turned your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I am not run mad ; I can bear fortune ;

And love may be expelled by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

Dol. —You overjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.

You have the worst : all are not false like him.

Cleo. No, heaven forbid they should.

Dol. Some men are constant.

Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that is certain.

Dol. Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough :

But how to manage this ! Well, I'll consider.

[*Exit.*]

Dol. I came prepared
To tell you heavy news ; now which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks
to hear ;

But you have met it with a cheerfulness,
That makes my task more easy ; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employed,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.

First tell me, were you chosen by my lord,
Or sought you this employment ?

Dol. He picked me out, and, as his bosom-
friend,

He charged me with his words.

Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth.
To mollify that rugged word 'Depart !'

Dol. Oh ! you mistake : he chose the harsh-
est words :

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coined his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake :
He heaved for vent, and burst, like bellowing
Etna,

In sounds scarce human, 'Hence, away for ever !'

'Let her begone, the blot of my renown,

'And bane of all my hopes !'

[*All the time of this speech Cleopatra seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.*]

'Let her be driven, as far as men can think,

'From man's commerce : she'll poison to the cen-
tre.'

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more ! [*Faints.*]

Dol. Help, help ! Oh wretch ! oh cursed, curs-
ed wretch !

Char. Help ! chafe her temples, Iras.

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heaven be praised,

She comes again !

Cleo. Oh, let him not reproach me !

Why have you brought me back to this loathed
being,

The abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injured love ! For pity let me go ;

For, if there be a place of long repose,

I am sure I want it. My disdainful lord

Can never break that quiet, nor awake

The sleeping soul with hollowing in my tomb

Such words as fright her hence. Unkind ! un-
kind !

Dol. Believe me 'tis against myself I speak ;

That sure deserves belief. I injured him ;
My friend ne'er spoke these words. Oh ! had

you seen

How often he came back, and every time

With something more obliging and more kind

To add to what he said ; what dear farewells,

How almost vanquished by his love he parted,

And leaned to what unwillingly he left :

I, traitor as I was, for love of you,

(But what can you not do, who made me false !)

I forged that lie, for whose forgiveness kneels

This self-accused, self-punished criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what
we wish !

Rise, Dolabella ; if you have been guilty,

I have contributed, and too much love

Has made me guilty too.

The advance of kindness, which I made, was
feigned,

To call back fleeting love by jealousy ;

But it would not last ! Oh ! rather let me lose,

Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dol. I find your breast fenced round from hu-
man reach,

Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,

Seen through, but never pierced. My friend,

my friend !

What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scattered, like an infant, in the ocean
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather
thence!

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear?
Like one, who wanders through long barren
wolds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
Is near to succour hunger,
Eats his fill before his painful march,
So would I feed a while my famished eyes
Before we part, for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.

Vent. From whence you may discover—Oh,
sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed! the pretty hand in earnest?

Dol. I will, for this reward: [*Takes her hand.*
—Draw it not back;
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

Oct. What quick eyes has guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observed them, and
go on.

They enter.

Dol. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?

Vent. No;

I sought him, but I heard, that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freed man.

Dol. Know you his business?

Vent. Giving him instructions
And letters to his brother, Cæsar.

Dol. Well,
He must be found. [*Exeunt Dolabella and Cleopatra.*

Oct. Most glorious impudence!

Vent. She looked, methought,
As she would say, 'Take your old man, Octavia;
'Thank you, I am better here.'

Well, but what use

Make we of this discovery?

Oct. Let it die.

Vent. I pity Dolabella! but she is dangerous;
Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms
To draw the moon from heaven; for eloquence
The sea-green Sirens taught her voice their
flattery;

And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmarked of those, that hear: then she's so
charming,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes: even I, who hate
her,

With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it. Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cured—But see, he comes—

2 s 2

I know this minute

With Cæsar he is endeavouring her peace.

Oct. You have prevailed—but for a farther
purpose [*Walks off.*

I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.

What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my
heart:

It must not, shall not be.

Vent. His guards appear.

Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter Antony.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking for you, my love.

What, are your letters ready? I have given
My last instructions.

Oct. Mine; my lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius! [*Drawing him aside.*

Vent. My lord?

Ant. A word in private.

When saw you Dolabella?

Vent. Now, my lord.

He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. Speak softly; 'twas by my command he
went,

To hear my last farewell.

Vent. It looked indeed

Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly—My farewell!

What secret meaning have you in these words,
Of 'my farewell!' He did it by my order.

Vent. Then he obeyed your order, I suppose.
[*Aloud.*

You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.

Ant. How she mourned!

The poor forsaken creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your
parting,

As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Ant. Thou dost belie her,

Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you: I have
done.

Oct. You seem disturbed, my lord. [*Coming up.*

Ant. A very trifle.

Retire, my love.

Vent. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent—

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it. [*Angrily.*

Oct. Then 'tis no trifle.

Vent. [*To Oct.*] 'Tis less; a very nothing:
you too saw it

As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes; she saw young Dolabella—

Ant. Young Dolabella!

Vent. Young? I think him young,

And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? he went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message,
For she received it graciously: She smiled;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,

Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;
She blushed, and sighed, and smiled, and blushed
again;

At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and leaned on
his,

At which he whispered kisses back on hers;
And then she cried aloud, 'that constancy
Should be rewarded!'—'This I saw and heard.

Ant. What woman was it, whom you heard
and saw

So playful with my friend?
Not Cleopatra?

Vent. Even she, my lord.

Ant. My Cleopatra!

Vent. Your Cleopatra,
Dolabella's Cleopatra,
Every man's Cleopatra.

Ant. 'Tis false.

Vent. I do not lie, my lord.

Is this so strange? should mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much used to lonely nights.

Ant. I'll think no more of it.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
You need not have gone this way, Octavia;
What harms it you, that Cleopatra's just?
She's mine no more. I see and I forgive;
Urge it no farther, love.

Oct. Are you concerned,
That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;

For, though 'tis past, I would not, that the world
Should tax my former choice; that I loved one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my age deserved, that you
should think

I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If heaven be true, she's false.

Ant. Though heaven and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From hell, to prove her so. Nay, go not back,
[Seeing *Alexas* just entering, and starting back.
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate,
speak truth.

You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,
Of her bed counsel, her lascivious hours,
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her as Chaldeans do the moon,
Can tell what signs she passes through what day.

Alex. My noble lord!

Vent. My most illustrious pandar!

No fine set speech, no cadence, no turned periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask:
I did myself o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella: speak, for I will know,
By your confession, what more passed betwixt
them,

How near the business draws to your employ-
ment,
And when the happy hour?

Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*; whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not. Justify
Thy injured queen from malice: dare his worst.

Oct. [*Aside.*] See how he gives him courage,
how he fears

To find her false, and shuts his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled!

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's
frailty,

Urged by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen
Stand even excused to you for loving him,
Who is your lord; so far from brave *Ventidius*
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well and truly spoken. Mark, *Ven-*
tidius.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong
passion

Stands not excused, but wholly justified.

Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,
To chuse where she would reign;
She thought a Roman only would deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;
And, to be less than wife to you, disdained
Their lawful passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet though love and your unmatch-
ed desert

Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,
At last heaven opened her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs, she offered fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurped:
The sad effects of this unprosperous war
Confirmed those pious thoughts.

Vent. [*Aside.*] Oh, wheel you there?

Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch;
The emperor has given thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dared to offend his
ears

With what the last necessity has urged
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say, her heart is wholly altered.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life! I charge thee,
dare not

Pronounce that fatal word!

Oct. Must I bear this? Good heaven! afford
me patience!

Vent. Oh, sweet eunuch! my dear half man,
proceed!

Alex. Yet Dolabella

Has loved her long; he, next my godlike lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his
passion,

Rejected, as she is, by him she loved——

Ant. Hence from my sight, for I can bear no
more!

Let furies drag thee quick to hell! each tortur-
ing hand

Do thou employ till Cleopatra comes,

Then join thou too, and help to torture her!

[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.*]

Oct. 'Tis not well!

Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To shew this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandoned, faithless prostitute.

Ant. Octavia, leave me! I am much disorder'd!

Leave me, I say!

Oct. My lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, madam; best withdraw a while,

And see how this will work.

Oct. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
That I am bid to leave you? am I false
Or infamous? am I a Cleopatra?

Were I she,

Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you,
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, Octavia! I am prest with sorrows,
Too heavy to be borne, and you add more!
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of man within, to aid me.

Oct. You would mourn

In private for your love, who has betrayed you.
You did but half return to me; your kindness
Lingered behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty; wondrous proofs
Of love to me!

Ant. Are you my friend, Ventidius?

Or are you turned a Dolabella too,
And let this fury loose?

Vent. Oh, be advised,
Sweet madam! and retire.

Oct. Yes, I will go, but never to return;
You shall no more be haunted with this fury.
My lord, my lord! love will not always last,
When urged with long unkindness and disdain.
Take her again, whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be called. Poor cozened man!
Let a feigned parting give her back your heart,
Which a feigned love first got; for injured me,
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferred,
And they shall cheer by turns my widowed
nights.

So take my last farewell! for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.

[*Exit.*]

Vent. I combat heaven, which blasts my best
designs!

My last attempt must be to win her back;

But oh! I fear in vain.

Ant. Was I framed with this plain honest heart,

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,

But bears its workings outward to the world?

I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forced a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood;
Octavia had believed it, and had staid.
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom, all my clearness scorned,
And all my faults exposed.—See, where he
comes,

Enter Dolabella.

Who has profaned the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness!

With how secure a brow and specious form
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty, but heaven mismatch'd it,
And furnished treason out with nature's pomp,
To make its work more easy.

Dol. O my friend!

Ant. Well, Dolabella, you performed my message?

Dol. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly!

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wished it.

Dol. Why!

Ant. Because you love me;
And she received my message with as true,
With as unfeigned a sorrow as you brought it?

Dol. She loves you even to madness.

Ant. Oh! I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this beauty, this all perfect creature?

Dol. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first

Persuaded me. How come you altered since?

Dol. I said at first I was not fit to go:
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,
But pity must prevail; and so perhaps
It may again with you; for I have promised,
That she should take her last farewell; and see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False Dolabella!

Dol. What's false, my lord?

Ant. Why, Dolabella's false,
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-joined wickedness, you
serpents,

Whom I have in my kindly bosom warmed,
Till I am stung to death!

Dol. My lord, have I

Deserved to be thus used?

Cleo. Can heaven prepare
A newer torment? can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?

Ant. Yes, if fate

Be just, much greater: Heaven should be ingenious

In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone
And gnawing vulture were slight pains, invented
When Jove was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripened sin
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods

To find an equal torture. Two, two such !
 Oh, there's no farther name ; two such to me,
 To me, who locked my soul within your breasts,
 Had no desires, no joys, no life but you ;
 When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
 In dowry with my heart : I had no use,
 No fruit, of all but you : a friend and mistress
 Was what the world could give. Oh, Cleopatra !
 Oh, Dolabella ! how could you betray
 This tender heart, which, with an infant fond-
 ness,

Lay lulled betwixt your bosoms, and there slept
 Secure of injured faith ?

Dol. If she has wronged you,
 Heaven, hell, and you, revenge it !

Ant. If she has wronged me !
 Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt : but swear
 Thou lovest not her.

Dol. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so ? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost
 not love her.

Dol. No more than friendship will allow.

Ant. No more !

Friendship allows thee nothing : thou art per-
 jured—

And yet thou didst not swear thou lovest her
 not ;

But not so much, no more. Oh, trifling hypo-
 crite !

Who durst not own to her thou dost not love,
 Nor own to me thou dost ! Ventidius heard it,
 Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are enemies.

Ant. Alexas is not so ; he, he confest it ;
 He, who next hell best knew it, he avowed it.
 Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself ?

[*To Dol.*

You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
 Returned to plead her stay.

Dol. What shall I answer ?

If to have loved be guilt, then I have sinned ;
 But if to have repented of that love
 Can wash away my crime, I have repented ;
 Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
 Let her not suffer : she is innocent.

Cleo. Ah, what will not a woman do, who
 loves !

What means will she refuse to keep that heart,
 Where all her joys are placed ! 'Twas I encour-
 aged,

'Twas I blew up the fire, that scorched his soul,
 To make you jealous, and by that regain you :
 But all in vain ; I could not counterfeit :
 In spite of all the dams, my love broke o'er,
 And drowned my heart again. Fate took the
 occasion,

And thus one minute's feigning has destroyed
 My whole life's truth.

Ant. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood,
 Seen and broke through at first.

Dol. Forgive your mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your friend.

Ant. You have convinced yourselves ;

You plead each other's cause. What witness
 have you,

That you but meant to raise my jealousy ?

Cleo. Ourselves and heaven.

Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt ! Hence love
 and friendship !

You have no longer place in human breasts ;
 These two have driven you out : avoid my sight !
 I would not kill the man, whom I have loved,
 And cannot hurt the woman ; but avoid me !
 I do not know how long I can be tame ;
 For, if I stay one minute more to think
 How I am wronged, my justice and revenge
 Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
 Will not be heard for either.

Dol. Heaven has but

Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
 To pardon erring man ; sweet mercy seems
 Its darling attribute, which limits justice,
 As if there were degrees in infinite,
 And infinite would rather want perfection,
 Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive

A foe, but not a mistress and a friend :
 Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
 Where trust is greatest ; and the soul resigned
 Is stabbed by its own guards. I'll hear no more :
 Hence from my sight for ever !

Cleo. How ? for ever !

I cannot go one moment from your sight,
 And must I go for ever ?

My joys, my only joys, are centred here :
 What place have I to go to ? my own kingdom ?
 That I have lost for you ; or to the Romans ?
 They hate me for your sake : or must I wander
 The wide world o'er, a helpless banished woman,
 Banished for love of you, banished from you ;
 Ay, there's the banishment ! Oh, hear me, hear
 me,

With strictest justice, for I beg no favour,
 And, if I have offended you, then kill me,
 But do not banish me !

Ant. I must not hear you ;

I have a fool within me takes your part,
 But honour stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me !

Would you cast off a slave, who followed you,
 Who crouched beneath your spurn ? He has no
 pity !

See, if he gives one tear to my departure,
 One look, one kind farewell : oh, iron heart !
 Let all the gods look down and judge betwixt us,
 If he did ever love !

Ant. No more. Alexas !

Dol. A perjured villain !

Ant. to *Cleo.* Your Alexas ! yours !

Cleo. Oh, 'twas his plot ; his ruinous design
 To engage you in my love by jealousy.
 Hear him ; confront him with me ; let him speak.

Ant. I have, I have.

Cleo. And if he clear me not—

Ant. Your creature ! one, who hangs upon
 your smiles,

Watches your eye, to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please. I am not to be moved.

Cleo. Then must we part? farewell, my cruel lord!

The appearance is against me; and I go,
Unjustified, for ever from your sight.
How I have loved, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know, myself:
I love you more, even now you are unkind,
Than when you loved me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against, but die pleased
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heaven! they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? that calls them innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think,
That I must not forgive —
Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so: live from each other's sight;
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth
And all the seas betwixt your sundered loves;
View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now all take several ways,
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore,
That you were false, and I could trust no more.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Temple.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Char. Be just, heaven! such virtue, punish-
ed thus,

Will make us think, that chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots,
Which man is forced to draw.

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes, that gained
his heart,
And had not power to keep it. Oh, the curse
Of doating on, even when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods! you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mocked, with imprecating vows.
Of promised faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me—

[*She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.*
But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choke this love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, oh, Alexas, help!
The queen grows desperate, her soul struggles
in her,

With all the agonies of love and rage,
And strives to force its passage.

Cleo. Let me go.

Art thou there, traitor!—Oh,
Oh for a little breath to vent my rage!
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it for my ill-timed truth.
Was it for me to prop
The ruins of a falling majesty,
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crushed and pounded into atoms,
By its overwhelming weight? 'Tis too presum-
ing

For subjects to preserve that wilful power,
Which courts its own destruction.

Cleo. I would reason

More calmly with you. Did you not o'errule
And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now what's the event? Octavia is removed;
But Cleopatra banished. Thou, thou villain,
Hast pushed my boat to open sea, to prove,
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I am lost too far; I am ruined:
Hence! thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil—
I can no more: thou and my griefs have sunk
Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some ship-wrecked seaman near
the shore,
Dropping and faint with climbing up the cliff,
If, from above, some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
To draw the other's weight, would he look back
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gained the
height.

Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banished.
Believe me, madam, Antony is yours:
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat, and covert,
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And listening for the sound, that calls it back.
Some other, any man, 'tis so advanced,
May perfect this unfinished work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou dost, else—

Alex. Else what your silence threatens—An-
tony
Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret
He stands surveying our Egyptian gallies
Engaged with Cæsar's fleet: now death or con-
quest!

If the first happen, fate acquits my promise:
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.

[*A distant shout within.*]

Char. Have comfort, madam: did you mark
that shout? [Second shout nearer.]

Iras. Hark! they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the port;
The loudness shows it near. Good news, kind
heavens!

Cleo. Osiris make it so!

Enter Serapion.

Ser. Where, where's the queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy coward stares!
As if not yet recovered of the assault,
When all his gods, and what's more dear to him,
His offerings, were at stake.

Ser. Oh, horror, horror!
Egypt has been; the latest hour is come.
The queen of nations from her ancient seat
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:
Time has unrolled her glories to the last,
And now closed up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain !

Say whence thou camest ! though Fate is in thy face,

Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speakest.

Ser. I came from Pharos,

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our land's last hope, your navy—

Cleo. Vanquished ?

Ser. No ;

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Ser. Nor that : I saw,

With Antony, your well-appointed fleet

Row out, and thrice he waved his hand on high,

And thrice, with cheerful cries, they shouted back :

'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,

About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,

With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,

And flatter to the last : the well-timed oars

Now dipped from every bark, now smoothly run

To meet the foe ; and soon indeed they met,

But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps

On either side thrown up : the Egyptian galleys,

Received like friends, past through, and fell behind

The Roman rear ; and now they all come forward,

And ride within the port.

Cleo. Enough, Serapion ;

I have heard my doom. This needed not, you gods !

When I lost Antony, your work was done.

'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my lord ?

How bears he this last blow ?

Ser. His fury cannot be expressed by words :

Thrice he attempted headlong to have fallen

Full on his foes, and aimed at Cæsar's galley :

Withheld, he raves on you, cries he's betrayed.

Should he now find you—

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,

Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

[ment,

Alex. You must not ; haste you to the monument
While I make speed to Cæsar.

Cleo. Cæsar ! no ;

I have no business with him.

Alex. I can work him.

To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleo. Base fawning wretch ! wouldst thou betray him too ?

Hence from my sight ! I will not hear a traitor :

'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.

Serapion, thou art honest ; counsel me :

But haste, each moment's precious.

Ser. Retire ; you must not see Antony.

He, who began this mischief,

'Tis just he tempt the danger : let him clear you ;

And since he offered you his servile tongue

To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,

Let him expose that fawning eloquence,

And speak to Antony.

Alex. Oh heavens ! I dare not :

I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deservest it.

Not that I fear my lord will I avoid him ;

I know him noble : when he banished me,

And thought me false, he scorned to take my life :

But I'll be justified, and then die with him.

Alex. Oh ! pity me, and let me follow you !

Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,

Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save,

While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.

[*Exeunt Cleo. Ser. Char. and Eras.*

Alex. Oh, that I less could fear to lose this being,

Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,

The more 'tis grasped the faster melts away.

Poor reason ! what a wretched aid art thou !

For still, in spite of thee,

These two long lovers, soul and body, dread

Their final separation. Let me think ;

What can I say to save myself from death ?

No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

Ant. Which way ? where ?

[*Within.*

Vent. This leads to the monument.

[*Within.*

Alex. Ah me ! I hear him : yet I'm unprepared :

My gift of lying's gone ;

And this court-devil, which I so oft have raised,

Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,

Yet cannot go far hence.

[*Exit.*

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. Oh, happy Cæsar ! thou hast men to lead.

Think not 'tis thou hast conquered Antony,

But Rome has conquered Egypt. I'm betrayed.

Vent. Curse on this treacherous train !

Their soil and heaven infect them all with baseness,

And their young souls come tainted to the world,

With the first breath they draw.

Ant. The original villain sure no god created ;

He was a bastard of the Sun by Nile ;

Aped into man with all his mother's mud

Crusted about his soul.

Vent. The nation is

One universal traitor, and their queen

The very spirit and extract of them all.

Ant. Is there yet left

A possibility of aid and valour ?

Is there one god unsworn to my destruction,

The least unmortgaged hope ? for, if there be,

Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate

Of such a boy as Cæsar.

The world's one half is yet in Antony,

And from each limb of it, that's hew'd away,

The soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain

Three legions in the town ; the last assault

Lopt off the rest. If death be your design,

As I must wish it now, these are sufficient

To make a heap about us of dead foes,

An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.

We'll not divide our stars, but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: so every death
Thou givest, I'll take on me as a just debt,
And pay thee back a soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word

Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you!
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shewn to all the ethereal crowd,
'Lo! this is he, who died with Antony!'

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through
all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting

To o'erleap this gulf of fate,
And leave our wandering destinies behind.

Enter Alexus, trembling.

Vent. See, see that villain!

See Cleopatra stamp'd upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!

How he has set his countenance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks!

Let me dispatch him first. [*Drawing.*

Alex. Oh, spare me, spare me!

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,
(Which thou mayest keep, because I scorn to take it)

No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone

Where she shall never be molested more,
By love or you.

Ant. Fled to her Dolabella!

Die, traitor! I revoke my promise; die!

[*Going to kill him.*

Alex. Oh, hold; she is not fled.

Ant. She is; my eyes

Are open to her falsehood. My whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant roused
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ungrateful woman!
Who followed me but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake;
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. Think not so;

Her fortunes have in all things mixed with yours:
Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar;
Secure by such a bribe?

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain,
Else would she have appeared to clear herself.

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Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accused by you, but shut herself
Within her monument, looked down and sighed,
While from her unchanged face the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their
parting,

Some undistinguished words she inly murmur-
ed;

At last she raised her eyes, and with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast——

Ant. My heart forebodes——

Vent. All for the best. Go on.

Alex. She snatched her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plunged it within her breast; then turned to
me;

'Go, bear my lord,' said she, 'my last farewell,
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.'

More she was saying, but death rushed betwixt.
She half pronounced your name with her last
breath,

And buried half within her.

Vent. Heaven be praised!

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear
love!

And art thou dead?

Oh, those two words! their sound should be di-
vided.

Hadst thou been false and died, or hadst thou
lived

And hadst been true—But innocence and death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I?
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so
horrid

As can express my guilt!

Vent. Is it come to this? The gods have been
too gracious,

And thus you thank them for it.

Ant. [*To Alex.*] Why stay'st thou here?

Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence!
Thou art not worthy to behold what now
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.

Alex. He loves her still; [*Aside.*
His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
She's yet alive completes the reconciliation:
I have saved myself and her. But oh! the Ro-
mans!

Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

Vent. Would she had died a little sooner
though,

Before Octavia went; you might have treated;
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be receiv-
ed.

Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm to-
gether.

Ant. I will not fight; there's no more work
for war;

The business of my angry hours is done.

Vent. Cæsar is at your gate.

Ant. Why, let him enter:
He's welcome now.

Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free myself from bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will, but not by fighting. Oh, Ventidius,

What should I fight for now? my queen is dead:
I was but great for her: my power, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love,
And conquered kings my factors. Now she's
dead,

Let Cæsar take the world—
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my strife: my being's
nauseous,

For all the bribes of life are gone away.

Vent. Would you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I would be taken;

But as a Roman ought; dead, my Ventidius—
For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach.
And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
Should have a lord, and know, whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk
Alone upon it: I'm weary of my part.
My torch is out, and the world stands before me
Like a black desert at the approach of night:
I'll lay me down and stray no farther on.

Vent. I could be grieved,
But that I'll not outlive you. Chuse your death,
For I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better grace,
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and
wound

The hunters, that enclose us.

Ant. I have thought on it;

Ventidius, you must live.

Vent. I must not, sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live to speak some good
of me?

To stand by my fair fame, and guard the ap-
proaches

From the ill tongues of men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine

For living after you?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Vent. If we die well, our deaths will speak
themselves,

And need no living witness.

Ant. Thou hast loved me,

And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death,
To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Vent. Thank your kindness!

You said I loved you, and in recompense
You bid me turn a traitor! Did I think

You would have used me thus! that I should
die

With a hard thought of you!

Ant. Forgive me, Roman.

Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death.

My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,

But lets my thoughts break all at random out.

I have thought better; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By heaven I will not!

Let it not be to outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first,

And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.

Vent. Give me your hand—

We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, em-
peror! [*Embrace.*]

Method that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell,
friend!

That's all—

I will not make a business of a trifle—

And yet I cannot look on you and kill you:

Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do: strike home; be sure.

Vent. Home as my sword will reach.

[*Kills himself.*]

Ant. Oh, thou mistakest!

That wound was none of thine; give it me back:
Thou robbest me of my death.

Vent. I do indeed;

But think, 'tis the first time I e'er deceived you,

If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods!

Forgive me; if you will: for I die perjured.

Rather than kill my friend. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Farewell! ever my leader, even in
death!

My queen and thou have got the start of me,

And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!

Is death no more! He used him carelessly,

With a familiar kindness; ere he knocked,

Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,

As who should say, you're welcome at all hours,

A friend need give no warning—Books had
spoiled him,

For all the learned are cowards by profession.

'Tis not worth

My further thought; for death, for aught I know

Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.

[*Falls on his sword.*]

I have missed my heart—Oh, unperforming
hand!

Thou never couldst have erred in a worse time.

My fortune jades me to the last; and death,

Like a great man, takes state, and makes me
wait

For my admittance—

[*Trampling within.*]

Some, perhaps, from Cæsar!

If he should find me living, and suspect,

That I played booty with my life! I'll mend

My work ere they can reach me.

[*Rises upon his knees.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Irus.

Cleo. Where is my lord? where is he?

Char. There he lies,
And dead Ventidius by him.

Cleo. My fears were prophets ! I am come too late !

Oh, that accursed Alexas ! [*Runs to him.*

Ant. Art thou living ?

Or am I dead before I knew, and thou

The first kind ghost, that meets me ?

Cleo. Help me seat him !

Send quickly, send for help !

[*They place him in a chair.*

Ant. I am answered :

We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra !

I'll make the most I can of life, to stay

A moment more with thee.

Cleo. How is it with you ?

Ant. 'Tis, as with a man

Removing in a hurry ; all packed up

But one dear jewel, that his haste forgot,

And he for that returns upon the spur ;

So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, ye heavens ! you have been cruel to me !

Oh, now be kind, and give me back

His fleeting life !

Ant. It will not be, my love !

I keep my soul by force.

Say but thou art not false !

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

To say I'm true ; I'll prove it and die with you.

Unknown to me Alexas feigned my death,

Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent

This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed

Both you and me.

Ant. And Dolabella—

Cleo. Scarce esteemed before he loved, but hated now.

Ant. Enough ! my life's not long enough for more.

Thou say'st, thou wilt come after : I believe thee ;

For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,

That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come ;

Doubt not, my life ! I'll come, and quickly too !

Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stayest,

My last disastrous times !

Think we have had a clear and glorious day,

And heaven did kindly to delay the storm,

Just till our close of evening. Ten years love,

And not a moment lost, but all improved

To the utmost joys ! What ages have we lived !

And now to die each other's ! and so dying,

While hand in hand we walk in groves below,

Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,

And all the train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,

Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours

For your unkindness, and not one for love !

2 T 2

Ant. No, not a minute—this one kiss—more worth

Than all I leave to Cæsar.—

[*Dies.*

Cleo. Oh, tell me so again !

And take ten thousand kisses for that word—

My lord ! my lord ! speak if you yet have being !

Sign to me if you cannot speak ! or cast

One look ! do any thing, that shows you live !

Iras. He is gone too far to hear you,

And this, you see, a lump of senseless clay,

The leavings of a soul.

Char. Remember, madam,

He charged you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.

I have not loved a Roman not to know

What should become his wife—his wife, my

Charmion !

For 'tis to that high title I aspire ;

And now I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia

Survive, to mourn him dead : my noble fate

Shall knit our spousals with a tie too strong

For Roman laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die ?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question ?

Fly both, and bring the cure of all our ills.

Iras. Cæsar is merciful.—

Cleo. Let him be so

To those, that want his mercy. My poor lord

Made no such covenant with him to spare me,

When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride !

What ! to be led in triumph through the streets,

A spectacle to base plebeian eyes,

While some dejected friend of Antony's,

Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters

A secret curse on her, who ruined him !

I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,

I'll follow, even to death.

Iras. I only feared

For you, but more should fear to live without you.

Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick

my friends,

Dispatch ! ere this the town's in Cæsar's hands :

My lord looks down concerned, and fears my

stay,

Lest I should be surprised :

Keep him not waiting for his love too long.

You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest

jewels ;

With them the wreath of victory I made

(Vain augury !) for him, who now lies dead :

You *Iras*, bring the cure of all our ills.

Iras. The aspicks, inadam ?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice ?

[*Ex. Char. and Iras.*

'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,

To rush into the dark abode of death

And seize him first ! If he be like my love,

He is not frightful sure !

We are now alone, in secrecy and silence,

And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale cold lips—Octavia does not see me;
And oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms!—O welcome, wel-
come!

Enter Charmion and Iras, with the aspicks, &c.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him. Only thou
Couldst triumph o'er thyself, and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet
my love,

As when I saw him first on Cydno's bank,
All sparkling like a goddess, so adorned,
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste
both,

And dress the bride of Antony!

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now set me by my lord; I claim this
place,

For I must conquer Cæsar, too, like him,
And win my share of the world. Hail, you dear
relics

Of my immortal love!

Oh, let no impious hand remove you hence,
But rest for ever here! let Egypt give
His death that peace, which it denied his life!
Reach me the casket.

Iras. Underneath the fruit the aspicks lies.

Cleo. Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

[Putting aside the leaves.]

Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steals us from ourselves, discharging so
Death's dreadful office better than himself,
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceived by his own
image,

And thinks himself but sleep.

Ser. The queen, where is she? *[Within.]*
The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

Cleo. He comes too late to invade the rights
of death.

Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's
fury.

[Holds out her arm, and draws it back.]

Coward flesh—

Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to
do.

And not be sent by him,

And bring myself, my soul, to Antony.

[Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.]
Take hence: the work is done!

Ser. Break ope the door, *[Within.]*

And guard the traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, Charmion, to be worthy
Of our great queen and mistress.

[They apply the aspicks.]

Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins;
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head: my eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanished in a mist!
Where shall I find him, where? oh! turn me
to him,

And lay me on his breast!—Cæsar, thy worst!
Now part us if thou canst.

[Dies.]

*[Iras sinks down at her feet and dies, Charmion
stands behind her chair as dressing her head.]*

*Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas, bound, and
Egyptians.*

2 *Priest.* Behold, Serapion, what havoc death
has made!

Ser. 'Twas what I feared.
Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen,
the last
Of her great race. I follow her.

[Sinks down. Dies.]

Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: much better thus to die,
Than live to make a holiday in Rome.

Ser. See how the lovers lie in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind!
The impression of a smile, left in her face,
Shows she died pleased with him, for whom she
lived,

And went to charm him in another world.
Cæsar's just entering; grief has now no leisure.
Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
To grace the imperial triumph. Sleep, blest
pair!

Secure from human chance, long ages out,
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb:
And fame to late posterity shall tell,
No lovers lived so great, or died so well.

[Exeunt omnes.]

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

Born 1637.—Died 1706.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD, ON HIS INCOMPARABLE,
INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM, CALLED "THE BRI-
TISH PRINCES."

COME ON, ye Critics, find one fault who dares;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when't begins to pall
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,

But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed ;
On what else should thy worm of fauce feed ?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel's gone.
This simile shall stand in thy defence,
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write
sense.

The style's the same, whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all ment to phlegm :
They lie, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in
carrion.

Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly :
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.

As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those that cannot swim at all ;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural parts, }
And with acquir'd dulness and new arts }
Of study'd nonsense, tak'st kind readers hearts }
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear }
Such loud complaints 'gainst Criticos to prefer, }
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller ; }
Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write :
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite ?

SONG,

*Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the
night before the Engagement.*

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite ;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write ;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day..
With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Then e'er they us'd of old :
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story ;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree ;
For what resistance can they find
From men, who've left their hearts behind !
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main ;
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play :
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note ;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote ;
Think how often love we've made
To you when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress ;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears ;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

KNOTTING.

At noon, in a sunshiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade:

Each slender finger play'd its part,
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her favourite swain, by chance, came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball:
But straight gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap;
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.
She sigh'd, and could endure no more.
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust you with my flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing trade;

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me, mistaken maid.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Born 1676.—Died 1708.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

"Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,

To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry
tale,

Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom gripping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size.
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may
vie

With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweet bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd;
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him
stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)

* Two noted ale-houses in Oxford, 1700.

To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware ye debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
The catiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant, some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue :
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils ;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Per-u des men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of
wood ;

Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drunk, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure.
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay ;
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
My Galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds

Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronan waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks !)
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd
oak,

So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
The mariners ; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
they pray :
(Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

THOMAS PARNELL.

Born 1679.—Died 1717.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from men, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by
sight,

To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,

And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my son, the reverend sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
pass,

Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of
grass.

It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's
home:

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate,
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they
go;

And, but the landord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
fear;

So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,

Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimbling lightning mix'd with flowers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
Already warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within him-self he cry'd,
Look the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And prind proudly with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas their a vice and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky }
Again the wanderers want a place to lie, }
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with
prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,

Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,

He bursts the hands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

'Tis loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

2 u

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guest to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God:

(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,

And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place:
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pri
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe

The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire :
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves,
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, thy life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away) ;
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great ;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

• Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground !)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I !
They view me like the last of things ;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God :
A port of calma, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe ;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste :
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !
Sweet delight of human kind !
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head ;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease !
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love ; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought ; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground :
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below ;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear !
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd :
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will
Bid thy wild passions all be still,

Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow :
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy :
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer ;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone :
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight ;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song :
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me :
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes ;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Born 1673.—Died 1718.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Sciolto, a nobleman of Genoa.
Altamont, a young lord in love with *Calista*.
Horatio, his friend.
Lothario, a young lord, and enemy to *Altamont*.
Rossano, his friend.

Women.

Calista, daughter to *Sciolto*.
Lavinia, sister to *Altamont*, and wife to *Horatio*.
Lucinda, confidant to *Calista*.

SCENE.—*Sciolto's palace and garden, with some part of the street near it, in Genoa.*

ACT I.

Alt. Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it :
Let it be marked for triumphs and rejoicings ;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chuse it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
This happy day, that gives me my *Calista* !

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Hor. Yes, *Altamont* ; to-day thy better stars
Are joined to shed their kindest influence on thee ;

Sciolto's noble hand, that raised thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes it's bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms ;
Before that country, which he long had served,
In watchful councils, and in winter-camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,

And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. Oh, great *Sciolto* ! Oh, my more than father !

Let me not live, but at thy very name,
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee——
Forget ! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the seasons,
The night's unwholesome dew, and noon-day's heat,

To be the scorn of earth and curse of heaven !

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reached even me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I loved, thy noble father,
Bequeathed thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me *Sciolto's son* ;
He called us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
Indulged us in his wealth, blessed us with plenty,
Healed all our cares, and sweetened love itself.

Alt. By Heaven, he found my fortunes so abandoned,

That nothing but a miracle could raise them :
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripped him bare, not left him even a grave.
Undone myself and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,

But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldst, thou didst,
And didst it like a son ; when his hard creditors,
Urged and assisted by *Lothario's* father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of thy greatness)
By sentence of the cruel law forbid
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones ;
With piety uncommon didst give up
Thy hopeful youth to slaves, who ne'er knew mercy,

Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are, like fiends, the factors of destruction.
Heaven, who beheld the pious act, approved it,
And bade *Sciolto's* bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,

The man who saved my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty!
Enter Sciolto; he runs to Altamont, and embraces him.

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
Joy to this happy morn that makes thee mine;
That kindly grants what nature had denied me,
And makes me father of a son like thee!

Alt. My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;
Shew every tender, every grateful thought,
This wondrous goodness stirs. But it is impos-
sible,

And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

Sci. It is enough; I know thee, thou art ho-
nest;
Goodness innate, and worth hereditary,
Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy youth.

Alt. Thus Heaven from nothing raised his faint
creation.

And then, with wondrous joy, beheld its beauty.
Well pleased to see the excellence he gave.

Sci. O, noble youth! I swear, since first I
knew thee,

Even from that day of sorrows when I saw thee,
Adorned and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down, and sealed thee for my own:
Thou art my son, even near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine;

[*Embraces Horatio.*
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride even chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's
haste.

Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought
of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The wind, with all their wings, would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For Oh, my father!

Amidst the stream of joy that hears me on,
Blest as I am, and honoured in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my son?

Alt. When at your intercession,
Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
Just ere we parted, as I sealed my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;

A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,
And then she sighed, as if her heart were break-
ing.

With all the tenderest eloquence of love,
I begged to be a sharer in her grief:

But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze
me,

Sadly replied, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

Sci. Away! it is the cozenage of their sex;
One of the common arts they practise on us:
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat
high

With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women.

The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When blushing, from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lothario and Rossano.

Loth. The father, and the husband!

Ros. Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Loth. I care not if they did;
Ere long I mean to meet them face to face,
And gall them with my triumph o'er Calista.

Ros. You lov'd her once.

Loth. I liked her, would have married her,
But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband:
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine!

Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her fa-
ther?

Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me
hearing;

Till, by long listening to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Ros. I have heard you oft describe her, haugh-
ty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain: it moves my won-
der,

That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear then, I will tell thee:
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When every eye was closed, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Ros. That minute sure was lucky.

Loth. Oh, it was great!
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, untattled, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her ho-
nour,

Were charmed to rest, and love alone was wak-
ing.

Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.

I snatched the glorious golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour pressed her,
Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Even all the live-long night we passed in bliss,

In ecstasies too fierce to last for ever ;
At length the morn and cold indifference came ;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Ros. You saw her soon again ?

Loth. Too soon I saw her :

For, Oh ! that meeting was not like the former :
I found my heart beat high no more with trans-
port,

No more I sighed, and languished for enjoyment ;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady ?

Loth. With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sighed, and swore
She was undone ; talked of a priest, and mar-
riage ;

Of flying with me from her father's power ;
Called every saint, and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you ?

Loth. None ; but pretending sudden pain and
illness,

Escaped the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urged and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with dis-
traction,

With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of wilful woman, labouring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmoved, I begged her spare the ungrateful sub-
ject,

Since I resolved, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain ;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend !
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.

Ros. How bore she this reply ?

Loth. Even as the earth,
When, winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
Shaking the mass, she labours with destruction.
At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words ;
But when the storm found way, it was wild and
loud.

Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swelled her breast,
Enlarged her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffered,
She called me villain ! monster ! base betrayer !
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vowed severely never to see me more ;
Then bid me fly that minute : I obeyed,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.

Ros. She has relented since, else why this
message

To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning ?

Loth. See the person whom you named !

Enter Lucilla.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of ?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message ?
Is your fair mistress calmer ! Does she soften ?
And must we love again ? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to the agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my lord ! Have you
put off

All sense of human nature ? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim
you,

And judge you to be numbered with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou hast learned to rail.

Luc. I have learned to weep :

That lesson my sad mistress often gives me :
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world ;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast ;
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario !

Loth. Oh, no more !

I swear thou wilt spoil thy pretty face with cry-
ing,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy for-
tune :

Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What ! shall I sell my innocence and
youth,

For wealth or titles, to perfidious man !
To man who makes his mirth of our undoing !
The base, profest betrayer of our sex !
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista !

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her be-
half ?

I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. Read there, my lord, there, in her own
sad lines, [Giving a letter.

Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives
her.

[*Loth. reads.*]—' Your cruelty—Obedience to
my father—Give my hand to Altamont.'

By heaven it is well ! such ever be the gifts,
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.

[*Aside.*

But to go on !

' Wish—heart—honour—too faithless—

Weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista.'

Women, I see, can change as well as men.

She writes me here, forsaken as I am,

That I should bind my brow with mournful wil-
low,

For she has given her hand to Altamont :

Yet tell the fair inconstant——

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,

The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;

If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks;
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph:
And, though you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.

He must not see me here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love

My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail
her.

[*Lothario putting up the letter hastily,
drops it as he goes out.*]

[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano one way, and
Lucilla another.*]

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Sure it is the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seemed conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started, and retired.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Protest and deadly hate—What paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Ha! To Lothario!—'s death! Calista's name!

[*Opening it.*]

Confusion and misfortunes!

'Your cruelty has at length determined me,
and I have resolved this morning to yield a perfect
obedience to my father, and to give my hand to
Altamont, in spite of my weakness for the false
Lothario. I could almost wish I had that heart
and that honour to bestow with it, which you have
robbed me of:

Damnation! to the rest—

[*Reads again.*]

'But, Oh! I fear, could I retrieve them, I should
again be undone by the too faithless, yet too
lovely Lothario. This is the last weakness of
my pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in
which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall
conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me
see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall
meet with from

'The lost CALISTA.'

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, Oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorned by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.
Perhaps even now he gazes fondly on her,
And, thinking soul and body both alike,

Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heaven!
Then sighing, to his every care speaks peace,
And bids his heart be satisfied with happiness.
Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about
thee

With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
Even then her hot imagination wanders,
Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love;
And whilst she clasps thee close, makes thee a
monster!

What if I give this paper to her father?

It follows, that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow! hard return
For all the good his hand has heaped upon us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought—

Enter Lavinia.

Luc. My lord!

Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.
Where are you sick? Is it your head? your
heart?

Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Soothe you to rest, and soften all your pains.

Hor. It were unjust—No, let me spare my
friend,

Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav. What means my lord?

Hor. Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?

Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me
suffer.

Why are you pale? Why did you start and
tremble?

Whence is that sigh? and wherefore are your
eyes

Severely raised to Heaven! The sick man thus
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And, with confusion, thinks upon his exit.

Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness
quite;

These pangs are of the soul. Would I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you
from me?

Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
And swear I was Horatio's better half.
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
Witness, ye holy powers who know my truth,
There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
Nothing so very hard, but I could bear it,
Much rather than my love should treat me coldly,
And use me like a stranger to his heart.

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from
all,

But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Aught that was joyful, fortunate, or good,

But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee :
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee
pain ?

Then spare me, I conjure thee ; ask no further ;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let them brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough ; chide not, and all is well !
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask to weep out part of your misfortunes :
I would not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my loved lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day ;
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont ;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Even now the jocund bridegroom waits your
wishes ;

He thinks the priest has but half blessed his marriage,

Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

Hor. Oh, never, never, never ! Thou art innocent :

Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever ;
But there are such, such false ones, in the
world,

'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement,
To hear their story told.

Lav. False ones, my lord !

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires, inhabit ;

But all that gaze upon them are undone ;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for, is variety :
One lover to another still succeeds.

Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former ;
Till, having loved his hour out, he gives
place,

And mingles with the herd that went before him.

Lav. Can there be such, and have they peace
of mind ?

Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour ? If women are such things,
How was I formed so different from my sex ?
My little heart is satisfied with you ;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,

Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guests,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself,

Hor. Oh ! were they all like thee, men would
adore them,

And all the business of their lives be loving ;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of
peace,

And all domestic cares and quarrels cease ;
The world should learn to love by virtuous
rules,

And marriage be no more the jest of fools.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter Calista and Lucilla.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy !
If thou wilt soothe me, tell me some dismal tale
Of pining discontent, and black despair ;
For, oh ! I've gone around through all my
thoughts,

But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever !

Luc. Why do you follow still that wandering
fire,

That has misled your weary steps, and leaves
you

Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario ? Turn from the deceiver ;
Turn, and behold were gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village swain,
That never knew the courtly vice of changing,
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

Cal. Away ! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find ;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens, and birds ill-omened, only dwell :
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That, bubbling, winds among the weeds : no
mark

Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out, to despair and die in !

Luc. Alas, for pity !

Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from
shame !

For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour :
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools ! Scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men ! Oh, insupportable !

Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,

The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, though conscious of the danger ?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature !
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat
you,

Never to see this faithless man again ;
Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life

I charge thee no : my genius drives me on ;
I must, I will behold him once again :
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.

My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden ; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again :

Luc. Trust not to that :

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls :
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show-
ers,

It swells in haste, and falls again as soon ;
Still, as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.

Cal. I have been wronged enough to arm my
temper

Against the smooth delusion ; but alas !
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity
me)

A woman's softness hangs about me still :
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

Luc. Ye sacred powers, whose gracious provi-
dence

Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and
flatteries !

Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin
me,

And fatal love may never be my bane ! [*Exit.*]

Cal. Ha, Altamont ! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's access with dissembling :
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Begone, my cares, I give you to the
winds,

Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont ;
For from this sacred æra of my love,
A better order of succeeding days
Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all.
Calista is the mistress of the year ;

She crowns the season with auspicious beauty,
And bids even all my hours be good and joyful.

Cal. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh ! wherefore did I play the unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort !

Alt. Oh, mighty Love ! Shall that fair face
profane

This thy great festival with frowns and sadness !
I swear it shall not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a trans-
port.

That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.

Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,

Such hearts as ours were never paired above :
Ill-suited to each other ; joined, not matched ;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,

Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Even this day,
That fills thee with such ecstasy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me
bless it,

Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happi-
ness,

To know none fair, none excellent but thee :
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
Through every season, every change of life,
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and
misfortune,

Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy.

Cal. 'Tis the day

In which my father gave my hand to Altamont ;
As such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter Sciolto, Horatio, and Lavinia.

Scio. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no
pause,

But fill up every minute of this day !
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves ;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay ;
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music ; let the master touch
The sprightly string, and softly-breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouse every gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to loose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
Begin ; even age itself is cheered with music ;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into trans-
port. [*Music.*]

SONG.

*Ah, stay ! ah, turn ! ah, whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentless maid ?
I follow, not to conquer, but to die ;
You of the fearful are afraid.
In vain I call ; for she, like fleeting air,
When pressed by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind.*

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all wel-
come ;

All who rejoice with me to-day are friends :
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth ;
The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise ;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh, grant ye powers, that I may see these happy,

[*Pointing to Alt. and Cal.*]

Completely blest, and I have life enough ;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*]

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forged; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, even now, I marked the starts of guilt
That shook her soul; though damned dissimulation
Screened her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
Oh, false appearance! What is all our sovereignty,
Our boasted power? When they oppose their arts,
Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguiled her easy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
Nor could believe that such a heavenly face
Had bargained with the devil, to damn her
wretched race. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The street near Sciolto's Palace.*

Enter Lothario and Rossano.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont:
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.
Ros. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round them:
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.
[They confer aside.]

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold, inactive hand in war;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha! he is here!

[Seeing him.]

Loth. Damnation! He again! This second time
To-day he has crossed me, like my evil genius.
Hor. I sought you, sir.
Loth. 'Tis well, then, I am found.
Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs
my friend,

To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue.
No place, though e'er so holy, should protect him;
No shape, that artful fear e'er formed, should hide him,
Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.
Loth. Ha! dost thou know me, that I am Lothario?

As great a name as this proud city boasts of?
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

Hor. The brave, it is true, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heaven and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let them be of mine; there is not a purpose,
Which my soul ever framed, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dared to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When but this very morning I surprised thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And with a forged contrivance, blast her virtue?
At sight of me thou fled'st.

Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer, descried in some dark corner,
Who there had lodged, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravish at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers!

Loth. Slave! villain!

[Offers to draw, Rossano holds him.]

Ros. Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my vengeance, know,
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reaped with that fond wanton,

The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be concealed?

Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband: now I have found him,

And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred or-
der,

And do a brutal injury like this ;
Yet mark me well, young lord ; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great a soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villainous and lose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name :
These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers ;
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses the unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forged the letter ?
Think so still,

Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away ! no woman could descend so low :
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are ;
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together ;
And when the circling glass warms your vain
hearts,

You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Legends of saints, who never yet had being,
Or, being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my lei-
sure,

I could produce such damning proof——

Hor. 'Tis false !

You blame the fair with lies, because they scorn
you,

Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence :
Rather than make you blest, they would die
virgins,

And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure ;
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on ;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.

Hor. Hold, sir ! another word, and then fare-
well ;

Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt ;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young sir) her very name profaned.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech ;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are
met

Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves ;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn or-
der,

And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth ?

Hor. 'Tis well, sir, you are pleasant——

Loth. By the joys

Which my soul yet has uncontrolled pursued,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Though all thy force were armed to bar my way ;
But, like, the birds, great Nature's happy com-
moners,

That haunt in woods, in meads, and flowery gar-
dens,

Rife the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous
youth,

That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastised ?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my
walks !

If, in the bounds of yon forbidden place,
Again thou art found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong them ; even death,
Or something worse : an injured husband's ven-
geance

Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fair
form,

And scatter thee to all the winds of Heaven !

Loth. Is, then, my way in Genoa prescribed
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation ?

Hor. Away ! thy speech is fouler than thy
manners.

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his
parasite ;

A beggar's parasite !

Hor. Now, learn humanity,

[*Offers to strike him, Rossano interposes.*

Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation !

[*They draw.*

Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.

Horatio, 'tis too much ; already see

The crowd are gathering to us.

Loth. Oh, Rossano !

Or give me way, or thou art no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en the
alarm ;

You'll be oppressed by numbers. Be advised,
Or I must force you hence. Take it on my word,
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord.

Loth. This will not brook delay :

West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, oh, my better stars ! to-
morrow

Exert your influence : shine strongly for me ;

'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,

Since love, as well as arms, must grace my tri-
umph. [*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.*

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow ! ha !
ere that

He sees Calista ! Oh, unthinking fool——

What if I urged her with the crime and danger ?

If any spark from Heaven remain unquenched
Within her breast, my breath, perhaps, may
wake it.

Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not, in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betrayed!
Convinced by reason, they your power confess,
Pleased to be happy, as you're pleased to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love
you less.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Sciolto's palace.*

Enter Sciolto and Calista.

Sci. Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too
much!

Have I not marked thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When every heart was cheered, and mirth went
round,

Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow, like some malignant planet,
Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
Who scowls adverse, and lours upon the world;
When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
Propitious shine, and meaning good to man.

Cal. Is then the task of duty half performed?
Has not your daughter given herself to Altamont,

Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command?

Sci. Dost thou complain?

Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If, in despite of all my vowed obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance:
For, oh! that sorrow, which has drawn your an-
ger,

Is the sad native of Calista's breast:
And once possessed, will never quit its dwelling,
Till life, the prop of all, shall leave the building,
To tumble down, and moulder into ruin.

Sci. Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother; by her wondrous good-
ness,

Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
I swear, some sullen thought, that shuns the
light,

Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But mark me well! though, by yon Heaven, I
love thee

As much, I think, as a fond parent can; [bid]
Yet shouldst thou, (which the power above for-
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder nature's dearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.

2 x 2

To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband!
Consider well his worth: reward his love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.

[Exit Sciolto.

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
Through every state of life the slaves of man!
In all the dear delightful days of youth
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestic business and devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloistered ideots, from the world's acquaint-
ance,

And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are
we

Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

Enter Horatio.

Hor. She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a
loss.

Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.
By Heaven she weeps!—Forgive me, fair
Calista,

If I presume on privilege of friendship,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in
tears.

Cal. To steal, unlooked for, on my private
sorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said!

For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend
of Altamont.

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not joined
by Heaven,

Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mixt, like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguished,
But roll into the sea, one common flood?

Then who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious
rulers,

May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back to their own
choice.

So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.

Hor. When souls, that should agree to will
the same,

To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:

Love shall be banished from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And every day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship.

Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
Alas! what needed that?

Hor. Oh! rather say,

I came to tell her how she might be happy;
To soothe the secret anguish of her soul:
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way
to it,

For, oh! 'tis sure I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels

Are happier than mankind, because they're better.

Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings. The blest know none
of this,

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy, talking
world,

That, with licentious breath, blows, like the
wind,

As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy
words,

Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?

Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what would'st thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista! thus they join
Two names, which Heaven decreed should never
meet.

Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had given her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! Have I lived to
this?

Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be used! thus! like the vilest creature,
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me
much;

For on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Your's and Sciolto's, your's and Altamont's;

Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renowned?
Is this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at
length

Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?

Hor. Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame
Or peace be with your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save them.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.

By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst Lothario more;
Unless you mean to be despised, be shunned
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution—

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmannered
slave!

That dar'est forget my birth, and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude, unhallowed sound!

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of
Heaven

Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruined thee;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
This paper; nay, you must not fly—This paper,
[Holding her.

This guilty paper shall divulge your shame—

Cal. What meanest thou by that paper? What
contrivance

Hast thou been forging to deceive my father;
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me even forget
The weakness of my sex.—Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand,
That forged the scroll!

Hor. Behold! Can this be forged?

See where Calista's name—

[Shewing the letter near.

Cal. To atoms thus, [Tearing it.
Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood,
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion!

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, even on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming
bride,

Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes,
The wish, and care, and business of my youth?
Oh, let me find her, snatch her to my breast,
And tell her she delays my bliss too long,

Till my soft soul even sickens with desire.
 Disordered!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
 My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
 Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
 That my swift sword may find out the offender,
 And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

Cal. To that insolent.

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this? He, who was half myself?
 One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
 Guided our wills. Have I not found him just,
 Honest as truth itself? And could he break
 The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
 The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee!

Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
 Applaud his malice, that would blast my fame,
 And treat me like a common prostitute.
 Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
 And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

Alt. Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch shall dare

To offer at an injury like that?
 Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
 Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man who dared to do it was Horatio;
 Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.
 But mark me well; while thy divided heart
 Doars on a villain that has wronged me thus,
 No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
 Nor can my cruel father's power do more
 Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleased,
 Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
 To fast and freeze at midnight hours of prayer;
 Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
 With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
 But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
 Free from the marriage chain, and from that
 tyrant man. [*Exit Calista.*]

Alt. She's gone; and, as she went, ten thousand fires

Shot from her angry eyes; as if she meant
 Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
 Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
 What means this wild confusion in thy looks,
 As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
 Madness and reason combating within thee,
 And thou wert doubtful which should get the
 better?

Hor. I would be dumb for ever; but thy fate
 Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen
 That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista;
 Thou hast beheld her tears.

Alt. I have seen her weep;

I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
 Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
 That thou, my friend, Horatio, thou hast wronged her.

Hor. That I have wronged her! had her eyes
 been fed

From that rich stream which warms her heart,
 and numbered

For every falling tear a drop of blood,
 It had not been too much; for she has ruined
 thee,

Even thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.

Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?

What is so fair, so exquisitely good?

Is she not more than painting can express,

Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
 Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour?

The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,

And everlasting joys are in her arms.

Hor. It had been better thou had'st lived a beggar,

And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
 Than to have matched with one so false, so fatal.— [thee.]

Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow
 Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
 Thou dost avow the barbarous, brutal part,
 And urge the injury even to my face!

Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart;
 She has charmed thee, like a siren, to her bed,
 With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
 Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
 When thou art wrecked upon the faithless shore,
 Then vainly wish thou had'st not left thy friend,
 To follow her delusion.

Alt. If thy friendship

Do churlishly deny my love a room,

It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been
 to thee?

I shared the task of nature with thy father,
 And formed with care thy inexperienced youth
 To virtue and to arms.

Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!

Would he have used me thus? One fortune fed
 us;

For his was ever mine, mine his, and both

Together flourished, and together fell.

He called me friend, like thee: would he have
 left me

Thus, for a woman, and a vile one, too?

Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not, mean it? Speak
 again!

Say, who is vile; but dare not name Calista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compelled,

And forced to clear myself; but since thus urged,
 I must avow, I do not know a viler.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend; he loved
 thee well;

A kind of venerable mark of him

Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my
 vengeance.

I cannot, dare not, lift my sword against thee,
 But henceforth never let me see thee more.

[*Goin out.*]

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Even in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*]

Alt. Let go my arm ! [*live*]

Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou would'st
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dashed with poison—

Alt. Off!

To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

Hor. She is polluted, stained—

Alt. Madness and raging!

But hence—

Hor. Dishonoured by the man you hate—

Alt. I prithee loose me yet, for thy own sake.
If life be worth the keeping—

Hor. By Lothario.

Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the false-
hood ! [*Strikes him.*]

Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

Hor. A blow ! thou hast used me well—

[*Draus.*]

Alt. This to thy heart—

Hor. Yet hold—By Heaven, his father's in
his face!

Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with
tenderness

And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

Alt. Defend thyself; for, by my much wrong-
ed love,

I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet hold—thou know'st I dare—think
how we've lived—

[*They fight; Altamont presses
on Horatio who retires.*]

Nay then, 'tis brutal violence; and thus,
Thus Nature bids me guard the life she gave.

[*They fight.*]

Lavinia enters, and runs between their swords.

Lav. My brother, my Horatio! Is it possible!
Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia!

If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from
yours.

Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safe-guard;
none but this,

No power on earth could save thee from my fury.

Lav. O fatal, deadly sound!

Hor. Safety from thee!

Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the reverence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shewed thee what it was to be a man?

Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to
goodness,

Could kindle such a discord? Oh, lay by
Those most ungente looks, and angry weapons,
Unless you mean my griefs and killing fears
Should stretch me out at your relentless feet,
A wretched corse, the victim of your fury.

Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas
base ingratitude,

'Twas such a sin to friendship, as Heaven's
mercy,

That strives with man's untoward, monstrous
wickedness,

Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barbarous, bloody malice, sought my life.

Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make
thee

The lonely mourner of a widowed bed;

Therefore, thy husband's life is safe! but warn
him,

No more to know this hospitable roof.

He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.

We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell.

[*He is going out, Lavinia holds him.*]

Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay; if
ever

Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,

The kind consent of our agreeing minds,

Have made us dear to one another, stay,

And speak one gentle word to your Horatio!

Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you friend, then press you hard, with
all

The tender, speechless joy of reconciliation.

Alt. It cannot, shall not be—you must not
hold me.

Lav. Look kindly, then.

Alt. Each minute that I stay,

Is a new injury to fair Calista.

From thy false friendship to her arms I'll fly;

There, if in any pause of love I rest,

Breathless with bliss, upon her panting breast,
In broken, melting accents, I will swear.

Henceforth to trust my heart with none but her;

Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.

[*Altamont breaks from Lavinia, and exit.*]

Hor. Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the
earth!

It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,

This wondrous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

Lav. Is there not cause for weeping? Oh, Ho-
ratio!

A brother and a husband were my treasure;

'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Saved from the shipwreck of her father's for-
tunes.

One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me;
If thou should'st prove unkind to me, as Alta-
mont,

Whom shall I find to pity my distress,

To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,

And give her where to lay her wretched head?

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft
complaining?

Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,

Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.

Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee.

Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happi-
ness.

Heaven formed thee gentle, fair, and full of goodness,
And made thee all my portion here on earth :
It gave thee to me, as a large amends
For fortune, friends, and all the world beside.

Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,

And hide me from misfortune in your bosom ?
Here end my cares, nor will I lose one thought,
How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment
The holy Power, who cloathes the senseless earth

With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant grass,

Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,

Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.

Hor. From Genoa, from falsehood and inconsistency,

To some more honest, distant clime we'll go.

Nor will I be beholden to my country,

For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.

Lav. Yes, I will follow thee ; forsake, for thee,

My country, brother, friends, even all I have.

Though mine's a little all, yet were it more,

And better far, it should be left for thee,

And all that I would keep, should be Horatio.

So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,

'Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,

Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,

And only wishes to escape, and live :

Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind ;

But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,

Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. With what unequal tempers are we formed ?

One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,

Revels secure, and fondly tells herself

The hour of evil can return no more ;

Then next, the spirits, palled and sick of riot,

Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,

Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,

And bitterness and anguish. Oh, last night !

What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,

For all the mass of friendship which I squandered ?

Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,

Dashed all my bliss, and damped my bridal bed.

Scarcely the morning dawned, she vanished from me,

Relentless to the gentle call of love.

I've lost a friend, and I have gained—a wife !

Turn not to thought, my brain ! but let me find

Some unfrequented shade ; there lay me down,

And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,

To soften and assuage this pain of thinking. [*Exit.*]

Lothario and Calista discovered.

Loth. Weep not, my fair ; but let the god of love

Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,

Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,

To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought

Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee ;

But to a long oblivion give thy cares,

And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to soothe me with thy false endearments,

To charm me with thy softness : 'tis in vain :

Thou can'st no more betray, nor I be ruined.

The hours of folly, and of fond delight,

Are wasted all, and fled ; those that remain

Are doomed to weeping, anguish, and repentance.

I come to charge thee with a long account,

Of all the sorrows I have known already,

And all I have to come ; thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust Calista ! dost thou call it ruin,

To love as we have done ; to melt, to languish,

To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,

And then be blest even to that wish's height ?

To die with joy, and straight to live again ;

Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—

Cal. Oh ; let me hear no more ! I cannot bear it ;

'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,

That guilty night, be blotted from the year !

Let not the voice of mirth or music know it !

Let it be dark and desolate ; no stars

To glitter o'er it ! let it wish for light,

Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn !

For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,

To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye powers ! mark, how the fair deceiver

Sadly complains of violated truth ;

She calls me false, even she, the faithless she,

Whom day and night, whom heaven and earth have heard

Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,

Ten thousand times, she would be only mine ;

And yet, behold, she has given herself away,

Fled from my arms, and wedded to another ;

Even to the man whom most I hate on earth.—

Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,

Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause ?

If indignation, raging in my soul,

For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,

Urged me to a deed of desperation,

And wound myself to be revenged on thee,

Think whom I should devote to death and hell,

Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario !

Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's power,

Not all the vows and prayers of sighing Altamont,

Could have prevailed, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I failed in justice, or in love ?

Burns not my flame as brightly as at first ?

Even now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,

My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

Cal. How! didst thou dare to think that I would live

A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Loth. The driving storm of passion will have way,

And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doomed,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them Altamont.

Alt. I have lost my peace—Ha! do I live and wake?

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!

Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore named I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,

Calls me to answer for my virtue stained,
My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me,
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me,
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs—

Alt. Behold him here! [*Coming forward.*

Cal. Ah! [*Starting.*

Alt. The wretch, whom thou hast made!

Curses and sorrows hast thou heaped upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left.

[*Drawing.*

Loth. Thou hast taken me somewhat unawares,
'tis true:

But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and armed for either field.

We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;

[*bat!*

Earth, Heaven, and fair Calista judge the com-

Cal. Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and death!

Alt. Thou hast talked too much, thy breath is poison to me;

It taints the ambient air; this for my father—
This for Sciolto—and this last for Altamont.

[*They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

Loth. Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!

Thou hast prevailed!—My fierce ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride;
I conquered in my turn, in love I triumphed.
Those joys are lodged beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,

Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

[*Dies.*

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,

Encompassed round with wretchedness? There is

But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

[*She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers to kill herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests it from her.*

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murdered me; yet still,

Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,

At thought of any thing that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live to be forgiven?

Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!

If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproached by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

Sciolto within. What, ho! my son!

Alt. It is Sciolto calls; come near and find me;
The wretchedest thing of all my kind on earth.

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father!

Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,

Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;

Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!

'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.

When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,

Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter Sciolto.

Sci. Even now Rossano leaped the garden wall—

Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou had'st a difference with thy friend;

The cause thou gavest me was a damned one,
Didst thou not wrong the man who told the truth?

Answer me quick.

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak;

Even now my heart is breaking, and the mention

Will lay me dead before thee. See that body,
And guess my shame, my ruin! Oh, Calista!

Sci. It is enough! But I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;

Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness—

[*Offers to kill Calista, Altamont holds him.*

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto! thou rash father, stay!

Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista!

So shall my love be perfect, while for her

I die, for whom I wished to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart, that scorned thy love,

Shall never be indebted to thy pity.

Thus torn, defaced, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow!
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heaven, and
thee,
Even thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her rav-
ing;
Remember nature! Should thy daughter's mur-
der

Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.

Cal. Have I not wronged his gentle nature
much?

And yet behold him pleading for my life!
Lost as thou art to virtue, oh, Calista!
I think thou can'st not bear to be outdone;
Then haste to die, and be obliged no more.

Sci. Thy pious care has given me time to
think,
And saved me from a crime; then rest, my
sword:

To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But mark me well! I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunished:
I will see justice executed on thee,
Even to a Roman strictness; and thou, Nature,
Or whatsoever thou art, that plead'st within me,
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then I am doomed to live, and bear your
triumph?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraid-
ing,

Daily to be reproached, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me,
Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
And grant a moment's interval of peace!
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence, from my sight! thy father can-
not bear thee;

Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember-
ed!

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more cursed than you can wish I were;
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardships shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and chang-
ed,

Stretched at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have washed her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should
cease;

Die, thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.
[*Exit Calista.*]

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[*Exeunt Servants with Lothario's body.*]

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage;
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
Even now my easy heart is breaking with them;
Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most;
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius
did?

With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what
should I do?

But thou hast tied my hand.—I will not kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She shall not 'scape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then?

Sci. Ask me not what, nor how, I have re-
solved,

For all within is anarchy and uproar!
Oh, Altamont! What a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroyed? Well did I hope
This daughter would have blest my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's won-
der,

So happy, great, and good, that none were like
you.

While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours!
There, like an old man, talked awhile, and then
Lain down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave—
Oh, damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord:
Rossano, who but now escaped the garden,
Has gathered in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you, and all your friends, with
ruin,

Unless Lothario be returned in safety. [*Exit.*]

Sci. By Heaven, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone,
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is cursed with!
I think my name as great, my friends as po-
tent,

As any in the state ; all shall be summoned ;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full, and armed, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice. —

[Exit Sciolto.

Alt. There is a stupid weight upon my senses ;
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, as sure 'tis wondrous like
it,

For I am sick of living ; my soul's palled,
She kindles not with anger and revenge :
Love was the informing, active fire within :
Now that is quenched, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

[A tumultuous noise, with clashing
of swords, as at a little distance.

*Enter Lavinia, with two Servants, their swords
drawn.*

Lav. Fly swiftly fly, to my Horatio's aid,
Nor lose your vain officious cares on me !
Bring me my lord, my husband, to my arms !
He is Lavinia's life ! bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well, and happy.

[Exeunt Servants.

Alt. Art thou Lavinia ? Oh ! what barbarous
hand
Could wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage
fury ?

Lav. My brother ! Oh my heart is full of
fears ;
Perhaps even now my dear Horatio bleeds ! —
Nor far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cried aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger ; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Rushed out, and snatched me from amidst the
fray.

Alt. What of my friend ?

Lav. Ha ! by my joys, 'tis he ! [Looking out.
He lives, he comes to bless me ! he is safe !

*Enter Horatio, with two or three Servants, their
swords drawn.*

1st Serv. 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your
life

To venture forth again, till we are stronger :
Their number trebles ours.

Hor. No matter ; let it :
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abused,
As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend ;
I cannot bear the sight !

Alt. Open, thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bo-
som,
To hide me from Horatio !

Hor. Oh, Lavinia !

Believe not but I joy to see thee safe :
Would our ill-fortune had not drove us hither :
I could even wish we rather had been wrecked
On any other shore, than saved on this.

Lav. Oh, let us bless the mercy that preserv-
ed us,
That gracious power that saved us for each
other :

And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too ; be thou like Heaven,
And put away the offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.

Alt. I have marked him,
To see if one forgiving glance stole hither ;
If any spark of friendship were alive,
That would, by sympathy, at meeting glow,
And strive to kindle up the flame anew ;
'Tis lost, 'tis gone ; his soul is quite estranged,
And knows me for its counterpart no more !

Hor. Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in
Horatio ;

Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge ;
But when you urge my temper to comply
With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.

Lav. Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy
hate ?

It was not in thy nature to be thus ;
Come, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful !
Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both ;
Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and
strength,

Secure against ill-fortune, and the world.

Hor. I am not apt to take a light offence,
But patient of the failings of my friends,
And willing to forgive ; but when an injury
Stabs to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
I own I cannot easily forgive it.

Alt. Thou hast forgot me !

Hor. No.

Alt. Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful, and fierce ?

Hor. Because they speak the meaning of my
heart ;

Because they are honest, and disdain a villain !

Alt. I've wronged thee much, Horatio.

Hor. True, thou hast.

When I forget it, may I be a wretch,
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, British husband.

Alt. I've wronged thee much, and Heaven has
well avenged it.

I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere ; our broken friend-
ship

Pursued me to the last retreat of love,
Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold
with horror.

Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,

Swell o'er my head like waves, and dash me down;

Sorrow, remorse, and shame, have torn my soul;
They hang, like winter, on my youthful hopes,
And blast the spring and promise of my year.

Lav. So flowers are gathered to adorn a grave,
To lose their freshness amongst bones and rottenness,

And have their odours stifled in the dust.
Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio?
Canst thou behold thy Altamont undone?
That gentle, that dear youth! canst thou behold him,

His poor heart broken, death in his pale visage,
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmoved?

Hor. The brave and wise I pity in misfortune

But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
'Tis weakness to be touched.

Att. I will not ask thee
To pity or forgive me; but confess,
This scorn, this insolence of hate, is just;
'Tis constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But, Oh! had I been wronged by thee, Horatio,
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Could ne'er have stood it out; but I had ran,
With streaming eyes, and open arms, upon thee,
And pressed thee close, close!

Hor. I must hear no more;
Thy weakness is contagious; I shall catch it.
And be a tame, fond wretch.

Lav. Where wouldst thou go?
Wouldst thou part thus? you shall not, 'tis impossible;

For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps, thy cruel hand may spurn me off,
But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou shalt trample over my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me, ere thou pass.

Att. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia,
I have enough to rid me of my pain.

Calista, thou hadst reached my heart before;
To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:
But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease. [*Falls.*]

[*Lavinia runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.*]

Lav. Speak to me, Altamont!
He faints! He dies! Now, turn and see thy triumph!

My brother! But our cares shall end together;
Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,
Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
And never see my cruel lord again.

[*Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his arms.*]

Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!

My stubborn, unrelenting heart has killed him.
Look up and bless me! tell me that thou livest!
Oh! I have urged thy gentleness too far;

[*He revives.*]

Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;
A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul;
I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—
Att. I thought that nothing could have stayed my soul:

That long ere this her flight had reached the stars;

But thy known voice has lured her back again.
Methinks, I fain would set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heaven's forgiveness on my soul,

Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.

Hor. By Heaven, my heart bleeds for thee;
even this moment,

I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
Is it not pity that this youth should fall,
That all his wondrous goodness should be lost,
And the world never know it? Oh, my Altamont!
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear them for thee,
And shelter thee from ruin!

Lav. Oh, my brother,
Think not but we will share in all thy woes;
We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love:
And when we light upon some faithless woman,
Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there;
We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room hung with black; on one side Iothario's body on a bier; on the other a table, with a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it.*

Calista is discovered on a couch, in black; her hair hanging loose and disordered. After soft music, she rises and comes forward.

SONG.

Hear, you midnight phantoms, hear,
You who pale and wan appear,
And fill the wretch who wakes with fear;
You, who wander, scream and groan
Round the mansions once your own;
You, who still your crimes upbraid;
You, who rest not with the dead;

From the coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk and shun the day,
From the charnel and the tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come.
Chide Calista for delay,
Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;
Bid her die and come away.
See the sexton with his spade,
See the grave already made;
Listen, fair one, to thy knell,
'This music is thy passing bell.

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp
of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.
Here's room for meditation even to madness;

Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull
flame

Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something; for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence. Is it become an art, then?
A trick, that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;—

[*Throwing away the book.*]

I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline ever knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry; they look uncouthly.
But what of that, if he or she, that owned
them,

Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relics play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?
That dear perfidious—Ah! how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead
eyes!

Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your different dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if ye can!

[*Enter Sciolto.*]

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of
darkness,

Nature for rest ordained, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
Want power to succour the afflicted state.
Vainly in words and long debates they are wise,
While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful or-
ders,

And drown the voice of law in noise and anar-
chy.

Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,

[*Pointing to Calista.*]

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sacked,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it had I died,
And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my prayers to Hea-
ven,

Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse
me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from
yours;

A poor imperfect copy of my father,

Where goodness, and the strength of manly vir-
tue,

Was thinly planted, and the idle void
Filled up with light belief, and easy fondness;
It was, because I loved, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been
a cherubim;

But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dared to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sor-
row.

Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly
thought?

'Tis not the stoick's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
Hast thou considered what may happen after
it?

How thy account may stand, and what to an-
swer? [self,

Cal. I have turned my eyes inward upon my-
Where foul offence and shame have laid all
waste;

Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwell-
ing,

And longs to find some happy place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that
spirit,

That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when
Rome

Was mistress of the world. I would go on
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poignard here.

Sci. Oh! truly guessed—see'st thou, this
trembling hand— [Holding up a dagger.
Thrice justice urged—and thrice the slacken-
ing sinews

Forgot their office, and confessed the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevailed,
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,

And know the rest untaught! [Giving the dagger.

Cal. I understand you.

It is but thus, and both are satisfied.

[*She offers to kill herself: Sciolto
catches hold of her arm.*]

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obeyed;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off every tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings
crack,

My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror!

Cal. Ha! Is it possible! and is there yet
Some little dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart!

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took
in thee,
What joys thou gavest me in thy prattling in-
fancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty!
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wondering, blest
thee—
By my strong grief, my heart even melts within
me;

I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still!

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this good-
ness.

Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be numbered.

Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou must
die—

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my
last,

Charmed with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I am summoned hence; ere this my
friends expect me.

There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs, which nature
feels,

When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh,
my daughter!

[*Exit Sciolto.*]

Cal. Now think, thou cursed Calista! now
behold

The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head.
Yet Heaven, who knows our weak, imperfect
natures,

How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for our offences,
But is atoned by penitence and prayer:
Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be re-
ceived,

Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollu-
tion.

And see, another injured wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of
death!

And thou, the lonely mistress of the shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight
darkness,

And makes it grateful as the dawn of day,
Oh, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes is dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for
both.

Cal. I know thee well; thou art the injured
Altamont;

Thou comest to urge me with the wrongs I've
done thee;

But know, I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely

Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? For thee I have
Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
And fondness has prevailed upon revenge.
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishment from Heaven:
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had ruled our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like
mine,

Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That, were I not abandoned to destruction,
With thee I might have lived for ages blessed,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortune
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.

Cal. What! in death?

Alt. Then, art thou fixed to die?—But be it
so;

We'll go together; my adventurous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings.
Whether our lifeless shades are doomed to wan-
der

In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;
Or whether through the upper air we flit,
And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue
thee,

'Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

Cal. Oh, no! Heaven has some other be-
lot in store

To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long;
Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy good-
ness,

Some kind, unpractised heart, that never yet
Has listened to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward
thee,

Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
 Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with
 truth ;
 Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Now, mourn indeed, ye miserable pair ;
 For now the measure of your woes is full.

Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio ?

Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful !

The great the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father !

Alt. That's a deadly stroke, indeed.

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
 Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
 I heard which way he took, and straight pursued
 him ;

But found him compassed by Lothario's faction,
 Almost alone, amidst a croud of foes.

Too late we brought him aid, and drove them
 back ;

Ere that, his frantic valour had provoked
 The death he seemed to wish for from their
 swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient
 earth ?

Dost thou not labour with thy murtherous weight ?
 And you, ye glittering, heavenly host of stars,
 Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast
 For I am all contagion, death, and ruin, [you ;
 And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
 This parricide shall be thy plague no more ;
 Thus, thus I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness !

Alt. Thou dost instruct me well. To lengthen
 life,

Is but to trifle now.

[*Altamont offers to kill himself. Horatio pre-
 vents him, and wrests his sword from him.*

Hor. Ha ! what means

The frantic Altamont ? Some foe to man
 Has breathed on every breast contagious fury,
 And epidemic madness.

*Enter Sciolto, pale and bloody, supported by
 servants.*

Cal. Oh, my heart !

Well may'st thou fail ; for see, the spring that
 fed

Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
 My father ! will you now, at last, forgive me,
 If, after all my crimes, and all your suffering,
 I call you once again by that dear name ?
 Will you forget my shame, and those wide
 wounds ?

Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
 Down to my dark abode ?

Sci. Alas, my daughter !

Thou hast rashly ventured on a stormy sea,
 Where life, fame, virtue, all were wrecked and
 lost.

But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the an-
 guish,

And smarted with the pain. Then rest in peace ;
 Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,

And save thee from the malice of posterity ;
 And may'st thou find with Heaven the same for-
 giveness,

As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds ! Peace dawns upon my
 soul,

And every pain grows less—*Oh, gentle Altamont !*

Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone ;

But pity me—Had I but early known

Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,

We had been happier both—Now, 'tis too late ;

And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee ;

Thou art their last dear object—Mercy, Heaven !
 [*She dies.*

Alt. Cold ! dead, and cold ! and yet thou art
 not changed,

But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,

What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,

But at the beauty must of force relent,

Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness ?

Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Al-
 tamont !

Come near, and let me bless thee, ere I die.

To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath

My fortunes—Lay me by thy noble father,

And love my memory, as thou hast his ;

For thou hast been my son—Oh, gracious Hea-
 ven !

Thou that hast endless blessings still in store

For virtue, and for filial piety,

Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away ;

But multiply thy mercies on his head.

Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,

And peace in all his ways—

[*He dies.*

Alt. Take, take it all :

To thee, Horatio, I resign the gift,

Whilst I pursue my father, and my love,

And find my only portion in the grave.

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his
 youth,

And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth.

By such examples are we taught to prove

The sorrows, that attend unlawful love.

Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide,

The injured bridegroom from his guilty bride.

If you would have the nuptial union last,

Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

[*Ereunt omnes.*

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

To the Tune of " Grim King of the Ghosts."

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,

A shepherd forsaken was laid ;

And while a false nymph was his theme,

A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,

To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;

And the brook, in return to his pain,

Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!

Thus sadly complaining, he cried,
When first I beheld that fair face,
"Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, When she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around!
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betrayed,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Born 1664.—Died 1721.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

*To the Right Honorable Charles Lord Halifax,
in the year 1701.*

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease:
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swolln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tanelful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie.
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thirsty urns, and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound.
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Roman's deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wandering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown; [sued,
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
Still show the charms that their proud hearts
subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light

A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessing with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,

With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain,
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade rapines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train:
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretched canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues re-sound,

I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER, ON HIS PICTURE OF
THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade ;
And, aw'd by thy decisive hand,
As in the presence chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes :
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land !
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vi'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.

Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air :
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd ;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac'd :
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee,)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing !

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polished rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine ;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chace the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there,
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes

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Beheld his abdicated skies ;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd ;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads : the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung :
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills allied
In impious leagues their king defied.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand :
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove ?

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though, no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

AN ODE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord !
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

CATO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Cato,
Lucius, a Senator.
Sempronius, a Senator.
Juba, Prince of Numidia.
Sypbar, General of the Numidians.
Portius, } Sons of Cato.
Marcus, }
Decius, Ambassador from Cæsar.

Women.

Marcia, Daughter of Cato,
Lucia, Daughter of Lucius.

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, &c.

SCENE, a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

Por. The dawn is over-cast, the morning
lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great th' important day ; big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar |

Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword :
Should he go further, numbers would be want-
ing,

To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works !

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy ;
I'm tortur'd ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor : every time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in
slaughter,

His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood.
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin ?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious
greatness,

And mixed with too much horror to be envied :
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant
brightness !

His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round
him ;

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head ;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Marc. Who knows not this ; But what can
Cato do

Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to
Cæsar ?

Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, covered with Numidian guards directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, joined with such suc-
cess,

Distract my very soul : our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his pre-
cepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told
us :

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate ;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at
ease :

Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou could'st not talk thus
coldly.

Passion unpity'd and successful love
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

Por. Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy
rival:

But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.

[Aside.]
Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every
nerve,

And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot
take,

Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian
prince!

With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within
him,

When most it swells and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into the heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave
stings behind them

When'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy generous temper
well;

Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It strait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's
pity.

Por. Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in
tears?

Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes,
instead

Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrow?

Por. O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

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Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of
friends:

Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions—But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are
free.

To-morrow should we thus express our friend-
ship,

Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd
together

To this poor hall his little Roman senate

(The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before
it,

Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.

His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head

Of armies flash'd with conquest: O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,

Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows; I might be bless'd in-
deed!

Por. Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk
of love

To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling
vestal,

When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed,
my Portius!

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,

And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my linger-
ing here

On this important hour—I'll strait away;
And while the fathers of the senate meet

In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage,

With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,

And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.

'Tis not in mortals to command success :

But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll deserve it. [Exit.

Sem. Curse on the stripling ! How he apes his sire !

Ambitiously sententious !—But I wonder Old Syphax comes not ; his Numidian genius Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt And eager on it ; but he must be spur'd, And every moment quicken'd to the course. Cato has us'd me ill : he has refus'd His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows. Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour, That showers down greatness on his friends, will raise me

To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato, I claim in my reward his captive daughter. But Syphax comes !—

SCENE III.

Enter Syphax.

Syp. —Sempronius, all is ready. I've sounded my Numidians, man by man, And find them ripe for a revolt : they all Complain aloud of Cato's discipline, And wait but the command to change their master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste ;

Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on, And gathers ground upon us every moment. Alas ! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul, With what a dreadful course he rushes on From war to war : in vain has nature form'd Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage ; He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march ; The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him ; Through winds, and waves, and storms, he works his way,

Impatient for the battle : one day more Will set the victor thundering at our gates. But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba ?

That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar, And challenge better terms—

Syp. —Alas ! he's lost. He's lost, Sempronius ; all his thoughts are full Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more (For every instant I expect him here) If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles Of faith, of honour, and I know not what, That have corrupted his Numidian temper, And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him every motive.

Juba's surrender, since his father's death Would give up Africa into Cæsar's hands, And make him lord of half the burning Zone.

Syp. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate Is call'd together ? Gods ! thou must be cautious !

Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way) ; I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country, And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate. Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device, A worn-out trick : wouldst thou be thought in earnest,

Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury !

Syp. In truth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-hairs,

And teach the wily African deceit.

Sem. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba ;

Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers, In flame the mutiny, and underhand Blow up their discontents, till they break out Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.

Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste : O think what anxious moments pass between The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods. Oh ! 'tis a dreadful interval of time, Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death ! Destruction hangs on every word we speak, On every thought, till the concluding stroke Determines all, and closes our design. [Exit.

Syp. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.

The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us— But hold ! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

Enter Juba.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone. I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen, O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent ; Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me, What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,

And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syp. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts, Nor carry smiles and sun-shine in my face, When discontent sits heavy at my heart. I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms

Against the lords and sovereigns of the world ? Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,

And own the force of their superior virtue ?

Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric, Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands, That does not tremble at the Roman name ?

Syp. Gods ! where's the worth that sets this people up

Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ? Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ? Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark, Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ? Who like our active African instructs

The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my
Prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves;
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syp. Patience, kind heavens!—Excuse an old
man's warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Juba. To strike thee dumb: turn up thine eyes
to Cato!

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.

While good, and just, and anxious for his
friends,

He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and
heat;

And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syp. Believe me Prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
To's all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,

Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens, with what strength, what steadiness
of mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that threw the weight
upon him!

Syp. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness
of soul:

I think the Romans call it Stoicism.

Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba. Why do'st thou call my sorrows up
afresh?

My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syp. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's
ills!

Juba. What wouldst thou have me do?

Syp. Abandon Cato.

Juba. Syphax, I should be more than twice
an orphan

By such a loss.

Syp. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Juba. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;

I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give
it.

Syp. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget

The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim full of tears) then sighing
cry'd,

Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his griefs
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Juba. Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

Syp. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy di-
rections:

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syp. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your
safety.

Juba. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me
how?

Syp. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's
foes.

Juba. My father scorn'd to do't.

Syp. And therefore died.

Juba. Better to die ten thousand thousand
deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syp. Rather say your love.

Juba. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my
temper.

Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syp. Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to conquer
love,

But easy to divert and break its force:

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress

Light up another flame, and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court,

Have faces flushed with more exalted charms.

The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,

Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:

Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon
forget

The pale unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover.

Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:

True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)

But still the lovely maid improves her charms

With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,

And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul

Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks.

While winning mildness and attractive smiles

Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace

Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syp. How does your tongue grow wanton in
her praise!

But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Juba. Hah! Syphax, is't not she!—She moves
this way:

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.

My heart beats thick—I pr'y thee, Syphax, leave
me.

Syp. Ten thousand curses fasten on them
both!

Now will this woman with a single glance

Undo what I've been labouring all this while.

[Exit.]

Juba. Hail charming maid, how does thy beau-
ty smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!

At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;

I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,

And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to
think my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to
arms,

While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Juba. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind con-
cerns

And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,

Add strength and weight to my descending
sword,

And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall at-
tend

The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of vir-
tue,

And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,

I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,

Transplanting, one by one, into my life

His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this

Would lay out his great soul in words, and
waste

Such precious moments.

Juba.

Thy reproofs are just,

Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,

And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue;

If e'er I lead them to the field, when all

The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,

And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!

O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!

And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember

What glorious deeds should grace the man, who
hopes

For Marcia's love.

[Exit.]

Luc.

Marcia, you're too severe:

How could you chide the young good-natur'd
prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an air,

A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him
from me.

His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,

Speak all so movingly in his behalf,

I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a
passion,

And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me
sink away

In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,

When every moment Cato's life's at stake?

Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,

And aims his thunder at my father's head:

Should not the sad occasion swallow up

My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,

Who have so many griefs to try its force?

Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,

Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,

And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:

Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,

And let me share thy most retir'd distress;

Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee.

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I
tell thee

They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their
sister's eyes;

And often have reveal'd their passion to me.

But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither—

And yet for both—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name
him?

Thou know'st, it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Mar. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd: O tell me
which

I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame
my choice?

O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his
thoughts,

Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of dread,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! how can'st thou throw
him from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears
thee;

Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one trans-
ported.

Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempest and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence—

Luc. You seem to plead

Against your brother Portius—

Mar. Heaven forbid!

Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distress like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he
fears.

The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder mo-
ments.

Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sor-
rows,

But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,

May still grow bright, and smile with happier
hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with
stains

Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Senate.

Sen. Rome still survives in this assembled se-
nate!

Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[*A sound of trumpets.*]

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!
Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in coun-
cil.

Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should
decree

What course to take. Our foe advances on
us,

And envies us ev'n Libia's sultry deserts.

Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they
still fixed

To hold it out, and fight it to the last?

Or are your hearts subdued at length, and
wrought

By time and ill success to a submission?

Sempronius, speak.

Sen. My voice is still for war.

Gods can a Roman senate long debate

Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!

No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,

And, at the head of our remaining troops,

Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon
him;

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from
bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your
help;

Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,

Or share their fate: the corps of half her senate

Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we

Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,

If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,

Or wear them out in servitude and chains.

Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes:

The kings of Afric sought him for their friend,
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Louden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,

But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
The swarthy hosts would darken all our

Plains,
Doubt the native horrors of the war,
And make death more grim.

Cato. Art thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Art?

Juba. Cato, perh'ps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a part of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of so many misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliues me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars
above

What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:

The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice

Virtues, that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I
pant for virtue!

And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence,
and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Juba. The best good-fortune that can fall on
Juba,

The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

Juba. I would fain retract them,
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make
not my ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Juba. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?

Juba. I fear to name it.

Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What would'st thou say?

Juba. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young prince! I would not hear
a word

Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.

[Exit.]

Enter Syphax.

Syp. How's this, my prince! what, cover'd
with confusion?

You look as if von stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syp. I know it well.

Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syp. And so will all mankind.

Juba. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul—my love for Marcia.

Syp. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!

Juba. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! Was ever wretch like Juba?

Syp. Alas! my prince, how are you chang'd of
late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,

Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:

How did the colour mount into your cheeks,

When first you rous'd him to the chace! I've
seen you

Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your
horse,

Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba. Pity thee, no more!

Syp. How would the old king smile

To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with
gold,

And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk (though
honey flow'd

In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

Syp. Young prince, I yet could give you good
advice;

Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.
Syp. Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. As how dear Syphax?

Syp. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Juba. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

Syp. Gods I could tear my beard to hear you
talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba. Would'st thou degrade thy prince into
a ruffian?

Syp. The boasted ancestors of these great
men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruf-
fians.

This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Ca-
tos

(These gods on earth), are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Juba. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syp. Indeed, my prince; you want to know
the world,
You have not read mankind: your youth ad-
mires

The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Juba. If knowledge of the world makes man
perfidious,

May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syp. Go, go, you're young.

Juba. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syp. I have gone too far. [Aside.

Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy
soul.

Syp. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.
[Aside.

Young prince, behold these locks that are grown
white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy in-
solence.

Syp. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!

Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!
[Aside.

Juba. Is it because the throne of my forefa-
thers

Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown

Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with
scorn?

Syp. Why will you rive my heart with such
expressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with
darts

His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

Juba. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you
talk.

Syp. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith
to Juba,

My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be
dumb:

But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into my
heart;

I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syp. What greater instance can I give? I've
offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

Juba. Was this thy motive? I have been too
hasty.

Syp. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me
traitor.

Juba. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call
thee so.

Syp. You did indeed, my prince: you call'd
me traitor:

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Ca-
to.

Of what, my prince, would you complain to Ca-
to?

That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?

Juba. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but in-
deed

Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets
her,

And imitates her actions, where she is not:

It ought not to be sported with.

Syp. By heavens!

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you
chide me.

Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think

A blind officious zeal to serve my king

The ruling principle, that ought to burn

And quench all others in a subject's heart.

Happy the people who preserve their honour

By the same duties that oblige their prince!

Juba. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak
thyself,

Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations

For breach of public vows. Our punie faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syp. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax
weep

To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Juba. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget

The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.

If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syp. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?

My joy grows burthensome, I sha'n't support it.

Juba. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find

Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[*Exit.*]

Syp. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;

Old age is slow in both—a false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear:

My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:

But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—

Enter Sempronius.

Syp. All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate;

Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd

To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

Syp. But how stands Cato?

Sem. Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

Syp. But what's this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

Syp. Yes, but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,

Laid safety, life, and interest, in his sight;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Sem. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.

He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot,
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syp. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse

Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

Syp. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica:
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?

Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Sem. All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,

Unusual fastings; and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.

Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Syp. Mean-while I'll draw up my Numidian troops

Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.

The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. }

ACT III—SCENE I.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about

The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft

Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;

Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,

Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion, (I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force, Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt

Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul, That pants and reaches after distant good.

A lover does not live by vulgar time:

Believe me Portius, in my Lucia's absence

Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;

And yet when I behold the charming maid, I'm ten times more undone; while hope, and fear,

And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once, And with variety of pain distract me,

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence;

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her

With all the strength and heat of eloquence,

Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell her thy brother languishes to death,

And fades away, and withers in his bloom;

That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,

That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:

Describe his anxious days and restless nights,

And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office

That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,

To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.

But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

Marc. I know thou'lt say, my passion's out of season,

That Cato's great example and misfortunes

Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.

But what's all this to one who loves like me?

Oh, Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish

Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!

Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do! If I disclose my passion,

Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,

The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*]

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,

Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius!

That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances—

Marc. I'll withdraw,

And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius, Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here? Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show His rage of love; it preys upon his life; He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies: His passions and his virtues lie confus'd, And mix'd together in so wild a tumult, That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him. Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love

To make such ravage in a noble soul!

Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;

Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,

A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts, And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock

Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,

Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height

Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?

His generous, open, undesigning heart

Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.

Then do not strike him dead with a denial,

But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul

With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:

Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,

And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

Luc. No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears, Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death, In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.

And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear, To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,

Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,

While such a cloud of mischief hangs about us:

But to forget our loves, and drive thee out

From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck—recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?

The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.

May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

Por. Fixed in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
But, oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Luc. Oh, stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown
upon me?

My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.

Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its
force.

I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh, Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunned ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee! Ha! she faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injured innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

Luc. Oh Portius, was this well—to frown on
her

That lives upon thy smiles? To call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman loved?
—What do I say? My half-recovered sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul was bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.

Por. Name not the word! my frightened
thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consi-
der well

The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think Portius, think thou seest thy dying
brother

Stabbed at his heart, and all besmeared with
blood,

Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.

The mist, that hung upon my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more
fair,

More amiable, and risest in thy charms.

Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other: thou art all divine.

Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot
through my heart,

Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.

Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?

Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul
with sorrow?

It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word—for ever.

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay? What dost thou say?
for ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy suc-
cess

Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever.

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp the unsteady
flame

Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.

—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er
thee,

And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shake

To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlooked-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part!

Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?

Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder
o'er us?

—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way:
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell! and know thou wrong'st me if thou
think'st

Ever was love, or ever grief like mine.

[Exit Lucia.]

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she?
Am I doomed

To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture?

Thou appearest

Like one amazed and terrified.

Por. I've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder-
ed thoughts,

Tell me my fate. I ask not the success

My cause has found.

Por. I'm grieved I undertook it.

Marc. What? does the barbarous maid insult
my heart,

My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for
ever!

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your
griefs;

Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities
me!

What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!
Prithee, what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserved this
treatment?

Marc. What have I said! Oh, Portius, oh
forgive me!

A soul, exasperated in ills, falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of
war?

What new alarm?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in
battle!

Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain
Has broke my heart: tis death must give me
ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Ca-
to's life

Stands sure? O, Marcus, I am warmed, my
heart

Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for
glory. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Sempronius, with the Leaders of the
mutiny.*

Sem. At length the winds are raised, the
storm blows high;

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.

Mean-while I'll herd amongst his friends, and
seem

One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers my be safe.

[Exit.]
1 *Lead.* We are all safe, Sempronius is our
friend.

Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him:
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest:
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

*Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius,
and Marcus.*

Cato. Where are those bold intrepid sons of
war,

That greatly turn their backs upon their foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand
astonished! *[Aside.]*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dis-
honour

Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,

Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,

Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil

Of conquered towns, and plundered provinces?

Fired with such motives, you do well to join

With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.

Why did I 'scape the envenomed asp's rage,

And all the fiery monsters of the desert,

To see this day? Why could not Cato fall

Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,

Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injured strike the blow.

Which of you all suspects that he is wronged?

Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?

Am I distinguished from you but by toils,

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?

Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heavens they droop!

Confusion to the villains! all is lost! *[Aside.]*

Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning
waste,

Its barren rocks, parched earth, and hills of sand,

Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?

Who was the first to explore the untrodden path,

When life was hazarded in every step?

Or, fainting in the long laborious march,

When, on the banks of an unlooked for stream,

You sunk the river with repeated draughts,

Who was the last of all your host that thirsted?

Sem. If some penurious source by chance ap-
peared.

Scanty of waters, when you scooped it dry,

And offered the full helmet up to Cato,

Did he not dash the untasted moisture from
him?

Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,

And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow

In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and
complain to Cæsar,

You could not undergo the toil of war,

Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they
weep!

Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your
leaders,

And pardon shall descend to all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care:

First let them each be broken on the rack,

Then, with what life remains, impaled, and left

To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake;

There let them hang, and taint the southern
wind.

The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up, and see their fellow-traitors

Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate

Of wretched men?

Sem. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?

Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood!

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,

But, in their deaths, remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:

This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When, by just vengeance, guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold the punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power delivered down
From age to age, by your renowned forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives, in thy possession, happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*]

1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.

One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off! base, grovelling,
worthless wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;

Throw off the mask; there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They are sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth

To sudden death!

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this—

Sem. Dispatch them quick, but first pluck out their tongues,

Lest, with their dying breath, they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt guards, with their leaders.*]

Enter Syphax.

Syp. Our first design, my friend, has proved abortive:

Still there remains an after-game to play.

My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,

We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,

And hew down all that would oppose our passage,
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Sem. Confusion! I have failed of half my purpose.

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

Syp. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft

Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syp. Well said! that's spoken like thyself,
Sempronius.

What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

Syp. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and
Juba's guards;

The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disordered charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seized of Proserpine, conveyed
To hell's tremendous gloom the affrighted maid;
There grimly smiled, pleased with the beautiful prize,

Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,

If thou believest 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

Mar. Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might my big swollen heart,

Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know thou art doomed alike to be beloved

By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius:
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius;

Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man:

Juba, to all the bravery of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;

Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman kind, but Marcia, happy.

Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive
in vain

To hide your thoughts from one who knows too
well

The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no
right

To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But should this father give you to Sem-
pronius?

Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he
should—

Why wilt thou add, to all the griefs I suffer,
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?

I hear the sound of feet! they march this way:
Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,

In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman, that deliberates, is lost. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with
Numidian guards.*

Sem. The deer is lodged, I've tracked her to
her covert.

Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.

Let not her cries or tears have force to move
you.

—How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If ought could glad my soul,
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'T would be to torture that young, gay barbarian.

—But hark! what noise! Death to my hopes!
'tis he,

'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murdered, and a passage cut
Through those his guards—Ha! dastards, do
you tremble;—

Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—
Enter Juba.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this, that dares
usurp

The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arro-
gance,

Presumptuous youth!

Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at
thy heart!

Juba. Nay, then, beware thy own, proud, bar-
barous man.

[*Sem. falls. His guards surrender.*

Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doomed
to fall

By a boy's hand, disfigured in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! This my close of life!
Oh! for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato,
tremble!

[*Dies.*

Juba. With what a spring his furious soul
broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[*Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords: my
troubled heart

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.

Oh, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's
blood and murder!

Ha! a Numidian! Heaven preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,

But, ha! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warmed
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assist-
ance

Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind!
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my
patience;

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee
comfort?

Mar. Talk not of comfort! 'tis for lighter
ills:

Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead!

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;

That man, that best of men, deserved it from
me.

Juba. What do I hear? And was the false
Sempronius

That best of men? Oh, had I fallen like him,
And could have been thus mourned, I had been
happy.

Luc. Here will I stand, companion in thy
woes,

And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortured
breast;

This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Juba. I'm on the rack! Was he so near her
heart?

Mar. Oh, he was all made up of love and
charms!

Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:

Delight of every eye; when he appeared,

A secret pleasure gladdened all that saw him;
But when he talked, the proudest Roman blush-

ed

To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

Juba. I shall run mad —

Mar. Oh, Juba! Juba! Juba!

Juba. What means that voice? Did she not call on Juba?

Mar. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!

He's dead and never knew how much I loved him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remembered Marcia,
And the last words he uttered, called me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

Juba. Where am I? Do I live? or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!

Mar. Ye dear remains of the most loved of men,

Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid

A last embrace, while thus —

Juba. See, Marcia, see,

[*Throwing himself before her.*]

The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!

Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Juba. A wretch,

Disguised like Juba on a cursed design.

The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:

Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

Mar. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,

But must not now go back; the love, that lay
Half smothered in my breast, has broke through all

Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Juba. I'm lost in ecstasy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid? —

Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?

Juba. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,

Such life as Juba never felt 'till now!

Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,

I did not know myself how much I loved thee.

Juba. Oh, fortunate mistake!

Mar. O happy Marcia!

Juba. My joy, my best beloved, my only wish!

How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Mar. Lucia, thy arm. Oh, let me rest upon it!

The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite overcomes me. Lead me to my apartment —

Oh, prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*]

Juba. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquered towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[*Exit.*]

A march at a distance.—Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonished! What, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,

As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness —

Cato. Trust me, Lucius

Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes! I am surprised at nothing.

—Oh, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!

The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes: what means this haste?

Why are thy looks thus changed?

Por. My heart is grieved,

I bring such news as will affect my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

Por. Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square

He exercised his troops, the signal given,

Flew off at once, with his Numidian horse,

To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;

I saw, and called to stop him, but in vain:

He tossed his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see

Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[*Exit Por.*]

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me;
Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,

The world will still demand her Cato's presence.

In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,

And reconcile thy mighty soul to life!

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number

Of Cæsar's slaves, or, by a base submission,

Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato

Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess

The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they have undone his country.

Such popular humanity is treason—

But see young Juba; the good youth appears, Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter Juba.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Juba. I am a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one too.

Thou hast a Roman soul.

Juba. Hast thou not heard Of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young prince!

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil, The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

Juba. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distressed.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserved;

Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,

Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace, Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Juba. What shall I answer thee? My ravished heart

O'erflows with sacred joy: I would rather gain Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!

My brother Marcus—

Cato. Ha! what has he done?

Has he forsook his post? Has he given way? Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him

Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers, Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.

Long, at the head of his few faithful friends, He stood the shock of a whole host of foes; Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death, Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I am satisfied.

Por. Nor did he fall before

His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!

—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience?

See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!

3 B 2

The citizens and senators, alarmed, Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the corpse.

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!

Who would not be that youth? What pity is it That we can die but once to serve our country!

—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood Secure, and flourished in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Juba. Was ever man like this!

Cato. Alas, my friends,

Why mourn you thus! let not a private loss Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,

The mistress of the world, the seat of empire, The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods

That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth, And set the nations free, Rome is no more!

Oh, liberty! Oh, virtue! Oh, my country!

Juba. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes

With tears, that flowed not o'er his own dead son. [Aside.]

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,

The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's:

For him the self-devoted Decii died,

The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered;

Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends, How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,

The Roman empire, fallen! Oh, cursed ambition!

Fallen into Cæsar's hand: our great forefathers.

Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Juba. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see

Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.

Cato. Cæsar ashamed! has he not seen Pharsalia!

Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I am out of danger;

Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand. Cæsar shall never say he conquered Cato.

But, oh, my friends! your safety fills my heart With anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors

Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends? 'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!

Luc. Cæsar has mercy if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you ! let him know
 What'er was done against him, Cato did it.
 And, if you please, that I request it of him,
 That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
 The virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
 Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
 Or seek the conqueror ?—

Juba. If I forsake thee
 Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon *Juba* !

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
 Will one day make thee great ; at Rome here-
 after,

'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato's* friend.
Portius, draw near : my son, thou oft hast seen
 Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
 Wrestling with vice and faction : now thou
 see'st me

Spent, overpowered, despairing of success ;
 Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toiled with his own
 hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
 In humble virtues, and a rural life ;
 There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome ;
 Content thyself to be obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway
 The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
 A life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself ?

Cato. Farewell, my friends ! If there be any
 of you,

Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know there are ships prepared by my command
 (Their sails already opening to the winds),
 That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
 Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for
 you ?

The conqueror draws near. Once more fare-
 well !

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*
 There, the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot
 there,

Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
 Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
 Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture : in
 his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the
 Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

It must be so—*Plato*, thou reasonest well.
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror

Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we
 pass ?

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before
 me :

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud,
 Through all her works) he must delight in vir-
 tue ;

And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when ! or where—this world was made for
 Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus I am doubly armed : my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.

This in a moment brings me to an end :
 But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?

This lethargy that creeps through all my senses ?
 Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. 'Tis once I'll favour her,
 That my awakened soul may take her flight,
 Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest ; *Cato* knows neither of
 them ;

Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

[*Enter Portius.*

But ha ! who's this ? my son ! Why this intru-
 sion ?

Were not my orders that I would be private ?
 Why am I disobeyed ?

Por. Alas, my father !

What means this sword, this instrument of
 death ?

Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear !

Por. Oh, let the prayers, the intreaties of
 your friends,
 Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from
 you !

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me ? Wouldst thou
 give me up

A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands ?
 Retire, and learn obedience to a father,

Or know, young man !—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me ;
 You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well? again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——

Por. Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father!

How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*]

Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to
please,

Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping
heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:

Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark-
ed,

And tell me if the winds and seas befriend
them.

My soul is quite weighed down with care, and
asks

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart
revives. [Exit Cato.]

Enter Marcia.

Oh, Marcia! Oh, my sister, still there is hope!
Our father will not cast away a life,
So needful to us all and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatched me
hence,

With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slum-
bers. [Exit.]

Mar. Oh, ye immortal powers! that guard
the just,

Watch round his couch, and soften his repose;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care!

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is
Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of
Rome,

He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Filled with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless-
ed:

Marcia, we both are equally involved
In the same intricate, perplexed distress.

The cruel hand of fate, that has destroyed
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament; unhappy youth!

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I
stand

Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's
thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to
heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Lucius. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtu-
ous man!

Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father!
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him;
I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not
hurt me.

Mar. His mind still labours with some dread-
ful thought.

Lucius. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods
of sorrow?

Dry up thy tears, my child; we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are returned from
viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnished hel-
mets,

And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Lucius. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake
thy father;

Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of import-
ance.

What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of
Spain

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might

Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh, give
me way,

And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*]

Lucius. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on
Rome,

And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Ha! a second groan—
Heaven guard us all!—

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.

Re-enter Portius.

Por. Oh, sight of woe!
Oh, Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.

Lucius. Oh, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and
faint, [him,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from
Demands to see his friends. His weeping ser-
vants,

Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

Mar. Oh, Heaven! assist me in this dreadful
hour,

To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits,
O Cæsar!

Lucius. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

Cato brought in on a chair.

Cato. Here set me down—

Portius, come near me—Are my friends em-
barked?

Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

Oh, Lucius, art thou here? Thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our chil-
dren;

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas! poor man, he weeps! Marcia, my daugh-
ter—

Oh, bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,

Would not have matched his daughter with a
king,

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinc-
tion;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—
I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and
sorrow!

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. Oh, ye powers, that
search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts

If I have done amiss, impute it not—

The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh!
[*Dies.*]

Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever
warmed

A Roman breast; oh, Cato! oh, my friend!

Thy will shall be religiously observed.

But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,

And lay it in his sight, that it may stand

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;

Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow:

'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,

And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,

Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,

And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Born 1664.—Died 1721.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I, the other day,

Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:

The setting sun adorn'd the coast,

His beams entire, his fierceness lost:

And, on the surface of the deep,

The winds lay only not asleep:

The nymph did like the scene appear,

Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:

Soft fell her words, as flew the air.

With secret joy I heard her say,

That she would never miss one day

A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high,

Impending tempests charge the sky;

The lightning flies, the thunder roars;

And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.

Struck with the horror of the sight,

She turns her head, and wings her flight;

And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again

Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,

Thyself in that large glass descry:

When thou art in good-humour dress;

When gentle reason rules thy breast;

The sun upon the calmest sea

Appears not half so bright as thee:

'Tis then that with delight I rove

Upon the boundless depth of love:

I bless my chain; I hand my oar;

Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear

Do that dear foolish bosom tear;

When the big lip and watery eye

Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;

"Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deformed by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back:
Forced to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

TO A LADY ON HER REFUSING TO CONTINUE A
DISPUTE WITH ME.

SPARE, generous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

A!as! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and, as he fled, he slew.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
The reason of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.

Cupid was with him of the party;
And show'd himself sincere and hearty;
For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my lord Chief Justice' warrant;
Dauntless as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, study;
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy, which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend:
That spy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?

Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper she's debarr'd.—
Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Most certain.
She'll thrust her letter through—Sir Martin.
Dear angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.

Send her abroad: and let her see,
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau:
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears and real perjuries:
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share:
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame;
Must give up age to want and shame.

Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play,
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

ALMA, OR THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

[From Canto III.]

HERE, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of cerebrum and cerebellum!
How could I play the commentator
On dura and on pia mater!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life.
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells:
In each some active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor justles her assiduous neighbour:
Each—whilst this thesis I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty theme affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected!
My head! quoth Dick, to serve your whim!
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of system,
Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em.
Says Matthew, Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
How'er absurd, what you conceive;
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy?
I say, whatever you maintain

Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly:
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which make us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy;
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread:
But, by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngster, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet, and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke:
He pays due visits after noon
To cou-in Alice and uncle John;
At ten from coffee-house or play
Returning, finishes the day.
But, give him port and potent sack,
From milk-sop he starts up Mohack;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the street at midnight scowrs,
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes;
Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire and faint.
Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words.
To push this argument no further;
To starve a man, in law is murder.
As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,

Derive their secondary power
 From that which simply points the hour.
 For, though those gim-cracks were away,
 (Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
 However more reduced and plain,
 The watch would still a watch remain :
 But, if the horal orbit ceases,
 The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces ;
 Is now no longer what it was,
 And you may e'en go sell the case.
 So, if unprejudic'd you scan
 The goings of this clock-workman,
 You find a hundred movements made
 By fine devices in his head ;
 But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
 That tells his being what's o'clock.
 If you take off this rhetoric trigger,
 He talks no more in mode and figure ;
 Or, clog his mathematic-wheel,
 His buildings fall, his ship stands still ;
 Or, lastly break his politic-weight,
 His voice no longer rules the state.
 Yet if these finer whims are gone,
 Your clock, though plain, would still go on ;
 But spoil the engine of digestion,
 And you entirely change the question.
 Alma's affairs no power can mend ;
 The jest, alas ! is at an end :
 Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
 And you consign the corpse to Russel.

Now make your Alma come or go
 From leg to hand, from top to toe,
 Your system, without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition.
 So harlequin extoll'd his horse,
 Fit for the war, or road, or course ;
 His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
 His foot was sure as ever trod :
 One fault he had (a fault indeed !) ;
 And what was that ? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
 Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
 Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
 That Alma is a mere machine :
 That, telling others what's o'clock,
 She knows not what herself has struck ;
 But leaves to standers-by the trial
 Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
 And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
 Fight fair, sir : what I never meant
 Don't you infer. In argument
 Similies are like songs in love :
 They much describe ; they nothing prove.

* —
 SOLOMON ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.
 [From Book III.]

As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
 Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;
 As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
 Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than
 lost ;

So vanishes our state, so pass our days ;
 So life but opens now, and now decays :
 The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,
 To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 Death only shows us what we knew was near.
 With courage therefore view the pointed hour,
 Dread not death's anger, but expect his power ;
 Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
 But die, O mortal man ! for thou wast born.

Cautious through doubt, by want of courage
 wise,

To such advice the reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continued space,
 Every successive day's repeated race,
 Since time first started from his pristine goal,
 Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
 Join'd to my body swell'd the womb ; I was
 (At least I think so) nothing : must I pass
 Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
 Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death ?
 Must the whole man, amazing thought ! return
 To the cold marble, or contracted urn ?
 And never shall those particles agree,
 That were in life this individual he ?
 But sever'd, must they join the general mass,
 Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to
 pass,

Nor thought nor image kept of what he was ?
 Does the great word, that gave him sense, or-
 dain

That life shall never wake that sense again ?
 And will no power his sinking spirit save
 From the dark caves of death, and chambers of
 the grave ?

Each evening I behold the setting sun
 With downward speed into the ocean run :
 Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
 Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers ;
 Starts the bright race again : his constant flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the same.
 I mark the various fury of the winds ;
 These neither seasons guide, nor order binds ;
 They now dilate, and now contract their force ;
 Various their speed, but endless is their course.
 From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
 Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows :
 Though sundry drops or leave or swell the
 stream,

The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same ;
 Still other waves supply the rising urns,
 And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
 Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea ?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise,
 And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
 A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
 The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
 A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble
 fly ;

A meteor shooting from the summer sky ;
 A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd ;
 A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;

A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim

Our earthly course: but, O my soul! so fast
Must life run off, and death for ever last?

This dark opinion, sure is too confined;
Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,

Reward or punishment, delight or pain?

Say: shall our relicks second birth receive?

Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?

When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,

And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,

Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead,

The spirit only from the body fled;

The grosser part of heat and motion void,

To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroyed;

The soul, immortal substance, to remain,

Conscious of joy, and capable of pain?

And, if her acts have been directed well,

While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,

Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?

Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete?

And, while the buried man we idly mourn,

Do angels joy to see his better half return?

But, if she has deform'd this earthly life

With murderous rapine, and seditious strife.

Amazed, repuls'd, and by those angels driven

From the ethereal seat, and blissful heaven,

In everlasting darkness must she lie,

Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,

Wearied, uncertain, and amazed, we stand:

On either side our thoughts incessant turn;

Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn;

Losing the present in this dubious haste,

And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,

My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,

Once more, I said, once more I will inquire,

What is this little, agile, perversive fire,

This fluttering motion, which we call the mind?

How does she act? and where is she confin'd?

Have we the power to guide her as we please?

Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?

We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;

Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain:

And, while poor nature labours to be blest,

By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,

Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,

Dashing our rising hope with certain ill;

And makes us with reflective trouble see,

That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That power superior then, which rules our mind,

Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?

Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?

And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?

Then let religion aid, where reason fails;

Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales;

And let the silent sanctuary show,

What from the babbling schools we may not

know,

How man may shun or bear his destin'd part

of woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve, our fate?

Anxious we hover in a mediate state,

Retwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,

Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.

Unequal thought! whilst all we apprehend

Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,

As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I said;—and instant had the priests prepare

The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.

Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,

A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.

The artful youth proceed to form the choir:

They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.

The maids in comely order next advance;

They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.

Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,

Chaunting, by just return, the holy song.

Along the choir in solemn state they past:

—The anxious king came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promised vow

I paid; and bowing at the altar low,

Father of heaven! (I said) and Judge of earth!

Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;

By whose kind power and influencing care

The various creatures move, and live, and are:

But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,

They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:

Omniscient Master, Omnipresent King,

To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,

Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease!

Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts

Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts:

From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,

Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide

(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide

Impetuous of this life: let thy command

Direct my course, and bring me safe to land!

If, while this wearied flesh draws fleeting breath,

Not satisfied with life, afraid of death,

It haply be thy will, that I should know

Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;

From now, from instant now, great Sire! dispel

The clouds that press my soul; from now reveal

A gracious beam of light; from now inspire

My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;

My open thought to joyous prospects raise,

And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.

Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait

Some new hereafter, and a future state,

Permit me strength my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, how'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power ;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose,
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dew :
Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
And lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels
My wond'ring soul ? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel said :

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief ;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind ;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe ;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb ;
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care ;
Send the successive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

* * * * *

Illustrious wretch ! repine not, nor reply
View not what heaven ordains with reason's
eye.

Too bright the object is ; the distance is too
high.

The man, who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight ;
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense,
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil ;
What derogates from his command, is ill ;
And that alone is good which centres in his
will.

* * * * *

Now, Solomon ! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth : be strong : with patience and with
care

Perform, and suffer : to thyself severe,

3 c 2

Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues ; first of men ! be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain ;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain !)
Be humble, and be just. The angel said.—
With upward speed his agile wings he spread ;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object : at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd thus I spoke :

Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate !
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate !
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see !
Original of beings ! Power divine !
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine !—
Benign Creator ! let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect ; let thy command
Restore, Great Father ! thy instructed son ;
And in my act may thy great will be done !

JOHN GAY.

Born 1688.—Died 1732.

FRIDAY ; OR, THE DIRGE*.

PASTORAL V.

Bumkinet, Grubbinol.

Bumk. Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wist-
ful seem ?

There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year ;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple
hoards.

Come let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new "wash sorrow from thy soul."

Grub. Ah, Bumkinet ! since thou from hence
wert gone,

From these sad plains all merriment is flown ;
Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

* " Next year (1713) he published *The Shepherd's Week*, six English pastorals, in which the images are drawn from real life, such as it appears among the rustics in parts of England remote from London. Steele, in some papers of 'The Guardian,' had praised Ambrose Philips, as the pastoral writer that yielded only to Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope, who had also published pastorals, not pleased to be overlooked, drew up a comparison of his own compositions with those of Philips, in which he covertly gave himself the preference, while he seemed to disown it. Not content with this, he is supposed to have incited Gay to write. 'The Shepherd's Week' to show, that if it be necessary to copy nature with minuteness, rural life must be exhibited such as grossness and ignorance have made it." * *

" But the effect of reality and truth became conspicuous, even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded. These pastorals became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations, by those who had no interest in the rivalry of poets, nor knowledge of the critical dispute."—*Johnson's Life of Gay.*

Bumk. "Hang sorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair.

And with trim sonnets "cast away our care."
"Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play;
Thou sing'st most sweet, "O'er hills and far away."

Of "Patient Grissel" I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring
Come Grubbinol, beneath this shelter come:
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

Grub. Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,

But with my woe shall distant vallies ring.
The tale shall make our kiddings droop their head,

For, woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

Bumk. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.

As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread:
The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.

Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn,

The season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda died.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.

When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd:
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay:
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chanc'd to lie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy;
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls her butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spungy curds the milky stream:
But now alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly;

The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon harley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass,
I pitch'd the sheaves, (oh, could I do so now!)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd.
Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show;
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds, instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet, let dandelions spread;
For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone:
"Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass."

Grub. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,

Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing forever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,

And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dubson died.

How shall I, void of tears of death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother sate!
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:

"Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed:
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.

Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid:
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies, and a nine pence bent,
A token kind Bumkinet is sent."

Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother
cry'd ;
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she died.
To show their love, the neighbours far and
near

Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the
next ;

He said, that heaven would take her soul, no
doubt,

And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite
out.

To her sweet memory, flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
'To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground ;
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard
graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's
farm,

To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the bye
" Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."

While bullsbear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow ;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire ;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise ;
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sneed across the plain.
They seiz'd the lass in apron cleau array'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid ;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

EPISTLE

To Mr. Pope, on his having finished his Translation of Homer's Iliad.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

LONG hast thou, friend ! been absent from my
soil,

Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy ;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy :
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land ?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
And wish thy bark had never left the strand ?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,

And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Cheer up, my friend ! thy dangers now are o'er ;
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear :
Hark ! how the guns salute from either shore,
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair :
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex
roar,

And bells break loud through every gust of
air :

Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Black-
wall ;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human-
kind,

More visited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Fareitious Disney, greet thee first of all ;
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
Duke* ! that's the room for Pope, and that for
Gay.

Come in, my friends ! here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast, and here dine again ;
And sup and breakfast on (if ye comply),
For I have still some dozens of champagne :
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by ;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain ;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires ;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay !
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy ;
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's-
day ;

I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near—Oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from
Troy.

Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd ;
From siege, from battle, and from storm re-
turn'd !

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest ;
Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands
blue

(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the
rest :

First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends ?
Who knows not her ? ah ! those are Wortley's
eyes ;

* He was usually called ' Duke Disney.'

How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!

For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends;

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand.
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known:
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song;
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom or why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young;
With other names by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

But now behold the female band retire,
And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd,
Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

See generous Burlington with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan);
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse;
And friendly Congreve, unreprouchful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse);
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken:
And Laughton whispering asks—Is Troy town taken?

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguis'd:

Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find!
St. John, for every social virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or else to see thee here I well surmis'd:
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Æolian air:
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd?

What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods his head.
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hammer, whose eloquence th' unbiass'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays,
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways;
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learn'd or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries:
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine, fatter, Cheney huge of size)
Yea Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches),
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent
"Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
But hither me hath my meekle lady sent:—
In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame."

Yonder I see, among th' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along.
See Digby faints at Southerne talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng:
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

Lo the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
 Lo Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
 Lo Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
 See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand;
 Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage
 done;
 But who can count the leaves, the stars, the
 sand?
 Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
 Lo thousands more; But I want rhyme and
 room!

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not
 vain

And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
 All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
 On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
 What from contending cities did he gain?
 And what rewards his grateful country pay?
 None, none were paid—why then all this for
 me?
 These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED
 SUSAN.

ALL in the downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came aboard.
 Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.
 William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
 hands,
 And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 ('If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
 eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard:
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
 Adieu! she cries: and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclined.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas;
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What alas! should fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow?

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which sweet woodbine covers.
What are your assemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we see more men;
But much fewer lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
Coxcombs without number!
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

Pleasant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is paid, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

Though the favourite toast I reign;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Every day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah, cease thy sorrow.
Though curst fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.

Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:

"Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind,
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'I was gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!"

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The miser, trembling, lock'd his chest:
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:
"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside;
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven:
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt."

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds,
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.

Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew,
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid ;
He gave each muscle all its strength ;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length ;
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd ;
Truth should not always be reveal'd :
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view ; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set ; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appeared ; and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketched the piece,
Then dipped his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air ;
Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire ;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit ;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."

Observe the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long :
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."

"Oh ! pardon me, the artist cried ;
In this we painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."

My Lord examin'd it anew
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover praised the painter's art ;
So like the picture in his heart !
To every age some charm he lent ;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they praised ;
His custom grew, his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own ?
But, when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,

3 D

And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man, with gasping breath ;
"I feel the chilling wound of death.

Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.

I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade ;

'Tis self-defence in each profession :
Sure self-defence is no transgression.

The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands

Is well increas'd. If, unawares,

My justice to myself and heirs

Hath let my debtor rot in jail,

For want of good sufficient bail ;

If I, by writ, or bond or deed,

Reduc'd a family to need ;

My will hath made the world amends ;

My hope on charity depends ;

When I am number'd with the dead,

And all my pious gifts are read,

By heaven and earth 'twill then be known

My charities were amply shown."

An angel came. "Ah, friend! (he cried).

No more in flattering hope confide.

Can thy good deeds in former times

Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?

What widow or what orphan prays

To crown thy life with length of days ?

A pious action's in thy power,

Embrace with joy the happy hour.

Now, while you draw the vital air,

Prove your intention is sincere :

This instant give a hundred pound :

Your neighbours want, and you abound."

"But why such haste, the sick man whines ;

Who knows as yet what Heaven designs ?

Perhaps I may recover still,

That sum and more are in my will."

"Fool, says the vision, now 'tis plain

Your life, your soul, your Heaven, was gain.

From every side, with all your might,

You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right ;

And after death would fain atone,

By giving what is not your own."

"While there is life, there's hope, he cried ;

Then why such haste?" so groan'd and died.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had raised his fortune and renown ;

You'd think (so far his art transcends)

The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;

Convinc'd of his inferior skill,

She sought his booth, and from the crowd

Defy'd the man of art aloud.

"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight ?

Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?

Dares he with me dispute the prize ?

I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provoked, the Juggler cried, "'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."

Thus said, the cups and balls he played;
By turns this here, that there, conveyed.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a flip turned to birds.

His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amazed spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

"This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desired,
And every man himself admired.

Next, to a senator addressing,
"See this bank-note; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanished and he spoke.

Twelve bottles ranged upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stored,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief exposed;
At once his ready fingers closed.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address.
"This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand exposed a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaimed his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but charity;
And not one that you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission owned her art.
"Can I such watchless sleight withstand!
How practice hath improved your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare who, in a civil way,
Complied, with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appeared in view!

"Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."

The horse replied, "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately buli implor'd;
And thus replied the mighty lord;

"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked "her pulse was high
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained
"His sides a load of wool sustained;
Said, he was slow, confessed his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.

"Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.

Excuse me, then ; you know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
For see the hounds are just in view."

MATTHEW GREEN.

Born 1696.—Died 1737.

THE SPLEEN.

[*Extracts.*]

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen ;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.
* * * *

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance ;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shown,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly allied to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief.
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and, looking round,
Own by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard ;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks.
And shorten tedious hours with books.
* * * *

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No computer-writes me agitate ;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind :
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
* * * *

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press and equal laws.
The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !
In vain our sires have nobly fought :
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,
And learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensured open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome ;
Her offspring, skilled in logic war,
Truth's banner waved in open air ;
The monster superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head ;
And lawless power, the long-kept field,
By reason quelled, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence,
To chain, is treason against sense ;
And, liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs :
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen.
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projectors' bait ;
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground ;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
* * * *

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find ;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;
Unmoved when the rude tempest blows.
Without an opiate they repose ;
And, covered by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly :

Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares ;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possessed.

In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
'Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know ;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant passed,
He'll grant a settlement at last,
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r hereave
An endless series to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or he supposed to create.
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

THOMAS TICKELL.

Born 1686.—Died 1740.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF dumb too long, the drooping muse hath
staid,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires !
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave !
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks
of kings !
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
'The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;

The duties by the lawn-rebed prelate paid ;
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever ; take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue.
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire
held ;

In arms who triumphed ; or in arts excelled ;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to
heaven ;

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind ?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly ?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels
gaze ?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend :
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart ;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the Heavens de-
cree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplored by me ;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my
sight ;

If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious
song;

There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too
high

The price for knowledge) taught us how to die,
Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures
grace,

Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, when'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and
fair,

Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other hills, however fortune frowned;
Some refuge in the muse's art I found:
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinished song!

'These works divine, which on his death-bed
laid,

To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
Farewell! whom joined in fame, in friendship
tried,

No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend,
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains:
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjurd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A hell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the lovelorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."
She spoke, she died, her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjurd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Of at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green:
But, swain forsworn, who'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

Born 1692.—Died 1742.

THE CHASE.

[From Book II.]

Instinct—Autumn preparations for the chase.

NOW will it less delight th' attentive sage
T' observe that Instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore,
And oft transcends: Heaven-taught the roe-
buck swift

Loiters at ease before the driving pack
And mocks their vain pursuit; nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; strained to excess each
nerve,

Each slackened sinew fails: they pant, they
foam;

Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high
hills

Stretches secure, and leaves the scattered crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode. With step reversed
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the
morn

Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close re-
cess.

As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crowned, court the refreshing
breeze:

And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay.
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise
hares

Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treach-
erous wiles

Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary and close they sit.

When spring shines forth, season of love and
joy,

In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When summer
suns

Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving
fields

Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless
young:

But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed re-
turned

In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the withered leaves, thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.

But every season carefully observed,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienced huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scattered o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are
shorn;

Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are
stored

And grooming saddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack

In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd:
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse

Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:

But courteous now he levels every fence.
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud.

Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible!

To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;

Games more renown'd and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.

Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!

Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd
eye,

In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy

downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle

climbs
With matchless speed thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess,
hail!

Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way

And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down

Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive

Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform

Th' important work. Me other joys invite.
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd

Their mattins chaunt, nor brook my long delay.
My courser hears their voice; see there, with

ears

And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,

And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cov'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns

Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks

If once dismissed, no limits can contain
 The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolic play :
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack ;
 A thousand wanton gaieties express
 Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
 The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
 When April showers descend. Delightful scene !
 Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

RICHARD WEST.

Born 1716.—Died 1742.

AD AMICOS*.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
 You feel each joy that friendship can divide ;
 Each realm of science and of art explore,
 And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
 Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
 To raise the genius, or the heart to mend ;
 Now pleased along the cloister'd walk you rove,
 And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
 Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse
 To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
 Mean time at me (while all devoid of art
 These lines give back the image of my heart)
 At me the power that comes or soon or late,
 Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate ;
 From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
 Like some sad exile in a desert land :
 Around no friends their lenient care to join
 In mutual warmth, and mix their hearts with
 mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days ;
 To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.
 Just heav'n ! what sin, ere life begins to
 bloom,
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
 Drag the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous
 knife ?
 Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale pro-
 claim,
 Or madly violate my Maker's name ?

* An imitation of Elegy V. 3rd book of Tibullus.

Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
 Or know a thought but all the world might
 know ?

As yet just started from the lists of time,
 My growing years have scarcely told their
 prime ;

Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
 Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year ;
 Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray ?
 Stern Power of Fate, whose ebony sceptre rules
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart ;
 Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
 Shake in my head, and falter in my pace ;
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is man to Reason's judging eye !
 Born in this moment, in the next we die ;
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise ;
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
 And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing :
 'Tis like the stream, beside whose wat'ry bed
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches
 rise,

Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies :
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
 And undermine the hollow bank below ;
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
 Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
 Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
 And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine ? Does life deserve my sigh ?
 Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
 For those the wretches I despise or hate,
 I neither envy nor regard their fate.
 For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall
 spread

His wings around my unrepining head,
 I care not ; though this face be seen no more, *
 The world will pass as cheerful as before ;
 Bright as before the day-star will appear,
 The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear
 Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
 Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air ;
 Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
 Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
 Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
 Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
 Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
 Their praise would crown me as their precepts
 mend ;

To them may these fond lines my name endear,
 Not from the Poet but the Friend sincere.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

Born 1698.—Died 1743.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A poem on her Majesty's Birth-day, 1731-2.

No. I.

Twice twenty tedious moons have rolled away.
Since hope, kind flatterer! tuned my pensive lay,
Whispering, that you, who raised me from despair,
Meant, by your smiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to screen,
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you power, because you love to bless;

And pity, when you feel it, is redress.

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no son!
The senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityless, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, though your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,

You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
They who a barren leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence should I hope, if not from Heaven and you?

Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.

The pitying muses saw me wit pursue;
A bastard-son, alas! on that side too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the muse denies, the queen inspire?
While rising thus your heavenly soul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.

Great princess! 'tis decreed—once every year
I march uncalled your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
And charm the world with truths too vast for praise.

Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known;

Your poet shall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.

Is there a greatness that adorns him best,
A rising wish, that ripens in his breast?

Has he foremeant some distant age to bless,
Disarm oppression, or expel distress?
Plans he some scheme to reconcile mankind,
People the seas, and busy every wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And smile contending factions into shame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own soft morals o'er his state?
The muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen.

Such be the annual truths my verse imparts,
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if, placed, perchance, beneath your eye,
My muse, unpensioned, might her pinions try;
Fearless to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen bestows,
I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Born 1667.—Died 1744.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING MAXIM IN
ROCHEFOUCAULT:

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.

"In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that doth not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:

"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.

If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-tapt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:

How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he ?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !

Thy various follies who can trace ;

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,

Their empire in our heart divide.

Give others riches, power, and station,

'Tis all to me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire ;

Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,

But with a sigh I wish it mine :

When he can in one couplet fix

More sense than I can do in six ;

It gives me such a jealous fit,

I cry, " Pox take him and his wit ! "

I grieve to be outdone by Gay

In my own humourous biting way.

Arbutnot is no more my friend,

Who dares to irony pretend,

Which I was born to introduce,

Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.

St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows

That I had some repute for prose ;

And, till they drove me out of date,

Could maul a minister of state.

If they have mortified my pride,

And made me throw my pen aside ;

If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd
em,

Have I not reason to detest'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send

Thy gifts ; but never to my friend :

I tamely can endure the first ;

But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;

Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I

Must by the course of nature die ;

When, I foresee, my special friends

Will try to find their private ends :

And, though 'tis hardly understood

Which way my death can do them good,

Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :

" See how the Dean begins to break !

Poor gentleman, he droops apace !

You plainly find it in his face.

That old vertigo in his head

Will never leave him till he's dead.

Besides, his memory decays :

He recollects not what he says ;

He cannot call his friends to mind ;

Forgets the place where last he din'd ;

Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;

He told them fifty times before.

How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?

But he takes up with younger folks,

Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,

Or change his comrades once a quarter ;

In half the time he talks them round,

There must another set be found.

" For poetry, he's past his prime ;

He takes an hour to find a rhyme :

His fire is out, his wit decay'd,

His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.

I'd have him throw away his pen ;

But there's no talking to some men ! "

And then their tenderness appears

By adding largely to my years :

" He's older than he would be reckon'd,

And well remembers Charles the Second.

He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;

And that, I doubt, is no good sign.

His stomach too begins to fail ;

Last year we thought him strong and hale ;

But now he's quite another thing :

I wish he may hold out till spring ! "

They hug themselves, and reason thus :

" It is not yet so bad with us ! "

In such a case they talk in tropes,

And by their fears express their hopes.

Some great misfortune to portend,

No enemy can match a friend.

With all the kindness they profess,

The merit of a lucky guess

(When daily how-d'y'e's come of course

And servants answer, " Worse and worse ! ")

Would please them better, than to tell,

That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well."

Then he who prophesied the best,

Approves his foresight to the rest :

" You know I always fear'd the worst,

And often told you so at first."

He'd rather choose that I should die,

Than his predictions prove a lie.

Not one foretells I shall recover ;

But, all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain

Just in the parts where I complain ;

How many a message would he send !

What hearty prayers that I should mend !

Inquire what regimen I kept ?

What gave me ease, and how I slept ?

And more lament, when I was dead,

Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;

For, though you may mistake a year,

Though your prognostics run too fast,

They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !

" How is the Dean ? " — " He's just alive."

Now the departing prayer is read ;

He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,

The news through half the town is run.

" Oh ! may we all for death prepare !

What has he left ? and who's his heir ? "

"I know no more than what the news is;

'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."

"To public uses! there's a whim!

What had the public done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride:

He gave it all—but first he died.

And had the Dean, in all the nation,

No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So ready to do strangers good,

Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;

With elegies the town is cloy'd:

Some paragraph in every paper,

To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,

Wisely on me lay all the blame.

"We must confess, his case was nice;

But he would never take advice.

Had he been rul'd for aught appears,

He might have liv'd these twenty years:

For, when we open'd him, we found

That all his vital parts were sound."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."

And Lady Suffolk in the spleen,

Runs laughing up to tell the queen.

The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,

Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.

He's dead, you say: then let him rot:

I'm glad the medals* were forgot.

I promis'd him, I own, but when?

I only was the princess then;

But now, as consort of the king;

You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,

Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:

"Why, if he died without his shoes,"

Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:

Oh, were the wretch but living still,

And in his place my good friend Will!

Or had a mitre on his head,

Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:

Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!

And then, to make them pass the glibber,

Revised by Tibbald†, Moore, and Cibber.

He'll treat me as he does my betters,

Publish my will, my life, my letters;

Revive the libels born to die:

Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent

How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,

"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,

All fortitude of mind supplies:

For how can stony bowels melt

In those who never pity felt!

When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,

Resigning to the will of God.

The fools; my juniors by a year,

Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;

Who wisely thought my age a screen,

When death approach'd, to stand between:

The screen remov'd, their hearts are trem-
bling;

They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts

Have better learn'd to act their parts,

Receive the news in doleful dumps:

The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)

Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!

(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)

Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:

(I wish I knew what king to call.)

Madam, your husband will attend

The funeral of so good a friend?

No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight:

And he's engag'd to-morrow night:

My lady (hub will take it ill,

If he should fail her at quadrille,

He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart:)

But dearest friends, they say, must part.

His time was come; he ran his race;

We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past; a different scene!

No farther mention of the Dean,

Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the favorite of Apollo?

Departed:—and his works must follow;

Must undergo the common fate;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,

Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;

He died a year ago."—"The same."

He searches all the shop in vain.

Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane*:

I sent them, with a load of books,

Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.

To fancy they could live a year!

I find you're but a stranger here.

The Dean was famous in his time,

And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

His way of writing now is past:

The town has got a better taste.

I keep no antiquated stuff;

But spick and span I have enough.

Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:

Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.

This ode you never yet have seen,

By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.

Then here's a letter finely penn'd

Against the craftsman, and his friend:

It clearly shows that all reflection

On ministers is disaffection.

* Which the Dean had in vain expected in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.

† Or Theobald.

* A place where old and second-hand books were sold.

Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.

The hawkers have not got them yet :
Your honour, please to buy a set ?

" Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth
edition ;

"Tis read by every politician :

The country-members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down ;
You never met a thing so smart ;
The courtiers have them all by heart ;
Those maids of honour who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension :
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down.
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor ;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
The church had never such a writer ;
A shame he hath not got a mitre !"

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose ;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some and some without ;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
" The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court,
Although, ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave :
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own."

" Sir, I have heard another story ;
He was a most confounded Tory.
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull, before he died."

" Can we the Drapier then forget ?
Is not our nation in his debt ?

"Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters !"—

" He should have left them for his betters :
We had a hundred abler men.
Nor need depend upon his pen.—

Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding ;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet ;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him,—
But why would he, except he slobber'd
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels and the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour !
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels ;
Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth !"

" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,

3 E 2

And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim ;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
No individual could resent,

Where thousands equally were meant ;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct ;
For he abhor'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe :
He spar'd the hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.

Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest ;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.

Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd,
If you resent it, who's to blame ?
He neither knows you, nor your name.
Should vice expect to scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke ?

His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind ;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower ;
He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.

On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain ;
***** squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and **** for nought ;

The ***** go joyful back,
To rob the church, their tenants rack ;
Go snacks with ***** justices,
And keep the peace to pick up fees ;
In every job to have a share,
A goal or turnpike to repair ;
And turn ***** to public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.

" He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him ;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters
So often seen caressing Chartres*.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration ;
Of no man's greatness was afraid.
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs :
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends ;

* Fr. Chartres, a man notorious for almost every kind of vice. By cheating at the gaming table and lending money at exorbitant interest he made a large fortune. It is observed in his epitaph, written by Arbuthnot, that " Providence seems to have conniv'd at his execrable designs to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals."

And only chose the wise and good ;
 No flatterers ; no lies in blood :
 But succour'd virtue in distress,
 And seldom fail'd of good success ;
 As numbers in their hearts must own,
 Who, but for him, had been unknown

" He kept with princes due decorum :
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em,
 He follow'd David's lesson just ;
 In princes never put his trust ;
 And, would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.
 The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 With what impatience he declaim'd
 Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
 For her he stood prepar'd to die :
 For her he boldly stood alone ;
 For her he oft expos'd his own.
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head ;
 But not a traitor could be found,
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 He might have rose like other men :
 But power was never in his thought.
 And wealth he valued not a groat :
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pitied those who meant the wound ;
 But kept the tenour of his mind,
 To merit well of human-kind ;
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 To reconcile his friends in power ;
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other's ruin.
 But, finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

" And, oh ! how short are human schemes !
 Here ended all our golden dreams.
 What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 To save their sinking country lent,
 Was all destroy'd by one event.
 Too soon that precious life was ended,
 On which alone our weal depended,
 When up a dangerous faction starts,
 With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 By solemn league and covenant bound,
 To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 To turn religion to a fable,
 And make the government a Babel ;
 Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ;
 To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 And make her infamous in story ;
 When such a tempest shook the land,
 How could ungarded virtue stand !

" With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 Himself within the frown of power ;
 Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
 Far to the land of s— and fens :

A servile race in folly nurs'd
 Who truckled most, when treated worst.

" By innocence and resolution,
 He bore continual persecution ;
 While numbers to preferment rose,
 Whose merit was to be his foes ;
 When ev'n his own familiar friends,
 Intent upon their private ends,
 Like renegadoes now he feels,
 Against him lifting up their heels.

" The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 An infamous destructive cheat ;
 Taught fools their interest how to know,
 And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 To save that hapless land from ruin ;
 While they who at the steerage stood,
 And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

" To save them from their evil fate,
 In him was held a crime of state.
 A wicked monster on the bench,
 Whose fury blood could never quench ;
 As vile and profligate a villain,
 As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian ;
 Who long all justice had discarded,
 Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded ;
 Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent ;
 And make him of his zeal repent :
 But Heaven his innocence defends,
 The grateful people stand his friends ;
 Nor strains of law, nor judges' frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

" In exile, with a steady heart,
 He spent his life's declining part ;
 Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."

" Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
 Was to be held a misanthrope.
 This into general odium drew him,
 Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
 His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 But discontent against the times :
 For, had we made him timely offers,
 To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 Like other brethren of his gown ;
 For party he would scarce have bled :—
 I say no more—because he's dead.—
 What writings has he left behind ?"

" I hear they're of a different kind :
 A few in verse ; but most in prose—"

" Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose :—
 All scribbled in the worst of times,
 To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes ;
 To praise queen Anne, nay more defend her,
 As never favoring the Pretender :
 Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 Against the court to show his spite :
 Perhaps his travels, part the third ;
 A lie at every second word—
 Offensive to a loyal ear :—
 But—not one sermon, you may swear.

"He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was cheerful to his dying day ;
And friends would let him have his way.

"As for his works in verse or prose.
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought them ;
But this I know, all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To please and to reform mankind ;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor ;
I wish it soon may have a better,
And, since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store ;
"But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die ;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault ;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools :
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker !
To grant me this and t'other acre ;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure !'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence !
Just what you gave me, competence :
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose ;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent ;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use ;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,

It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day ;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :
How should I thrust myself between ?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To jostle here among the crowd !"

Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit ;
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleased with this rebuke.
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on ;
Without your help the cause is gone—
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—"
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best.

Then presently he falls to teaze,
"You may for certain, if you please :
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;
As, "What's o'clock ?" and, "How's the
wind ?"

"Whose chariot's that we left behind ?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs ;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes inter nos
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well :
"How think you of our friend the dean ?"

I wonder what some people mean.
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, tête-à-tête ;
What ! they admire him for his jokes !—
See but the fortune of some folks !”

There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court :
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.
“ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;
Inform us, will the emperor treat ?
Or do the prints and papers lie ?”
“ Faith, sir, you know as much as I.”
“ Ah, doctor, how you love to jest !
’Tis now no secret”—“ I protest
’Tis one to me”—“ Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay ?”
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closet mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat !
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book ;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Born 1688.—Died 1744.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

’Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this.
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

’Tis with our judgments as our watches ; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic’s share ;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well :
Authors are partial to their wit, ’tis true ;
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind ;
Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
The lines, though touch’d but faintly are drawn
right ;

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac’d
Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac’d,
So by false learning is good sense defac’d :

Some are bewilder’d in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but
fools.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival’s, or an eunuch’s spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo’s spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can
write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past ;
Turn’d critics next, and prov’d plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn’d witlings, numerous in our isle.
As half-form’d insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation’s so equivocal :
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit’s, that might a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic’s noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go ;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness
meet.

Nature to all things fix’d the limits fit,
And wisely curb’d proud man’s pretending wit ;
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails ;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory’s soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit ;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin’d to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain’d before,
By vain ambition still to make them more :
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature ; and your judgment
frame

By her just standard, which is still the same :
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang’d, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without shew, and without pomp pre-
sides ;

In some fair body thus th’ informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole.
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th’ effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other’s aid, like man and
wife

'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed :
 The wing'd courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his
 course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodis'd :
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules en-
 dites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she shew'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod :
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples given,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from
 heaven.

The generous critic fann'd the poets fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who could not win the mistress woo'd the
 maid ;

Against the poets their own arms they turn'd.
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they
 learn'd.

So modern 'pothecaries taught the art
 By doctors bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 'Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course
 would steer,

Know well each ancient's proper character :
 His fable, subject, scope in every page ;
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 'Avail you may, but never criticise.

Be Homer's works your study and delight
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your max-
 ims bring,

And trace the muses upward to their spring ;
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless
 mind

A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from nature's fountain scorn'd to
 draw :

But when t' examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design ;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry ; in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. }
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their
 end,)

Some lucky license answer to the full

Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing through the judgment,
 gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.

In prospects thds, some objects please our
 eyes,

Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
 But though the ancients thus their rules invade
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have
 made) ;

Moderns, beware ! or, if you must offend

Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end :

Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;

And have, at least, their precedent to plead.

The critic else proceeds without remorse,

Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
 thoughts

Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.

Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,

Considered singly, or beheld too near,

Which, but proportioned to their light, or place,

Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display

His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,

But with th' occasion and the place comply.

Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly,

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar
 stands,

Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;

Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,

Destructive war, and all-involving age.

See from each clime the learn'd their incense
 bring !

Hear in all tongues consenting Pæans ring !

In praise so just let every voice be join'd,

And fill the general chorus of mankind.

Hail, bards triumphant ! born in happier days ;

Immortal heirs of universal praise !

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,

As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,

And worlds applaud that must not yet be
 found !

O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your
flights,

Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools,
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
wind:

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the
sky;

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the
last;

But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering
eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the
mind;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame, indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature what effects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd
dome,

(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O
Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
pear:

The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.

Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd fully sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's ad-
vice:

Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the
knight.

Yes, or we must renounce the stagirite.

"Not so, by heaven! (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
"stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every
line;

Pleased with a work were nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-
press'd;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we
find,

That gives us back the image of our mind.

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them
good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books as women men, for dress:

Their praise is still—the style is excellent :
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves ; and where they most
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place :
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay ;
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon :
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their
sense ;

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned
smile.

Unlucky as Fungosa in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or
wrong :

In the bright muse though thousand charms
conspire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to church re-
pair,

Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require.

Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvary'd
chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line 't " whispers through the
trees : " [creep,"

If crystal streams " with pleasing murmers
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with
" sleep : "

Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow
length along. [know

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;

And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweet-
ness join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to
dance,

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
flows ;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent
roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow :
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along
the main.

Hear how 'Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature sound,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense ;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we through mist
descrie,

Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize :

Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.

Regard not then if wit be old or new.
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er in-
vent. [then

Some judge of authors' names, not works, and
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he -
That in proud dulness joins with quality ;

A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me !
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through imitation err ;
As oft the learn'd by being singular ;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.

Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still they say ;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread ;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read.
Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed.
And none had sense enough to be confuted :
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith it-self has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit ;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,

Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux :
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past ;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :

Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true ;
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays :
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first, true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years :
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;
Our sons their fathers failing language see.
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live ;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings ;
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
The most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease.

Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe !
Of old, those met rewards, who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well ;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools :
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise !
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join ;
To err, is human ; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase ;

When love was all an easy monarch's care ;
Seldom at council, never in a war :

Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit :
 The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away :
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
 Where heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there !
 Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show ;
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning,
 join ;

in all you speak, let truth and candour shine ;
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :

Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
 But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
 And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without good breeding truth is disapprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,

Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take :

But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
 And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull !
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take degrees.
 Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators,

Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain ;
 And charitably let the dull be vain .

Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have : and yet 'tis true,

There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dufey's Tales :
 With him, most authors steal their works or buy,
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend ?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard :

Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead ;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes :

But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?

Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;
 Though learn'd, well-bred ; and though well-bred, sincere :

Modestly bold, and humanly severe :
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show.
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?
 Best with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;
 Generous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were critics ; such the happy few
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew :
 The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,

Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with
fire;

His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme.
They judge with fury, but they write with
phlegm:

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire.
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew:
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd but little understood.
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
bays;

Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon, by impious arms from Latium
chas'd:

Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd;

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace aways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rules and practice
tell,

"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than
good,

With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and
friend.

Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender
wing.

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
view.

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

● RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Canto 1.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—this verse to Caryl, muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could com-
pel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?

O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,

Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

In tasks so bold, can little men engage?

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,

And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,

And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
 flowers;

Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below,
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd;
 What though no credit doubting wits may give?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air.
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air.
 Think not, when women's transient breath is
 fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead.
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the
 cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive,
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft appear,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
 For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shape they please.
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring
 spark,

The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
 face,
 For life predestin'd to the gnomes embrace.
 These swell their prospects, and exalt their
 pride,

When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
 train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way.
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could with-
 stand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toy-shop of the heart;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
 knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call;
 Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
 But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can;
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept
 too long,

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his
 tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner
 read,

But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
 A heavenly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise;
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the
gown;

And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

Canto II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
shone,

But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung be-
hind

In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks ad-
mir'd;

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and every power ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise th
fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.

The powers gave ear, and granted half his
prayer;

The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
The impending wo sat heavy on his breast.

He summons strait his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their
wings.

Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd:
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand and thus begun:

Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wondering orbs on
high,

Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale
light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions
guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care:
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show-
ers,

A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a founce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest
fair

That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in
night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has deem'd that Shock
must fall.

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat ;
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
whale.

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye ;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in
vain ;

Or aum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower :
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend :
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

Canto III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes
its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms
obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes
tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
peace,

And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine,
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' ærial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card ;
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore :
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary wiskers and a forked beard ;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a
flower,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer power ;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band ;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
And party-coloured troops, a shining train ;
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skillful nymph reviews her force with care ;
Let spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord :
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board ;
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'er-
threw,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade !
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride :

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread :
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace ;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his
face.

And his refulgent queen with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'whelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the queen of
hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's face forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An ace of hearts steps forth : the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
queen :

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is
crown'd,

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking
tide :

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait hover round the fair her airy band ;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd ;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut
eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus injured hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case

So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends,
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her
head.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the
hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
near,

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought :
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd ;
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex
wide,

T' inclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd ;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again) ;
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their
last !

Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie !

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order
blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live !
What time would spare, from steel receives its
date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy.
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy :
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs
should feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel ?

Canto IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,

Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs with-drew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sullied the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head,

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
 But differing far in figure and in face,
 Here stood ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
 noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
 Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
 Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
 Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
 A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
 Then thus address'd the power—"Hail, wayward
 queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysterick, or poetic fit,
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.

3 c

A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But, oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game;
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
 That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
 A wonderful bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues:
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to-
 day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and
 cried, [plied:]

(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! re-
 "Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the rhvisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
 Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-Park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,

And thus broke out :—" My Lord, why, what the devil ?

Z—ds ! damn the Lock ! Forè Gad, you must be civil !

Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox ! Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

" It grieves me much (he replied the peer again), Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain ; But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear (Which never more shall join its parted hair ; Which never more its honours shall renew, Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,) That while my nostrils draw the vital air, This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear." He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread The long-contented honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome ! forbears not so ; He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears, Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ; On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said :

" For ever curs'd be this detested day, Which snatch'd my best, my favorite curl away ! Happy ! ah, ten times happy had I been, If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen ! Yet am not I the first mistaken maid By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.

Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd In some lone isle, or distant northern land ; Where the gilt chariot never marks the way, Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea ! There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye, Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What mov'd my mind with youthfull lords to roam ? Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home.

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell, Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;

The tottering china shook without a wind, Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind ! A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs ! My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares : These in two sable ringlets taught to break, Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone, And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ; Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands, And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands. Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !"

— Canto V.

She said : the pitying audience melt in tears : But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears. In vain Thalestris with reproach assails, For who can move when fair Belinda fails ? Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain. Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan ; Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.

" Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ? Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford, Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd ?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux ?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ? How vain are all these glories, all our pains, Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains : That men may say, when we the front-box grace Behold the first in virtue as in face !

Oh ! if to dance all night and dress all day, Charm'd the small pox, or chac'd old age away : Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ? To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint ; Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ; Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey ; Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade, And she who scorns a man must die a maid ; What then remains, but well our power to use, And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose ? And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail, When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail ;

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ; Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued ; Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.

To arms, to arms ! the fierce Virago cries, And swift as lightning to the combat flies.

All side in parties, and begin th' attack ; Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapon in their hands are found ; Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;

'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ; And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;

Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around, Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight ; Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,

And scatters death around from both her eyes, A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,

One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

" O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,"

Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast, " Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.

Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grand sire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die defects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

"Restore the Lock," she cries; and all around,
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with
pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
To Proculus alone confess'd in view;) [drew,

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berénice's locks first rose so bright,
The heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall
survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy
ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the muse shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigued
I said,

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they
glide.

By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of
rhyme†,

Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd
walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

* A foolish star-gazer and prophet.

† A place to which insolvent debtors retired to enjoy an illegal
protection.

Friend to my life! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song),
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma? either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I?

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years," cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes e'er he wakes, and prints before term ends,

Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;

I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace,
I want a patron: ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine.
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, "Sdeath! I'll print it,

And shame the fools—your interest, Sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks:

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel; straight I clap the door,

"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a king.)

His very minister, who spied them first,

(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,

'Tis nothing—

P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?

Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)

The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry; in vain,

The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,

Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?

His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?

Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend,

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;

But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all.

Of all mad creatures if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:

One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"—

Go on, obliging creature, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"

And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I list'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd: [wife;

The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, no,
To help me through this long disease, my life;

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays ;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head.
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends
before),

With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
Happier their author, when by these belov'd !
From these the world will judge of men and
books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers : who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense ?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret ;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with bedlam or the mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds :
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and
spells,

Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; [due.
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines
a year ;

He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense lean-
ing,

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad :

All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
chafe !

And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;

Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be !
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !

What, though my name stood rubric on the
walls,

Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?
Or smoking forth a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
I sought no homage from the race that write ;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight ;
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George ! a birth-day
song.

I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head),
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place ;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat ;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with
praise,

To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder !) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose-
quill !

May every Bavius have his Bufo still !
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands.

Blest be the great ! for those they take away,
And those they left me ; for they left me Gay :
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn !

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too !
(To live and die is all I have to do :)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please :

Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs :
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
Heavens ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?
" I found him close with Swift—indeed ? no doubt

[out." (Cries prating Balbus) something will come
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will :

" No, such a genius never lie still ;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I ! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style ?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out :
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love ;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,

And, if he lie not, must at least betray :
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons* what was never there ;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

* Pope had been accused of ridiculing in his " Epistle on the Use of Riches," his friend the duke of Chandos. Cannons was the name of his grace's estate. The following is the passage that Pope asserts was improperly applied to the duke's establishment :

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer :
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fairy expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What ? that thing
of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk ?
Satire of sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing ! that, acting either part,
The trifling head ! or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's temper thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song :
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or searing to be hit ;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own ;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead :

The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past !
For thee, fair virtue ! welcome ev'n the last !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state :
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail ;
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail.

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply? [lie.
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's
To please his mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Buggell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will*;
Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul and muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore,
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long;
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—What, fortune, pray—
Their own,

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolmen's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise;
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

Oh friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unplesing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen!

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

* Buggell was suspected of having forged Dr. Tindal's will, by which he came into the possession of a considerable sum of money.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains

Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;

And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart:
Nor prayers, nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom! [flame,
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling
There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. [flame
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy

When love approach'd me under friendship's
name ;

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, att'ning every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd ; Heaven listen'd while you
sung ;

And truths divine came mended from that
tongue.

From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I
said,

Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame ;
Before true passion all those views remove ;
Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to
love ?

The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all :
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
Oh, happy state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law :
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast :
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
part,

And each warm wish springs mutual from the
heart.

This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
Where, where was Eloise ? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world fare-
well ?

As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew
pale :

Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call ;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no ! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah ! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven ;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls, (their days' eternal bound,)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets
crown'd,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity !)
But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend ?
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the
hills,

The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
No more these scenes my meditation aid
Or lull to rest the visionary maid :
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose ;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower and darkens every green ;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine

Ah, wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in
vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven ! but whence arose that
prayer ?

Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?
Ev'n here where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence ?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love ?
Unequal task ! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine !
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate !
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget !
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd :
Not touch'd, but rapt ; not waken'd, but in-
spir'd !

Oh ! come, oh, teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot ;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep ;
" Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to hea-
ven.

Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden
dreams.

For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring ;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing :
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy :
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curse, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claspings arms.

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I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
Alas, no more ! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's
woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy
creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the
deeps.

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies :
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose :
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd ; religion disapproves ;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.

Ah, hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censor clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul :
Come, if thou dar'st, all-charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
tears ;

Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
Assist the fends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine,

Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view !)

Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
O, grace serene ! O virtue heavenly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky !

And faith, our early immortality !
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest ;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come sister, come !" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep :
Ev'n superstition loses every fear ;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow ;
Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day ;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.
Ah, no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
And ev'n my Abelard to lov'd no more.
Oh death all eloquent ! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame de-
stroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy.)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
round,

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine !

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
Then sadly say with mutual pity mov'd,
"O, may we never love as these have lov'd !"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,

Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from hea-
ven,

One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
Let him our sad, our tender story, tell !
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive
ghost ;

He best can paint them who shall feel them
most.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.
WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight
shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
Is it in heaven, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers ! her soul as-
pire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods :
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred drops below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood !

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world be-
fore,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, [fall :
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children
On all the line a sudden vengeance wait,
And frequent hearers shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo ! these were they, whose souls the furies
steel'd,

And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh, ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost or grac'd thy mournful bier:

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourn-
ed!

What though no friends in sable weeds appear;
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they
sung, [tongue.
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

TO MR. GAY,

WHO HAD CONGRATULATED MR. POPE ON FINISHING
HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.

AM, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers
know—

In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where WORTLEY casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart,
He, stretch'd, unseen, in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

3 H 2

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we hut our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Caesar midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state:
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry
eye;

The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she sub-
dued;

Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL
MORTIMER.

Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's Poems published by
our Author, after the Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and
Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentiest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;

For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great ;
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,) Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine :
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
'The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace,
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, she shades thy evening-walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) ;
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

THE DUNCIAD.

[Book IV.]

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread chaos, and eternal night !
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers ! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay ;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour :
Then rose the seed of chaos, and of night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne ; her head a cloud conceal'd,

In broad effulgence all below reveal'd
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)

Soft on her lap her laureate son^a reclines.

Beneath her foot-stool, science groans in chains,

And wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

There foam'd rebellious logic, gagg'd and bound ;
There, stript, fair rhetoric languish'd on the ground,

His blunted arms by sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her page the word.
Mad Matheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the muses lie,
Watch'd both by envy's and by flattery's eye ;
There to her heart sad tragedy address
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast ;
But sober history restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield ! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.

When lo ! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice and languid eye :
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patchwork fluttering, and her head aside ;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand :

Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look.

Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.

O Cara ! Cara ! silence all that train :

Joy to great chaos ! let division reign :

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :

One trill shall harmonise joy, grief and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage :

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense :
Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head :
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.

^a Colley Cibber.

Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call,
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown;
Or give from foot to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the muses hypocrite.

There march'd the bard and blockhead side
by side,

Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There mov'd Montalto* with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to
side:

But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson† thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness smiling, "Thus revive the
wits!

But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light through holes yourselves have
made.

"Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard, an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess
press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth by virtue of the dreadful wand;

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eaton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus: "Since man from beast by words
is known,

Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter*,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Blind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day, he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Windham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of mant.

"Oh! (cry'd the goddess) 'for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the Doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a Grammar School!
For sure, if dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, main-
tain,

Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
"The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade ex-
tends,

A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly
away.]

Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,

* Sir Thomas Haxner, a commentator on Shakspeare.

† Mr. Benson encouraged translations of Milton, and patroniz-
ed Arthur Johnston's version of the Psalms.

* The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the dif-
ferent roads of vice and virtue.

† An epigram: Dr. South thought a perfect epigram as dif-
ficult as an epic poem.

Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin
and thick

On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark,
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod:
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avant — is Aristarchus yet unknown?
The mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your
better:

Author or something yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet like Saul
Stands our Digamma*, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me* or *te*, or *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano* O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines hit by hit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Waffe shall
see,

When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Novv.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy *canon* roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eye, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.

* This alludes to Bentley's boasted restoration of the Eolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. Pope calls it something more than letter, on account of its size, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another. — Warburton.

What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)

Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce;
Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develope if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor, from France.
Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But stern as Ajax's spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was
drown'd

By the French horn, or by the opening hound,
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun,
Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd
son:

Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
The sire saw one by one, his virtues wake:
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind cloud
o'ercast.

Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons:
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding
waves.

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps,
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eusuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas, or the fair;

The stews and palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Tried all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground ;
 And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound :
 See now, half cur'd and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head ;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit ;
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him, not undone !
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores),
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
 Prop thine, O empress ! like each neighbour
 throne,

And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd she accepts the hero and the dame,
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense or shame.

Then look'd and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
 Thee too, my Paridel ! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pity'd ! but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annus, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came, cram'd with capon, from where Pollio
 Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep, [dines,
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now
 there,

So he ; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.

Grant, gracious goddess ! grant me still to
 cheat,

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit !
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ;
 Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis, gods, and mortals call an owl,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cæcrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet ! the pigeon at thine ear :
 Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
 And keep his lares, though his house be sold ;
 To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.

Mummius e'er heard him ; Mummius, fool-re-
 nown'd,

Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? traitor base !
 Mine, goddess ! mine is all the horned race.
 True he had wit, to make their value rise ;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise :
 More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
 When Saltee rovers chas'd him on the deep,
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
 Received each demi-god, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there ;
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
 And at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I
 swore,

(Replied soft Annus) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful ; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat.

To prove me, goddess ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine :
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ;
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts blackening all the
 ground,

A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the
 power,

A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's
 call,

Great queen, and common mother of us all !
 Fair from its humble bed, I rear'd this flower,
 Suckled and cheer'd with air, and sun, and show-
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread, [er :
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then throned in glass, and named it Caroline :
 Each maid cried, charming, and each youth
 divine !

Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze !
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No maid cries, charming ! and no youth, divine !
 And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust
 Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
 Oh, punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades !
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
 Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
 queen :

Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
 Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bower
 The rising game, and chased from flow'r to flower.
 It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
 It stopp'd, I stopp'd ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fixt, the beauteous bird I seiz'd :
 Rose or carnation was below my care ;
 I meddle, goddess ! only in my sphere.

I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.
My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your
parts:

Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind;
The mind in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss:
The head that turns at superlunar things*,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O, would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or who must observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatise:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,
Find Virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Or hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
While through poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;

* A wild projector who thought we might fly to the moon.

Then snapp'd his box, and strek'd his belly down,
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
Then thus: From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee;
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen!
Mark'd out for honour, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension, or in punk!
So K*, so B*, sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W* * *, nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that a wizard old his cup extends
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies;
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, every thing;
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;
And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimberian gloom,

Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But as the flatterer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the syren-sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C*, H* * P*, R*, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to
sing.

How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some a priest, succinct in amice white,
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *sève* and *verdeur* of the vine.

† Philip Duke of Wharton.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone ?
 Thy treuffles, Perigord ! thy hams, Bayonne ?
 With French libation, and Italian strain
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.
 Knight lifts the head : for what are crowds un-
 done,

To three essential partridges in one ?
 Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
 The queen confers her titles and degrees.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespeare at the inns of court,
 Impale a glow-worm, or Vertu profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
 Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
 Some botanists, or florists at the least,
 Or issue members of an annual feast.
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made Doctors of her laws.

Then blessing all, Go, children of my care !
 To practice now from theory repair.
 All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :
 This nod confirms each privilege your own.
 The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace ;
 With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the
 race ;

From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the sun ;
 The learned Baron butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line ;
 The judge to dance his brother se jeant call ;
 The senator at cricket urge the ball ;
 The bishop stow (pontific luxury ?)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie ;
 The sturdy 'squire to Gallic masters stoop,
 And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more :
 And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three estates command,
 And make one mighty Dunciad of the land !

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
 nods :

What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ?
 Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd :
 (St. James's first, for leaden G — preach'd)
 Then catch'd the schools ; the hall scarce kept
 awake ;

The convocation gap'd, but could not speak ;
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round :
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the
 realm ;

Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm.

The vapour mild o'er each committee crept ;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept ;
 And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign !
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muse ! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none)
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest ;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest ;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull ;
 Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right,
 and wrong—

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song !

* * * * *

In vain, in vain, the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls : the muse obeys the power.
 She comes ! she comes ! the sable throne behold
 Of night primæval, and of chaos old !
 Before her fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rain-bows die away,
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops and in a flash expires.
 As one by one at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain ;
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is night :
 See sculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head !
 Philosophy that lean'd on heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
 And metaphysic calls for aid on sense ?
 See mystery to mathematics fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares morality expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine :
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !
 Lo ! thy dread empire, chaos ! is restor'd,
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ;
 And universal darkness buries all.

SELECT PASSAGES,

*From the Windsor Forest—The Essay on Man—
 The Moral Essays—and the Imitations of
 Horace.*

SHOOTING AND ANGLING.

[From the Windsor Forest.]

SEE ! from the brake the whirring pheasant
 springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah ! what avail his glossy varying dies,
 His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with
 gold ?

Nor yet when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare :
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo) :
With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler
roves,

When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;
Where doves and flocks the leafless trees o'er-
shade,

And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversifi'd with crimson stains,
And pike, the tyrants of the watery plains.

MAN'S BLINDNESS TO THE FUTURE.

[From the *Essay on Man*.]

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of
fate,

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know :

Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions
Wait the great teacher death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest :
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ?
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;

Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

THE SUBORDINATION OF ALL CREATURES TO MAN.

[From the *Same*.]

WHAT would this man ? Now upward will he
soar,

And, little less than angel, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears.
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all ?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own ;
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all ?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing
find.)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No powers of body or of soul to share.
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore ?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres.
How would he wish that heaven had left him
still

The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill !
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew !

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier!
 For ever separate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and reflection how allied;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide;
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

[From the Same.]

BUT sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
 That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent:
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 "No—shall the good want health, the good
 want power?"

Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
 "Why bounded power? why private? why no
 king?"

Nay, why external for internal given?
 Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give;
 Immense the power, immense were the demand;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

3 1 2

A COLD-HEARTED PRUDENCE.

[From the Moral Essays.]

"YET Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
 Nature in her then err'd not but forgot.
 "With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
 But never, never, reach'd one generous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
 Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear,
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart, when Chloe dies.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

[From the Same.]

BUT all our praises why should lords engross!
 Rise, honest muse; and sing the Man of Ross:
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
 brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise!
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and
 gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fed the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity!

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess—five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.

THE POET.

[From the Same]

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And, though no soldier, useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king:
Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison's remains;
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.

THE TRUE POET DISTINGUISHED FROM THE MAN OF RHYMES.

[From the Same]

YET, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

JAMES THOMSON.

Born 1700.—Died 1748.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SEASONS."

SPRING.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze;
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore

The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more

Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,

Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough

Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost;
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Wheels the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain

Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes! blow;
Ye softening dews! ye tender showers! descend;
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun!
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maao sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.

THE PLOUGH.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous Barons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns; and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land; the naked nations clothe;
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world.

SPRING SHOWERS.

The North-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air; and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant.

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life: but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.

ANGLING.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream

Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny
race

Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the
brooks ;

The next, pursue their rocky channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood

They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.

If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod :
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage ; and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you
lure

From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthened
line : [weed,

Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

BIRD-NESTING.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost :
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the
beech.

Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,

Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the
bough,

Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe ; till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

SUMMER INSECTS.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds
descend,

Evading ev'n the microscopic eye !
Full nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when PARENT HEAVEN
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way
Earth animated heaves. 'The flowery leaf'
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze ;
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with
noise.

HAY-MAKING.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here ; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they
spread

Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head : and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and
rays

Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-
king ;

While the glad circle round them yield their
souls

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace :
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand ;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,

Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage :
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder
hence

Rides o'er the waves sublime ; and now, ev'n
now,

Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the
world.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Around th' adjoining brook, that curls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sus-
tain'd ;

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands
fill'd ;

There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

BRITAIN.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads
around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays !

Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN of ARTS,
Inspiring vigour LIBERTY abroad

Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
Thy streams unfailing in the SUMMER's drought ;
Unmatch'd the guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
With golden waves : and on thy mountains
flocks

Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their
sides,

Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with
wealth ;

And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews

The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded
ports,

Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn; and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu; and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous
youth,

By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd;
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of GLORY many! ALFRED thine;
In whom the splendour of heroic war
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues
saint,

And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYs shine,
Names dear to Fame; the first who deep im-
pressed

On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor;
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.

Frugal, and wise, a WALSHINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;
RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain! whose breast
with all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd; and at last resigned,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.

Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.

A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul;
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,

Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they
read.

Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where RUSSELL lies; whose temper'd
blood,

With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the BARRIST Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlightened love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.

Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course; him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd; deep, comprehensive,
clear,

Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
PLATO, the SAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.

The generous ASHLEY thine, the friend of man;
Who scan'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let NEWTON, pure intelligence! whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and nature's
boast?

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as HEAVEN sublime.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENSER, fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
CHAUCER, whose native manners painting verse,
Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

AUTUMN.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,

And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence
Of parting summer, a sereener blue, [shook
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds

A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

REAPING.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves ;
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band, the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless ; to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
And, unconscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ; but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !
How good the God of HARVEST is to you ;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

HUNTING THE HARE.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone sent
Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble
chapt ;

The thistly lawn ; the thick-entangled broom ;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain in her best precaution ; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,

By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth : and deep
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd ; and all
The savage soul of game is up at once :
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

AUTUMNAL FOGS.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations ; check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole ;
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety ; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sang the HEBREW BARD)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year ;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy
storm,
Wenk, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern
sky :
And soon-descending to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,

A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world ;
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.

The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended, spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm ;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling
brook

And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure,

Drive through the mingling skies with vapour
foul ;

Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the
woods,

That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deep'ning into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air ;
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
And much he laughs ; nor recks the storm that
blows

Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent
swell'd,

And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along ;
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding
far ;

Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent, till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid
stream ;

There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders
through.

— SNOW.

The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb
A vapour deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.

Through the hush'd air the whitening shower
descends,

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the
day,

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow
melts

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the
floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and
dogs,

And more un pitying man, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening
earth.

With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be
kind ;

Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing
east,

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft ; and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

THE HUSBANDMAN LOST IN THE SNOW.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on

From hill to dale, still more and more astray
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts
 of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then through the busy shapes into his mind
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices bage,
 Smooth'd up with snow : and, what is land,
 unknown.

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death ;
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold ;
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes ; shut- up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse ;
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern
 blast.

FROST.

What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy
 keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power !
 Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriad of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and ether ? Hence art
 eve,

Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows ; or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river grows below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects

A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
 The heifer lows ; the distant waterfall
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night :
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cas-
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar, [cade,
 The pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid track, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock ; or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father ! these,
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering
 gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force di-
 vine,

Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not thee ; marks not the mighty
 hand,
 That ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;

Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming,
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day:
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft; whose spirit in your freshness
breathes:

Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater
voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flow'rs,

In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As none he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round;
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate
world;

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.

Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Bursts from the groves! and when the restless
day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,

At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

[Canto I.]

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great:
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep
and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and
late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where
found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season between June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half
embrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, no cared ev'n for
play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns
 between ;
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence
 kest,
 From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant
 green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Mean-time unnumber'd glittering streamlets
 play'd,
 And hurled every-where their waters sheen ;
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny
 glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-
 mur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant
 hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grass-hopper did keep ;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen
 to move,
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills, on either side a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
 heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer-sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
 But whate'er smack'd of novance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus
 bright,
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;
 Mernwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's
 estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there
 by :

For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighbour-
 ing hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
 Till clustering round th' enchanter false they
 hung,
 Ymolten with his syren melody ;
 While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he
 flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting
 verses sung :

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
 See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of
 May !
 What youthful bride can equal her array ?
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 Ten thousand throats ! that from the flower-
 ing thorn,
 Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of
 love,
 Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :
 They neither plough, nor sow : ne, fit for
 flail,
 E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they
 drove ;
 Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
 vale.

Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
 Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
 And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
 For when hard-hearted Interest first began
 To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
 Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 And for soft milky streams, with blood the
 rivers ran.

Come, ye, who still the cumberous load of
 life
 Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty
 sweep,
 And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 For ever vain : come, and, withouten fee,
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
 Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to
 me !

With me, you need not risé at early dawn,
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds :

Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
 Now flattering base, now giving secret
 wounds :
 Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
 In venal senate thief, or rob on broad high-
 way.

No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 From village on to village sounding clear :
 To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matron's
 squall ;
 No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
 No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith
 fear,
 Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers
 start,
 With sounds that are a misery to hear :
 But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent
 ease,
 Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and
 down :
 They who are pleas'd themselves must always
 please ;
 On others' ways they never squint a frown.
 Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town :
 Thus from the source of tender indolence,
 With milky blood the heart is overflown.
 Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense ;
 For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd
 hence.

What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind.
 A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
 Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
 Above the passions that this world deform,
 And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
 But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
 A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
 Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still
 more gay.

The best of men have ever lov'd repose :
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
 Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour
 grows,
 Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
 Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest
 ray,
 The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 From a base world at last have stol'n away :
 So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
 Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

But if a little exercise you chuse,
 Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
 Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;

Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
 Along the brook, the crimson spotted fry
 You may delude : the whilst, amus'd, you
 hear
 Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
 sigh,
 Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
 With ruthless toil, and many a wretch un-
 done.
 To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
 There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
 dun :
 But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 'To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears
 retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slept
 along,
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam.
 The soft-embodied fays through airy portal
 stream :

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began :
 Though some there were who would not far-
 ther pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han.
 The wise distrust the too fair spoken man.
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye ;
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them
 strait ;
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed
 gate ;
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
 Who sought to pull high Jove from regal
 state ;
 Though feeble wretch he seem'd of sallow hue :
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter
 rue.

For whomso'er the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unkuit, their sinews melt apace ;
 As lithe they grow as any willow-wand
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :
 So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,

Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms
 Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious
 harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench
 arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd
 repose ;
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning
 keep ;
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would
 faintly peep.
 Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he
 can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit.
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;
 Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the
 downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening
 trowns.
 O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done,
 right fain,
 Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep
 again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew :
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
 drew.

It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare :
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge plea-
 saunce grew.
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous
 dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
 " Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will ;
 And wander where you list, through hall or
 glade !
 Be no man's pleasure for another staid ;
 Let each as likes him best his hours employ,

And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's
 trade !
 Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :
 He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming
 round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray ;
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd :
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was con-
 strain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles,
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles ;
 Or that æriel beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied, to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro ;
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous
 show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
 In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering ?
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my molted wing ?

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire !
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire :
 Of ancient bards thou yet shall sweep the
 lyre ;
 Thou yet shall tread in tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sages calm, the patriot's noble rage,
 Dashing corruption down through every worth-
 less age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne curs'd knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band ;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling-
 bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high flavour'd and rich viands
 crown'd ;

Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green-bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round :
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemand'd by a sign or sound ;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy ;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gail,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with evenom'd tongue our pleasures
pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for
all ;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd
heart ;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their
smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose
and peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning
hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee
land.
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best
engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they
heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to
feed :
Blest sons of Nature they ! true golden age in-
deed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades embrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd
eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the
skies ;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with soften-
ing hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here, to languishment inclin'd,

Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving
airs,
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all
cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd ;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it
hight.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so
fine ?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing
dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, through
the heart ;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of
art !

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies
store ;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting
there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the muse's
love :
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning
air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters
fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintery storms to
swell,
As heaven and earth they would together
mell :
At doors and windows, threatening seem'd to
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at
all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to
place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal space :
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My muse will not attempt your fairy-land :
She has no colours that like you can glow :
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her
hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming
sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and
bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon her
nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd
delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils
delight ;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters
sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far
hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight
gloom :
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart :
But chief, awhile, O ! lend us from the tomb
These long-lost friends for whom in love we
smart, [heart.
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny
ways
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied ;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling
maze [wide,
Of the wild brooks !—But, fondly wandering
My muse, resume the task that yet doth thee
abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater
'waste ?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd,
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got ;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his
pot.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold !
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift
heir,
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers
vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them
share :
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him
pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned
men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the
pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespiau rage ;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth en-
gage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling
sore ?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless
worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring
all :
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew ;
See how they dash along from wall to wall !
At every door, hark how they thundering call !
Good Lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall ;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to
blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming
night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging,
rear'd

Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward
set.

No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Then forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd
their cares,
In comes another sett, and kicketh them down
stairs.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were be-
fore,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force
restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that
ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers
moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not
dark,
As soon this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting
art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting
sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are
found;
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows
stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a
day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they
past;
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the
wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent
walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing
oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the
day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept
abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd
been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and
mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy
nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to
rove
A joyous youth who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest-tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane, though
keen.
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious
flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no
more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he sips their bowl ; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds
among, [found ;
And scares their tender sleep, with trump pro-
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad ;
Him through their inmost walks the muses led,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the bettersort this friendly message sent !

" Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue,
come !
But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade,
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly
spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the muse, and nature mark :
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-
Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus* of the age ;
But call'd by fame, in soul y'ricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap,
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to
keep
Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd
judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt more fat than bard be-
seems ;
Whof, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
The world forsaking with a calm disdain
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;
Here quaff'd he encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,

* Mr. Quin.

† This character of Mr. Thomson was written by Lord Lyttle-
ton.

Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry :
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chann'd to trippen by ;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs :
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye : then, smoke-
enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort ; [free,
Where, from gross mortal care and business
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom,
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and
loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow.
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they
throw. [clin'd,
Where hours and hours they sighing lie re-
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the
wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;
Where still our inmates, when displeasing
grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd
there.
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan ;
For of these wretches taken was no care :
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses
were.

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;
To stir him from his trauance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway :
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield
the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft swoln and pale, here lay the hydropsy :
Unwieldy man ; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply :
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry,
And moping here did hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her
deem'd a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops be-
stow.
And still new leaches and new drugs would
try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;
For sometimes she would laugh, and some-
times cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not
why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burn-
ings ;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate man-
kind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the tertian shakes his chilling wings ;
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing
cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;
Whilst apoplexy cram'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth
ox.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Born 1671.—Died 1749.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1769.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to
flow,
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the
spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.

The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes :
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in
glass ;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes
yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering
pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends :
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbund the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees :
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious
meads.

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes di-perse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear.
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Bless'd as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.
'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd : the subtle flame
 Ran quickly through my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung,
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Born 1721—Died 1756.

ECLOGUE.

HASSAN ; OR THE CAMEL DRIVER.

[SCENE.—*The Desert. Time, Mid-Day.*]

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
 The driver Hassan with his camels past :
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store :
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree and not an herb was nigh ;
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted nun
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :

" Sad was th' hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find !
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thir-t assuage,
 When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales be-
 stow :

Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !
 The lily peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore ;
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea :
 And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
 Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"
 O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—

Of in the dust I view his printed feet :
 And, fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train :
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the
 mind.

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara will be most undone !
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful
 maid,

When fast she drops her tears, as thus she said :
 " Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !
 Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like
 me."

O, let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;
 Who seest appall'd, th' unreal scene,
 While fancy lifts the veil between :
 Ah, Fear ! ah, frantic Fear !

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
 For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mould

What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
 Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm,
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
 And those, the fiends, who near allied,
 O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
 While vengeance in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
 On whom that ravening brood of fate,
 Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait:
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee?

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full muse address her infant tongue;
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard² who first invok'd thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from virtue's hand the patriot's
 steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
 Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen †
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful
 line,
 Though gentle pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

Antistrophe.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy rape and murder dwell?
 Or in some hollow seat,
 Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Heardrowningseamen scries in tempests brought!
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted
 thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told,
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

* Æschylus.

† Jocasta.

O thou, whose spirit most possess
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke!
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel:
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

THE PASSIONS.

An ode for Music.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thron'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the growing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 Till once, 'tis said when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.
 With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd Pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden
 hair.
 And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
 down,
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
 tween,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
 from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd
 Sad proof of thy distressful state.
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
 Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive
 soul :

And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 I love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
 rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed
 queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen
 spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address,
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the
 best.
 They would have thought, who heard the
 strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all commanding power.
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recal what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue. Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Ev'n all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

ROBERT DYER.

Born 1700.—Died 1758.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man ;
 Painting fair the form of things :
 While the yellow linnet sings ;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale :
 Come, with all thy various dues,
 Come, and aid thy sister muse ;

Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky !
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landskip bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, quiet dwells ;
Grongar in whose silent shade,
For the modest muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head :
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day ;
Wide and wider spreads the vale ;
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a land-kip lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene.
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow !
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies !
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seen from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye !
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps :

So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide :
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air.
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear :
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see :
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;

While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Born 1714.—Died 1763.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In Imitation of Spenser.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies.
While partial fame doth with her blasts
adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'rd in trees, and hardly known to
fame
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely
shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did
stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches
flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;

3 M

For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
low;
And as they look'd they found their horror
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display:
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should
stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, whence thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look pro-
found,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue. I trow,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear en-
twind.
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd:
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontrol'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pour-
tray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or
main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the
cell.
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest
wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debase her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:

Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eke with these revere:

For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame:
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same:

For well she knew, and quaintly could expound.

What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb
she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak

That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gawdy streak:

But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marigold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;

And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around:

And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain rabb'd that heals the reaper's wound;

And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found:

And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,

And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven, from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear,

Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:

Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat;
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat

How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,

Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed:

And tortious death was true devotion's meed:
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That mould on wooden image place her creed;
And lay by saints in smouldering flames did burn:

Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of canker'd old defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and hefest hege is plac'd,

The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd.

(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)

Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;

And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to decry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise:

Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;

On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasant sight, I ween!

Al! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write:
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee:
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command:
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous
hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may
trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks again?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek dis-
tain?
When he, in albert wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling
stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astonished, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, be-
ware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may
share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them
greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly
sweet!

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseeemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and
chair:

* Spenser.

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his
hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving
breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust be-
hest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be
caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence, the youth, and hence the flower,
shall claim. [fame.
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyance careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines:
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs:
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past
re-sent.

Al! me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right re-
quires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false
deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits ap-
pear!
E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall
die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the muse should soar on
high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may
fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth
build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;

And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work ; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, " What
stuff is here ?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door ;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I im-
plore !
For well may freedom erst so dearly won.
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the
sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest
flowers ;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are
laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts where proud ambition
towers ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can
spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of
king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund
leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile t' nements of clay ;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to
play ;
Thilck to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to
spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been ;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are
seen ;
And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green ;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :
O may no wight e'er pennylesse come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hope-
less care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances
round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside ;
And must be bought, though penury betide.

The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names* th' inventive city own
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
known ;

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings
brave :
Ah ! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn his
grave,
Whose heart did first these dulcet cates dis-
play !
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray ;
Till reisons's morn arise, and light them on
their way.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

In four parts.

I.—ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful as I ;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine :
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine !
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh ;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ;
•Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me, my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relic away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relic I bear,
 And my solace, wherever I go.

II.—HOPK.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold ;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bower I have labour'd to rear ;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love.
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow !
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who would rob a poor bird of its young :
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove :
 That it ever-attended the bold ;
 And she call'd it the sister of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs ?
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise ?
 Dear regions of silence and shade !
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease ?
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bowers ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III.—SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove ?
 Why term it a folly to grieve ?
 Ere I show you the charms of my love,
 She's fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave ;
 With her wit she engages the free ;
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;
 She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while ;
 Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown ;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favor with Phyllis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around ;
 And his pipe—oh my Phyllis, beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
 How the nightingales labour the strain,
 With the notes of his charmer to vie :
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower !
What are pinks in a morn to compare ?
What is eglantine after a shower ?

"Then the lily no longer is white ;
The rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise :
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine on in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep ;
They have nothing to do but to stray :
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair—and my passion begun ;
She smil'd—and I could not but love ;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love every hope can inspire ;
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree :
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we're not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smil'd—and I could not but love ;
Was faithless—and I am undone !

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Born 1731.—Died 1764.

THE ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage ;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends ;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd
war,

And show where honour bled in ev'ry scar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here ;
We form our judgment in another way ;
And they will best succeed, who best can pay :
Those, who would gain the votes of British
tribes,

Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give ? In ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage ;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there :
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine ! they could bribe you with the world as
soon,

And of roast beef they only know the tune :
But what they have they give ; could Clive do
more,
Though for each million he had brought home
four ?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there ;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat ;

Foot, at Old House, for even Foot will be
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea ;
Which Wilkinson at second hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well-chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer ! Oh ! Palmer tops the jaunty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size ;
Whilst to six feet the vigorous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan*.

When place of judgment—by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride ;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self ;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court as Garrick, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried ;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial ;—Who ?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave ; and Sterne too gay ap-
pear'd.

Others for Franklin voted : but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own :
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent age found out that he was young :
For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst folly clapp'd her hands, and wisdom
star'd, [womb,

To mischief train'd, ev'n from his mother's
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's
bloom,

Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men de-
spise ;

Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud ;
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth ;—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tie—thrice strok'd his
band— [aim,

“ At friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous
Men void of faith, usurp faith's sacred name)
At friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me develops his intent,
But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which in storms of rhet'ric tost,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.

“ Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes
born,

No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw ;

* John Coan, a dwarf, who died in 1764.

Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law ?
Twice (curs'd remembrance !) twice I strove to
gain

Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal snare ;
Dead to those arts which polish and refine, *
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And, foul rejection, gave me up to shame.
To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once pos-
sess'd.

Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,
And let success for once attend desert.”

With sleek appearance, and with ambling
pace,

And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea—
“ Let favour speak for others, worth for me.”—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all ?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist ?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows,—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose ?
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd
away.

Melting like ghosts, before the rising day.

† With that low cunning, which in fools sup-
plies.

And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave ; [charms,
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns, the worth it cannot imitate ;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too ;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares :
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on ; to ascertain whose sex
Twelvesage, impannell'd matrons would perplex.

† This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a per-
son who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the
play-house riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He
was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

Nor male, nor female, neither, and yet both ;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth ;
A six foot suckling, mincing in its gait ;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate ;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays ;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note ;
For fate in a strange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read ;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause ;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair ;
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage
dame,

Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense appear'd by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the muse (for even there the pride)
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified,
Nor shall the muse (should fate ordain her rhymes
Fond, pleasing thought ! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot ;
Known be the character, the thing forgot ;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name !

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last ; whose sluggish blood, half
froze,

[ue'er glows
Creeps lab'ring through the veins ; whose heart
With fancy-kindled heat ; — a servile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place ;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules ;
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood
forth,

Unknown his person, not unknown his worth ;
His look bespoke applause ! alone he stood.
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame ;
With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

“ But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own ?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome ex-
cel,

That England may not please the ear as well ?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there ?

In states, let strangers blindly be prefer'd ;
In state of letters, merit should be heard.
Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day ;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise ;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom
warms,

Make England great in letters as in arms ?
There may — there hath — and Shakspeare's Muse
aspires

Beyond the reach of Greece : with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his
height.

“ Why should we then abroad for judges roam
When abler judges we may find at home ?
Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
Have we not Shakspeare ? — Is not Jonson ours ?
For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote ;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
wrote.”

He said, and conquer'd — Sense resum'd her
sway,

And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
Meantime the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To ask or tell his name — Who is it ? — Lloyd.

Thus when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth,
Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride,
Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here.
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
But on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the way before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal : from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support :
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here ;
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster* just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare, — in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;

* Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench

The other held a globe, which, to his will
Obedient turn'd; and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing nature's bounds, was something
more.

Next, Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious
fault.

The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colors drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.

But, hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd
gives way,

And the procession comes in just array.
Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind Dullness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, Order came—with solemn step, and slow,
In measured time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry.
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.
Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle,
flute:

Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute:
Legions of angels all in white advance,
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the treasurer, of either house;
One with full purse, t'other with not a sous.
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs; and com-
plains;

His easy vacant face, proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor im art.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—

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Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.

From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
'Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in
brass.

Lo Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely, "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear.
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recal
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when to please himself, or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn
plan,

He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's
clothes.

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of
face,

Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;

Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up
plays,

Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time, nor censures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favor where he shows desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitley scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts,
and scrapes:

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humour, and his burst of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, distort.

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward
came;

Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last by nature form'd to please, who shows,
In Jonson's Stephen, which way genius grows,
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay,
more, [before.

His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd
When a dull copier simple grace neglects
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came,—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player;
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the heart;
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping spouse,
To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still.
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, because our fathers err'd before:

If inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find;
If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien;
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene;
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid;
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye;
Why;—There's no cause—at least no cause we
know—

It was the fashion twenty years ago.
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may
use,

Their knavery and folly to excuse.

To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their fea-
tures, [more,
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dangerous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne, you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself, the first and
last,—

He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic.
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet
marching slow,

A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry
bog,

They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their
nest;

At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the
stage.

" 'Tis breach of privilege !—Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a player ?
Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind ;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash man-
kind."

What ! shall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of
kings ?

No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line ;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek ;
What the muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please ?
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly
ease ?

Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut :
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput !
Ludicrous nature ! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see the play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top ;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial
view

Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few ;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our
own.

At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke :
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles ; from their virtues,
praise.

Next came the leg'ion, which our summer
Bayes,

From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Yet rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause ;
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly :
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To nature dead, and foes declared to wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,

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That Reason swore, nor would the oath recal,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came,
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What though the sons of nonsense hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him PLAYER.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please ;
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease ;
When motionless he stands, we all approve ;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.

In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.

Can none remember ?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at the
door.

How few are found with real talents bless'd,
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.

Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray ;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull :
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And prudent Dullness mark'd him for a mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage ;
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains ?
Or might not Reason e'en to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown ?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair :
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dullness and her first-born due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal ledgers puff thy Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which
you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

* A gentleman who published at this juncture a poem, entitled
' The Retort.'

There rule secure, from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence ;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.
From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know.

Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore :
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to show the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
To se'parate frown from smile, and smile from frown ;

Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part ;
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet ;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he ;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself ;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel ;
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name ;
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, though, level'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where city swains in lap of Dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer :
And spin out happy folly through the year.

But think not, though these dastard chiefs
are fled,

That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head :
Harlequin comes their chief !—See from afar,
The hero seated in fantastic tur
Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms ;

On one side Folly sits, by some called Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty athirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw.
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw ;

Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire :
Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry ;
The town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On fashion's mouldering base their transient praise.

Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force ; for Britain owns no Salique law :
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,

Hoydens and romps, led on by gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in jig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.
Defects like these which modest terrors cause,
From impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and reason still take virtue's part ;
We love e'en foibles in so good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe ;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please ;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.
The boasted work's call'd national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay :
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim ;

But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.

Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show;
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease:
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches every beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps
along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye: if feelings, void of art,
Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

Wha a fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,

By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from
age;

When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece:
When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, though wither'd on the
stalk,

Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are
rack'd,

And strongly-imag'd griefs her mind distract:
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I
view!

The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—New horrors rise,

And Reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence:
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favor'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous
thane,

I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new-
strung.

In comedy—"Nay there," cries critic, "hold,
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.

Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
Or force a laugh with overgrown Juliet;
Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just:
But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size, or age, confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigor to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should
find,

Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;

Before such merit all objections fly ;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Of have I, Pritchard, seen thy wonderous skill,

Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife ! on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance.

With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame ;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,

Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim :
But if from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,

The right hand labours, and the left lies still ;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.

With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach ;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacqueys wait ;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables ;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line ;
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes !
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent ;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm :
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like echo from her cell ;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err

In elocution, action, character ?

What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear ?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line ?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.

See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,

Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha ! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind,
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught ;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught ;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And cou'd his passions, as he cou'd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play ?

Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young,

Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmur of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his favourite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns ;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow ;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place ;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words, bore sterling weight, nervous and strong

In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech ! Is that all ?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground ?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,

Neglect the heart, to compliment the head ;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel ;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.

Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion
flows,

With just desert his reputation rose ;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequal'd : all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to
view,

With equal praise the actor labour'd too ;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the brute.

In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in :
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit : that allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great :
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with
weight.

Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him
speak,

Envy would drive the colour from his cheek :
But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie :
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form distinctions nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits :
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes
such,

That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back ?
Why paces three return to the attack ?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular ?
Why must the hero with the nailor vie,
And hurl the close clench'd fist at nose or eye ?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies
down.

Inhuman tyrant ! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame ?
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise ;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies :
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll ;

View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.

Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone ;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—“ He's of stature somewhat
low,—

Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
True nat'ral greatness all consists in height.”

Produce your voucher, critic.—“ Sergeant Kite.”
Another can't forgive the paltry arts

By which he makes his way to shallow hearts ;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—

“ Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause.”

For me, by nature form'd to judge with
phlegm,

I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.

The best things carried to excess are wrong :
The start may be too frequent, pause too long ;
But only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face ;
We join the critic laugh, those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn,
But when, from nature's pure and genuine
source,

These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passion, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught :
Each start is nature ; and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms ;
What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there ?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face ;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man ;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain ;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay ;
Not stung with envy nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd ;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with
thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd through-
out,

And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout !
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire :
But loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each
claim,

And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed.

"If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
 If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
 If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
 If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
 If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
 Within the magic circle of the eye;
 If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 And which no face so well as his can show;
 Deserve the preference; — Garrick, take the chair;
 Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

DAVID MALLET.

Born 1700.—Died 1765.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown:
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime;
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true-love calls,
 Come from her midnight-grave,
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain;
 When yawning graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath!
 And give me back my maiden-vow,
 And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin-heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witless maid!
 Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those lips no longer red:
 Dark are my eyes now clos'd in death,
 And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
 This winding sheet I wear:
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
 A long and late adieu!
 Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
 Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
 With beams of rosy red:
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
 Where Margaret's body lay;
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more!

EDWARD YOUNG.

Born 1684.—Died 1765.

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

Life, Death, and Immortality.

THU'N Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
 From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
 I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding
 thought

From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sun-shine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall
fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball!
O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her trea-
sure,

As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!

From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb't!
Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled
pool;

Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
E'en silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs
around

In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkin'd, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell

Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his
thoughts ;

Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by Heaven
To fly to infinite ; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more !
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death
expire !

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms my-
self ;

How was my heart incrust'd by the world !
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul !
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies !
Night-visions may befriend : (as sung above)

Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible ! (Could sleep do more ?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change !
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave !
Eternal sun-shine in the storms of life !
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys !
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective !
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture ?
The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me !
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss ! it breaks at every breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight !
Full, above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your
joy,

And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour,
And rarely for the better ; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root ; each moment
plays

His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words, and
vain !

Implicit treason to divine decree !
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his
sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me ?
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was
slain.

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
horn.

O Cynthia ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour ? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from fortune's
smile,

Precarious courtesy ! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays,
And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys ; a numerous train !

I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament :
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain ? or why complain for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man ? Are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms

In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour
sav'd,

If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.

Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair !)

On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize

At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.

How groaning hospitals eject their dead !

What numbers groan for sad admission there !

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,

Solicit the cold hand of charity !

To shock us more, solicit it in vain !

Ye silken sons of pleasure ! since in pains

You rue more modish visits, visit here,

And breathe from your debauch : give, and reduce

Surfeit's dominion over you : but so great

Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy ! did sorrow seize on such alone.

Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;

Disease invades the chastest temperance ;

And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,

Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of
peace.

Man's caution often into danger turns ;

And his guard, falling, crushes him to death.

Not happiness itself makes good her name ;

Our very wishes give us not our wish.

How distant oft the thing we dote on most,

From that for which we dote, felicity !

The smoothest course of nature has its pains !

And truest friends, through error, wound our
rest.

Without misfortune, what calamities !

And what hostilities, without a foe !

Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.

But endless is the list of human ills,

And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe

Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste,

Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands ;

Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and
death.

Such is earth's melancholy map ! but, far

More sad ! this earth is a true map of man.

So bounded are its haughty lord's delights

To woe's wide empire ; where deep troubles toss,

Loud sorrows howl, envenom'd passions bite,

Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,

And threatening fate wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for myself !

In age, in infancy, from other's aid

Is all our hope, to teach us to be kind.

That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind :

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.

More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;

And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give

Sworn thought a second channel ; who divide,

They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.

Take, then, O world ! thy much-indebted tear :

How sad a sight is human happiness,

To those whose thought can pierce beyond an
hour !

O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate ?

I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from
me.

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.

'Thou happy wretch ! by blindness thou art blest ;

By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.

Know, smiler ! at thy peril thou art pleas'd !

Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,

But rises in demand for her delay ;

She makes a scourge of past prosperity,

To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,

Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren sings,

Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;

I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.

Think not that fear is sacred to the storm :

Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.

Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns ? Most sure ;

And in its favours formidable too :

Its favours here are trials, not rewards ;

A call to duty, not discharge from care ;

And should alarm us, full as much as woes ;

Awake us to their cause and consequence ;

And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;

Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,

Lest, while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert

To worse than simple misery, their charms,

Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,

Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,

With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.

Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware

All joys, but joys that never can expire.

Who builds on less than an immortal base,

Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander ! thy last sigh

Dissolv'd the charm ; the disenchanted earth

Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering tow-
ers ?

Her golden mountains, where ? all darken'd down

To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears ;

The great magician's dead ! Thou poor, pale
piece

Of outcast earth, in darkness ! what a change
From yesterday ! Thy darling hope so near,

(Long-labour'd prize !) O how ambition flush'd

Thy glowing cheek ! Ambition truly great,

Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within

(Sly, treacherous miner !) working in the dark,

Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and be-
con'd

The worm to riot on that rose so red,

Unfaded ere it fell ; one moment's prey !

Man's foresight is conditionally wise ;

Lorenzo ! wisdom into folly turns

Oft, the first instant, its idea fair

To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye !

The present moment terminates our sight ;

Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the
next ;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.

Time is dealt out by particles ; and each,

Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be now ;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn !
Where is to-morrow ? in another world.
For numbers this is certain ; the reverse
Is sure to none ; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain-hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud :
Nor had he cause ; a warning was denied :
How many fall as sudden, not as safe !
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo ! a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprize !
Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel : and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
At least, their own ; their future selves applaud ;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's-vails ;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man, [deed,
And that through every stage : when young, in-
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
dread ;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close ; where, past the shaft, no trace is
found.

As from the wing, no scar the sky retains ;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel :
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death ;
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander ? That were strange !
O my full heart !—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song,

The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the
morn ;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my
breast,

I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,
And call the stars to listen : every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet he not vain ; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages : wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness ! to the silent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides !
Or, Milton ! thee ; ah, could I reach your strain !
Or his, who made Mæonides our own.
Man too he sung : immortal man I sing ;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life ;
What, now, but immortality can please ?
O had he press'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day !
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man !
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me !

SELECT PASSAGES FROM THE SATIRES ENTITLED "LOVE OF PRAISE."

LOVE OF PRAISE.

THE love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart :
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O erglobes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells :
'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades :
Here to S——e's humor makes a bold pretence,
There bolder aims at P——y's eloquence :
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

OSTENTATIOUS PIETY.

SOME go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went :
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

FLATTERY.

OF folly, vice, disease, men proud we see ;
And (stranger still !) of blockheads' flattery ;
Whose praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

My Lord comes forward ; forward let him come !
Ye vulgar ! at your peril give him room :
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise ?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious
chase ;

Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more
great ?

Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place ?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise ;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

RAGE FOR BUILDING.

Brutus with solid glory will be crown'd ;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound ;
But builds himself a name : and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate !
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo :
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true,
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last ;
When, lo ! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
Provides a home from which to run away. [pay,
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate ?

WIT.

WHAT though wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

Parts may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd ;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak, or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set :
Their want of edge from their offence is seen ;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give us for the joy they find ;
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.

PARENTAL PREJUDICE AGAINST GENIUS.

LAMPRIIDIUS, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief ! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead,

And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn ;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
white,
Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

BOASTING.

OF boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy ;
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
But if you pay yourself the world is free.

A LOVELY PATRONESS OF LEARNING.

OR the belles-lettres lovely Daphne reigns ;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains :
With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits :
Of each performance she's the final test ;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecate's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease !
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, Lampooner ! have a care ;
Must I want common sense because I'm fair !
O no ; see Stella : her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right ;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !
She seems inspir'd and can herself inspire :
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear ?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

THE LAQUID LADY.

THE languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid ;
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room ;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan ! let others say, who laugh at toil ;
Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her laconic style,
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call :
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound !
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help ! oh, help ! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head ;
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic, carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve ;
But chew she must herself : ah, cruel fate !
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.

LAVINIA is polite, but not profane,
 To church as constant as to Drury-lane :
 She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due,
 And makes a civil visit to her pew.
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
 Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r :
 Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed ;
 Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed :
 Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak ;
 Through dreadful silence the pent heart might
 break ;
 Untaught to bear it, women talk away
 To God himself, and fondly think they pray :
 But sweet their accent ; and their air refin'd ;
 For they're before their Maker—and mankind.
 When ladies once are proud of praying well,
 Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

TRUE BEAUTY.

How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
 She's quite deform'd ! and yet the case is clear.
 What's female beauty but an air divine,
 Through which the mind's all gentle graces
 shine ?
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between :
 The body charms, because the soul is seen :
 Hence men are often captives of a face,
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace.
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can
 bear ;
 Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.

TRIFLES.

BRUNETTA's wise in actions great and rare,
 But scorns on trifles to bestow her care ;
 Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
 Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
 Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the
 year,
 And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
 Or you may die before you truly live.

LOVE OF FAME.

THE love of Fame in its effects survey'd,
 The Muse has sung, be now the cause display'd :
 Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
 What is this pow'r whom all mankind obey ?
 Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence
 came
 This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
 To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
 Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
 By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame re-
 nown'd,
 Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were
 found ;
 Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
 And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast ;
 It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine :
 What more can prove its origin divine ?
 But, oh ! this passion planted in the soul,
 On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
 The flaming minister of virtue meant,
 Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

MARK AKENSIDE.

—
 Born 1721.—Died 1770.
 —

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

[Conclusion of Book III.]

SOME heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
 Attain that secret harmony which blends
 The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay ;
 O ! teach me to reveal the graceful charm
 That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
 Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
 The inexpressive semblance of himself,
 Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
 That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding
 brow ;
 With what religious awe the solemn scene
 Commands your steps ! as if the reverend form
 Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
 The Elysian seats, and down the embowering
 glade
 Move to your pausing eye ! Behold the expanse
 Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
 Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze :
 Now their gray cincture skirts the doubtful sun ;
 Now streams of splendour, through their open-
 ing veil
 Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
 The aerial shadows ; on the curling brook,
 And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
 With quickest lustre glancing ; while you view
 The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
 Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
 With clouds and sun-shine checquer'd, while
 the round
 Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue
 Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,
 Moves all obsequious ? Whence is this effect,
 This kindred power of such discordant things ?
 Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious pow-
 ers
 At first were strung ? Or rather from the links
 Which artful custom twines around her frame ?
 For when the different images of things
 By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive
 soul
 With deeper impulse, or, connected long,
 Have drawn her frequent eye ; how'er distinct
 The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tie,
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recall one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo ! the firm confederates rise,
 And each his former station straight resumes :
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sudden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
 Two faithful needles from the informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone, together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd

With fatal impulse quivering to the Pole :
Then though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the
main

Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth : whate'er the line
Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet
knew

The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long-connected scenes where first they
mov'd

The attention : backward through her mazy
walks

Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields ; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Attendant : whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Entire ; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion ; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largest choice : like spring's unfolded
blooms

Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright
heavens

With fairer semblance ; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind ;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets : the trembling
chord

Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,
Melodious ; and the virgin's radiant eye.
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft re-
solves

To frame he knows not what excelling things ;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate ; the plastic pow-
ers

Labour for action : blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest phrenzy caught,

From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand
shapes,

Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come : the eternal hea-
vens

Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed
gaze

He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms ; now blends them, now
divides,

Enlarges and extenuates by turns ;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his
plan

Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge : the fainter parts retire ;
The fairer eminent in light advance ;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethean art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception ; which, embodied thus,
And permanent becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd : while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of nature's great original we scan
The lively child of art ; while line by line
And feature after feature we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs : applauding love
Doubts where to choose ; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
Collects his large effulgence ; strait the heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage : Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd ; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven ! while, plung'd in sordid
cares,

The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
Young love and smiling wonder shrink away

Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
 Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
 Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye ; and calls my toil,
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor ! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dullness hang too heavy on thy sense,
 To let her shine upon thee ? So the man
 Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision
 tells

Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
 O'er all creation. From the wise be far
 Such gross unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song
 Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,
 If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
 The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
 Result from airy motion ; and from shape
 The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
 By what fine ties hath God connected things
 When present in the mind, which in themselves
 Have no connection ? Sure the rising sun
 O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
 Exulting in the splendour she beholds ;
 Like a young conqueror moving through the
 pomp

Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
 Soft-murmuring streams and gales of gentlest
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain [breath
 Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
 Through all its tones the sympathy pursue ;
 Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
 Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd
 heart,

Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song ?

But were not nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
 With such enchantment : wherefore then her
 form

So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd
 With such ethereal sweetness ? whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to repress
 The passion'd soul ? and whence the robes of
 light

Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
 Than rancy can describe ? Whence but from thee
 O source divine of ever-flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness ? Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man,
 By kind illusions of the wondering sense
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear : well pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect ; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain ;
 Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendour ! bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth ;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,

Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time ;
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprise, by serect spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild : with streams, and
 shades,

And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
 But God alone when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
 He, mighty parent ! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
 Long labour, why forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sun-shine gleaming, as through amber
 clouds,

O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely ! how commanding ! but though
 heaven

In every breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects : one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the
 ground,

When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flowery stream,
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool

Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of alighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid
songs

Of luxury, the syren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the
store

Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not
all

Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the
forms

Of servile custom cramp her generous power?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?

3 P

Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God him-
self

Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.

THrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee
shine,

And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that wak'd my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no
more.

If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every muse bestow'd;
If public justice urg'd the high reward,
And freedom smil'd on the devoted bard:
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught ambition firmer heights of power,
And sav'd corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public justice-sanctify the award?
And freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame;
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious
eyes,

And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of party-hate is past;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free,
And earth and time confirm the fair decree.

There are who say they view'd without amaze
Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,

Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
 Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
 Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage ;
 I scorn'd the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
 The owl-ey'd race, whom virtue's lustre-blinds.
 Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
 And all who prove that each man has his price,
 I still believ'd thy end was just and free ;
 And yet, even yet believe it—spite of thee.
 Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd dis-
 claim,

Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
 Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
 To laws infirm, and liberty decay'd ;
 Has begg'd ambition to forgive the show ;
 Has told corruption thou wert ne'er her foe ;
 Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
 Her gross delusion when she held thee dear ;
 How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
 And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For laws subverted, and for cities sold !
 Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
 The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt ;
 Yet must you one untainted vileness own,
 One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone :
 With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,
 To challenge hate when honour was his due,
 And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
 Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose
 From each fair feeling human nature knows ?
 Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
 To all that reason, all that sense, would hear ?
 Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
 In such unthankful baseness to be lost ?
 Else could'st thou wed the emptiness of vice,
 And yield thy glories at an idiot's price ?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
 In doubtful times had fought their country's
 cause.

When now of conquest and dominion sure,
 They sought alone to hold their fruits secure ;
 When taught by these, oppression hid the face
 To leave corruption stronger in her place,
 By silent spells to work the public fate,
 And taint the vitals of the passive state,
 Till healing wisdom should avail no more,
 And freedom loath to tread the poison'd shore ;
 Then, like some gaurdian god that flies to save
 The weary pilgrim from an instant grave.
 Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
 Steals near and nearer through the peaceful
 brake ;

Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
 To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
 Against corruption liberty to arm,
 And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
 And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
 Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confess'd :
 Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant bless'd ;
 Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds ;
 The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns :

Touch'd in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
 To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires ;
 The learn'd recluse, who oft amaz'd had read
 Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
 With new amazement hears a living name
 Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ;
 And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
 Left the tame tract of these dejected days,
 The life of nobler ages to renew
 In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
 Rous'd by thy labours from the blest retreat,
 Where social ease and public passions meet,
 Again ascending treads the civil scene,
 To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
 And the great end appear'd at last in view :
 We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice ;
 We saw the senate bending to thy voice ;
 The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching
 reign

Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain ;
 While venal faction, struck with new dismay,
 Shrunk at the frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
 Wak'd in the shock, the public genius rose,
 Abash'd and keener from his long repose ;
 Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the spear
 Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear.
 The city felt his call : from man to man,
 From street to street, the glorious horror ran ;
 Each crowded haunt was stir'd beneath his pow-
 er,

And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.

Lo ! the deciding hour at last appears ;
 The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears !
 Thou, genius ! guardian of the Roman name,
 O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame !
 Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
 And guide each movement steady to the goal.
 Ye spirits, by whose providential art
 Succeeding motives turn the changeeful heart,
 Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
 And watch his fancy, and his passions bind !
 Ye shades immortal, who, by freedom led,
 Or in the field, or on the scaffold bled,
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
 And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
 See freedom mounting her eternal throne !
 The sword submitted, and the laws her own :
 See ! public power chastis'd beneath her stands,
 With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands !
 See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd !
 See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd !
 See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
 If Curio, only Curio will be true.

'Twas then—O shame ! O trust how ill repaid !
 O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd !—

'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole ?
 What spells unsinew'd thy determin'd soul ?
 —Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd ?
 The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd ?
 This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd ?
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd ?
 This Curio, hated and despis'd by all ?
 Who fell himself to work his country's fall ?

O lost, alike to action and repose !
 Unknown, un pity'd in the worst of woes !
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
 Sold to the insults of a foe defy'd !
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame !
 The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
 To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
 Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
 Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
 Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
 And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
 —Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile,
 When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
 Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
 And cast their own impieties on you.
 For witness, freedom, to whose sacred power
 My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
 How have I stood exulting, to survey
 My country's virtues opening in thy ray !
 How, with the sons of every foreign shore
 The more I match'd them, honour'd hers the more.

O race erect ! whose native strength of soul,
 Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,

Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
 And seeks a nobler centre for its cares ;
 Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
 And fix dominion's limits by its end.
 Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
 By conscious reason judging every state,
 The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
 And know the mortal through a crown's disguise :
 Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
 Fastidious grandeur lift his solemn brow,
 Or, all awake at pity's soft command,
 Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand :

Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
 When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
 Not the young lover fonder to admire,
 Nor more indulgent the delighted sire ;
 Yet high and jealous of their free-born name
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Where'er oppression works her wanton sway,
 Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
 But if, to purchase Curio's sage applause,
 My country must with him renounce her cause,
 Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
 Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod ;
 Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
 Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail :
 Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
 To where the Gracchi*, where the Bruti stay !

O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame !
 If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
 When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
 Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn ;

In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
 When truth exerts her unresisted power,
 Breaks the false optics ting'd with fortune's glare,

Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare :
 Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
 And ask thyself—if all be well within.
 Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,

Which labour could not stop, nor fear control ?
 Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
 Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw ?
 Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause ?
 Where the delightful taste of just applause ?
 Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,

On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung !
 All vanish'd, all are sold—and in their room
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
 See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
 Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell !

To her in chains thy dignity was led ;
 At her polluted shrine thy honour bled ;
 With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
 Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,

That baffled reason straight indignant flew,
 And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew :
 For now no longer truth supports thy cause ;
 No longer glory prompts thee to applause ;
 No longer virtue breathing in thy breast,
 With all her conscious majesty confest,
 Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,

To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,
 And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
 Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul ;
 But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
 And formal passions mock thy struggling will ;
 Or, if thy genius e'er forget his chain,
 And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
 Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
 Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous birth,

Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,
 And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
 Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear ;
 While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
 —Can art, alas ! or genius, guide the head,
 Where truth or freedom from the heart are fled ?
 Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
 When the prime function of the soul is broke ?

But come, unhappy man ! thy fates impend ;
 Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend ;
 Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
 Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign ;
 For see the hand of destiny display'd
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd !
 See the dire fane of infamy arise !
 Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies ;
 Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
 The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
 Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
 To warn the wanderer of the curst abode ;

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability to the Roman Government. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth and died in its defence.—*Akenside*.

But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentless time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates:
And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestow'd,
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamant chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honour hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childless sire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns enslav'd and continents laid waste;
But long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
For ever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each iniquitous forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name, fierce Appius* rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes, they cry, to whom the fates assign'd
With surer arts to work what we design'd,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till, own'd their guide and trusted with their
power,

He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:
Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quench the spirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On freedom's foes their own attempts repay.
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
Though bold corruption boast around the land,
"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party-strife nor anxious power invade,
If I aspire in public virtue's cause,
To guide the muses by sublimer laws,

Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd
flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear.

INSCRIPTIONS.

FOR A GROTO.

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before thy threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my
bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O stranger, undismay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless
thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
Wise Pallas and the immortal muses own.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old CHAUCER. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though per-
chance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art
come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imbosoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. And onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand

* Appius Claudius the decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason.—*Akenside*.

Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. For there doth Edmund
rest,

The learned shepherd ; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous
Heaven

With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold,
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of death. Go, traveller ; relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

O YOUTHS and virgins : O declining eld :
O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :
O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile ; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not
The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom ? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other : " This was SHAKESPEARE'S
form ;
Who walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire."

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires ; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. ' This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blest their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons : instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were
born.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

APPROACH in silence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,

Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offspring : and each nymph, who
guards

The copses and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of wisdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have oft presag'd : and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My shade, awhile releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind
I prompt, unseen ; and place before his view
Sincerest forms of good ; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of glory and the faith
Of sacred friendship. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt
not leave
Unhonour'd my abode, nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

YE powers unseen, to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars ; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions ; if erewhile
Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd, when oft this lonely seat
To you I consecrated ; then vouchsafe
Here with your instant energy to crown
My happy solitude. It is the hour
When most I love to invoke you, and have felt
Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
The air is calm : the sun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie reclu'd. The neighbouring
groves

Are mute ; nor even a linnet's random strain
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven
Abide ye ? or on those transparent clouds
Pass ye from hill to hill ? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
Do you converse retir'd ? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you ? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inspiring powers,
And I will guard it well, nor shall a thought
Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
Across my bosom unobserv'd, unstor'd
By faithful memory. And then at some
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew ; and join them in majestic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious strains ;
That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

CHATTERTON.

Born 1752.—Died 1770.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE ;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,
 And tolde the earlie villager
 The commynge of the morne :

Kynge Edward sawe the ruddie streakes
 Of lyghte eclipse the greie ;
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte
 Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou 'rt ryghte," quoth he, "for, by the Godde
 That syttes enthron'd on hyghe !
 Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
 To daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
 Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite ;
 "Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
 Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
 Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe ;
 Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
 And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne he came, hys children twaine,
 And eke hys lovyng wife,
 Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
 For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles !" sayd Canterlone,
 "Badde tydyngs I doe bryng."
 "Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,
 "Whatte says the traytour kynge ?"

"I greeve to telle : before yonne sonne
 Does fromme the welkinn flye,
 Hee hath uppone hys honour sworne,
 Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"We all must die," quod brave Syr Charles ;
 "Of thatte I'm not affearde ;
 Whatte bootes to lyve a little space ?
 Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd :

"Butt telle thye kynge, for mÿne hee's not,
 I'de sooner die to-daye,
 Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
 Though I shoulde lyve for aie."

Then Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
 To telle the maior straites
 To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
 For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maister Canynge saughte the kynge,
 And felle down onne hys knee ;
 "I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
 To move your clemencye."

"Thenne," quod the kynge, "Yours tale speke
 You have been much oure friende ; [out,
 Whatever youre request may bee,
 We wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige ! alle my request
 Ys for a nobile knyghte,
 Who, though may hap hee has donne wronge,
 He thoughte ytte styлле was ryghte :

"He has a sponse and children twaine ;
 Alle rewyn'd are for aie,
 Yff that you are resolv'd to lett
 Charles Bawdin die to-daie."

"Speke not of such a traytour vile,"
 The kynge ynn furie sayde ;
 "Before the evening starre doth sheene,
 Bawdin shall loose hys hedde :

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
 And hee shalle have hys meede :
 Speke, Maister Canynge ! whatte thyng else
 Att present doe you neede ?"

"My nobile leige !" goode Canynge sayde,
 "Leave justice to our Godde,
 And lay the yronne rule asyde ;
 Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
 The best were synners grete ;
 Christ's vycarr only knowes us synne,
 Ynne all thys mortal state.

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
 'Twylle faste thy crowne fulle sure ;
 From race to race thye familie
 Alle sov'reigns shall endure :

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 Beginne thy infante reigne,
 Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows
 Wylle never long remayne."

"Canynge, awaie ! thys traytour vile
 Has scorn'd my power and mee ;
 Howe canst thou then for such a manne
 Entreate my clemencye ?"

"Mie nobile leige ! the trulie brave
 Wylle val'rous actions prize,
 Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 Although ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie ! By Godde ynne Heav'n,
 Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
 I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
 Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawyng grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And sat hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"We all must die," quod brave Syr Charles ;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne ;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

"Say why, my friende, thie honest soul
Runns over att thine eye ;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye ?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou so soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe ;
"Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thine eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge ;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edward, traytour kynge.

"Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee ;
Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
Whate Godde ordeynes to bee ?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stooode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde ;
Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde :

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
Thatt cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott finde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie ?

"And shall I nowe forr feere of dethe,
Look wanne and be dysmayde ?
Ne ! fromm my herte fie childyshe feere ;
Bee alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, godde-lyke Henrie ; Godde forefend,
And garde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle ; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynces ;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citey was I borne,
Of parents of grete note ;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote :

"I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone,
Where soone I hope to goe ;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe.

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite ;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause from the ryghte :

"Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromm my doore :

"And none can saye but alle my lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept ;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe ask of her
Yff I defyl'd her bedde ?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Black treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne ;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne ?

"Ne, hapless Henrie ! I rejoyce
I shall ne see thy dethe ;
Most willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

"Oh, fickle people ! rewyn'd londe !
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe :
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe your easie daies
For those of bloude and payne ?

"Whatte though I onne a sledde be drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytour's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde ;

"Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear ;

"Yett ynne the holie book above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the sarvants of the Lord
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell vayne worlde, and all that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcom to mee comes
As e'er the moneth of Maie:
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thyng
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys worlde of payne and greife
To Godde ynne Heav'n to fle."

And nowe the belle began to tolle,
And claryonnes to sound;
Syr Charles hee herd the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
His lovyne wyfe came ynne,
Weepyng unfeigned tears of woe.
Wyth loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynn quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde that ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teers?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
With thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shall goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kyng!
Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
Wythoute thy lovyng wyfe?
The cruelle axe that cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe:
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to fear the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne;
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
Yee officers leade onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh staie my husbände, lorde, and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

"Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes thatt enshone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dyd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd hende,
From rescue of Kyng Henries friends,
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappyns white,
Wythe plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt:
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke easterne princes trick't:

And after them a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O thou thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washye mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynster wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare :

"Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule procedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to die,
By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie;
I have beene dede till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to wear a crowne
For sie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face,
He turn'd his hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richarde sayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crows."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle:
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
His pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe.
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd yune the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie:
"Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
Your sonnes and husbandes shalle hee slayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave your goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adversytye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, with preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dyd make.
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddies-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffold twyne;
And teares, enow to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe his bodie fayre
Ynnto foure partes cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dyd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goodo gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Yune hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Yune Heav'n Godde's mercie synge!

THOMAS GRAY.

Born 1716.—Died 1771.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields below'd in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from yè blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margin green,
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive lianet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Will wit, invention ever new.
 And lively cheer, of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day:
 Yet see, how all around'em wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
 And envy wait, and faded care,
 Grim-~~ag'd~~ comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy.
 The stings of falsehood those shall try
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
 And keen remorse, with blood defil'd,
 And moody madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of death,
 More hideous than their queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage.
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at other's
 woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing folly's idle troop,
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
 liev'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With justice, to herself severe,
 And pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming horror's fun'ral cry,
 Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A Pindaric Ode.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden

reign:
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
 And frantic passions hear thy soft control,
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his

eye.

3 q 2

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crowned loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antic sport, and blue-eyed pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet:
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their queen's approach
 declare:
 Where'er she turns, the graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young desire and purple light
 of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
 Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
 Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
 And death, sad refuge from the storms of
 fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts
 of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
 roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 Shedeigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy
 flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains,

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours
clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy,
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and
time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd and long-
resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample punion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant
way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the
great.

Ver. 95. *Nor second He, that rode sublime*] MILTON.
Ver. 96. *The living throne, the sapphire blaze*] "For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord." *ESK. i. 20, 26, 28.*

THE BARD.

A Pindaric Ode.

This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 1.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested
pride

Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long
array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless
trance:

"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd
his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair,
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they
wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt
head.

Ver. 5. *Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail*] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Ver. 11. — *of Snowdon's shaggy side*] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

Ver. 13. *Stout Glo'ster*] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford; married at Westminster, May 2, 1290, to Joan de Acres or Acom (so called from having been born at Acom in the Holy Land) second daughter of King Edward. He died 1295.

Ver. 14. — *"To arms!" cried Mortimer*] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

"They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 line.

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof
 that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king !
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 That tearst the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country
 hangs
 The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round
 him wait !
 Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord !
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled ?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were
 born ?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
 blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the
 helm ;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his
 ev'ning prey.

Ver. 35. *On dreary Arvon's shore they lie*] The shores of Caer-
 Maronshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

Ver. 55. *The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring*] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

Ver. 57. *She-wolf of France*] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

Ver. 60. *The scourge of Heav'n*] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

Ver. 64. *Low on his funeral couch he lies*] Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

Ver. 67. *Is the sable warrior fled*] Edward the Black Prince dead some time before his father.

Ver. 71. *Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows*] Magnificence of Richard the second's reign. See Froussart, and other contemporary writers.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell thirst and famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destin'd
 course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their
 way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western
 skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
 height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts un-
 roll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !

Ver. 77. *Fill high the sparkling bowl*] Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

Ver. 83. *Heard ye the din of battle bray*] Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 87. *Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,*
With many a foul and midnight murder fed

Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.

Ver. 89. *Revere his consort's faith*] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

Ibid.—his father's fame] Henry the Fifth.

Ver. 90. *And spare the meek usurper's holy head*] Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

Ver. 91. *Above, below, the rose of snow*] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 93. *The bristled boar in infant-gore*] The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

Ver. 99. *Half of thy heart we consecrate*] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well-known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue,
hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts thy rear :
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line !
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strain of vocal transport round her
play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear !
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay
Bright rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd
wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
"Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lesson on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb
of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless
night."

Ver. 109. *No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail*] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland and would return again to reign over Britain.

Ver. 110. *All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail*] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

Ver. 117. *Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face*] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzia-
linski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like
rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port
and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princely
cheek."

Ver. 121. *Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear*] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

Ver. 133. *And distant warblings lesson on my ear*] The succession of poets after Milton's time.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

[From the Norse tongue.]

Uprose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed :
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied ;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

Prophetess.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain !
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

Odin.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed ?

Prophetess.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee :
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :

Ver. 4. *That leads to Hela's drear abode*] Nifheljar, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the goddess of death. MASON.

Ver. 5. *Him the dog of darkness spied*] The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmar. He fed upon the lives of those that were to die. MASON.

Ver. 40. *Tell me what is done below*] Odin was anxious about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. He was killed by Odin's other son, Hodur, who was himself slain by Vail, the son of Odin and Rinda, consort with his prophecy. See the Edda.

Balder's head to death is giv'n,
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n !
Unwilling I my lips unclose :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

Odin.

Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

Prophetess.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close ;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

Odin.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt.
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

Prophetess.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam.
'Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

Odin.

Yet a while my call obey ;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe.
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air ?
Tell me whence their sorrows rise ;
Then I leave thee to repose.

Prophetess.

Ha ! no traveller art thou,
King of men I know thee now ; *
Mightiest of a mighty line——

VER. 51. *Once again my call obey*] Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a peculiar insight into futurity ; and some there were that made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona. The dress of Thorbjorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirik's Rauda Soga, (apud Bartholin. lib. 1. cap. iv. p. 686.) "She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with stones ; and was girt with an Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards," &c. They were also called *Folkvyngr*, or *Folkvinnug*, i. e. Multi-scia ; and *Vindakona*, i. e. Oracularum Mulier ; *Nornir*, i. e. Paræ. GRAY. VER. 66. *Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair*] King Harold made (according to the singular custom of his time) a solemn vow never to clip or comb his hair, till he should have extended his way over the whole country. *Herbert's Iceland. Translat.* p. 39.

VER. 75. *What virgins these, in speechless woe*] "It is not certain," says Mr. Herbert. "what Odin means by the question concerning the weeping virgins ; but it has been supposed that it alludes to the embassy afterwards sent by Frigga to try to redeem Balder from the infernal regions, and that Odin betrays his divinity by mentioning what had not yet happened." *Iceland. Translat.* p. 41.

VER. 86. *But mother of the giant brood*] In the Latin, "mater

Odin.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant brood !

Prophetess.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain ;
Never, till substantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drouing flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [heap,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

From them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

trium gigantum : " probably Angerbode, who from her name seems to be "no prophetess of good ;" and who bore to Lok, as the Edda says, three children, the wolf Fenris, the great serpent of Midgard, and Heia, all of them called giants in that system of mythology. MASON.

VER. 90. *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain*] Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches ; when he shall break his bonds, the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. MASON.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
 stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
 The pealing anthems swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless
 breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
 fin'd ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
 throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
 muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 'Tis his pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
 high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
 While o'er the heath we lied, our labour
 done,
 Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun*.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would
 rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless
 love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite
 tree ;

Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

* This stanza, which completes the account of the Poet's day, although in the author's MS. has hitherto appeared but in the form of a note ; but as Mr. Mason observes, " without it, we have only his morning walk and his noon-tide repose."

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw
him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH*.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A Fragment†.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies,
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Uniform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:

So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the laud:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,

* "Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation:

" 'There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.' "

† "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?"—GIBSON.

To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy
draws,

Th' event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling
deep:

Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd
away.

As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-ey'd myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields.
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heav'n's of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendant vintage as 't grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening
lands;

And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves, and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she
springs,

By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's
snows?

She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
 Another touch, another temper take,
 Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay :
 The stubborn elements confess her sway :
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth :
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
 An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain :
 For where unwearied sinews must be found
 With side-long plough to quell the flinty
 ground,
 To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
 To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
 What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,
 They guard with spirit, what by strength they
 gain'd ?

And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
 The rough abode of want and liberty,
 (As lawless force from confidence will grow)
 Insult the plenty of the vales below ?
 What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
 The dusky people drive before the gale ;
 Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide
 * * * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost.—MASON.]

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
 And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

ODE TO EVENING.

By William Collins.*

[By an inadvertency, that was not discovered until we had got thus far in the Selections, the *Ode to Evening*, one of the most beautiful and characteristic of Collins' poems, was passed over. Rather than omit it altogether we insert it here, where it will not seem quite so much out of its right place as if it had followed the works of any other poet than Gray. The poems of Collins and Gray have often been published of late in conjunction, in one volume.—COMPILER.]

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd
 sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

* For the rest of the selections from Collins turn back to column 884.

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd
 bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern
 wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim horne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening
 vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows
 with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er
 all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
 wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
 Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes :—

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall fancy, friendship, science, smiling peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

Born 1721.—Died 1771.

TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Written in the year 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door :
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck 's bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood ;
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murder's steel !

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

3 2 2

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
" Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !"

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love ;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source ;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
The springing trout in speckled pride ;
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil.
And hearts resolv'd and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1728.—Died 1774.

THE TRAVELLER.

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair :

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share—
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care :
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear :
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler
pride

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thanks—spride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom
vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd ;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heav'n to man sup-
plies ;

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd, [rest,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone ?
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As diff'rent good, by art or nature giv'n
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content :
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
fails ;

And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone :
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here, for awhile my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.

Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive,
vain ;

Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous yet untrue ;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs ; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state ;
At her command the palace learnt to rise ;
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From this the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul.
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore
sway,

Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn me to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions
tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May :
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho'
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the funny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plowshare to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the
way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd :
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd :
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasure are but few ;
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest :
Whence from such lands each pleasing science
flies,

That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame ;
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest :
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
way,

These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain :
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur'ing Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew :
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring
still, [skill ;

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze ;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. There much-lov'd wealth
Imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow:
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western
spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide;

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by:
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
Thine are those charms that dazzle and eudear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordling stands alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore:
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her
charms,

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for
fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warns:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;

When I behold a factious band agree⁶
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the
law:

The wealth of climes, where savage nations
roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double
force.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs end in destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train.
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim
strays

Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways:
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous
aim;

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories
shine,

And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or
cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith and conscience, all our
own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round;

And still, as each repeated pleasure'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful conspir'd.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove;

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence
shed, [fled.

These were thy charms—but all these charms are
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
hand,

Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man :
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school :
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled :

All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn :
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,

And still where many a garden-flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his
place ;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, prov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress:

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sun-shine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies:
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight's ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:

Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave !

Where, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade.
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?

To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight
reign,

Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine
eyes,

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies :
She, once perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine the loveliest
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around :

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n ! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
ing day,

That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main :
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose ;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a
tear,

And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury ! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own :
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part un-
sound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done ;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land. [sail,
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade !
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so,
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well ;
 Farewell ! and O ! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
 While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

RETALIATION.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
 united.
 If our landlord supplies us with beef and with
 fish,
 Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
 best dish :
 Our dean* shall be ven'son, just fresh from the
 plains† ;
 Our Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of
 brains ;
 Our Will‡ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour ;
 And Dick with his pepper shall heighten their sa-
 vour§ :
 Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall
 obtain ;
 And Douglas|| is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our Garrick's a salad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That Ridge¶ is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb ;
 That Hickey's** a capon : and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm
 able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my
 head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, reunited to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
 mirth ;

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
 such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for man-
 kind ;

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
 his throat [vote ;

To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him a
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
 fining,

And thought of convincing, while they thought
 of dining ;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesmen, too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place,
 sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a
 mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
 was in't ;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
 his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
 sigh at ;

Alas ! that such frolic should now be so quiet :
 What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim,
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb† !
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old
 Nick ;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine :
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.

* Edmund Burke.

† Doctor Barnard, dean of Derry, in Ireland.

‡ Mr. William Burke.

§ Mr. Richard Burke.

|| Dr. Douglas, who exposed Lauder's attempt to prove Milton
 a plagiarist.

¶ Counsellor John Ridge.

** An eminent attorney.

* Member for Whitchurch.

† This gentleman had slightly fractured an arm and a leg.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne;
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own:
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dods* shall be pious, our Kenrick† shall
lecture;

Macpherson‡ write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
pile; [over,
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the
dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line!
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent
heart,

The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys\$, and Woodfalls|| so
grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave! [rais'd,
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-
prais'd!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will:

* The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

† Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures under the title of "The School of Shakspeare."

‡ James Macpherson, author of a prose translation of Homer.

\$ Mr. Hugh Kelly, the dramatist.

|| Mr. William Woodfall, the printer.

Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper:
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?

I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?

His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,

And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!

Then what was his failing? come, tell it and burn
ye,—

He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,

His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;

Still born to improve us in every part,

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,

When they judg'd without skill he was still hard
of hearing;

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios,
and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff*.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Born 1709.—Died 1779.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

[Conclusion of Book IV.]

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
He chooses to be wretched, to be mad,
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a passion whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy:
For pale and trembling anger rushes in
With falt'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare,
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!

Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,

Envy or ignominy, or tender grief,

Slowly descends and ling'ring to the shades;

But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,

At once, and rushes apoplectic down,

* These were the last lines Goldsmith ever wrote. He had written half a line more of this character, when he was seized with the fever which carried him off in a few days to the grave. He intended to have concluded with his own character,—MALONE.

Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell :
 For as the body thro' unnumber'd strings
 Reverberates each vibration of the soul ;
 As is the passion such is still the pain
 The body feels, or chronic or acute ;
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs
 The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear
 And sudden grief, and rage and sudden joy.

There are mean-time to whom the boist'rous
 Is health, and only fills the sails of life : [fit
 For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,—
 A gen'rous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
 Wave all dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;
 Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl ;
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
 Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
 And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend ! you may be
 wrong ;

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight :
 Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ;
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
 But calm advice against a raging fit
 Avails too little : and it braves the pow'r
 Of all that ever taught in prose or song
 To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb
 And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind ;
 Seiz'd with the common rage you soon forget
 The speculations of your wiser hours :
 Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
 With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
 What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare ?
 Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
 To cope with subtle or impetuous pow'rs,
 I would invoke new passions to your aid ;
 With indignation would extinguish fear,
 With fear or gen'rous pity vanquish rage
 And love with pride, and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a pow'r that sways the
 breast,

Bids ev'ry passion revel or be still,
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves,
 Can sooth distraction, and almost despair :
 That pow'r is music ; far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warbles on our stage,
 Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
 Who move no passion justly but contempt,
 Who like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)
 Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts,

! Good heaven ! we praise them ; we, with loudest
 peals,

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
 And, with insipid show of rapture, die
 Of idiot notes impertinently long.
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
 A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire,
 Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In loves dissolves you ; now, in sprightly strains,
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling
 breast ;

Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the bard, whose heav'nly strains of old
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul ;
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
 And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
 And such the Thracian whose melodious lyre,
 Tun'd to soft wo, made all the mountains weep,
 Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of hell,
 And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison and the plague ;
 And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
 One pow'r of physic, melody, and song.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

—
 Born 1709.—Died 1784.

LONDON : A POEM.

In imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
 When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell,
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice com-
 mend,

I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
 Resolv'd at length from vice and London far
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
 And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's
 land,

Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ?
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay :
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While Thales waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
 On Thames's banks, in silent thought, we stood
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;

Struck with the seat that gave Eliza* birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants even the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less ;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous revels in my veins ;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier
place,

Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay ;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defied his foes ;
Some secret cell, ye power's, indulgent give,
Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day ;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth.
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or form a lottery ;
With warbling eunuchs fill our silenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride
shall hold ?

What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and
gold ?

Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Hea-
ven :

But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he
sing,

To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
With more address a lover's note convey.
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away :
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right or varnish wrong,

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears ?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsuited fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see !
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me !
London ! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome ;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious Edward ! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey ;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace ;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel :
Hiss'd from the stage or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics, import ;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay.
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a
clap :

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah ! what avails it, that, from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air ;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories ;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain ?

Studious to please, and ready to submit ;
The supple Gaul was born a parasite :
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows :
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with falt'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage :

Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ;
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile :
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore :
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear,
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

Forarts like these prefer'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;

Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
O fall the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,

Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore ?
No secret islands in the boundless main ?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain ?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
'This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd :
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold :

Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark ! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries

Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies :

Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,

Some pompous palace or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light ;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey ;
'Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,

For where can starving merit find a home ?

In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth con-
found,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies ;
The laureate tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;

With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;
And raise his treasures higher than before :
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.

Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;
There prune thy walk, support thy drooping
flowers,

Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers :
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord :
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay ;
Lords of the street and terrors of the way ;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and
wine,

Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,

And hope the balmy blessings of repose ;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,

With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land,
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.

A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain ;
Fair Justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the
sword ;

No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age ! but ah ! how diff'rent from our own !

Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land :
Farewell !—When youth, and health, and for-
tune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent ;

And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times ;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade ;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage.
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

In imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous
pride

To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant
voice ;

How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art ;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ; [bold
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety
buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serape and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,

See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
Thou who couldst laugh, where want enchain'd
caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock de-
bate,

Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of
laws,

And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish
tribe [gibe ?

Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe ;
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are
vain,

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human-kind ;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's
gate,

Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great :
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall,
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend.
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their
end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's
door

Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicat'or flies ;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place ;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold ;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line,
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :

The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal ?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance
rings,

Degrading nobles and controlling kings
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs con-
sign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows :

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize :
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of
state [hate.

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye.
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace
repine, [thine ?

Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be
Or liv' st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steep's of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's
knife,

And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd
Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's* mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth !
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat ;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning to be wise ;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

* There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on
an arch over the bridge, will fall when a greater man than Bacon
shall pass under it.

See nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last price be-
stows,

The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;
See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent :
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the
shock,

And fatal learning leads him to the block :
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world ;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can
warm,

Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name ;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths
regret,

From age to age in everlasting debt ;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right
convey

To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's
pride,

How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire,
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign :
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain ;

" Think nothing gain'd," he cries, " till nought
remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost ;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and bar'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more :
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still be-
stow'd,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ; [coast
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway :
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
The fierce Croation, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom ;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from
shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days."

In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r ;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus
near ;

Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,

While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring
sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :
The watchful guests still hint the last offence ;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime :
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flugging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear ;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release.
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these
await,

Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search de-
scend,

By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
flow.

And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face ;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise ;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart ;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms
shall save, [slave?

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance
falls ;

Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied :
To int'rest, prudence ; and to flatt'ry, pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice :
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r ;
Implore his aid, in his decision, rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;

With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

RICHARD GLOVER.

Born 1712.—Died 1785.

LEONIDAS,

A POEM, IN TWELVE BOOKS.

[From the opening of Book I.]

THE virtuous Spartan, who resign'd his life
To save his country at th' Oetæan straits,
Thermopylæ, when all the peopled east
In arms with Xerxes fill'd the Grecian plains,
O Muse, record ! The Hellespont they pass'd,
O'erpow'ring Thrace. The dreadful tidings
swift

To Corinth flew. Her Isthmus was the seat
Of Grecian council. Alpheus thence returns
To Lacedæmon. In assembly full
He finds the Spartan people with their kings ;
Their kings, who boast an origin divine,
From Hercules descended. They, the sons
Of Lacedæmon had conven'd, to learn

3 T 2

The sacred mandates of th' immortal gods,
That morn expected from the Delphian dome.
But Alpheus sudden their attention drew,
And thus address'd them : For immediate war,
My countrymen, prepare. Barbarian tents
Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace.
The Isthmian council hath decreed to guard
Thermopylæ, the Locrian gate of Greece.

Here Alpheus paus'd. Leutyichides, who
shar'd

With great Leonidas the sway, uprose
And spake. Ye citizens of Sparta, hear.
Why from her bosom should Laconia send
Her valiant race to wage a distant war
Beyond the Isthmus ? There the gods have
plac'd

Our native barrier. In this favour'd land,
Which Pelops govern'd, us of Doric blood
That Isthmus inaccessible secures.
There let our standards rest. Your solid
strength,

If once you scatter in defence of states
Remote and feeble, you betray your own,
And merit Jove's derision. With assent
The Spartans heard. Leonidas reply'd :

O most ungen'rous counsel ! Most unwise !
Shall we, confining to that Isthmian fence
Our efforts, leave beyond it ev'ry state
Disown'd, expos'd ? Shall Athens, while her fleets
Unceasing watch th' innumerable foes,
And trust th' impending dangers of the field
To Sparta's well-known valour, shall she hear,
That to barbarian violence we leave
Her unprotected walls ? Her hoary sires,
Her helpless matrons, and their infant race,
To servitude and shame ? Her guardian gods
Will yet preserve them. Neptune o'er his main,
With Pallas, pow'r of wisdom, at their helms,
Will soon transport them to a happier clime,
Safe from insulting foes, from false allies,
And eleutherian Jove will bless their flight.
Then shall we feel the unresisted force
Of Persia's navy, deluging our plains
With inexhausted numbers. Half the Greeks,
By us betray'd to bondage, will support
A Persian lord, and lift th' avenging spear
For our destruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean, such dang'rous counsels, which
would blast

Your long-establish'd honours, and assist
The proud invader. O eternal king
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds !
Each low and partial passion thence expel !
Greece is our gen'ral mother. All must join
In her defence, or, sep'rate each must fall.

This said, authority and shame control'd
The mute assembly. Agis too appear'd.
He from the Delphian cavern was return'd,
Where, taught by Phœbus on Parnassian cliffs,
The Pythian maid unfolded Heav'n's decrees.
He came ; but discontent and grief o'ercast
His anxious brow. Reluctant was his tongue,
Yet seem'd full charg'd to speak. Religious
dread

Each heart relax'd. On ev'ry visage hung
Sad expectation. Not a whisper told
The silent fear. Intensely all were fix'd,
All still as death, to hear the solemn tale.
As o'er the western waves, when ev'ry storm
Is hush'd within its cavern, and a breeze,
Soft-breathing, lightly with its wings along
The slacken'd cordage glides, the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast ex-
panse ;

None; but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which slowly parts the smooth and yielding
main :

So through the wide and listening crowd no
sound,

No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air !
While thus the issue of thy awful charge
Thy lips deliver'd. Spartans, in your name
I went to Delphi. I inquir'd the doom
Of Lacedemon from th' impending war,
When in these words the deity reply'd :
" Inhabitations of Sparta. Persia's arms
Shall lay your proud and ancient seat in dust ;
Unless a king, from Hercules deriv'd,
Cause Lacedemon for his death to mourn."

As when the hand of Perseus had disclos'd
The snakes of dire Medusa, all who view'd
The Gorgon features, were congeal'd to stone,
With ghastly eyeballs on the hero bent,
And horror, living in their marble form ;
Thus with amazement rooted, where they stood,
In speechless terror frozen, on their kings
The Spartans gaz'd ; but soon their anxious looks
All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shine
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel, in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots ; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he cast his looks around, and spake :

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta ? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder ? O my friends,
Why do we labour through the arduous paths,
Which lead to virtue ? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But a frown
Of unavailing terror he assumes,
To shake the firmness of a mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
That, wanting liberty ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life !
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame,
The gods allow to many ? but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing, Jove
Among the choicest of his boons reserves,

Which but on few his sparing hand bestows.

Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaim'd.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paus'd
Suspending praise ; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heav'n :
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode :
There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat :
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet :

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale hands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave :
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him ;
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost ;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ;
These were English captains brave :
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight ;
O ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain ;

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done,
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone.
 Then the Bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom.
 To have fallen, my country crying
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail ;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Flosier's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe :
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request ;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

JOHN LOGAN.

Born 1748.—Died 1788.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

O could I fly ! I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“ Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
 When first on them I met my lover ;
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
 When now thy waves his body cover !
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
 To bear me to his father's bowers ;
 He promised me a little page,
 To squire me to his father's towers ;
 He promised me a wedding-ring,—
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;—
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we meet :
 My passion I as freely told him !
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him !
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow

His mother from the window look'd,
 With all the longing of a mother !
 His little sister weeping walk'd
 The green-wood path to meet her brother :
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough ;
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look,
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
 No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the forest thorough;
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow;
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
 The tear did never leave her cheek.
 No other youth became her marrow;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Born 1734.—Died 1788.

ON THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

A FRAGMENT, IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER:

[From the Introduction to the English Lusiad*.]

HENCE, vagrant minstrel, from my thriving
 farm,
 Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
 My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
 Seek in the sluggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd
 cheer: [ear,
 There, while thy idle chaunting soothes thine
 The noxious thistle chokes their sickly corn:
 Their apple boughs, ungraft'd, sour wildings
 bear,
 And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn,
 Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray
 forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected soil,
 When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends,
 And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
 Upon thy houseless head pale want descends
 In bitter shower: and taunting scorn still rends,
 And wakes thee trembling from thy golden
 dream:
 In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
 Thy idled life—What fitter may beseeem,
 Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the
 poison'd stream.

* "A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is unestablished, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The present age, indeed, is happily auspicious to science and the arts; but poetry is neither the general taste, nor the fashionable favourite of these times. Often, in the dispirited hour, have these views obtruded upon the translator. While he has left his author upon the table, and wandered in the fields, these views have clothed themselves almost imperceptibly in the stanza and allegory of Spenser. Thus connected with the Translation of Camdens, unfinished as they are they shall close the introduction to the English Lusiad."—MICKLE.

And is it thus, the heart-stung minstrel cried,
 While indignation shook his silver'd head;
 And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
 And hind's base tongue the gentle bard upbraid!
 And must the holy song be thus repaid
 By sun-bask'd ignorance, and churlish scorn!
 While listless drooping in the languid shade
 Of cold neglect, the sacred bard must mourn,
 Though in his hallowed breast heaven's purest
 ardours burn!

Yet how sublime, O bard, the dread behest,
 The awful trust to thee by Heaven assigned!
 'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast,
 And form in virtue's mould the youthful mind;
 Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
 'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
 Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd,
 Wide through the land thy forming power dis-
 plays. [bus rays.
 So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phoe-

When Heaven decreed to soothe the feuds
 that tore
 The wolf-eyed barons, whose unletter'd rage
 Spurn'd the fair Muse; Heaven bade on Avon's
 shore
 A Shakspear rise, and soothe the barbarous age:
 A Shakspear rose; the barbarous heats as-
 suage—
 At distance due how many bards attend!
 Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
 Of blinded zeal, new manners wide extend,
 And o'er the generous breast the dews of heaven
 descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallowed power,
 To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn upbraid
 The Muse, neglected, in her wintery bower;
 While proudly flourishing in princely shade
 Her younger sisters lift the laurel'd head.—
 And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
 Of softest charms, foredoom'd in time to fade,
 Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
 Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd
 by age!

And shall the warbled strain, or sweetest lyre,
 Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
 And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
 The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour!
 Ah no! their song is transient as the flower
 Of April morn: In vain the shepherd boy
 Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
 The year no more restores the short lived joy;
 And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands
 employ.

Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
 Has closed his strain; and deep eternal night
 Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright whileere,
 Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
 More to be given—But clothed in heaven's
 own light,

Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine ;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptured music of each deathless line :
For death nor time may touch their living soul
divine.

And what the strain, though Perez swell the
note,
High though its rapture, to the muse of fire !
Ah ! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought
To Shakspeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow ; as heaven's dread energy
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

SONG*.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to talk o' wark ?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel !
Is this a time to think of wark,
When Colin's at the door ?
Gie me my cloak ! I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.—
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava ;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes.
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck, &c. &c.

There's twa hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thra their necks about.
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c. &c.

* For a while this song had no author's name ; at last, it passed for the production of an enthusiastic old woman of the west of Scotland, called Jean Adam, who kept a school and wrote verses, and claimed this song as her own composition. It happened, however, during the period that Mr. Cronk was editing his collection of Scottish Songs, that Dr. Sim discovered among the manuscripts of Mickie, the translator of the *Luslad*, an imperfect, altered, and corrected copy of the song, with all the marks of authorship about it. The changes which the poet had made were many and curious, and were conclusive of his claim to the honour of the song : his widow added decisive testimony to this, and said that her husband wrote her a copy—said it was his own, and explained the Scottish words. Mickie, too, was a maker of songs in the manner of our early lyrics, and his genius supports his title to this truly Scottish song. But I have not sought to deprive the old school-mistress of the honour of the song, without feeling some conscientious qualms. Many lyric poets have taken pleasure in secretly eking out the ancient songs of their country ; and, after all, Mickie may have done no more for this than improve the language, and new-model the narrative.—*Allan Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*.

The last verse but one is said to have been inserted by Doctor Beattie.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-sattin gown :
And rin an' tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town :
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearly blue ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c. &c.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air !
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair :
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c. &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by ; I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part :
But what puts parting in my head,
It may be far awa' ;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw !
For there's nae luck, &c. &c.

Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave ;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c. &c.

THOMAS WARTON.

Born 1728.—Died 1790.

VERSES

ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S PAINTED WINDOW AT
NEW-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AN, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace !
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass !
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind !
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page ;
Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime ;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day ;
To mark the mould'ring halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould ;

With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side :

Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew ;
Where superstition, with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane ;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd ;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile :
Whilst as around the far retiring isle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part :
Ah spare the weakness of a lover's heart !
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at reason's painful gleam !
That softer touch, insidious artist stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray !

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh of ravish'd pleasures why complain ?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line ;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day ;
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray :
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle yet distinctly rise ;
Twixt light and shade the transitory strife ;
The feature blooming with immortal life :
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow ;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky ;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the virgin's child :
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed :
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again :
To truth by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind ;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim ;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,

And bind coy fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped nich ;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard :
Ye saints who clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display :

Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown :
Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine :
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more ;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise :
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer
strike,

Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike !
Ye colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze !
No more the sacred windows round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.
Lo, from the canvas beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, picture's powers a new formation own !
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, th' expressive stain !
The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil :
But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat ;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel nature lives,
Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's
height,

To add new lustre to religious light :
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine :
With arts unknown before ; to reconcile
The willing graces to the Gothic pile.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

At Anseley-hall, in Warwickshire.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind :
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave :
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine :
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies ;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
And every opening primrose count,
That truly paints my blooming mount :
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed ;
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state ?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot ?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray ;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

THE HAMLET.

Written in Whitchwood Forest.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguill'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild ;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue :
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay :
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town ;
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;
Or quaintly braid the cow-slip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill ;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

3 u

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers :
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound :
Nor fell disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime :
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar ;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

ODE

SENT TO A FRIEND, ON HIS LEAVING A FAVORITE
VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

AH mourn, thou lov'd retreat ! no more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore !
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide !
Who mark, beneath each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm :
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof :
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall :
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train ;
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire !

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way ;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean !
Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit ;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant fall, the falling oak !
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower ?
Who wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay ?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flowerets idly grac'd !
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn ;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote :
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky !

For lo ! the bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound ;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste
No charm of genuine nature past ;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires :
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
 As erst, thy sad, sequester'd glooms !
 From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
 Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
 His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
 With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
 The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake :
 Where the delv'd mountains's headlong side
 Its chalky entrails opens wide,
 On the green summit, ambush'd high,
 No longer echo loves to lie.
 No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
 Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
 Around the glowworm's glimmering bank,
 No fairies run in fiery rank ;
 Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
 The violet's unprinted head.
 But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
 The glades that wear a conscious frown,
 The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
 Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls.
 Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage enchanter's spell,
 (As old Arabian fablers tell)
 Amid the solitary wild,
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd :
 From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd ;
 Fair forms, in every wonderous wood,
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood ;
 And oft, retreating from the view,
 Betray'd, at distance, beauties new :
 While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers.
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
 If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show,
 His transitory charm withdrew,
 Away th' illusive landscape flew :
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mould ;
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd :
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving
 grain
 Mantled, thy chequer'd views, of wood and lawn
 Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
 Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
 Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train :
 Her fairest landscapes whence my muse has
 drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain :
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
 Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,

With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and
 morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 'That still they can recal those happier days.

SONNET

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
 Young health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;
 And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale ;
 She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
 The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim :
 And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
 She sits amid the choir of naiads trim.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
MONASTICON.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
 By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
 Of painful pedantry the poring child,
 Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic
 page,
 Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
 Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
 On his lone hours ? Ingenuous views engage
 His thoughts, on themes unclassic falsely styl'd,
 Intent. While cloister'd piety displays
 Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
 New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
 Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
 Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
 Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

SONNET

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic
 art
 Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
 Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
 And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
 How to life's humbler scene can I depart ?
 My breast all glowing from those gorgeous
 tow'rs,
 In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours !
 Vain, the complaint : for fancy can impart
 (To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)
 Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall :
 She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
 Can dress the graces in their Attic pall :
 Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom :
 And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

SONNET

TO THE RIVER LODON.

Ah ! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all through fairy
 ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun :
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun !
 While pensive memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between ;
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene,
 Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so
 pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road !
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have shew'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime ma-
 ture ;
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd,

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.*

Born 1721.—Died 1791.

LINES ON THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

WHILE in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
 And touch each feature with a trembling hand ;
 Deign, lovely Self ! with art and nature's pride,
 To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.

Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind :
 How vast a crowd by Self, like me, are *blind* !
 By Self, the fop, in magic colours, shown,
 Tho' scorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own :
 When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring
 maid,

Self, not the glass, reflects the flatt'ring shade.
 Then, wonder-working Self ! begin the lay :
 Thy charms to others, as to me, display.

Straight is my person, but of little size ;
 Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes :
 My youthful down is, like my talents, rare ;
 Politely distant stands each single hair.
 My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear ;
 So smooth, a child may listen without fear ;
 Nor form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
 To sooth the fair thro' pleasure's wanton ways.
 My form so fine, so regular, so new ;
 My port so manly, and so fresh my hue ;
 Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
 " See, see *Memento mori* cross the way."
 The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
 Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau ;
 But, thanks to nature ! none from me need fly ;
 One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.

* Before he was six months old, Blacklock was deprived of sight by the small-pox.

Yet, tho' my person fearless may be seen,
 There is some danger in my graceful mien :
 For, as some vessel, toss'd by wind and tide,
 Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to
 side ;

In just vibration thus I always move :
 This who can view, and not be forc'd to love ?

Hail ! charming Self ! by whose propitious aid
 My form in all its glory stands display'd :
 Be present still ; with inspiration kind,
 Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.

Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd :
 Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
 To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
 Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
 This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe ;
 The next I wonder why I should do so.
 Tho' poor, the rich I view with careless eye ;
 Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
 I ne'er, for satire, torture common sense ;
 Nor show my wit at God's, nor man's expense.
 Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown ;
 Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
 Unmerited contempt I hate to bear ;
 Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
 Dishonest flames my bosom never fire ;
 The bad I pity, and the good admire :
 Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
 And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.

These careless lines if any virgin hears,
 Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
 She may consent a gen'rous flame to own ;
 And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
 But, should the fair, affected, vain or nice,
 Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice ;
 Cry, " Save us, Heav'n ! a spectre, not a man !"
 Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan :
 If I my tender overture repeat ;
 O ! may my vows her kind reception meet !
 May she new graces on my form bestow,
 And, with tall honours, dignify my brow !

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Born 1746.—Died 1794.

ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

[From *Caissa* or the *Game of Chess*.]

" A LOVELY Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild.
 Her air enchanting and her aspect mild ;
 To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
 Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy ;
 O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
 And fair *Caissa* was the damsel nam'd.
 Mars saw the maid ; with deep surprise he gaz'd,
 Admir'd her shape, and every gesture prais'd :
 His golden bow the child of *Venus* bent,
 And through his breast a piercing arrow sent :
 The reed was hope ; the feathers, keen desire ;
 The point, her eyes ; the barbs, ethereal fire.

Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain ;
The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain :
He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And till he press'd, yet still Caissa frown'd ;
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have
done !)

Fir'd all his soul, and all his senses won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn ;
Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,
And fair Caissa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal rais'd her placid head ;
Then mildly spake : ' O thou, whom love inspires,
Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.
The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew ;
And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue ;
The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds ;
Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.
Then weep no more ; but, ere thou canst obtain
Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
With gentle art thy martial look beguile ;
Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.
Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,
To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes ?
So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame,
And ev'n Caissa own a mutual flame.'
' Kind nymph,' said Mars, ' thy counsel I approve :
Art, one art, her ruthless breast can move.
But when ? or how ? Thy dark discourse explain :
So may thy stream ne'er swell with gushing rain :
So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
And flowers eternal on thy border blow !'

" To whom the maid replied with smiling mien :
' Above the palace of the Paphian queen
Love's brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,
By gods nam'd Euphron, and by mortals Sport :
Seek him ; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,
And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.
His temple hangs below the azure skies ;
See'st thou yon argent cloud ? 'Tis there it lies.'
This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,
And sought the mansion of her blue-hair'd train.

" Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt
joy,

Had reach'd the temple of the sportful boy ;
He told Caissa's charms, his kindled fire,
The Naiad's counsel, and his warm desire.
' Be swift,' he added, ' give my passion aid ;
A god requests.'—He spake, and Sport obey'd.
He fram'd a tablet of celestial mould,
Inlaid with squares of silver and of gold ;
Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
That here, compact, in show of battle stand ;
He taught the rules that guide the pensive
game,

And call'd it Caissa from the Dryad's name :
(Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise con-
fess,

Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful
Chess.)

The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport ;
Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy
court.

With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds ; nor
stay'd,

Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid :
Tir'd with the chase the damsel sat reclin'd,
Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.

He took the figure of a wanton fawn,
And stood before her on the flowery lawn ;
Then show'd his tablet : pleas'd, the nymph
survey'd

The lifeless troops, in glittering ranks display'd ;
She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain

The various motions of the splendid train :
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars less hateful than before :
' What spell,' said she, ' deceiv'd my careless
mind ?

The god was fair, and I was most unkind.'
She spoke, and saw the changing fawn assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom ;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples
grew,

Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue :
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace ;
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,
That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour
glow'd ;

(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming
charms,

Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)
With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the
ground,

But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd : and, as he press'd her,
smil'd,

Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd."

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF

ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state ?
Not high rais'd battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd :
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to
pride.

No :—MEN, high-minded MEN,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare
maintain,

Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state,
And sov'reign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
 Smit by her sacred frown
 The fiend, Discretion*, like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en th' all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such was this Heav'n lov'd isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight;
 And bid these arms thy neck infold;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say;—
 Tell them their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display;—
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest;
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom:—
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
 To love and joy the thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid! my counsel hear,—
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage,)
 While music charms the ravish'd ear;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Begay; and scorn the frowns of age.

* Arbitrary Power.

What cruel answer have I heard!
 And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips, which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung:
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
 But O! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

THE CONCLUDING SENTENCE OF BERKELEY'S SIRIS,
Imitated.

BEFORE thy mystic altar, heav'nly Truth,
 I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
 Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
 And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray:
 Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
 Soar without bound, without consuming glow.

ROBERT BURNS.

Born 1758.—Died 1796.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

I.

My lov'd, my honoured, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
 The native feelings strong, the guileless
 ways,
 What A**** in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier
 there, I ween.

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their re-
 pose:
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at end.
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
 hoes,

* These lines were written by Sir William Jones in Berkeley's Siris; they are, in fact, a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself: "He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age, as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the best fruits, at the altar of Truth."

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
ward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin' stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an'
glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's
smile,
The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his
toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new
gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet ;
Each tells the uncous that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the
new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkens a' are warned to obey ;
" An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or
play :
An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might :
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright !"

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
With heart-struck, anxious, care, inquires
his name,
While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears its nae wild,
worthless rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he taks the mother's
eye !
Blythe Jenny sees the visits no ill ta'en ;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
joy.
But blait and laithfu', scarce can weel be-
have ;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashful' an' sae
grave :
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like
the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond com-
pare !
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
" If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'ning gale."

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art ;
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth !
Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling
smooth !
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their
child ?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distrac-
tion wild ?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple
board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's
food :
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the halian snugly chows her
cood :
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck,
fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the
bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn
air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim.

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays !
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame,
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
ire ;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed :
How He, who bore in Heaven the second
name ;
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to Heav'n's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope " springs exulting on triumphant
wings,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear :
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

XVII.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the
soul ;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd
abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man's the noblest work of God : "
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load.
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is
sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and
sweet content !
And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
lov'd Isle.

XXI.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted
heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert :
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard !

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning it down with the plough.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise :
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid !
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade,
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n,
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

TO A MOUSE.

On turning her up in her nest with the plough, November 1785.

Wae, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O, wha's a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murdering pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle

At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strew'in !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crush ! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house, or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld ;

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' nice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' leave us nought but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee ;
 But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honesty poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ;
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fair we dine,
 Wear hoddin' gray, and a' that ;
 We fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that.
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independant mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

BANNOCK-BURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward ! chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be—shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

Born 1754.—Died 1796.

TO EVENING.

WHAT numerous votaries 'neath thy shadowy
 wing,

O mild and modest Evening, find delight !
 First, to the grove his lingering fair to bring,
 The warm and youthful lover, hating light,
 Sighs oft for thee—And next the boisterous
 string

Of school-imps, freed from Dame's all dread-
 ed sight,

Round Village-Cross, in many a wanton ring,
 Wishes thy stay—Then too with vasty might,
 From steeple's side to urge the bounding ball,
 The lusty hinds await thy fragrant call :
 I, friend to all by turns, am join'd with all,
 Lover, and elfin gay, and harmless hind ;
 Nor heed the proud to real wisdom blind,
 So as my heart be pure, and free my mind.

ON A WET SUMMER.

ALL ye who far from town, in rural hall,
 Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
 Enjoying all the sunny-day did yield,

With me the change lament, in irksome
 thrall,

By rains incessant held ; for now no call
 From early swain invites my hand to wield
 The scythe ; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
 And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass
 fall ;

Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
 Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad
 leaves

Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful
 Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
 And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his
 hatch,

Counting the frequent drop from reeded leaves.

WILLIAM MASON.

Born 1725.—Died 1797.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Written in 1760.

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark, the
 bell

Of death beats slow ! heard ye the note pro-
 found ?

It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,
 Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
 Yes, * * * is dead. Attend the strain,
 Daughters of Albion ! Ye that, light as air,
 So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
 With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair ;

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom ;
 (This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
 Fair as the forms, that, wove in fancy's loom,
 Float in light vision round the poet's head.
 Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
 Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes !
 Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born
 grace,
 That o'er her form its transient glory cast ;
 Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
 Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.
 That bell again ! it tells us what she is :
 On what she was, no more the strain prolong :
 Luxuriant fancy, pause : an hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a serious song.
 Maria claims it from that sable bier,
 Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her
 head ;
 In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
 She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.
 Oh catch the awful notes, and lift them loud ;
 Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool rever'd :
 Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud !
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
 Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
 While high with health, your hearts exulting
 leap ;
 Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
 The mental monitor shall wake and weep.
 For say, than * * * 's propitious star.
 What brighter planet on your births arose :
 Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose !
 Early to lose ; while, borne on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wintry storm that sweeps you to the
 tomb.
 Think of her fate ! revere the heav'nly hand
 That led her hence, though soon, by steps so
 slow :
 Long at her couch Death took his patient
 stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow :
 To give reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;
 Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
 Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span ? Alas, ye sigh :
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God, your
 friend,
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die !
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow ;
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors, what with smiles
 should glow.
 No ; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
 Heirs as ye are of Heav'n's eternal day ;
 Would bid you boldly to that Heav'n aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave ;
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
 The sting from Death, the vict'ry from the
 Grave.
 Is this the bigot's rant ? Away, ye vain,
 Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness
 steep .
 Go, soothe your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
 Yet will I praise you, triflers, as ye are,
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite
 creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
 Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed ;
 Nor wish for more : who conquer, but to die.
 Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale :
 Like you, they reason ; not, like you, enjoy
 The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail :
 On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
 Your little course to cold oblivion's shore :
 They dare the storm, and, through th' incle-
 ment year, [roar.
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's
 Is it for glory ? that just Fate denies.
 Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
 Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents
 rise,
 That lift the hero from the fighting crowd.
 Is it his grasp of empire to extend ?
 To curb the fury of insulting foes ?
 Ambition, cease : the idle contest end :
 'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
 (If life be all,) why desolation lower,
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour ?
 Go wiser ye, that flutter life away,
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet
 high ; [gay,
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom
 And live your moment, since the next ye
 die.
 Yet know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty
 mind,
 Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd
 To Heav'n, to immortality aspire.
 Nor shall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
 By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd :
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

In the Cathedral of Bristol.

TAKE, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear :
 Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately
 gave :
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form ; she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the
 line ?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
 charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
 ("Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once
 trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

EPITAPH ON THOMAS FOUNTAYNE, ESQ.

Only Son of the Dean of York, in Melton Church, Yorkshire.

O HERE, if ever, holy Patience, bend
 Thy piteous knee! the hand of Heaven re-
 vere!

Here bid the father, mother, sister, friend,
 In mute submission, drop the Christian tear!
 Nor blame that in the vernal noon of youth
 The buds of manly worth, whose opening
 bloom

Had glowed with honour, fortitude, and truth,
 'Sunk in th' eternal winter of the tomb:
 That he whose form with health, with beauty
 charm'd,

For whom fair Fortune's liberal feast was
 spread,

Whom science nurtur'd, bright example warm'd,
 Was torn by lingering torture, to t'ie dead.

"Hark!" cries a voice that awes the silenced
 air,

"The doom of man in my dread bosom lies;
 Be yours awhile to pace this vale of care,
 Be his to soar with seraphs in the skies!"

JOSEPH WARTON.

Born 1722.—Died 1800.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand,

Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,
 'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Through air, and over earth and sea,
 While the vast various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
 O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
 'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,
 'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
 Where nature seems to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest:
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With Spenser through a fairy grove;
 Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
 By the sweetly-soothing sound!
 Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
 Sometimes through the yellow mead,
 Where joy and white-rob'd peace resort,
 And Venus keeps her festive court,
 Where mirth and youth each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with numble feet,
 Nodding their lily-crown'd heads,
 Where laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads,
 Where echo walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song:
 Yet not these flowery fields of joy
 Can long my pensive mind employ.
 Haste, fancy, from the scenes of folly,
 To meet the matron melancholy,
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms, and sigh;
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe,
 To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
 Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
 Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 While whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.
 Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire

I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat;
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear:
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly!
 Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say
 To battle hurries me away?
 'Tis fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where tumult and destruction reign;
 Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead;
 Where giant terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!
 O guide me from this horrid scene,
 To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun;
 The pangs of absence, O remove!
 For thou canst place me near my love,
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence!
 When young-eyed spring profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To summer tells her tender tale,
 When autumn cooling caverns seek,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
 When winter, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold;
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, fancy, hear.
 O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bidd'st me sing.
 O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
 O queen of numbers, once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
 Who with some new unequal'd song,
 May rise above the rhyming throng,
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, and pity move,
 Rouse with revenge, or melt with love;
 O deign t' attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk;
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;

Like lightning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
 With native beauties win applause
 Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
 O let each muse's fame increase,
 O bid Britannia rival Greece!

WILLIAM COWPER.

Born 1731.—Died 1800.

Extracts from "THE TASK."

RURAL SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

O, MAY I live exempted (while I live
 Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
 From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
 Of libertine excess. The sofa suits
 The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
 Though on a sofa, may I never feel:
 For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes
 Of grassy swarth, close-cropp'd by nibbling
 sheep,
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm
 Of thorny boughs; have lov'd the rural walk
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
 E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds,
 I' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
 And still remember, nor without regret,
 Of hours, that sorrow since has much endear'd,
 How oft, my slice of pocket-store consum'd,
 Still hung'ring, penniless, and far from home,
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
 Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
 The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
 Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
 Disdains not; nor the palate, undeprav'd
 By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems.
 No sofa then awaited my return!
 Nor sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
 Incurring short fatigue; and, though our years,
 As life declines, speed rapidly away,
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes
 Some youthful grace, that age would gladly
 keep;
 A tooth, or auburn lock, and by degrees
 Their length and color from the locks they
 spare;
 Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the
 fence,
 That play of lungs, inhaling and again
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
 Swift pace of steep ascent no toil to me,
 Mine have not pilfer'd yet; nor yet impair'd
 My relish of fair prospect: scenes that sooth'd

Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
 Still soothing, and of pow'r to charm me still.
 And witness, dear companion of my walks,
 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
 Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
 Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
 And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
 Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
 And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.
 How oft upon yon eminence our pace
 Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
 The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
 While admiration, feeding at the eye,
 And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
 Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd

The distant plow slow-moving, and beside
 His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,

The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 Conducts the eye, along his sinuous course
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
 Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of ledge-low beauties numberless. Square tow'r,
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells

Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
 Groves, leaths, and smoking villages, remote.
 Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view'd
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years;
 Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neigh'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 But animated nature sweeter still,
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night: nor these alone, whose

notes

Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl,
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

WAR AND SLAVERY.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
 Of wrong and outrage, with which Earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
 It does not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own; and, having pow'r
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother and destroys;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him and exacts his sweat,
 With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
 Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
 No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation priz'd above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad?
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
 Of all your empire; that where Britain's pow'r
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

ADDRESS TO ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
 Where English minds and manners may be
 found, [clime
 Shall be constrain'd to owe thee. Though thy

Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France
 With all her wines; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
 Flow, in the name of soldiership and sense,
 Should England prosper, when such things, as
 smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
 And love when they should fight; when such
 as these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause?
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough
 In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
 That we were born her children. Praise enough
 To fill th' ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother
 tongue, [own.

And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his
 Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
 The hope of such hereafter: they have fall'n,
 Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,
 And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
 Consulting England's happiness at home,
 Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,
 If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
 Put so much of his heart into his act,
 That his example had a magnet's force,
 And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd.
 Those suns are set. O rise some other such
 Or all that we have left is empty talk
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

A WINTER MORNING.

'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
 Ascending, fires th' horizon; while the clouds
 That crowd away before the driving wind,
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,
 Resemble most some city in a blaze,
 Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
 And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
 From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
 Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
 In spite of gravity, and sage remark
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance

I view the muscular proportion'd limb
 Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless
 pair,

As they design'd to mock me, at my side
 Take step for step; and, as I near approach
 The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
 Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
 The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
 Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
 And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
 Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
 And, fledg'd with icy feathers, nod superb.
 The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
 Their wonted fodder; not like hung'ring man,
 Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
 And patient of the slow-pac'd swain's delay.
 He from the stack carves out th' accustomed
 lead,

Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
 His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
 With such undeviating and even force
 He severs it away: no needless care,
 Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanc'd weight.
 Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
 The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe,
 And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
 From morn to eve his solitary task.
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
 And tail crop'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
 Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a
 frisk

Wide-scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
 With iv'ry teeth, or plows it with his snout;
 Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for
 joy.

Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
 Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for
 aught,

But now and then with pressure of his thumb
 T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
 That fumes beneath his nose; the trailing cloud
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
 And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where Mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best
friend,

A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of Spring, might
lower,

And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand,
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recal to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly sti',
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow 'as, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears,)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they
hold,

Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

WINTER NIGHT.

THE night was Winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast.
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled
tow'r,

Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose out spread branches over-arch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length

As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half sup-
press'd:

Pleas'd with his solitude, and fitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the
heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge
dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its
place,

Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. Some the
style

Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranc'd.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought;
And swallowing therefore without pause or
choice

The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss, that clothes the haw-
thorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

— Extracts from "CONVERSATION."

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there
are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,

Decide no question with their tedious length,
 For opposition gives opinion strength,
 Divert the champions prodigal of breath,
 And put the peaceably disposed to death.
 O, thwart me not, sir Soph, at every turn,
 Nor carp at every flaw you may discern ;
 Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
 I am not surely always in the wrong ;
 'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
 A fool must now and then be right by chance.
 Not that all freedom of dissent I blame ;
 No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
 A disputable point is no man's ground ;
 Rove where you please, 'tis common all around ;
 Discourse may want an animated—No,
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;
 But still remember, if you mean to please,
 To press your point with modesty and ease.
 The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
 Knots and impediments make something hitch :
 Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
 Your thread of argument is snapp'd again ;
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
 Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
 Vociferated logic kills me quite,
 A noisy man is always in the right—
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly—'To be sure—no doubt !

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—
 Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
 He would not, with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
 His evidence, if he were call'd by law
 To swear to some enormity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense :
 Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not,
 What he remembers seems to have forgot ;
 His sole opinion, what-so'er befall,
 Centring at last in having none at all.
 Yet, though he tease and baulk your list'ning
 ear,

He makes one useful point exceeding clear ;
 Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
 A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
 Reduced to practice, his beloved rule
 Would only prove him a consummate fool ;
 Useless in him alike both brain and speech.
 Fate having placed all truth above his reach,
 His ambiguities nistotal sum,
 He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their
 way,

The positive pronounce without dismay ;
 Their want of light and intellect supplied
 By sparks, absurdity strikes out of pride :

Without the means of knowing right from
 wrong,

They always are decisive, clear, and strong ;
 Where others toil with philosophic force,
 Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course ;
 Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
 And gains remote conclusions at the jump :
 Their own defect, invisible to them,
 Seen in another, they at once condemn ;
 And though, self-idolized in every case,
 Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.
 The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
 The proud are always most provoked by pride.
 Few competitions but engender spite ;
 And those the most, where neither has a right.

The point of honour has been deem'd of use,
 To teach good manners, and to curb abuse ;
 Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
 Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear,
 And at the bottom barbarous still and rude,
 We are restrain'd indeed, but not subdued.
 The very remedy, however sure,
 Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
 And savage in its principle appears,
 Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
 'Tis hard indeed if nothing will defend
 Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end ;
 That now and then a hero must de cease,
 That the surviving world may live in peace,
 Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
 The practice dastardly, and mean, and low ;
 That men engage in it compell'd by force,
 And fear, not courage, is its proper source.
 The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear,
 Lest fops should censure us, and fools should
 sneer.

At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
 And hazard life for any or no cause,
 To rush into a fix'd eternal state,
 Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
 Or send another shivering to the bar
 With all the guilt of such unnatural war,
 Whatever Use may urge or Honour plead,
 On Reason's verdict is a madman's deed.
 Am I to set my life upon a throw,
 Because a bear is rude and surly? No—
 A moral, sensible, and wellbred man
 Will not affront me, and no other can.
 Were I empower'd to regulate the lists,
 They should encounter with well-loaded fists ;
 A Trojan combat would be something new ;
 Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue ;
 Then each might show, to his admiring friends
 In honourable bumps his rich amends,
 And carry, in contusions of his skull,
 A satisfactory receipt in full.

A story, in which native humour reigns,
 Is often useful, always entertains :

A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
 May furnish illustration, well applied ;
 But sedentary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
 'Tis the most asinine employ one arth,
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth,

And echo conversations, dull and dry,
 Embellish'd with—He said, and so said I.
 At every interview their route the same,
 The repetition makes attention lame;
 We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
 And in the saddest part cry—Droll indeed!
 The path of narrative with care pursue,
 Still making probability your clew;
 On all the vestiges of truth attend,
 And let them guide you to a decent end.
 Of all ambitions man may entertain,
 The worst, that can invade a sickly brain,
 Is that which angles hourly for surprise,
 And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.
 Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
 Are fittest auditors for such to seek,
 Who to please others will themselves disgrace,
 Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
 A great retailer of this curious ware
 Having unloaded and made many stare,
 Can this be true?—an arch observer cries.
 Yes (rather moved), I saw it with these eyes.
 Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
 I could not, had I seen it with my own.

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
 The language plain, and incidents well link'd;
 Tell not as new what every body knows,
 And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
 There, centring in a focus round and neat,
 Let all your rays of information meet.
 What neither yields us profit nor delight
 Is like a nurse's lullaby at night;
 Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore,
 Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
 Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
 The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
 Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause
 again.

Such often, like the tube they so admire,
 Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
 Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
 Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
 Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
 The sex, whose presence civilizes ours:
 Thou art, indeed, the drug a gard'ner wants,
 To poison vermin that infest his plants;
 But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
 As to despise the glory of our kind,
 And show the softest minds and fairest forms
 As little mercy, as he grubs and worms?
 They dare not wait the riotous abuse,
 Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce,
 When wine has giv'n indecent language birth,
 And forc'd the flood-gates of licentious mirth;
 For sea-born Venus her attachment shows
 Still to that element from which she rose,
 And with a quiet, which no fumes disturb,
 Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.

Th' emphatic speaker dearly loves t' oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose.
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touch'd with the magnet, had attracted his.

His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
 An extract of his diary—no more,
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walk'd abroad, o'taken in the rain,
 Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home
 again.

Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow—
 "Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now."

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
 A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume;
 The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
 Who thrusts his nose into a raree-show?
 His odoriferous attempts to please
 Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;
 But we that make no honey, though we sting,
 Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
 'Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd resort,
 What makes some sick, and others à-la-mort:
 An argument of cogence, we may say,
 Why such a one should keep himself away.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
 Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
 A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask,
 The solemn fop, significant and budge,
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
 He says but little, and that little said
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock it never is at home;
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage,
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
 An absent friend's fidelity and love;
 But when unpack'd, your disappointment groans
 To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and
 stones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
 In making known how oft they have been sick,
 And give us in recitals of disease
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
 How an emetic and cathartic sped;
 Nothing is slightly touch'd, much less forgot,
 Nose, ears, and eyes, seem present on the spot.
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
 Victorious seem'd, and now the doctor's skill;
 And now—alas, for unforeseen mishaps!
 They put on a damp night-cap, and relapse;
 They thought they must have died, they were
 so bad;

Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
 Some fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
 You always do too little, or too much:
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
 You fall at once into a lower key,
 That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble
 bee.

The southern sash admits too strong a light,
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.

He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and
stirve

To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With soal—that's just the sort he would not
wish.

He takes what ne at first profess'd to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on ev'ry plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teas'd,
His only pleasure is—to be displeas'd.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complain'd;
It seems as if we Britons were ordain'd,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
The cause, perhaps, inquiry may descry,
Self-searching with an introverted eye,
Conceal'd within an unsuspected part,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart:
For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme;
In other eyes our talents rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risk them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
True modesty is a discerning grace.
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through
fear,

Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd t' appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by Vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
'The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
"Yes ma'am," and "No, ma'am," utter'd
softly, show

Ev'ry five minutes how the minutes go;
Each individual suffering a constraint
Poetry may, but colours cannot, paint,
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well tim'd discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs, rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.

That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Fill'd up at last with interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to
wed,

And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed:
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation home,
And there resume an unembarrass'd brow,
Recovering what we lost we know not how
The faculties, that seemed reduced to nought,
Expression and the privilege of thought.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast
dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was—Where thou art
gone,

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguild,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant-sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own
Short-liv'd possession ! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly
laid ;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glow'd !

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes ;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a trail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the
hours

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and
smile ;)

Could those few pleasant days again appear.
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
here ;

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form collected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay :
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the
shore,

“Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar*”

* Garth.

And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass
lost,

And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
The thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again ;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
The silent pace, with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to
stay ;

Alike irrevocable both when pass'd,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
Though each resemble each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart ;
Streams never flow in vain ; where streams
abound

How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd !
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

*Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe
home again.*

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
“I though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

“To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of woman-kind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done."

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he threw,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

*
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle brac'd ;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin :—Here's the house—"
 They all aloud did cry ;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tir'd :"
 Said Gilpin—"So am I !"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there ;
 For why?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So he did fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :

"What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke :

"I come because your horse would come ;
 And, if I well forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,
 They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in :

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus show'd his ready wit,
 "My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
 That hangs upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back again ;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frighted steed he frighted more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away .
 Went postboy at his heels,
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue and cry :—

“ Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !”
 Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that pass'd that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town ;
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
 And Gilpin long live he ;
 And, when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !

VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER
 SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE
 ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land, I shall visit no more.
 My friends do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

Born 1732.—Died 1802.

THE HEROIC ATTACHMENT OF THE YOUTH IN HOL-
 LAND, WHO ATTENDED HIS MISTRESS IN THE
 PLAGUE.

[From Canto IV. of the *Botanic Garden*.]

THUS when the Plague*, upborne on Belgian air,
 Look'd through the mist and shook his clotted
 hair ;
 O'er shrinking nations steer'd malignant clouds,
 And rain'd destruction on the gasping crowds ;
 The beauteous *Ægle* felt the venom'd dart,
 Slow roll'd her eye, and feebly throbb'd her heart ;

* In Holland in 1636.

Each fervid sigh seem'd shorter than the last,
And starting Friendship shunn'd her, as she
pass'd.

—With weak unsteady step the fainting maid
Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade
Sinks on the pillow moss her drooping head,
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.

—On wings of love her plighted swain pursues,
Shades her from winds, and shelters her from
dews,

Extends on tapering poles the canvas roof,
Spreads o'er the straw-wove mat the flaxen
woof,

Sweet buds and blossoms on her bolster strows,
And binds his kerchief round her aching brows ;
Soothes with soft kiss, with tender accents
charms,

And clasps the bright infection in his arms.—
With pale and languid smiles the grateful fair
Applauds his virtues, and rewards his care ;
Mourns with wet cheek her fair companions fled
On timorous step, or number'd with the dead ;
Calls to her bosom all its scatter'd rays,
And pours on Thyrsis the collected blaze ;
Braves the chill night, caressing and caress'd,
And folds her hero-lover to her breast.—
Less bold, Leander at the dusky hour
Eyed, as he swam, the far love-lighted tower ;
Bicasted with struggling arms the tossing
wave,

And sunk beighted in the watery grave.
Less bold, Tobias claim'd the nuptial bed
Were seven fond lovers by a fiend had bled ;
And drove, instructed by his angel-guide,
The enamour'd demon from the fatal bride.—
—Sylphs ! while your winnowing pinions fann'd
the air,

And shed gay visions o'er the sleeping pair ;
Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
And with his keener arrows conquer'd Death.

JAMES BEATTIE.

—
Born 1735.—Died 1803.
—

BOOK I.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar ;

Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star.
And wage'd with fortune an eternal war ;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and un-
known !

And yet the languor of inglorious days,
Not equally oppressive is to all ;
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.

There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous tramp of
Fame ;

Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. No higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines
proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain ;
With thee let pageantry and power abide :
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign ;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely
swain
Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold
alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the
eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent
Muse

Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire :
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the
lyre.

Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd ;
No: let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven as-
pire,

To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene,)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless
store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
given ?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal
health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
For ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish
scheme,
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purpos'd
theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in fairy-land might
dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat be-
sprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, where-
so'er they went.

From about health, from health contentment
springs :
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy ;

Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, 'nor mistress
coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a
child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife :
Each season look'd delightful as it past.
To the fond husband and the faithful wife
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd-life
They never roam'd ; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife.
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair :
His birth no oracle or seer foretold ;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and
worth ;
And one long summer-day of indolence and
mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye ;
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
And now his look was most demurely sad ;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why,
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd
the lad :
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some be-
liev'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle, in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus'
beam,
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary
team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;
These he detested ; those he scorn'd to wield.
He wish'd to be the guardian not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join.
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great nature's charms
to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain
grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for awhile;
And now he faintly kens th' bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth,
ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost;
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, length'ning to the horizon round.
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now em-
boss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar
precipice?

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Not less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen.
Even and vicissitude amus'd his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now for-
sake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake, [flake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown'd?

Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
sound,

The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks
away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of time,
Old age comes on apace, to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of love's tri-
umphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught;
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.

"Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine his
view,

Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure uneduc'd, unaw'd by lawless night.

"And from the prayer of want, and plaint of
woe,

O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below, [hear?
Ah! what were man, should heaven refuse to
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone:
All human weal and woe learn thou to make
thine own."

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.

And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun !
Fond fool, that deem's the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun !
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with
age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom
warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire :
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire :
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves ex-
pire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corpses
pale ;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering ailes
along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep ;
And there let fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of
night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves unfold :
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond-lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk at-
tire :

And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling
wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe
inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel as-
kance ;
To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
glance

Rapid along : with many-color'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests
blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'd'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer ! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear :
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine.
Who feels from every change amusement flow !
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are
borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain-
side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheep-fold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal
grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milk-maid
sings ;
The whistling plowman stalks afield : and, hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings ; [springs ;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due !
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and me-
lody.

Hence ! ye who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in truth's fair fane,

And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
Hence to dark error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form ! Hence ! lest the Muse
should deign, [rhyme,)
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious
crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings
guide !
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth :
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful
art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, dis-
play'd ;
Or merry, savans, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid :
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
blood, [ate flood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuri-

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce ;
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone !
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest time shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts un-
done.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd, lay them down to die :
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
" For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st
defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames
consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe ?
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to misery given ;
From guilt's contagious power shall that pro-
tect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has dri-
ven

To censure fate, and pious hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend ?
Or shall frail man heaven's dread decree gain-
say,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages
without end ?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish
dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be
wise.

Thus heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years.
For nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
On fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping,
pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why ? Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain
blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth :
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social
hearth ;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price.

Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Of when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue :
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts
rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way.
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array,
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the autumnal
day,
Ev'n then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heav'n's rending arch the rattling
thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly
melancholy !

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn ;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ?
He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or
mourn,
And delve for life in mammon's dirty mine ;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with
glutton swine.

For Edwin, fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute :
Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
For this of time and culture is the fruit :
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare ;
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,

He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore Tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude, her soul his graces 'gan unfold,

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling
sound,
Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
crown'd ;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart
o'erflow.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while,
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile,
New strains ere-long shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame ;
For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of
humankind.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the
hill, [grove :
And nought but the nightingale's song in the
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit
began ;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

' Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness, and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn ;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass
away.
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

' Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent dis-
plays :
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again :
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah fool ! to exalt in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for
you ;

For morn is approaching, your charms to re-
store,

Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science
betray'd,

That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
to shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cry'd,
'Thy creature who fain would not wander from
thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
free.'

And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :

So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn :
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph de-
scending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
blead'g,

And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.'

ANNA SEWARD.

Born 1747.—Died 1809.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN A RAINY SEASON.

From these wild heights, where oft the mists
descend

In rains that shroud the sun and chill the
gale,

Each transient gleaming interval we hail,
And rove the naked vallies, and extend

Our gaze around where yon vast mountains
blend

With billowy clouds that o'er their summits
sail,

Pondering how little nature's charms befriend
The barren scene, monotonous and pale.

Yet solemn, when the darkening shadows fleet
Successive o'er the wide and silent hills,

Gild'd by wat'ry sun-beams :—then we meet
Peculiar pomp of vision. Fancy thrills,

And owns there is no scene so rude and bare
But nature sheds or grace or grandeur there.

EARLY FONDNESS FOR THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE
HOW FORMED.

By Derwent's rapid stream as oft I stray'd
With infancy's light step and glances wild,
And saw vast rocks on steepy mountains pil'd,
Frown o'er the umbrageous glen ; or pleas'd
survey'd

The cloudy moon-shine in the shadowy glade,
Romantic nature to the enthusiast child

Grew dearer, far, than when serene she smil'd
In uncontrasted loveliness array'd.

But O, in every scene with sacred sway
Her graces fire me: from the bloom that
spreads

Resplendent in the lucid morn of May,

To the green light the little glow-worm sheds
On mossy banks, when mid-night glooms prevail
And softest silence broods o'er all the dale.

POWER OF A SEA-PROSPECT TO EXCITE SUBLIME
PLEASURE.

On the damp margin of the sea-beat shore
Lonely at eve to wander ; or reclin'd

Beneath a rock, what time the rising wind
Mourns o'er the waters, and with solemn roar

Vast billows into caverns surging pour,
And back recede alternate, while combin'd

Loud shriek the sea-fowls, harbingers as-
sign'd,

Clamorous and fearful, of the stormy hour ;
To listen with deep thought those awful sounds,

Gaze on the boiling, the tumultuous waste,
Or promontory rude, or craggy mounds

Staying the furious main, delight has cast
O'er my rapt spirit and my thrilling heart,
Dear as the softer joys green vales impart.

LORD BYRON.

Born 1788.—Died 1824.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO III.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child !

Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?

When last I saw thy young blue eyes they
smiled,

And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,

The waters heave around me ; and on high

The winds lift up their voices : I depart,

Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by,

When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or
glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
 That knows his rider. Welcome, to their
 roar!
 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
 Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a
 reed,
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the
 gale.
 Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
 breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
 Again I seize the theme then but begun,
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up
 tears,
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years
 Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower
 appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a
 string,
 And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
 I would essay as I have sung to sing.
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful
 theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of
 life,
 So that no wonder waits him; nor below
 Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet
 rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunt-
 ed cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, e'en as I do now.
 What am I? Nothing; but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse
 earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feel-
 ings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I have thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to
 tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
 Yet am I chang'd; though still enough the
 same
 In strength to bear what time can not abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
 He of the breast which fain no more would
 feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but
 ne'er heal;
 Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
 In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
 brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he
 found
 The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd
 again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though
 unseen,
 And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with
 pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and
 grew keen,
 Entering with every step, he took, through
 many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
 And he, as one, might midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to
 find
 Fit speculation! such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's
 hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's
 cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds
 unfold
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor
 climb?
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd

On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond
prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with man; with whom he
held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was
quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncom-
pell'd,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Proud though in desolation; which could
find
A life within itself, to breathe without man-
kind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were
friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his
home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, ex-
tends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tone
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft for-
sake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the
lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-
born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us
to its brink.

XV.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clift wing
To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom
eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of
gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made despair a smilingness assume,

Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plun-
dered wreck

When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking
deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to
XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest
grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Vic-
tory?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the power which gave annals
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations
through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shattered links of the world's
broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is earth more
free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones; No; *prove* before
ye praise!

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot
tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the ac-
cord

Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius* drew on Athens' tyrant
lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;

* See the famous Song on Harmodius and Aristogiton.—The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr. Denman.

"With myrtle will I wreath," &c.

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
again,
And* all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell !

XXII.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the
wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once
more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat :
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar !

XXIII.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear :
And when they smiled because he deem'd it
near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell :
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting,
fell.

XXIV.

Ah ; then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as
press [sighs
The life from out young hearts, and choking
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn
could rise ?

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering
car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star :
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe !
They come ! they come !"

* On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball
was given at Brussels.

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath
which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And *Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears !

XXVII.

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall
grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe [and low.
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-sterne array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it which when
rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red bur-
ial blent !

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than
mine ; [throng,
Yet one I would select from that proud
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow
song ;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files
along, [lower'd,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young,
gallant Howard !

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts
for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green
tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease
to live,

* Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle
Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and th
 Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she could
 not bring.

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must
 awake
 Those whom they thirst for ; though the
 sound of Fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honoured but assumes a stronger, bitterer
 claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smil-
 ing, mourn :
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be
 torn ;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are
 gone ;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;
 The day drags through though storms keep
 out the sun ;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly
 live on :

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies ; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it
 breaks ;
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow
 aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Shewing no visible sign, for such things are
 untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches : for it
 were
 As nothing did we die ; but life will suit
 Itself to sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the* Dead Sea's shore,
 All ashes to the taste. Did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he
 name threescore ?

* The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltos were
 said to be fair without, and within ashes.—*Fide Tacitus.*

XXXV.

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man :
 They are enough ; and if thy tale be *true*,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleet-
 ing span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and
 say—
 " Here, where the sword united nations drew,
 " Our countrymen were warring on that day !"
 And this is much, and all which will not pass
 away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of
 men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,
 Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been be-
 twixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never
 been ;
 For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st
 Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of
 the scene !

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than
 now
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
 Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
 A god unto thyself ; nor less the same
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou
 didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field ;
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool,
 now
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to
 yield ;
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, re-
 build,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of
 war,
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the lof-
 tiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning
 tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast
 smiled

With a sedate and all-enduring eye ;—
 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite
 child, [piled.
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes ; for in them
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
 That just habitual scorn which could contemn
 Men and their thoughts ; 'twas wise to feel,
 not so
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
 Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow :
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who
 choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the
 shock ;
 But men's thoughts were the steps which
 paved thy throne,
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone ;
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a
 den.

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
 And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men
 mad
 By their contagion ; conquerors and kings,
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
 Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
 springs,
 And are themselves the fools to those they
 fool,
 Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
 Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a
 school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine
 or rule ;

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride. to sink at last,
 And yet so nurs'd and bigotted to strife,
 That should their days, surviving perils past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
 . Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
 snow ;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those sum-
 mits led.

XLVI.

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world will
 be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature ! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,
 A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, moun-
 tain, vine,
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
 From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly
 dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
 There was a day when they were young and
 proud,
 Banners on high, and battles pass'd below ;
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust
 ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future
 blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
 Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud
 state
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
 What want these outlaws conquerors should
 have ?
 But history's purchased page to call them
 great ?
 A wider space, an ornamented grave ?
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls
 were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their
 shields,
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would
 glide ; [on
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
 Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But thou, exulting and abounding river !
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure
for ever

Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like heaven ; and to seem such
to me

Even now what wants thy stream?—that it
should Lethe be.

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd
away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering
ranks ;

Their very graves are gone, and what are
they ?

Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray ;
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting
dream

Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as
they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensibly to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile
dear :

Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the
place

Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,

But o'er it in such scenes would steal with
transient trace.

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his
days

Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such a smile upon us ; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings : thus he
felt,

For there was soft remembrance, and sweet
trust

In one fond breast, to which his own would
melt,

And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom
dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of
mood,—

The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture ; what subdued,

To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know ;
But thus it was ; and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
In him this glowed when all beside had ceased
to glow,

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been
said,

Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal ; and, though
unwed,

That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more

By peril, dreaded most in female eyes :

But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greet-
ings pour !

1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels*
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me !

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

3.

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

4.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;

* The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks ; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions ; it is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river ; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another called the Jew's castle, and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother : the number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound ;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau ! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept*.

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein†, with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light ;
A tower of victory ! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain :
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way !
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

* The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described.

† The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required ; his name was enough : France adored, and her enemies admired ; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies.

† Ehrenbreitstein, i. e. "the broad Stone of Honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben.—It had been and could only be reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former aided by surprise.

LX.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !
There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;
The mind is coloured by thy every hue ;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine !
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise ;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art ; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain ;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument ;—the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand,
They were true glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entail'd corruption ; they no land
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,
 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
 And looks as with the wild, bewildered gaze
 Of one to stone converted by amaze,
 Yet still with consciousness; and there it
 stands
 Making a marvel that it not decays,
 When the coeval pride of human hands,
 Levell'd* Aventicum, hath strewed her subject
 lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the
 name!—
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
 Her youth to heaven; her heart, beneath a
 claim
 Nearest to heaven's broke o'er a father's
 grave.
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and her's would
 crave
 The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
 And then she died on him she could not save.
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart,
 one dust.

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass
 away,
 And names that must not wither, though the
 earth
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death
 and birth;
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
 Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

• LXVIII.

Lake Lemnan woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains
 view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and
 hue:

* Aventicum (near Morat) was the Roman capital of Helvetia where Avenches now stands.

† Julia Alpinula, a young Aventine priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago—it is thus—

Julia Alpinula
 Hic jaceo
 Infelice patris, infelix proles
 Desse Aventine Sacerdos;
 Exorare patris necem non potui
 Male mori in fati ille erat.

Vixi annos XXIII.

I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

There is too much of man here, to look
 through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold;
 But soon in me shall loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in
 their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where none
 are strong.

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of night
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite.
 But there are wanderers o'er eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored
 ne'er shall be.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love earth only for its earthly sake?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict
 or bear?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me; and to me,
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture: I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can,
 flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving
 plain

Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
 I look upon the peopled desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the
 blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our
 being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all
free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform.
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the im-
mortal lot?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a
part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not condemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which
dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on one, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for awhile—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all
rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rous-
seau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet
he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly
hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they
past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feeling-
ly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though
it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in *Julie*, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fevered lip would
greet,
From her's, who but with friendship his would
meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and
breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring
heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek
possest*.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought
foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and
blind.
But he was phrenzied,—wherefore, who may
know?
Since cause might be which skill could never
find:
But he was phrenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a rea-
soning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no
more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling, to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath which follows
o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which
grew
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil
they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour
re-fill'd,

As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd,

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made
it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt

* This refers to the account in his "Confessions" of his pas-
sion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert)
and his long walk every morning for the sake of the single kiss
which was the common salutation of French acquaintances.

On one another ; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had
dwelt.

They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day ;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook
their prey !

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to
wear

That which disfigures it ; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been van-
quish'd bear

Silence, but not submission : in his lair
Fix'd passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years ; none need de-
spair :

It came, it cometh, and will come,—the pow-
er

To punish or forgive—in one we shall be
slower,

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to for-
sake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing

To waft me from destruction ; once I loved

Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring

Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,

That I with stern delights should e'er have
been so moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet
clear,

Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights ap-
pear

Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,

There breathes a living fragrance from the
shore,

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the
ear,

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol
more ;

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes

His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.

There seems a floating whisper on the hill,

But that is fancy, for the starlight dews

All silently their tears of love instil,

Weeping themselves away, till they infuse

Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

LXXXVIII.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !

If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate

Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,

That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star.

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not
in sleep,

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep :—

All heaven and earth are still : From the
high host

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-
coast,

All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,

But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt

In solitude, where we are least alone ;

A truth, which through our being then doth
melt

And purifies from self : it is a tone,

The soul and source of music, which makes
known

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,

Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,

Binding all things with beauty ;—'twould
disarm

The spectre Death, had he substantial power to
harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make

His altar the high places and the peak

Of earth—o'ergazing mountains, and thus take

A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and com-
pare

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,

With nature's realms of worship, earth and
air,

Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy
prayer !

XCII.

The sky is changed !—and such a change !

Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light

Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone
cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue,

And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Black to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

XCIII.

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
mirth, [birth.

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way
between [parted
Heights which appear as lovers who have
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-
hearted

Though in their souls, which thus each other
thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
departed:—

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to
wage.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft
his way [stand:
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to
hand,

Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
fork'd

His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever
therein lurk'd.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, light-
nings! ye! [soul

With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things thathavemade me watchful; the far
roll

Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.

But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?

Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some
high nest?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I
wreak

My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong
or weak,

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one
word,

And that one word were lightning, I would
speak;

But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as
a sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all
bloom,

Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—

And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Lemn! may find
room

And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered
fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep
love!

Thine air is the young breath of passionate
thought;

Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,

And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the
rocks,

The permanent crags, tell here of love, who
sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that
woos, then mocks.

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are
trod,—

Undying Love's who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where
the god

Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone

In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath
blown,

His soft and summer breath, whose tender
power,

Passes the strength of storms in their most de-
solate hour.

CI.

All things are here of him; from the black
pines,

Which are his shade on high, and the loud
roar

Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the
shore,

Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs, and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where
it stood

Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds;
And fairy-form'd and many-coloured things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than
words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which
brings

The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty
end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that
lore,

And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's
woes,

And the world's waste, have driven him far
from those,

For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the
ground

Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the
Rhône

Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have
rear'd a throne.

CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the
abodes*

Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous
roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their steep
aim,

Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder,
and the flame

Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the
while

On man and man's research could deign no more
than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,

* Voltaire and Gibbon.

The Proteus of their talents. But his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the
wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a
throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew
from fear,

And doom'd him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;

It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall
be made

Known unto all,—or hope and dread alloy'd
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie de-
cay'd;

And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey what-

er

May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region,
where

The earth to her embrace compels the powers
of air.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires;
still,

The fount at which the panting mind as-
suages

Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her
fill,

Flows from the eternal source of Rome's im-
perial hill.

CXI.

Thus far I have proceeded in a theme
Renewed with no kind auspices:—to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be,—and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or
aught,—

Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is
taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered it's rank breath, nor
bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried
aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such: I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts,
and still could,
Had I not filed* my mind, which thus itself
subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world
me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there
may be
Words which are things,—hopes which will
not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the falling: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they
seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no
dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song be-
gun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall
end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is
cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!

* ————— "If it be thus,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind."—*Macbeth*.

To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserv'd for
me;
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to
this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull hate as duty should be
taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my
name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still
fraught
With desolation,—and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'twere
the same,
I know that thou wilt love me; though to
drain
My blood from out thy being, were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou would'st love me, still that more than
life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far
higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been
to me!

CANTO IV.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her
hundred isles!

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their
dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless
East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling show-
ers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity
increased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more*,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear :
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is
 here.
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not
 die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were
 o'er,

For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence : that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
 First smiles, then replaces what we hate ;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have
 died,

And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
 The first from hope, the last from vacancy ;
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine
 eye :
 Yet there are things whose strong reality
 Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
 And the strange constellations which the
 Muse

O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go—
 They came like truth, and disappear'd like
 dreams ;
 And whatso'er they were—are now but so :
 I could replace them if I would, still seems
 My mind with many a form which aptly
 seems
 Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;
 Let these too go—for waking reason deems
 Such over-weening phantasies unsound,
 And other voices speak, and other sights sur-
 round.

* The well known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas from Tasso's Jerusalem, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original on one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange
 eyes
 Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind ;
 Which is itself, no changes bring surprise
 Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
 A country with—ay, or without mankind ;
 Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
 Not without cause ; and should I leave be-
 hind
 The inviolate island of the sage and free,
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well : and should I lay
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may
 Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
 My hopes of being remember'd in my line
 With my land's language ; if too fond and
 far
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—
 If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion
 bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
 Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
 And light the laurels on a loftier head !
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
 “ Sparta hath many a worthier son than he*.”
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
 I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed ;
 I should have known what fruit would spring
 from such a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
 And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
 Neglected garment of her widowhood !
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
 Over the proud place where an Emperor
 sued,
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
 When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd
 dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian
 reigns—*
 An Emperor tramples where an Emperor
 knelt ;
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and
 chains
 Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have
 felt

* The answer of the mother of Brasidas to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

* After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four and twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice.

The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's
belt ;
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo* !
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquer-
ing foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass ?
Are they *not bridled* ;—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose !
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and
shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous
repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The " Planter of the Lion†," which through
fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite ;
Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight !
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can
blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptu-
ous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as
must
Too oft remind her who and what enthral,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely
walls.

* The reader will recollect the exclamation of the highlander.
Oh for one hour of Dundee ! Henry Dandolo, when elected
Doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he command-
ed the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was con-
sequently ninety-seven years old.

† After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza
on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Ge-
noese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians
were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the
conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to
prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her
independence. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to
these proposals, but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola,
had shouted, " to Venice, to Venice, and long live St. George,"
determined to annihilate their rival, and Peter Doria, their com-
mander-in-chief, returned this answer to the suppliants : " On
God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from
the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until
we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours,
that are upon the Porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we
have bridled them, we shall keep you quiet. And this is the
pleasure of us and of our commune. As for these my brothers of
Genoa, that you have brought with you to give up to us, I will
not have them ; take them back ; for, in a few days hence, I
shall come and let them out of prison myself, both these and
all the others."

‡ Plant the Lion—that is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard
of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—
Piantalone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse*,
Her voice their only ransom from afar :
See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's
chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and
his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all.
Albion ! to thee : the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery
wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's
art†,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a
show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough ;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought ;
And of the happiest moments which were
wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice ! have their colours
caught :
There are some feelings Time can not be-
numb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold
and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow‡
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine
shocks
Of eddy storms ; yet springs the trunk,
and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and
frame

* The story is told in Plutarch's life of Nicias.

† Venice Preserved ; Mysteries of Udolpho ; the Ghost-seer,
or Armenian ; the Merchant of Venice ; Othello.

‡ Tannen is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the
Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil
sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it
grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

Are worthy of the mountains from whose
blocks
Of bleak, gray, granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree ;—the mind may grow
the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms : mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be ; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event
Ends.—Some, with hope replenish'd and re-
buoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like in-
tent,
And weave their web again ; some, bow'd and
bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their
time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant ;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or
climb.

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness im-
bued ;
And slight withal may be the things which
bring
Black on the heart the weight which it would
fling
Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall
wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound ;

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves be-
hind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead
—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many !—
yet how few !

XXV.

But my soul wanders ; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay ; and stand
A ruin amidst ruins : there to track
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,

And is the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and
sea,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of
Rome !
And even since, and now, fair Italy !
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree :
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ;
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility ;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which can not be
defaced.

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity ;
While, on the other hand meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the
blest !

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but
still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd
within it glows,

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from
afar,
Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains : parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest till—'tis gone—and all
is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover ; here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :
Watering the tree which bears his lady's
name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to
fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years : and 'tis their
pride—

An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further ; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering
hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;
It hath no flatterers : vanity can give
No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God must
strive :

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek
their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestin'd to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom

XXXV.

Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seat
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn
before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell :
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and
blend

With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plung'd it. Glory without end
catter'd the clouds away—and on that name
attend

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time ; while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing ; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with
scorn—

Alfonso ! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee ! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to
mourn :

XXXVIII.

Thou ! form'd to eat, and be despis'd, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty :
He ! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow
No strain which shamed his country's creak-
ing lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in
wire !

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injur'd shade ! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where
Wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows ; but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song !
Each year brings forth its millions ; but how
long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combin'd and countless
throng
Compose a mind like thine ? though all in one
Condens'd their scatter'd rays, they would
not form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry ; first rose
The Tuscan father's comedy divine ;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd
forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the north,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knight-
ly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust*
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves ;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,

* Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The event has been recorded by a writer of the last century.

And the false semblance but disgraced his brow :
Yet still, if fondly superstition grieves,
Know that the lightning sanctifies below*
Whate'er it strikes ;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress ;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord
For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile hordes
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him†,
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
The friend of Tully : as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left ; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight ;

* The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteol*, or altar, resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. Bodies scathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible ; and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by heaven.

† The two stanzas, XLII. and XLIII. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja :
" Italia, Italia. O tu cui feo la sorte."

‡ The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages.

"On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me : Ægina was behind, Megara before me ; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left ; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas ! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."

XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might,
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrim-
grimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
And I in desolation : all that *was*
Of then destruction *is* ; and now alas !
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic from,
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy ! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side ;
Mother of Arts ! as once of arms ; thy hand
Was then our guardiau, and is still our guide ;
Parent of our Religion ! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven !
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty ; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instills
Part of its immortality ; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail ;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould :

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—

Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words, nor terms
precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls folly—we have eyes;
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan
Shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of
War?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy
lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as
from an urn!

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve.
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the
weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recal such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things
which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods be-
low.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the
stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and
this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relaps'd to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth, return'd to whence
it rose.

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the ele-
ments,
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
Time, which, hath wrong'd thee with ten
thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,

And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than
they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did
they lay
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common
clay
In death as life? Are they resolv'd to dust
And have their country's marbles nought to
say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one
bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth
entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely
wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—
not thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
His dust,—and lies it not her great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem
breath'd
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren
tongue?
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for
whom!

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead
and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, in-
fuse

Freshness in the green turf that wraps the
dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent
tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the
princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and
eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies ;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustom'd to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it
wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the
shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions
scatter'd o'er,

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrensy, whose convulsion
blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away* !
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring na-
tions meet !

LXIV.

The earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to eternity ; they saw
The ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and
the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge and with-
draw
From their down-toppling nests ; and bel-
lowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread
hath no words.

* " And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants." Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath
ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine
rain ;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling
waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs were nothing hid them, thou dost
rear [steer
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white
Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaugh-
ters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest
daughters !

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its
bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his ; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong
height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyse ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of
jet

That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence
again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain

Is an eternal April to the ground,
 Making it all one emerald:—how profound
 The gulf! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn
 And rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a
 fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and
 shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the
 throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings, through the vale:—
 Look back!
 Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless
 cataract,

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering
 morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams un-
 shorn:
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the
 pine
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
 The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd
 more*;
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
 Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and
 near,
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame
 For still they soar'd unutterably high:
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
 Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
 All, save the lone Soracte's height; display'd
 Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's
 aid

* In the greater part of Switzerland the avalanches are known
 by the name of lawine.

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to
 break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
 May he, who will, his recollections rake
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake
 The hills with Latian echoes; I abhor'd
 Too much to conquer, for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word
 by word
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to re-
 cord

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
 My sickening memory; and, though time
 hath taught
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That, with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have
 sought,
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore
 Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
 Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
 Although no deeper moralist rehearse
 Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
 Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd
 heart,
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we
 part.

LXXVIII.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come
 and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your
 way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,
 Ye!
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
 The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her
 distress.

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood,
and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride ;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol: far and
wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left
a site :—
Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, " here was, or is," where all is doubly
night ?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and
wrap
All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample
lap ;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
Our hands, and cry " Eureka !" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !
The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be
Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome
was free !

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's
wheel,
Triumphant Sylla ! Thou, who didst subdue
Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to
feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia ;—thou, who with thy
frown
Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly
crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which
made
Thee more than mortal ? and that so supine
By aught than Romans, Rome should thus be
laid ?
She who was named Eternal, and array'd
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd

Earth with her haughty shadow, and dis-
play'd,
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
Her rushing wings—Oh ! she who was Almighty
hail'd !

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors ; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell ; he
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the
throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel ! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free
And famous through all ages ! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny ;
His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield
his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former
course
Had all but crown'd him, on the selfsame day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay*.
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and
sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous
way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb ?
Were they but so in man's, how different were
his doom !

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue ! yet existent in
The austere form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassin's' din,
At thy bath'd base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis ! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey ? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene ?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of
Rome !
She-wolf ! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy
wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost
thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge
forget ?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost ; but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron ; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres : men bled

* On the third of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar ; a year afterwards he obtained " his crowning mercy" of Worcester ; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same
course steer'd,
At apish distance ; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a
slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal ; for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould*,
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd ! but the
man [flee,
Who would have tamed his eagles down to
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed ;
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
At what ? can he avouch—or answer what he
claim'd ?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him ; few years
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread : For *this* the conqueror
rears
The arch of triumph ! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
An universal deluge, which appears
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow !—Renew thy rainbow,
God !

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap ?
Our senses narrow and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the
deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest
scale ;

* It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries and to those of the subsequent ages, who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.

But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countryman :

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.

Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too
bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth
have too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same
tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest be-
tween
Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
Averr'd, and known,—and daily, hourly
seen—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
And the intent of tyranny avow'd,
The edict of earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the
throne ;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had
done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled ?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild ?
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington ? Has earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such
shore ?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit
crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—
his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but
flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the
wind ;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and
dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,

Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days*,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'er-thrown;

What was this tower of strength? within its cave

What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?

Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?

What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not

So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they

Who love the lords of others? such have been,

Even in the olden time Rome's annals say.

Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,

Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,

Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,

Inveterate 'n virtue? Did she lean

To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb

That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed

A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

* Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove, in the Appian Way. See—Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of *Childe Harold*.

CIII.*

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray

On her long tresses, which might yet recal,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed

By Rome—But whither would conjecture stray?

Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which ruin
leaves behind;

CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,

Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear:
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?

There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owl's cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,

And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column
strown

In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos
steep'd

In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or
halls?

Pronounce who can; for all that learning
read'd

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
 Abandonment of reason to resign
 Our right of thought—our last and only place
 Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :
 Though from our birth the faculty divine
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
 The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch
 the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands ; the moon beams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, were the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of
 heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a
 power
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its
 dower.

CXXX.

Oh time ! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time ! the corrector where our judgments
 err,
 The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of
 thee a gift :

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a
 shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate,
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate—
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not ; but if calmly I have borne
 Good and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not whelm me, let me not have
 worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not
 mourn ?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
 Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis !
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage
 long—
 Thou, who didst call the furies from the
 abyss,
 And round, Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just,
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust !
 Dost thou not hear my heart ?—Awake ! thou
 shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incur'd
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
 I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
 With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound ;
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground ;
 'To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and
 found,
 Which if I have not taken for the sake—
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet
 awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
 I shrink from what is suffer'd : let him speak
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak ;
 But in this page a record will I seek.
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
 Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall wreak
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my
 curse !

CXXXV.

That curse shall be forgiveness.—Have I
 not—
 Hear me, my mother earth ! behold it, Hea-
 ven !—
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven ?
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart
 riven,
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied
 away ?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could do ?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
 Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering
pain,
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread
power
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walks, in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls
rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murnur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but
because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing
slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the
wretch who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut
* your ire!

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody-
steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain
stream

Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or
praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars'
faint rays
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls
bow'd—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes
strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
And marvel where the spoil could have ap-
pear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man,
have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of
time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls
wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head*;
When the light shines serene but doth not
glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust
ye tread.

CXLV.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall
stand†;
"When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
"And when Rome falls—the world." From
our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are
still
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her ruin past redemption's skill,
The world, the same wide den—of thieves, or
what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by
time‡;

* Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate, which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

† This is quoted in the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; and a notice of the Coliseum may be seen in the *Historical Illustrations to the 14th Canto of Childe Harold*.

‡ "Though plundered of all its brags, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires, though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so

Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and
man plods

His way through thorns to ashes—glorious
dome!

Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and ty-
rants' rods

Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—

To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose

Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts
around them close*.

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:

It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she
there,

With her unmantled neck, and bosom white
and bare?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young
life,

Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we
took

Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled
nook

She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain
was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire

well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration
from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient
were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever
sensible of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model
to the Catholic church.*

Forryth's Remarks, &c. on Italy, page 137, see edit.

* The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of
modern great, or, at least, distinguished, men. The flood of light
which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle
of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals,
some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the ve-
neration of their countrymen.

† This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the
Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller, by the site
or pretended site of that adventure now shown at the church of
St. Nicholas in *carcere*. The difficulties attending the full be-
lief of the tale are stated in *Historical Illustrations, &c.*

Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises
higher

Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm
holds no such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest
nurse!

No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on
high*,

Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome. How
smiles

The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from
such a birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous
dome†,

To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's
tomb!

I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have
survey'd

Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem
pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are
aisled

In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find

* The castle of St. Angelo.—See *Historical Illustrations*.

† This and the six next stanzas have a reference to the church
of St. Peter's. For a measurement of the comparative length of
this basilica, and the other great churches of Europe, see the
pavement of St. Peter's, and the *Classical Tour through Italy*,
vol. ii. page 125. et seq. chap. iv.

A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities ;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine : our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd ; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending :—vain
The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are express'd
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god !

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath array'd
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought ;
And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with
which 'twas wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past ?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last ;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing :—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into destruction's mass

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms ;
and the cloud
Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,
Till glory's self is twilight, and displays

A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
To hover on the verge of darkness ; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the
gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolv'd to something less than this
Its wretched essence ; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,
Oh, happier thought ! can we be made the
same :

It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose
sweat was gone.

CLXVII.

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound ;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rend-
ing ground, [chief
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the
Seems royal still, though with her head dis-
crown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no
relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still
bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy, [fled
Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd
to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for
thee, [hoard
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to
Her many griefs for *ONE* : for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions ! How we did entrust
Futurity to her ! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise
seem'd
Like stars to 'shepherds' eyes :—'twas but a
meteor beamed.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow-counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange
fate*
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath
flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon
or late,—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny : but no,
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe ;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !
How many ties did that stern moment tear !
From thy sire's to his humblest subject's
breast
Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and
oppress
The land which lov'd thee so that none could
love thee best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi ! navell'd in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the
snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley ;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
" Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending
star
Rose o'er an empire ;—but beneath thy right
Tully repos'd from Rome ;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's
delight.

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,

* Mary died on the scaffold : Elizabeth of a broken heart.
Charles V. a hermit ; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glo-
ry ; Cromwell of anxiety ; and, " the greatest is behind," Na-
poleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but super-
fluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and un-
happy.

† The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria,
and from the shades which embraced the temple of Diana, has
preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*.
Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Al-
bano.

And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when
we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark
Euxine roll'd

CLXXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades : long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both ; some suffering and some
tears

Have left us nearly where we had begun :
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward—and it is here ;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear.
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXXVII.

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !
Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being ? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
Though with them to converse can rarely be
our lot.

CLXXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all con-
ceal.

CLXXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—
roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncoffin'd, and un-
known.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength
he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful
spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him
lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or
storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sub-
lime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each
zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my
theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted
dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is
writ,—
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions fit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint
and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—

A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell!

Ye! who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain

He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!

THE DREAM.

I.

OUR life is twofold. Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence. Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young, and one was beautiful :
And both were young—yet not alike in youth ;

As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him ; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects :—he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all : upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.

But she in these fond feelings had no share :
Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him ;—
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not
and why?

Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved

Another ; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd :
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake ;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of ; then he
lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as
'twere

With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet : as he paused,
The lady of his love re-enter'd there ;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She new she was by him beloved,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his
heart

Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow
steps

For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better :—in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold !
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be ?—she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be ?—she had loved him not
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride ;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood ;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude ; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,

And all things reel'd around him ; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have
been—

But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the
light :

What business had they there at such a time ?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love ;—Oh ! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things ;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;
What is it but the telescope of truth ?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real !

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him ; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With hatred and contention ; pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days*,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived
Through that which had been death to many
men,
And made him friends of mountains ; with the
stars
And the quick Spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues ; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries ;
To him the book of night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past ; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced
out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

July, 1816.

* Mithridates of Pontus.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine;
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness,
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's* fate of
 yore,—
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

IV.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their re-
 ward.
 My whole life was a contest, since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which
 marr'd
 The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

V.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
 Something—I know not what—does still up-
 hold
 A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,
 And with light armour we may learn to bear,)

* Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foulweather Jack."

"But, though it were tempest-tom'd,
 Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the *Wager* (in Anson's voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a smaller expedition.

Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
 The quiet companion of a calmer lot.

VII.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and
 brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
 My heart with recognition of their looks;
 And even at moments I could think I see
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

VIII.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
 A fund for contemplation;—to admire
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
 But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most desire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

IX.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget
 The solitude which I have vaunted so
 Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
 There may be others which I less may show;—
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

X.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake*,
 By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
 Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before:
 Though, like all things which I have loved,
 they are
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

XI.

The world is all before me; I but ask
 Of Nature that with which she will comply—
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

XII.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
 And that I would not;—for at length I see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life began.

* The Lake of Newstead Abbey. [Thus described in Don Juan:—

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its softest way did take
 In currents through the calmer water spread
 Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fix'd upon the flood."—*ibid.*

The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions, which have torn me would have
slept;

I had not suffer'd, and thou hadst not wept.

XIII.

With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me
grew,
And made me all which they can make—a
name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more

To baffled millions which have gone before.

XIV.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

XV.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

XVI.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

STANZAS.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.

It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyra gazes on that moon—"
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyra cannot know my pains!"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyra ceased to live!

My Thyra's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

GREECE.

[From the *Glaour*.]

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,

That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy*
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd
 earth !

JULIA'S FAREWELL LETTER TO DON JUAN.

[Don Juan, Canto I.]

THEY tell me 'tis decided ; you depart :
 'Tis wise—'t is well, but not the less a pain ;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again ;
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used ; I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, 't is not what it appears ;
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.
 I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
 State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
 And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
 So dear is still the memory of that dream ;
 Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
 None can deem harshlier of me than I deem :
 I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
 I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence : man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these can not estrange ;
 Men have all these resources, we but one,
 To love again, and be again undone.

* " Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
 To live in cold obstruction !"

Measure for Measure.

You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
 Beloved and loving many ; all is o'er
 For me on earth, except some years to hide
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's
 core ;
 These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which still rages as before,—
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ;
 But still I think I can collect my mind ;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set.
 As roll the waves before the settled wind ;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 To all, except one image, madly blind ;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

I have no more to say, but linger still,
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 My misery can scarce be more complete :
 I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill ;
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow
 would meet,
 And I must even survive this last adieu,
 And bear with life, to love and pray for you !

THE SHIPWRECK.

[Don Juan, Canto II.]

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the
 frown

Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail,
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had
 Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
 With little hope in such a rolling sea,
 A sort of thing at which one would have
 laugh'd,
 If any laughter at such times could be,
 Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
 And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—
 Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops,
 spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast
 loose,
 That still could keep afloat the struggling
 tars,
 For yet they strove, although of no great use :
 There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
 The boats put off o'ercrowded with their
 crews ;

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in
short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the
brave—

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling
wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so
few—

Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's care;
Battista, though, (a name call'd shortly Tita)
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don
José's,

His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)

No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

4 E 2

He also stuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
As every rising wave his dread renew'd;
But Juan, trusting they might still get through
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embarked his tutor and his spaniel.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze:
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them
wet,

And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

Nine souls more went in her; the long-boat
still

Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the
cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done:
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the
bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numb'd with the
immersion,
While t'other half were laid down in their
place,
At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the
tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends
nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the
knife

Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die ;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply :
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat ;
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and
tear ;
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there ;
She had a curious crew as well as cargo.
Like the first old Greek privateer, the *Argo*.

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day ;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey ;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your labouring people think beyond all ques-
tion,
Beef, veal and mutton, better for digestion.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew ;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

The consequence was easily foreseen— [wine,
They ate up all they had, and drank their
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine ?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish
men ! [fine,
And carry them to shore ; these hopes were
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their vic-
tual.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and
mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do ? and hunger's rage grew
wild :
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,

With some remorse received (though first deni-
ed)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the
sea,
They lay like carcasses ; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not : savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might
see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish
eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound ;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer
knew ;
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he
found :
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of
shoes ;
And then they look'd around them, and
despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose ;
At length the lots were torn up and prepared
But of materials that much shook the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and
handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution :
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

He but requested to be bled to death :
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains :
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast flowing
veins :

Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
 And such things as the entrails and the brains
 Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the
 billow—
 The sailors ate, the rest of poor Pedrillo.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
 Who were not quite so fond of animal food ;
 To these was added Juan, who, before
 Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
 Feel now his appetite increased much more ;
 'Twas not to be expected that he should,
 Even in extremity of their disaster,
 Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

'T was better that he did not ; for, in fact,
 The consequence was awful in the extreme ;
 For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
 Went raging mad—Lord ! how they did blas-
 pheme !
 And foam and roll, with strange convulsions
 rack'd
 Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
 Tearing and grinning, howling, screeching, swear-
 ing,
 And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this inflic-
 tion, [knows ;
 And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven
 And some of them had lost their recollection,
 Happier than they who still perceived their
 woes ;
 But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
 As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
 Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
 For having used their appetites so sadly.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
 But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
 And others still their appetites constrain'd,
 Or but at times a little supper made ;
 All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
 Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead :
 At length they caught two boobies, and a nod-
 dy,
 And then they left off eating the dead body.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
 Remember Ugolino condescends
 To eat the head of his arch-enemy
 The moment after he politely ends
 His tale : if foes be food in hell, at sea
 'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,
 When shipwreck's short allowance grows too
 scanty,
 Without being much more horrible than Dante.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
 For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks
 of earth
 When dried to summer dust ; till taught by pain
 Men really know not what good water's worth :

If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
 Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
 You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer
 Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
 Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
 And when they deem'd its moisture was com-
 plete,
 They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditch-
 er
 Might not have thought the scanty draught
 so sweet
 As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
 They ne'er till now had known the joys of drink-
 ing.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the
 one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,
 But he died early ; and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said, " Heaven's will
 be done !
 I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep deadly thought, that they must
 part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
 And when the wish'd-for shower at length
 was come,
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half
 glazed,
 Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
 Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
 And look'd upon it long, and when at last
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were
 past,
 He watch'd it wistfully, until away
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas
 cast ;
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shi-
 vering,
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quiver-
 ing.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
 The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the
 dark sea,
 Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
 ' And all within its arch appear'd to be
 Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
 Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
 Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and
 then
 Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,
 The airy child of vapour and the sun,
 Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
 Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
 Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
 And blending every colour into one,
 Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
 (For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good
 omen—

It is as well to think so, now and then ;
 'Tas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
 And may become of great advantage when
 Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men
 Had greater need to nerve themselves again
 Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like
 hope—
 Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
 Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
 And plumage (probably it might have err'd
 Upon its course) pass'd oft before their eyes,
 And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
 'The men within the boat, and in this guise
 It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
 Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

But in this case I also must remark,
 'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
 Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
 Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;
 And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
 Returning there from her successful search,
 Which in their way that moment chanced to
 fall,
 They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
 But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
 The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
 They knew not where nor what they were
 about ;
 Some fancied they saw land, and some said
 " No !"
 The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to
 doubt—
 Some swore that, they heard breakers, others
 guns,
 And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
 When he who had the watch sung out and
 swore,

If 't was not land that rose with the sun's ray,
 He wish'd that land he never might see more ;
 And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
 Or thought they saw, and shaped their course
 for shore :

For shore it was, and gradually grew
 Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
 And others, looking with a stupid stare,
 Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
 And seem'd as if they had no further care ;
 While a few pray'd—(the first time for some
 years)—
 And at the bottom of the boat three were
 Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,
 And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
 They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
 And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
 Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
 Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
 Because it left encouragement behind :
 They thought that in such perils, more than
 chance
 Had sent them this for their deliverance.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
 And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
 Set by a current, toward it : they were lost
 In various conjectures, for none knew
 To what part of the earth they had been tost,
 So changeable had been the winds that blew ;
 Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the high-
 lands
 Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
 Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
 Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale :
 Their living freight was now reduced to four,
 And three dead, whom their strength could not
 avail
 To heave into the deep with those before,
 Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and
 dash'd
 The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
 Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd
 them to
 Such things a mother had not known her son
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew ;
 By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
 They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
 But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
 In washing down Pedrillo with salt water :

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
 Unequal in its aspect here and there,

They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the
air.

And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and
bare—

Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they
ran,

Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began

To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account:
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Helles-
pont,

As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry;
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas
dash'd

Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

There, breathless, with his digging nails he
clung

Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was
flung,

Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for
those

Who long had been his mates upon the sea;

But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with
strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were
brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small
mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair
arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that
drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the
sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatso'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were
roll'd

In braids behind ; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,

They nearly reach'd her heel ; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn ; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same
hue,

Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction : for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew ;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure
dye

Like twilight rosy still with the set sun ;
Short upper lip—sweet lips ! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such ; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,

(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just

One should not rail without a decent cause :

'There was an Irish lady, to whose bust

I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model ; and if e'er she must [laws,
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave :

Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave :

For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while
wave

Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
'The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case :

Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun ;

Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,

But through them gold and gems profusely
shone :

Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace

Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand ; but, what was shock-
ing, [ing,

Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stock-

'The other female's dress was not unlike,

But of inferior materials : she

'Had not so many ornaments to strike,

Her hair had silver only, bound to be

Her dowry ; and her veil, in form alike, [free ;
Was coarser ; and her air, though firm, less
Her hair was thicker, but less long ; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him
both [tions,

With food and raiment, and those soft atten-
Which are—(as I must own)—of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions :

They made a most superior mess of broth,

A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,

But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since
Homer's

Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,

Lest they should seem princesses in disguise ;

Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air

Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize ;

And so, in short, the girls they really were

They shall appear before your curious eyes,

Mistress and maid ; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,

And still a sort of fisherman was he ;

But other speculations were, in sooth,

Added to his connection with the sea,

Perhaps not so respectable, in truth :

A little smuggling, and some piracy,

Left him, at last, the sole of many masters

Of an ill-gotten million of piastres,

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)

A very handsome house from out his guilt,

And there he lived exceedingly at ease ;

Heaven knows, what cash he got or blood he
spilt,

A sad old fellow was he, if you please ;

But this I know, it was a spacious building,

Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidée,

The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles ;

Besides, so very beautiful was she,

Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles :

Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree

She grew to womanhood, and between whiles

Rejected several suitors, just to learn

How to accept a better in his turn.

And walking out upon the beach, below

The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she
found,

Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—

Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd ;

But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,

Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,

As far as in her lay, "to take him in,

A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

* * * * *

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
 Upon the moment could contrive with such
 Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
 Some broken planks, and oars, that to the
 touch
 Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay
 A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch ;
 But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such
 plenty,
 That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,
 For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to make
 His couch ; and, that he might be more at ease,
 And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
 They also gave a petticoat apiece,
 She and her maid,—and promised by day-
 break
 To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
 For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

And thus they left him to his lone repose :
 Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
 Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),
 Just for the present ; and in his lull'd head
 Not even a vision of his former woes
 Throb'd in accurs'd dreams, which some-
 times spread
 Unwelcome visions of our former years,
 Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

Young Juan slept all dreamless :—but the maid,
 Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den
 Look'd back upon him, and a moment stay'd,
 And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.
 He slumber'd ; yet she thought, at least she said
 (The heart will slip, even as the tongue and
 pen),
 He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
 That at this moment Juan knew it not.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
 Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
 Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
 She being wiser by a year or two :
 A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
 And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
 In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
 Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
 Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon
 His rest ; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
 And the young beams of the excluded sun,
 Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill ;
 And need he had of slumber yet, for none
 Had suffer'd more—his hardships were compa-
 rative

To those related in my grand-dad's "Narrative*."

* Entitled "A Narrative of the Honourable John Byron (Commodore in a late expedition round the world) containing an account of the great distresses suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia, from the year 1790, till their
 4 F

Not so Haidée : she sadly toss'd and tumbled,
 And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
 Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she
 stumbled,
 And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore ;
 And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
 And call'd her father's old slaves up, who
 swore
 In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek—
 They knew not what to think of such a freak.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,
 I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
 I have sat up on purpose all the night,
 Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate ;
 And so all ye, who would be in the right
 In health and purse, begin your day to date
 From daybreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
 Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

And Haidée met the morning face to face ;
 Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
 Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
 From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
 Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
 That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
 Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread ;
 Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
 And near the cave her quick light footsteps
 drew,
 While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
 And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
 Taking her for a sister ; just the same [two,
 Mistake you would have made on seeing the
 Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
 Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd
 All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
 That like an infant Juan sweetly slept ;
 And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe
 (For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
 And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
 Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as
 death
 Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-
 drawn breath.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying
 Who die in righteousness, she lean'd ; and
 there
 All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
 As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air :
 But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
 Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
 Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should
 ask it,
 She drew out her provision from the basket.

arrival in England, 1746 ; written by himself." This narrative, one of the most interesting that ever appeared, was published in 1768.

She knew that the best feelings must have vic-
tual,
And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry
be ;
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,
And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring
sea ;
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle ;
I can't say that she gave them any tea,
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish,
honey,
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd
Juan ;
But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small
hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand ;
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new
one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic play'd like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay.
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk,
and weak ;
And his black curls were dewy with the spray.
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and
salt,
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest ;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
Had further sleep a further pleasure made ;
For woman's face was never form'd in vain
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
As with an effort she began to speak :
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
•That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,
And her voice was the warble of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard* ;
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence melody descends as from a throne.

And Jaun gazed as one who is awake
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock ;
At least it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,
Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
A most prodigious appetite : the steam
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,
To stir her viands, made him quite awake
And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and
mutton ;
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on :
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut
on ;
Others are fair and fertile, among which
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

He ate, and he was well supplied : and she,
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have
fed
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead :
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the case
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—
She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,

* MS.—“ That finer melody was never heard,
The kind of sound whose echo is a tear,
Whose accents are the steps of Music's throne.

And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,
Or Greek—that is, although it not much mat-
ter'd,

Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at speak-
ing,

But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end ;
And as he interrupted not, went eking

Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Ronnaic.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
'The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply ;
And thus in every look she saw exprest
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue ; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look :
As he who studies fervently the skies
Turn oftener to the stars than to his book,
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been ;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's
wrong [vene
They smile still more, and then there inter-
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss ;—
I learn'd the little that I know by this :

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
Italian not at all, having no teachers ;
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
Learning that language chiefly from its preach-
ers,

Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers
Of eloquence in piety and prose—
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
Where I, like other " dogs, have had my day,"
Like other men, too, may have had my passion—
But that, like other things, has pass'd away,
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on :
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
To hear new words, and to repeat them ; but
Some feelings, universal as the sun,
Were such as could not in his breast be shut
More than within the bosom of a nun :
He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress,—so was she,
Just in the way we very often see.

And every day by daybreak—rather early
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
She came into the cave, but it was merely
To see her bird reposing in his nest ;
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
And every day help'd on his convalescence ;
'Twas well, because health in the human frame
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,
For health and idleness to passion's flame
Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.
* * * * *

When Juan woke he found some good things
ready,
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size ;
But I have spoken of all this already—
And repetition's tiresome and unwise—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing pass'd for nothing ; Juan seem'd
To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had nightly
dream'd,

A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy ; all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him
wake :

To live with him for ever were too much ;
But then the thought of parting made her
quake ;
He was her own, her ocean-treasure cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidée
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook ;

At last her father's prow's put out to sea,
 For certain merchantmen upon the look,
 Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
 But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,

So that, her father being at sea, she was
 Free as a married woman, or such other
 Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
 Without even the incumbrance of a brother,
 The freest she that ever gazed on glass:
 I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
 Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garri-
 son.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk
 (For they must talk), and he had learnt to
 So much as to propose to take a walk,— [say
 For little had he wander'd since the day
 On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the
 stalk,
 Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
 And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
 And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
 With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
 Guarded by shoals and rocks as by a host;
 With here and there a creek, whose aspect
 wore
 A better welcome to the tempest-tost;
 And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
 Save on the dead long summer days, which
 make
 The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.
 * * * * *

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
 Was just describing—Yes, it was the coast—
 Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
 The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,
 And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
 And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost
 By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
 Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
 As I have said, upon an expedition;
 And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
 Save Zoe, who although with due precision
 She waited on her lady with the sun,
 Thought daily service was her only mission,
 Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tress-
 es,
 And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
 Which then seems as if the whole earth it bound-
 ed,
 Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
 With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
 On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill

Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
 With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
 Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
 And in the worn and wild receptacles
 Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were
 plann'd,
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
 They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an
 arm,
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into
 sight; [low
 They heard the waves splash, and the wind so
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert
 move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength
 I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
 Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never
 reckon'd;
 And if they had, they could not have secured
 The sum of their sensations to a second:
 They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
 As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
 Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they
 clung—
 Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey
 sprung.

They were alone, but not alone as they
 Who shut in chambers think it loneliness:
 The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
 The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
 The voiceless-sands, and dropping caves, that lay
 Around them, made them to each other press,
 As if there were no life beneath the sky
 Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
 They felt no terrors from the night, they were
 All in all to each other: though their speech
 Was broken words, they thought a language
 there,—
 And all the burning tongues the passions teach
 Found in one sigh the best interpreter
 Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
 Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
 Nor offer'd any; she had never heard
 Of plight, and promises to be a spouse.
 Or perils by a loving maid incur'd;
 She was all which pure ignorance allows,
 And flew to her young mate like a young bird;
 And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
 Had not one word to say of constancy.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
 And she was worshipp'd; after nature's
 fashion,
 Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,
 If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—
 But by degrees their senses were restored,
 Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
 And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidée's heart
 Felt as if never more to beat apart.

JOHN KEATS*.

Born 1796.—Died 1821.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen
 grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he
 told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a
 death, [he saith.
 Past the sweet virgin's picture while his prayer

His prayer he saith, this patient holy man;
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
 The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to
 freeze,
 Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,
 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and
 mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
 And scarce three steps, ere music's golden
 tongue
 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
 But no—already had his death-bell rung;
 The joys of all his life were said and sung:
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
 Another way he went, and soon among

Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to
 grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude
 soft;
 And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice
 rests,
 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise
 on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
 The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs
 gay
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
 On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
 As she heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they
 desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
 The music, yearning like a god in pain,
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
 Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
 Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
 And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:
 She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
 year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes.
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
 The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
 Mid looks of love, defiance, hate and scorn,
 Hoodwink'd with fairy fancy; all amorn,
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
 Had come young Porphyrd, with heart on fire
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,

* Keats and Shelley should both have preceded Byron according to the plan of these selections, but the latter obtained the precedence by an error that was discovered too late for correction.

Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen ;
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth
 such things have been.

He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper tell :
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
 Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel :
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage : not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 • Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 'T' where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland :
 He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, " Mercy, Porphyra ! hie thee from this
 place ;
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-
 thirsty race !

Get hence ! get hence ! there's dwarfish Hil-
 derbrand ;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursed thee and thine, both house and
 land :
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a
 whit
 More tame for his gray hairs— Alas me ! flit !
 Flit like a ghost away."—" Ah, Gossip dear,
 We're safe enough : here in this arm-chair sit,
 And tell me how"—" Good saints ! not here,
 not here ; [bier."
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
 And as she mutter'd " Well-a—well-a-day !"
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
 " Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
 " O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

" St. Agnes ! ah ! it is St. Agnes' eve—
 Yet men will murder upon holy days :
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
 To venture so : it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro !—St. Agnes' eve !
 God's help ! my lady fair the conjuror plays
 This very night : good angels her deceive !
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to
 grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 Who keepeth clos'd a wondrous riddle-book,
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she
 told

His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments
 cold.

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
 Made purple riot : then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start :
 " A cruel man and impious thou art :
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go !—I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou
 didst seem."

" I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
 Quoth Porphyro : " O may I ne'er find grace,
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last
 prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face :
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears ;
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,
 And heard them, though they be more fang'd
 than wolves and bears."

" Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and even-
 ing,
 Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining, doth she
 bring
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro ;
 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous
 debt.

" It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame :
 " All cates and dainties shall be stored there
 Quickly on this feast-night : by the tambour
 frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see : no time to spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare

On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience ; kneel in
prayer
The while : ah ! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the
dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd ;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her ; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and
chaste ;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware :
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove
frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its lit'le smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should
swell [dell]
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings ;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and
boon ;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings for heaven :—Porphyro grew faint :
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one,
Loosens her fragrant toddice ; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is
fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-
day ;
Blissfully heaven'd both from joy and pain ;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims
pray ;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself : then from the closet
crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo !—how
fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet :—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone :—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is
gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
gourd ;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver : sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
" And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !

Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains : — 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream :
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest
be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, " La belle dame sans
mercy :"
Close to her ear touching the melody ;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan :
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculp-
tured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep ;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many
a sigh ;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous
eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dream-
ingly.

" Ah, Porphyro !" said she, " but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
How chang'd thou art ! how pallid, chill, and
drear !
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings
dear !
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where
to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet : meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarm pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath
set.

"Tis dark : quick pattereth the flaw-blown
sleet :

" This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline !"
"Tis dark : the icid gusts still rave and beat :
" No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine—
Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ;
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned
wing."

" My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil
dyed ?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

" Hark ! 'tis an elfin-storm from fairy land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed :
Arise—arise ! the morning is at hand ;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed :—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :
Awake ! arise ! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for
thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they
found.—
In all the house was heard not human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each
door ;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and
hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar ;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide
hall ;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide ;
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side :
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his
hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns :
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges
groans.

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes
 cold.

SOLITUDE.

O, SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
 Let it not be among the jumbled heap
 Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
 Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
 Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
 May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
 'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's
 swift leap,
 Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.
 But though I'll gladly trace those scenes with
 thee,
 Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
 Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
 Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
 Almost the highest bliss of human kind
 When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared on the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
 mead:
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with
 fun,
 He rests at eve beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there
 shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The grasshopper's among the grassy hills.

4 a

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Born 1792.—Died 1822.

THE DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
 And I return to thee, mine own heart's home;
 As to his queen some victor knight of faery,
 Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome;
 Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
 A star among the stars of mortal night,
 If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
 Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
 With thy beloved name, thou child of love and
 light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour
 Is ended.—And the fruit is at thy feet!
 No longer where the woods to frame a bower
 With interlaced branches mix and meet,
 Or where with sound like many voices sweet
 Water-falls leap among wild islands green
 Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
 Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:
 But beside thee, where still my heart has ever
 been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend,
 when first
 The clouds which wrap this world from youth
 did pass,
 I do remember well the hour which burst
 My spirit's sleep: a fresh Maydayn it was,
 When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
 And wept I knew not why; until there rose
 From the near school-room, voices, that alas!
 Were but one echo from a world of woes,
 The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of
 foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around—
 But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
 Which poured the warm drops on the sunny
 ground—
 So without shame, I spake:—"I will be wise,
 And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power; for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
 Without reproach or check." I then control-
 led
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek
 and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
 Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
 Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
 I cared to learn, but from that secret store
 Wrought linked armour for my soul, before

It might walk forth to war among mankind ;
 Thus power and hope were strengthend more and
 more
 Within me, till there came upon my mind
 A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
 To those who seek all sympathies in one! —
 Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,
 The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
 Over the world in which I moved alone: —
 Yet never found I one not false to me,
 Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone
 Which crushed and withered mine, that could not
 be

Aught but a lifeless clog until revived by thee.

Thou friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
 Fell like bright spring upon some herbless
 plain ;

How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
 In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
 Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
 And walked as free as light the clouds among,
 Which many an envious slave then breathed in
 vain

From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
 To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it
 long !

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
 Although I trod the paths of high intent,
 I journeyed now : no more companionless,
 Where solitude is like despair, I went.—
 There is the wisdom of a stern content,
 When poverty can blight the just and good,
 When infamy dares mock the innocent,
 And cherished friends turn with the multitude
 To trample : this was ours, and we unshaken
 stood !

Now has descended a serener hour,
 And with inconstant fortune friends return ;
 Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the
 power,

Which says :—let scorn be not repaid with scorn.
 And from thy side two gentle babes are born
 To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
 Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn ;
 And these delights, and thou, have been to
 me

The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers
 But strike the prelude to a loftier strain ?
 Or must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
 Soon pause in silence ne'er to sound again,
 Though it might shake the anarchy Custom's
 reign,
 And charm the minds of men to Truth's own
 sway,
 Holier than was Amphion's ? it would fain

Reply in hope—but I am worn away,
 And death and love are yet contending for their
 prey.

And what art thou ? I know, but dare not
 speak :

Time may interpret to his silent years.
 Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
 And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
 And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
 And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
 Is whispered to subdue my fondest fears :
 And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
 A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth
 Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.

I wonder not—for one then left this earth
 Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
 Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
 Of its departing glory ; still her fame
 Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and
 wild

Which shake these latter days, and thou canst
 claim

The shelter from thy sire, of an immortal name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit
 Which was the echo of three thousand years ;
 And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,
 As some lone man, who in a desert hears
 The music of his home :—unwonted fears
 Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,
 And faith and custom and low-thoughted cares,
 Like thunder stricken dragons, for a space
 Left the torn human heart, their food and dwell-
 ing place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind !
 If there must be no response to my cry—
 If men must rise and stamp with fury blind
 On his pure name who loves them,—thou and I,
 Sweet friend ! can look from our tranquillity
 Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,—
 Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by,
 Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's
 sight,
 That burn from year to year with unextinguished
 light.

SONNET.—OZYMANDIAS.

I MET a traveller from an antique land,
 Who said : two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command :
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
 things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that
 fed :

And on the pedestal these words appear :
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !"
 Nothing beside remains ! Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent light

† * * * * *
 Around its unexpanded buds ;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown.
 I sit upon the sands alone ;
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion ;
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my
 emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope, nor health,
 Nor peace within, nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And wa'k'd with inward glory crown'd ;
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround ;
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ; —
 To me that cup has been dealt in another
 measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Ev'n as the winds and waters are ;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away this life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I when this sweet day is done,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan :
 They might lament, for I am one
 Whom men love not, and yet regret ;
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in me-
 mory yet.

† A line is evidently wanting here, but it is not supplied in any edition of Shelley's poems that the compiler has met with.

WALTER SCOTT.

Born 1771.—Died 1832.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Introduction.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
 His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day ;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the Bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry ;
 For, well a-day ! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
 No longer, courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay ;
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door ;
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
 The minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
 No humbler resting place was nigh.
 With hesitating step, at last,
 The embattled portal-arch he passed,
 Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The duchess marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well :
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree ;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride.
 And he began to talk, anon,
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
 And of Earl Walter, rest him God !
 A braver ne'er to battle rode :
 And how full many a tale he knew

Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied ;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had played it to king Charles the good,
When he kept court at Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made—
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's extacy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along ;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

Canto First.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
Her bower, that was guarded by word and by
spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well !
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire.
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name,
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall ;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall,
Waited, duteous, on them all :
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel :
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night :
They lay down to rest
With corslet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the hel-
met barred.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten.
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle bow.
A hundred more fed free in stall—
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?
Why watch these warriors, armed, by night ?
They watch to hear the blood-hound baying ;
They watch to hear the war-horn braying ;
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming ;
They watch against southern force and guile,
Lest Scroope, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.
Many a valiant knight is here :
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell,
How lord Walter fell !
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war ;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
 Or staunch the death-feud's enmity ;
 Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
 Can love of blessed charity ;
 No ! vainly to each holy shrine,
 In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ;
 Implored, in vain, the grace divine
 For chiefs, their own red falchions slew.
 While Cessford owns the rule of Car,
 While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
 The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
 The havoc of the feudal war,
 Shall never, never be forgot !

IX.

In sorrow, o'er lord Walter's bier,
 The warlike foresters had bent ;
 And many a flower, and many a tear,
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :
 But, o'er her warrior's bloody bier,
 The lady dropped nor sigh nor tear !
 Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
 Had locked the source of softer woe ;
 And burning pride, and high disdain,
 Forbade the rising tear to flow ;
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisped from the nurse's knee—
 " And, if I live to be a man,
 " My father's death revenged shall be !"
 Then fast the mother's tears did seek
 To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
 All loose her golden hair,
 Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire,
 And wept in wild despair.
 But not alone the bitter tear
 Had filial grief supplied ;
 For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
 Had lent their mingled tide ;
 Nor in her mother's altered eye
 Dared she to look for sympathy.
 Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
 With Car in arms had stood,
 When Mathouse burn to Melrose ran,
 All purple with their blood.
 And well she knew, her mother dread,
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
 Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.

Of noble race the ladye came ;
 Her father was a clerk of fame,
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie :
 He learned the art, that none may name,
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.
 Men said he changed his mortal frame
 By feat of magic mystery ;
 For when, in studious mood, he paced
 St. Kentigern's hall,
 His form no darkening shadow traced
 Upon the sunny wall !

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
 He taught that ladye fair,

Till to her bidding she could bow
 The viewless forms of air.
 And now she sits in secret bower,
 In old Lord David's western tower,
 And listens to a heavy sound,
 That moans the mossy turrets round.
 Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
 That chafes against the scaur's red side ?
 Is it the wind that swings the oaks ?
 Is it the echo from the rocks ?
 What may it be, the heavy sound,
 That moans old Branksome's turrets round ?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
 The ban-dogs bay and howl ;
 And, from the turrets round,
 Loud whoops the startled owl.
 In the hall, both squire and knight
 Swore that a storm was near,
 And looked forth to view the night ;
 But the night was still and clear !

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
 Chasing with the mountain's side,
 From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
 From the sullen echo of the rock,
 From the voice of the coming storm,
 The ladye knew it well !
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
 And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

" Sleepest thou, brother ?"

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

————— " Brother, nay—

On my hills the moon-beams play.
 From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
 By every rill, in every glen,
 Merry elves, their merrice pacing,
 To aerial minstrelsy,
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
 Trip it deft and merrily.
 Up, and mark their nimble feet !
 Up, and list their music sweet !"

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

" Tears of an imprisoned maiden
 Mix with my polluted stream ;
 Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
 Tell me, thou, who viewest the stars,
 When shall cease these feudal jars ?
 What shall be the maiden's fate ?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate ?"

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

" Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
 In utter darkness, round the pole ;
 The Northern Bear lowers black and grim ;
 Orion's studded belt, is dim :
 Twinkling faint, and distant far,
 Shimmers through mist each planet star ;
 Ill may I read their high decree :
 But no kind influence deign they shower

On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quelled, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still ;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill—
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near ;
For it rung in the ladye's bower,
And it rung in the ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high with pride :
" Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride !"

XIX.

The ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jocund din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the gray warriors prophesied,
How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescents and the Star.

XX.

The ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more ;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door,
Then, from amid the armed train,
She called to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couched border lance by knee.
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross ;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ;
In Eske, or Liddell, fords were none,
But he would ride them one by one ;
Alike to him was time, or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride ;
Alike to him was tide, or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime.
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland :
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

XXII.

" Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the monk of St. Mary's isle :

Greet the father well from me ;
Say, that the fated hour is come,
And to night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb :
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
And the cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead."

XXIII.

" What he gives thee, see thou keep !
Stay not thou for food or sleep.
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into, knight, thou must not look ;
If thou redest thou art lorn !
Better hadst thou ne'er been born."

XXIV.

" O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
Who drinks of the Teviot clear ;
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,
" Again will I be here :
And safer by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble dame, by me ;
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past ;
Soon crossed the sounding barbican
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode ;
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round :
In Hawick twinkled many a light ;
Behind him soon they set in night ;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark ;
" Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark."
" For Branksome, ho !" the knight rejoined,

And left the friendly tower behind.
He turned him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horsliehill ;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed ;
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crag the moon-beams glint,
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint ;
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye,
For many a league, his prey could spy ;
Cliffs doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn ;

Cliffs which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove.
Ambition is no cure for love.

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence past Deloraine,
To ancient Riddell's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come ;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chesnut steed.
In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow ;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail ;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force ;
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray ;
Yet through good heart, and our ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;
For on his soul the slaughterer red,
Of that unballowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and car were foes ;
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day ;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heatn was past ;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran ;
Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he passed, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise, did rise and fall,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone :
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence
all ;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

HERE paused the harp ; and with its swell
The master's fire and courage fell :
Dejectedly, and low, he bowed,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seemed to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy ;

And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wandering long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong,

The duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody ;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the aged man,
After meet rest, again began.

Canto Second.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave ;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there ;
Little recked he of the scene so fair.
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
“ Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late ? ”
“ From Branksome I,” the warrior cried ;
And strait the wicket opened wide :
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
The porter bent his humble head ;
With torch in hand, and foot unshod,
And noiseless step the path he trod ;
The arched cloisters, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride ;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,
To hail the monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

“ The ladye of Branksome greets thee by me ;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb.”

From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared ;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide ;
“ And, darest thou, warrior ! seek to see,
What heaven and hell alike would hide ?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn ;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn :
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne’er be known.
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring warrior, follow me !”

VI.

“ Penance, father, will I none ;
Prayer know I hardly one ;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patten an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray :
Other prayer can I none ;
So speed me my errand, and let me begone.”

VII.

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily ;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days were long since bye,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage
was high ;
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the
dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright,
Glistened with the dew of night ;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,

Then into the night he looked forth ;

And red and bright the streamers light

Were dancing in the glowing north.

So had he seen, in fair Castile,

The youth in glittering squadrons start ;

Sudden the flying jennet wheel,

And hurl the unexpected dart.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,

They entered now the chancel tall ;

The darkened roof rose high aloof

On pillars lofty, and light, and small ;

The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,

Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;

The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ;

And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,

With plinth and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had
bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar’s pale ;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne,
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale !
O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition, lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined ;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy’s hand,
’Twixt poplars straight, the osier wined,
In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shewed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished.

And trampled the apostate’s pride.
The moon-beam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone
(A Scottish monarch slept below) ;

Thus spoke the monk, in solemn tone—

“ I was not always a man of woe ;

For Paynim countries I have trod,

And fought beneath the cross of God :

Now strange, to my eyes thine arms appear,

And their iron clung sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

“ In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;

A wizard of such dreaded fame,

That when, in Salamanca’s cave,

Him listed his magic wand to wave,

The bells would ring in Notre Dame !

Some of his skill he taught to me ;

And, warrior, I could say to thee,

The words that clove Eildon hills in three,

And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :

But to speak them were a deadly sin ;

And for having but thought them my heart with—

A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

“ When Michael lay on his dying bed,

His conscience was awakened ;

He bethought him of his sinful deed,

And he gave me a sign to come with speed :

I was in Spain when the morning rose,

But I stood by his bed ere evening close.

The words may not again be said,

That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;

They would rend this Abbaye’s masonry nave,

And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

"I swore to bury his mighty book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night, [bright;
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
Where the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel past;
The banners waved without a blast"— [one!—
—Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, warrior! now the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Wail in it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."
Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
A bar from thence the warrior took; [hand,
And the monk made a sign with his withered
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart, to the task he went:
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see,
How the light broke forth so gloriously;
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;

And, issuing from the tomb,
Shewed the monk's cowl, and visage pale;
Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day;
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldrick bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his book of might;

A silver cross was in his right;

The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook;
And all unruffled was his face—
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse or awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved, he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently, and loud;
With eyes averted, prayed he,
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said—
"Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those, thou mayest not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"—
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the mighty book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned;
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned, in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars
were few;

And, as the knight and priest withdrew,
With wavering steps, and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

"Now hie thee hence," the father said;
"And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"
The monk returned him to his cell,

And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The monk of St Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

XXIV.

The knight breathed free in the morning wind;
And strove his hardihood to find:

He was glad when he passed the tombstones
gray.

Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;
For the mystic book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast ;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind :
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray ;
He joyed to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side ;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And wakened every flower that blows ;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose :
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastily ;
And the silken knots which in hurry she would
make,

Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair ;
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
As he rouses him up from his lair ;
And though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown !

XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;
The ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round ;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son ;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn
of light.

To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The knight and ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall ;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall :
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
When the half-sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribband pressed ;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair
With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy ;

Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow—
Ye ween to hear a tender tale
Of two true lovers in a dale ;

And how the knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion, strove ;
Swore, he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love ;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun. And only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !
My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;
Its lightness would my age reprove :
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold—
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by eld,
The Baron's dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear.
That dwarf was scarcely an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a hunting rode,
Through Reeddale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"
And, like tennis-ball by racket tossed,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed ;
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company ;
But where he rode one mile, the dwarf ran
four.
And the dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said,
This elvish dwarf with the Baron staid ;
Little he eat, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock ;
And oft apart his arms he tossed,
And often muttered, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he :
And he of his service was full fain ;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An' it had not been his ministry.
All, between Home and Hermitage,
Talked of Lord Cranstoun's goblin page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elfish page,
To Mary's chapel of the Lowes :
For there, beside our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band

Of the best that would ride at her command ;

The trysting place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestaine,
And thither came William of Deloraine ;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day ;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's goblin page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly ;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove ;
The dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;
Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
And pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorn's green.

WHILE thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail :
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see,
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed ;
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gaily back to them, and laughed.
The cordia nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his soul ;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

Canto Third.

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old ;
And said : that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love ?—
How could I, to the dearest theme,
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false, a recreant prove !
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed :

4 H 2

In halls, in gay attire is seen :
In hamlets, dances on the green ;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
But the page shouted wild and shrill—
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple gray,
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay ;
His armour red with many a stain :
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the live-long night ;
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam.
He marked the crane on the Baron's crest ;
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern, and high,
That marked the foemen's feudal hate ;
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seemed to know
That each was other's mortal foe ;
And snorted fire, when wheeled around,
To give each knight his vantage ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;
He sighed a sigh, and prayed a prayer :
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed, nor prayed,
Nor saint, nor ladye, called to aid ;
But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !
The stately Baron backwards bent ;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale ;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ;
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom, broke at last—
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward passed his course ;
Nor knew—so giddy rolled his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII.

But when he reined his coursèr round,
And saw his foeman on the ground

Lie senseless at the bloody clay,
 He bade his page to stanch the wound,
 And there beside the warrior stay,
 And tend him in his doubtful state,
 And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
 His noble mind was inly moved
 For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
 "This shalt thou do without delay;
 No longer here myself may stay:
 Unless the swifter I speed away,
 Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
 The goblin-page behind abode:
 His Lord's command he ne'er withstood,
 Though small his pleasure to do good.
 As the corslet off he took,
 The dwarf espied the mighty book!
 Much he marvelled a knight of pride,
 Like a book-bosomed priest, should ride
 He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
 Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
 Resisted long the elfin grasp;
 For when the first he had undone,
 It closed as he the next begun.
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,
 Would not yield to unchristened hand,
 Till he smeared the cover o'er
 With the Borderer's curdled gore;
 A moment then the volume spread,
 And one short spell therein he read.
 It had much of glamour might,
 Could make a lady seem a knight;
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall,
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheeling seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
 All was delusion, nought was truth.

X.

He had not read another spell,
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,
 So fierce, it stretched him on the plain,
 Beside the wounded Deloraine.
 From the ground he rose dismayed,
 And shook his huge and matted head;
 One word he muttered, and no more—
 "Man of age, thou smittest sore!"
 No more the elfin page durst try
 Into the wonderful book to pry;
 The clasps, though smeared with Christian
 gore,
 Shut faster than they were before.
 He hid it underneath his cloak—
 Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
 I cannot tell, so not I thrive;
 It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he addressed,
 To do his master's high behest:
 He lifted up the living corse,
 And laid it on the weary horse;

He led him into Branksome hall,
 Before the beads of the warders all;
 And each did after swear and say,
 There only passed a load of hay.
 He took him to Lord David's tower,
 Even to the Lady's secret bower;
 And, but that stronger spells were spread,
 And the door might not be opened,
 He had laid him on her very bed.
 Whate'er he did of gramarye,
 Was always done maliciously.
 He flung the warrior on the ground,
 And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repassed the outer court,
 He spied the fair young child at sport.
 He thought to train him to the wood;
 For, at a word, be it understood,
 He was always for ill, and never for good.
 Seemed to the boy some comrade gay;
 Led him forth to the woods to play;
 On the draw-bridge the warders stout
 Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
 Until they came to a woodland brook;
 The running stream dissolved the spell,
 And his own elvish shape he took.
 Could he have had his pleasure vild,
 He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
 Or, with his fingers long and lean,
 Had strangled him, in fiendish spleen:
 But his awful mother he had in dread,
 And also his power was limited;
 So he but scowled on the startled child,
 And darted through the forest wild;
 The woodland brook he bounding crossed,
 And laughed and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wonderous change,
 And frightened, as a child might be,
 At the wild yell and visage strange,
 And the dark words of gramarye,
 The child, amid the forest bower,
 Stood rooted like a lily flower;
 And when at length, with trembling pace,
 He sought to find where Branksome lay,
 He feared to see that grisly face
 Glare from some thicket on his way.
 Thus, starting off, he journeyed on,
 And deeper in the wood is gone;
 For aye the more he sought his way,
 The farther still he went astray,
 Until he heard the mountains round
 Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark
 Comes nigher still, and nigher;
 Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
 His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
 And his red eye shot fire.
 Soon as the wildered child saw he,
 He flew at him right furiously.
 I ween you would have seen with joy

The bearing of the gallant boy,
 When, worthy of his noble sire,
 His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire !
 He faced the blood-hound manfully,
 And held his little bat on high ;
 So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
 At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
 But still in act to spring ;
 When dashed an archer through the glade,
 And when he saw the hound was stayed,
 He drew his tough bow-string ;
 But a rough voice cried, " Shoot not, hoy !
 Ho ! shoot not, Edward—'tis a boy !"——

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
 And chuckled his fellow's surly mood,
 And quelled the ban-dog's ire.
 He was an English yeoman good,
 And born in Lancashire ;
 Well could he hit a fallow deer
 Five hundred feet him fro ;
 With hand more true, and eye more clear,
 No archer bended bow.
 His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
 Set off his sun-burned face ;
 Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
 His barret-cap did grace ;
 His eagle horn, hung by his side,
 All in a wolf-skin baldrick tied ;
 And his short faulchion, sharp and clear,
 Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
 Reached scantily to his knee ;
 And at his belt, of arrows keen
 A furbished sheaf bore he ;
 His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
 No larger fence had he ;
 He never counted him a man,
 Would strike below the knee ;
 His slackened bow was in his hand,
 And the leash that was his blood-hound's
 band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
 But held him with his powerful arm,
 That he might neither fight nor flee ;
 For when the red-cross spied he,
 The boy strove long and violently.
 " Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
 " Edward, methinks, we have a prize !
 This boy's fair face, and courage free,
 Shews he is come of high degree."

XIX.

" Yes ! I am come of high degree,
 For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;
 And if thou dost not set me free,
 False Suthron, thou shalt dearly rue !
 For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
 And William of Deloraine, good at need,
 And every Scott from Eske to Tweed ;
 And if thou dost not let me go,
 Despite thy arrows and thy bow,
 I'll have thee hanged, to feed the crow !"

XX.

" Gramercy, for thy good will, fair boy !
 My mind was never set so high ;
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,
 And art the son of such a man,
 And ever comest to thy command,
 Our wardens had need to keep good order :
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
 Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
 Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;
 I think our work is well begun,
 When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
 In Branksome still he seemed to stay.
 For so the dwarf his part did play ;
 And in the shape of that young boy,
 He wrought the castle much annoy.
 The comrades of the young Buccleuch
 He pinched, and beat, and overthrew ;
 Nay, some of them he well nigh slew.
 He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire ;
 And as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
 He lighted the match of his bandelier,
 And woefully scorched the hackbutteer.
 It may be hardly thought, or said,
 The mischief that the urchin made,
 Till many of the castle guessed
 That the young Baron was possessed !

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
 The noble Ladye had soon dispelled ;
 But she was deeply busied then
 To tend the wounded Deloraine.
 Much she wondered to find him lie,
 On the stone threshold, stretched along ;
 She thought some spirit of the sky
 Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong ;
 Because, despite her precept dread,
 Perchance he in the book had read ;
 But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
 And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
 And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;
 She bade the gash be cleansed and bound ;
 No longer by his couch she stood ;
 But she has ta'en the broken lance,
 And washed it from the clotted gore,
 And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
 William of Deloraine, in trance,
 Whene'er she turned it round and round,
 Twisted, as if she galled his wound.
 Then to her maidens she did say,
 That he should be whole man and sound,
 Within the course of a night and day.
 Full long she toiled ; for she did rue
 Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So passed the day—the evening fell,
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;

E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
 Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
 Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
 The hour of silence and of rest.
 On the high turret, sitting lone,
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;
 Touched a wild note, and all between
 Thought of the bower of hawthorn's green ;
 Her golden hair streamed free from band,
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
 Her blue eye saw the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

Is yon the star o'er Penchryst-Pen,
 That rises slowly to her ken,
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?
 Is yon red glare the western star ? —
 O 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !
 Scarce could she draw her tightened breath ;
 For well she knew the fire of death !

XXVI.

The warder viewed it blazing strong,
 And blew his war-note loud and long,
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,
 Rock, wood, and river, rung around ;
 The blast alarmed the festal hall.
 And startled forth the warriors all ;
 Far downward, in the castle-yard,
 Full many a torch and cresset glared ;
 And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost ;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
 Was reddened by the torches' glare,
 Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
 And issued forth his mandates loud—
 " On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
 And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire ;
 Ride out, ride out,
 The foe to scout !

Mount, mount for Branksome, every man !
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
 That ever are true and stout—
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;
 For when they see the blazing hale,
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail—
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life !
 And warn the Warden of the strife.
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
 Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."—

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
 While loud the harness rung,
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprung ;
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
 And out ! and out !
 In hasty route,
 The horsemen galloped forth ;

Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north,
 To view their coming enemies,
 And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
 Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
 And ruddy blushed the heaven :
 For a sheet of flame from the turret high
 Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
 All flaring and uneven ;
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff were seen ;
 Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
 Each from each the signal caught ;
 Each after each they glanced to sight.
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
 Haunted by the lonely earn ;
 On many a Cairn's gray pyramid,
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
 From Soltra and Dumpender law ;
 And Lothian heard the regent's order,
 That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
 The ceaseless sound of steel ;
 The castle-bell, with backward clang,
 Sent forth the larum peal ;
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower ;
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward ;
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yelled within.

XXXI.

The noble dame, amid the broil,
 Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,
 And spoke of danger with a smile ;
 Cheered the young knights, and council sage
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.
 No tidings of the foe were brought,
 Nor of his numbers knew they ought,
 Nor what in time of truce he sought.

Some said that there were thousands ten ;
 And others weened that it was nought,
 But Leven clans, or Tynedale men,
 Who came to gather in black mail ;
 And Liddisdale, with small avail,

Might drive them lightly back agen.
 So passed the anxious night away,
 And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng
 Applaud the master of the song ;
 And marvel much, in helpless age,
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.
 Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
 His wandering toil to share and cheer ;
 No son, to be his father's stay,
 And guide him on the rugged way ?—

"Aye! once he had—but he was dead!"—
 Upon the harp he stooped his head,
 And busied himself the strings withal,
 To hide the tear that fain would fall.
 In solemn measure, soft and slow,
 Arose a father's notes of woe.

Canto Fourth.

I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide,
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore;
 Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they rolled their way to Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime,
 Its earliest course was doomed to know;
 And, darker as it downward bears,
 Is stained with past and present tears.
 Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
 It still reflects to memory's eye
 The hour, my brave, my only boy,
 Fell by the side of great Dundee.
 Why, when the volleying musket played
 Against the bloody Highland blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid!—
 Enough—he died the death of fame;
 Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
 Full wide and far, was terror spread;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.
 The frightened flocks and herds were pent
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
 And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
 While ready warriors seized the spear.
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Shewed southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 "Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
 Wat Tinnlin, from the Liddle-side,
 Comes wading through the flood.
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
 It was but last St. Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night,
 But fled at morning; well they knew,
 In vain he never twanged the yew.
 Right sharp has been the evening shower,
 That drove him from his Liddle tower;
 And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
 "I think 'twill prove a warden-raid."

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
 Entered the echoing barbican.
 He led a small and shaggy nag,
 That through a bog, from hag to hag,
 Could bound like any Bilhope stag;
 It bore his wife and children twain;
 A half-clothed serf was all their train:
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,
 Of silver broach and bracelet proud,
 Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
 He was of stature passing tall,
 But sparely formed, and lean withal;
 A battered marion on his brow;
 A leathern jack, as fence enow,
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
 A border-axe behind was slung;
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
 Seemed newly dyed with gore;
 His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
 His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the ladye did Tinnlin shew
 The tidings of the English foe—
 "Belted Will Howard is marching here,
 And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
 And all the German hagbut-men,
 Who long have lain at Askerten:
 They crossed the Liddle at curfew hour,
 And burned my little lonely tower;
 The fiend receive their souls therefor!
 It had not been burned this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight;
 But I was chased the live-long night.
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turned at Priesthaugh-Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright;
 I had him long at high despite:
 He drove my cows last Pastern's night."

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
 Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale;
 As far as they could judge by ken,
 Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
 Three thousand armed Englishmen—
 Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
 From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick's shade,
 Came in, their chief's defence to aid.

VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
 From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,
 His ready lances, Thirlestane brave
 Arrayed beneath a banner bright.
 The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims
 To wreath his shield, since royal James,
 Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,
 The proud distinction grateful gave,
 For faith mid feudal jars;
 What time, save Thirlestane alone,
 Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
 Would march to southern wars;

And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
Hence his high motto shines revealed,
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX

An aged knight, to danger steeled,
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosomed mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low;
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth might tame his rage for arms;
And still in age he spurned at rest,
And still his brows the helmet pressed;
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
But better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The ladye marked the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose;
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his father's foes.
"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red cross, on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to
wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XI.

Well may you think the wily page
Cared not to face the ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,
And moaned and plained in manner wild,
The attendants to the ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blushed blood-red for very shame—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch;
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.

Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should ere be son of mine!"

XII.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as his palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen'd elvish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Wat Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But, as a shallow brook they crossed,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream.
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon healed again
Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain;
And Wat of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XIII.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That look's o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaimed the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were border-pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers neighing he could ken,
And measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistering through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XIV.

Light forayers first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array and fast,
The Kendale archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle-blast,
Advancing from the wood, were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand;
A hardy race, on lathing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Arrayed beneath the banner tall,
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the
border."

XV.

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord;

They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns ;
Buff-coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade ;
All, as they marched, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XVI.

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;
His men at arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthened lines display ;
Then called a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, " St. George, for merry England ! "

XVII.

Now every English eye, intent,
On Branksome's armed towers was bent ;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleamed axe, and spear, and partizan ;
Falcon and culver on each tower
Stood prompt, their deadly hail to shower ;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where, upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reeked, like a witch's cauldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall,
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XVIII.

Armed he rode all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait ;
Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance ;
In sign of truce, his better hand
Displayed a peeled willow wand ;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XIX.

" Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-tide,
In hostile guise, ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
And all yon mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?

My ladye reads you swith return ;
And, if but one poor straw you burn, •
Or do our towers so much molest,
Asscare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary ! but we'll light a brand
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."

XX.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word—
" May't please thy dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall ;
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall shew,
Both why we came, and when we go."
The message sped, the noble dame
To the walls' outward circle came ;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear ;
All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
The lion argent decked his breast.
He led a boy of blooming hue—
O sight to meet a mother's view !
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said.

XXI.

" It irks, high dame, my noble lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords :
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the western wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the border-side ;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain :
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive ;
Then since a lone and widowed dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison ;
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good king Edward's page be bred."

XXII.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
And stretched his little arms on high ;
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the dame's embrace.
A moment changed that ladye's cheer,
Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear ;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frowned.
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She locked the struggling sigh to rest ;
Unaltered and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood.

XXIII.

" Say to thy lords of high emprise,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine

Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason
 stair,
 Or else he will the combat take
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good,
 But William may count with him kin and
 blood ;

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
 When English blood swelled Ancram ford ;
 And but that Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bare him ably in the flight,
 Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,
 God be his aid, and God be mine ;
 Through me no friend shall meet his doom ;
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

Then if thy lords their purpose urge,
 Take our defiance loud and high ;
 Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
 Our moat the grave where they shall lie."

XXIV.

Proud she looked round applause to claim—
 Then lightened Thirlestane's eye of flame ;

His bugle Wat of Harden blew ;
 Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
 To heaven the Border slogan rung,
 " St. Mary for the young Buccleuch !"
 The English war-cry answered wide,
 And forward bent each southern spear ;
 Each Kendale archer made a stride,
 And drew the bowstring to his ear ;
 Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown ;
 But, e'er a gray-goose shaft had flown,
 A horseman galloped from the rear.

XXV.

" Ah, noble Lords !" he breathless said,
 " What treason has your march betrayed ?
 What make you here, from aid so far,
 Before you walls, around you war ?
 Your foemen triumph in the thought,
 That in the toils the lion's caught.
 Already on dark Ruberslaw
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ;
 The lances, waving in his train,
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;
 And on the Liddle's northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come ;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home.
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddisdale I've wandered long ;
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong ;
 And hard I've spurred all night, to shew
 The mustering of the coming foe."

XXVI.

" And let them come !" fierce Dacre cried ;
 " For soon yon crest my father's pride,
 That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee,

From Branksome's highest tower displayed,
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid—
 Level each harquebuss on row ;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow ;
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
 Dacre for England, win or 'die !"

XXVII.

" Yet hear," quoth Howard, " calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words the words of fear ;
 For who in field or foray slack
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back ?
 But thus to risque our border flower
 In strife against a kingdom's power,
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
 Certes, were desperate policy.
 Nay, take the terms the ladye made,
 E'er conscious of the advancing aid :
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
 In single fight ; and if he gain,
 He gains for us ; but if he's crossed,
 'Tis but a single warrior lost.
 The rest, retreating as they came,
 Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

XXVIII.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
 His brother-warden's sage rebuke ;
 And yet his forward step he staid,
 And slow and sullenly obeyed :
 But ne'er again the border side
 Did these two lords in friendship ride ;
 And this slight discontent, men say,
 Cost blood upon another day.

XXIX.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
 Before the castle took his stand ;
 His trumpet called, with parleying strain,
 The leaders of the Scottish band ;
 And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
 Stout Deloraine to single fight ;
 A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
 And thus the terms of fight he said—
 " If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
 Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain :
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.
 Howe'er it falls, the English band,
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,
 In peaceful march, like men unarmed,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXX.

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
 Though much the ladye sage gainsayed :
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
 How tardy was the regent's aid ;
 And you may guess the noble dame
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed
 That lists should be inclosed with speed.

Beneath the castle, on a lawn,
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXI.

I know right well that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course :
But he, the jovial Harper, taught,
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say ;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of black Lord Archibald's battle laws,
In the old Douglas' day.
He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue :
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side, in fight, they stood,
And tuneful hands were stained with blood ;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXII.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragged my master to his tomb ;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,
Who died at Jedwood Air ?
He died !—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone ;
And I, alas ! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before ;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused—the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary minstrel's strain ;
With many a word of kindly cheer,
In pity half, and half sincere,
Marvelled the duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds so long forgot ;
Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
Of manners, long since changed and gone ;
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled—

4 N 2

In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased ; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear :
A simple race ! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile ;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires ;
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.
Smiled then, well pleased, the aged man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

Canto Fifth.

I.

CALL it not vain—they do not err,
Who say, that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death,
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier ;
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead ;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain ;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die :
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill ;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers ;
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;

Spear-heads, above the columns dun,
Glanced momentary to the sun ;
And feudal banners fair displayed
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

'Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came ;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !
'Vails not to tell what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, " a Home ! a Home ! "

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went ;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid ;
And told them how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine ;
And how the ladye prayed them dear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot ;
Himself, the hoary Seneschal,
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubbed, more bold in fight ;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy :
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies met ?
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set ;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire—
—By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation foes,
'They met on Teviot's strand :
They met, and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land.
The hands, the spear that lately grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
Were interchanged in greeting dear ;
Visors were raised, and faces shewn,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about ;
With dice and draughts some chased the
day ;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
Or sign of war been seen ;
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green :
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death ;
And whingers*, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was nor unfrequent, nor held strange,
In the old border-day ;
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay
Decayed not with the dying day ;
Soon through the latticed windows tall,
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beaker's clang ;
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Gave the shrill watch-word of their clan ;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died ;
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;
Save, when the changing centinel
The challenge of his watch could tell ;
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn ;
For many a busy hand toiled there,
The list's dread barriers to prepare,
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the dame's reproving eye ;
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh.
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay ;
By times, from silken couch she rose,
While yet the bannered hosts repose ;
She viewed the dawning day.
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

* A sort of knife or dagger.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the live-long yesterday.
Now still as death—till, stalking slow—
The jingling spurs announced his tread—
A stately warrior passed below ;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary ! can it be ?
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
With fearless step, and free.
She dare not sign, she dare not speak—
Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay !
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small—for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page ;
This to his Lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,
For all the vassalage :
But, O what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
She started from her seat ;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round ;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found :
And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;
And death to Cranstoun's gallant knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthy spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well ;
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not Fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die ;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver cord, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
Now leave we Margaret and her knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blast the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan ;
In haste, the deadly strife to view
The trooping warriors eager ran.
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettricke wood ;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,
And banded many a word of boast
About the knight each favoured most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the dame ;
For now arose disputed claim
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'T'wixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestaine.
They gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent ;
But yet not long the strife—for, lo !
Himself, the knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
In armour sheathed from top to toe,
Appeared, and craved the combat due.
The dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold ;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With sattin slashed, and lined ;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined ;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;
Hence, in rude phrase, the borderers still
Called noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground ;
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound ;
The lordly Angus by her side.
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
But cause of terror, all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When in their chairs of crimson placed,
The dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
An English knight led forth to view ;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he longed to see the fight.

Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field ;
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In king, and queen, and wardens' name,

That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life.

Then not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate heralds spoke.

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight, and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws ;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause !

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain.
Since he bore arms ne'er soiled his coat,
And that, so help him God above.
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lyes most foully in his throat.

LORD DACRE.

Forward, brave champions, to the fight !
Sound trumpets——

LORD HOME.

——— " God defend the right !"
At the last word, with deadly blows,
The ready warriors fiercely close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound ;
For desperate was the strife, and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight ;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain ;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no !
Thence never shalt thou rise again !
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp !—

In vain, in vain—haste, holy friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven.

XXIII.

In haste the holy friar sped,
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran ;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man ;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer,
And still the crucifix on high,
He holds before his darkening eye.
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear ;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God !
Unheard he prays ; 'tis o'er, 'tis o'er !
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands ;
His heaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands ;
And all amid the thronged array,
In panic haste gave open way,
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran ;
He crossed the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard looked around,
As dizzy, and in pain ;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine !
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed ;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;
" And who art thou," they cried,
" Who hast this battle fought and won ?"
His plumed helm was soon undone—
" Cranstoun of Teviotside !
For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—
And to the ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
And often pressed him to her breast ;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbed at every blow ;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united prayed,
The ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She looked to river, looked to hill,
 Thought on the spirit's prophecy,
 Then broke her silence stern and still,
 "Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me ;
 Their influence kindly stars may shower
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
 For pride is quelled, and love is free."
 She took fair Margaret by the hand,
 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ;
 That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she.
 "As I am true to thee and thine,
 Do thou be true to me and mine !
 This clasp of love our bond shall be ;
 For this is your betrothing day,
 And all these noble lords shall stay,
 'To grace it with their company.'"

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
 Much of the story she did gain,
 How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
 And of his page, and of the book,
 Which from the wounded knight he took ;
 And how he sought her castle high ;
 That morn, by help of gramarye ;
 How, in Sir William's armour dight,
 Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
 He took on him the single fight.
 But half his tale he left unsaid,
 And lingered till he joined the maid.
 Cared not the ladye to betray
 Her mystic arts in view of day ;
 But well she thought ere midnight cam',
 Of that strange page the pride to tame,
 From his foul hands the book to save,
 And send it back to Michael's grave.
 Needs not to tell each tender word
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord ;
 Now how she told of former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose,
 Whilst he and Musgrave banded blows—
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell ;
 One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
 Had wakened from his deathlike trance ;
 And taught that, in the listed plain,
 Another, in his arms and shield,
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
 Under the name of Deloraine.
 Hence, to the field, unarmed, he ran,
 And hence his presence scared the clan,
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
 And not a man of blood and breath.
 Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
 He greeted him right heartlie.
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate,
 Though rude, and scant of courtesy ;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
 Unless when men at arms withstood,
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,

Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :
 And so 'twas seen of him ; e'en now,
 When on dead Musgrave he looked down,
 Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
 Though half-disguised with a frown ;
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made.

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !
 I ween my deadly enemy,
 For if I slew thy brother dear,
 Thou slewest a sister's son to me ;
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,
 Of Naworth castle, long months three,
 Till, ransomed for a thousand mark,
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
 And thou wert now alive, as I,
 No mortal man should us divide,
 Till one, or both of us, did die :
 Yet, rest thee God ! for well I know,
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe !
 In all the northern counties here,
 Whose word is, Snaffle, spur, and spear,
 Thou wert the best to follow gear ;
 'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind,
 To see how thou the chace couldst wind,
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
 And with the bugle rouse the fray !
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

XXX

So mourned he, till Lord Dacre's band
 Were bowing back to Cumberland.
 They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
 And laid him on his bloody shield ;
 On levelled lances, four and four,
 By turns, the noble burden bore.
 Before, at times, upon the gale,
 Was heard the minstrel's plaintive wail ;
 Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
 Sung requiem for the warrior's soul ;
 Around, the horsemen slowly rode ;
 With trailing pikes the spearmen trod ;
 And thus the gallant knight they bore,
 Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore,
 Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
 And laid him in his father's grave.

—
 The harp's wild notes, though hushed the song
 The mimic march of death prolong ;
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,
 Now meets, and now eludes the ear ;
 Now seems some mountain's side to sweep,
 Now faintly dies in valley deep ;
 Seems now as if the minstrel's wail,
 Now the sad requiem loads the gale ;
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
 Rang the full choir in choral stave.
 After due pause, they bade him tell,
 Why he, who touched the harp so well,
 Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
 Wander a poor and thankless soil,

When the more generous southern land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged Harper, howsoever
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy ;
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear ;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

Canton Sixth.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all hereft,
Sole friends, thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek ;
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorned like me ! to Branksome Hall
The minstrels came, at festive call ;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war ;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van ;
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the Portcullis' iron grate ;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare

The splendour of the spousal rite,
How mustered in the chapel fair,
Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver ;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound :
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
That lovely hue, which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise !

V.

Some bards have sung, the ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she feared each holy place.
False slanders these—I trust right well,
She wrought not by forbidden spell ;
For, mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour—
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,

The ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon ;
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty-arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival ;
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshalled the rank of every guest ;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share.
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery ;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed ;
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
The clamour joined with whistling scream,
And flapped their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the staghounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The goblin page, omitting still
 No opportunity of ill,
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
 To rouse debate and jealousy;
 Till Conrade, lord of Wolfenstein,
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
 And now in humour highly crossed,
 About some steeds his band had lost,
 High words to words succeeding still,
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,
 Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.
 He took it, on the page's saye,
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
 The kindling discord to compose.
 Stern Rutherford right little said,
 But bit his glove and shook his head—
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
 Stout Courade, cold, and drenched in blood,
 His bosom gored with many a wound,
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
 Unknown the manner of his death,
 Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
 But ever from that time, 'twas said,
 That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who feared his master's eye
 Might his foul treachery espie,
 Now sought the castle buttery,
 Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
 Revelled as merrily and well,
 As those that sate in lordly selle.
 Wat Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise
 The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-braes;
 And he, as by his breeding bound,
 To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
 To quit them on the English side,
 Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
 "A deep carouse to yon fair bride!"
 At every pledge, from vat and pail,
 Foamed forth, in floods, the nut-brown ale;
 While shout the riders every one,
 Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
 Since old Buckleuch the name did gain,
 When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
 Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew,
 And swore, it should be dearly bought,
 That ever he that arrow drew,
 First, he the yeoman did molest,
 With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
 Told how he fled at Solway strife,
 And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife;
 Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
 At unawares he wrought him harm;
 From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
 Dashed from his lips his can of beer,
 Then, too his knee sly creeping on,
 With bodkin pierced him to the bone:

The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
 Long after rued that bodkin's point.
 The startled yeoman swore and spurned,
 And board and flaggons overturned;
 Riot and clamour wild began;
 Back to the hall the urchin ran;
 Took, in a darkling nook, his post,
 And grinned and muttered, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X.

By this, the dame, lest further fray
 Should mar the concord of the day,
 Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.
 And first stept forth old Albert Grame,
 The minstrel of that ancient name:
 Was none who struck the harp so well,
 Within the Land Debateable;
 Well friended too, his hardy kin,
 Whoever lost, were sure to win;
 They sought the beeves that made their broth,
 In Scotland and in England both.
 In homely guise, as nature bade,
 His simple song the borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRAME.

It was an English ladye bright,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For love will still be lord of all!

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
 But they were sad ere day was done,
 Though love was still the lord of all!

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that love was lord of all!

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 And he swore her death ere he would see
 A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
 When dead, in her true lover's arms, she fell,
 For love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
 So perish all would true love part,
 That love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 And died for her sake in Palestine,
 So love was still the lord of all!

Now all ye lovers that faithful prove,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 Pray for their souls who died for love,
 For love shall still be lord of all!

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port ;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renowned in haughty Henry's court :
There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,
Fitztraver of the silver song.
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love exalted high,
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft within some olive grove,
When evening came, with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant staid,
And deemed, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody ;
So sweet their harps and voices join,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver ! O what tongue may say,
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp called wrath and vengeance down ;
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers ;
And faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard, still, Fitztraver came ;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat
high ! [start,
He heard the midnight-bell with anxious
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To shew to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit, betwixt them roared the ocean grim,
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she
thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might,
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright :
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light, by the bed of some departing
man.

XVIII.

But soon within that mirror, huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam ;

And forms upon its breast, the earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream ;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp, with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid
in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form which lay on couch of
Ind !
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pin-
ed ;
All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclin-
ed,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain, that seemed her inmost soul to
find—
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured
line,

That fair and lovely form, the ladye Geraldine.

XX.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy rolled the murky storm
O'er my beloved master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine,
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Ge-
raldine !

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair :
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway,
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odinn rode her wave ;
And watched, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful ;
In these rude isles, might Fancy cull ;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food ;
Kings of the main, their leaders brave,
Their barks, the dragons of the wave ;

And there, in many a stormy vale,
 The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
 And many a Runic column high
 Had witnessed grim idolatry.
 And thus had Harold, in his youth,
 Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,
 Of that sea-snake, tremendous curled,
 Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
 Of those dread maids, whose hideous yell
 Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
 Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
 By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
 Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
 Their faulchions wrenched from corpses' hold,
 Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
 And bade the dead arise to arms!
 With war and wonder all on flame,
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
 He learned a milder minstrelsy;
 Yet something of the northern spell
 Mixed with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white:
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fi-ers have heard the water-sprite,
 Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted seer did view
 A wet shroud rolled round ladye gay;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?”—

—“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
 And brighter than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It reddened all the copse-wood glen;
 ’Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
 Both vaulted crypt and altar's pale;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead-men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell;
 But the kelpy rung, and the mermaid sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
 Scarce marked the guests the darkened
 hall,

Though long before the sinking day,
 A wonderous shade involved them all:
 It was not eddying mist or fog,
 Drained by the sun from fen or bog;
 Of no eclipse had sages told;
 And yet, as it came on apace,
 Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
 Could scarce his own stretched hand, behold.
 A secret horror checked the feast,
 And chilled the soul of every guest;
 Even the high dame stood half aghast,
 She knew some evil on the blast;
 The elvish page fell to the ground,
 And, shuddering, muttered, “Found! found!
 found!”

XXVI.

Then sudden through the darkened air
 A flash of lightning came;
 So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
 The castle seemed on flame;
 Glanced every rafter of the hall,
 Glanced every shield upon the wall,
 Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
 Were instant seen, and instant gone;
 Full through the guests' bedazzled band
 Resistless flashed the levin-brand,
 And filled the hall with smouldering smoke,
 As on the elvish page it broke—
 It broke with thunder long and loud,
 Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud,
 From sea to sea the larum rung;
 On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
 To arms the startled warders sprung.
 When ended was the dreadful roar,
 The elvish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVII.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry with loud summons, "GYLBYN, COME!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,

Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.

The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look:
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismayed as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
"I was feared his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in man.
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—

That he had seen right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapped around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea—
And knew—but how it mattered not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVIII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling, heard the wonderful tale;
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;

And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St. Bryde of Douglas make,
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each to ease his troubled breast,
To some blessed saint his prayers addressed:
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Loves,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to our Ladye of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray-
ed,

'Tis said the noble dame, dismayed,
Renounced for aye dark magic's aid.

XXIX.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befel;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Blessed Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir:
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again;
More meet it were to mark the day

Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,

Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-bye might hear uneth,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row;

No lordly look, no martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;

Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side.

And there they kneeled them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnished nich around,
Stern saints, and tortured martyrs, frowned.

XXXI.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy fathers two and two,

In long procession came;
Taper, and host, and book, they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair,

With the Redeemer's name;
Above the prostrate pilgrim band,
The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled;
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close

The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song,

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,

SOLVET SÆCULUM IN FAVILLA;

While the pealing organ rung;

Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung.

XXXII.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Hushed is the harp—the minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?

Alone in indigence, and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage ?
 No—close beneath proud Newark's tower ;
 Arose the minstrel's lowly bower ;
 A simple hut ; but there was seen
 The little garden hedged with green,
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
 There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
 Oft heard the tale of other days ;
 For much he loved to ope his door,
 And give the aid he begged before.
 So passed the winter's day—but still,
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,
 Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ;
 When throistles sung on Harehead-shaw,
 And grain waved green on Carterhaugh,
 And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
 The aged harper's soul awoke !
 Then would he sing achievements high,
 And circumstance of chivalry,
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,
 Forgetful of the closing day ;
 And noble youths, the strain to hear,
 Forsook the hunting of the deer ;
 And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
 Bore burden to the minstrel's song.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Born 1754.—Died 1832.

THE VILLAGE.

[Book I.]

THE village life, and every care that reigns
 O'er youthful peasants and declining swains,
 What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
 Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last ;
 What form the real picture of the poor,
 Demand a song—the Muse can give no more.

Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,

The rustic poet prais'd his native plains :
 No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
 Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse ;

Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
 Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
 And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
 The only pains, alas ! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
 If Tityrus found the golden age again,
 Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
 Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song ?
 From truth and nature shall we widely stray,
 Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way ?

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
 Because the Muses never knew their pains :
 They boast their peasants' pipes ; but peasants
 now

Resign their pipes, and plod behind the plough ;
 And few, amid the rural-tribe, have time
 To number syllables and play with rhyme ;
 Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
 The poet's rapture and the peasant's care ?
 Or the great labours of the field degrade
 With the new peril of a poorer trade ?

From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
 That themes so easy few forbear to sing ;
 For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask,
 To sing of shepherds is an easy task :
 The happy youth assumes the common strain,
 A nymph his mistress and himself a swain ;
 With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
 But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
 For him that grazes or for him that farms ;
 But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
 The poor laborious natives of the place,
 And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
 On their bare heads and dewy temples play ;
 While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,

Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts :
 Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
 In tinsel trappings of poetic pride ?

No ; cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
 Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast ;
 Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
 And other shepherds dwell with other mates ;
 By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
 As truth will paint it and as bards will not :
 Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain ;
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain ;
 O'ercome by labour and bow'd down by time,
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme ?
 Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
 By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shade ?
 Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'er-
 power,
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour ?

Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake
 grown o'er,

Lends the light turf that warms the neighbour-
 ing poor ;

From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears ;
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye :
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war ;
 There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil ;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;

O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
 So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
 Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn ;
 Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
 While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose ;
 Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
 Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
 With sullen woe display'd in every face ;
 Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
 And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the main
 Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain ;
 Want only claim'd the labour of the day,
 But vice now steals his nightly rest away.

Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
 With rural games play'd down the setting sun ;
 Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,

Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall ;
 While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
 Engag'd some artful stripling of the throng,
 And fell beneath him, foil'd, while far around
 Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks return'd the sound ?

Where now are these ?—beneath yon cliff they stand,

To show the freighted pinnacle where to land ;
 To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
 To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
 Or, when detected, in their straggling course,
 To foil their foes by cunning or by force ;
 Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
 To gain a lawless passport through the land.

Here, wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields,

I sought the simple life that nature yields ;
 Rapine and wrong and fear usurp'd her place,
 And a bold, artful, surly, savage race ;
 Who, only skill'd to take the funny tribe,
 The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
 Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
 On the tost vessel bend their eager eye ;
 Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
 Theirs, or the ocean's miserable prey.

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,

And wait for favouring winds to leave the land ;
 While still for flight the ready wing is spread :
 So waited I the favouring hour, and fled—
 Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign—

And cry'd, Ah ! hapless they who still remain ;
 Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
 Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore ;

Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
 Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away ;
 When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
 And begs a poor protection from the poor !

But these are scenes where nature's niggard hand

Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land ;
 Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain
 Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain ;
 But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
 Where plenty smiles—alas ! she smiles for few—

And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
 Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
 The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.

Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
 Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth ?
 Go then ! and see them rising with the sun,
 Through a long course of daily toil to run ;
 See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
 When the knees tremble and the temples beat ;
 Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er
 The labour past, and toils to come explore ;
 See them alternate suns and showers engage,
 And hoard up aches and anguish for their age ;
 Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,

When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew ;

Then own that labour may as fatal be
 To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
 Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide ;
 There may you see the youth of slender frame
 Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame ;
 Yet, urg'd along, and proudly loth to yield,
 He strives to join his fellows of the field :
 Till long-contending nature droops at last,
 Declining health rejects his poor repast,
 His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
 And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
 Though the head droops not, that the heart is well ;

Or will you praise that homely healthy fare,
 Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share ?
 Oh ! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
 Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal ;
 Homely not wholesome, plain not plenteous,
 such

As you who praise would never deign to touch.
 Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
 Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please ;

Go ! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
 Go look within, and ask if peace be there ;
 If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
 Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire ;

Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring
brand!

Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease ;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except his own engage ;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.
He once was chief in all the rustic trade ;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made ;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd ;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and
sighs :

For now he journeys to his grave in pain ;
The rich disdain him ; nay, the poor disdain :
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter-charge, beneath the hillock weep ;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow,
When, rous'd by rage and muttering in the
morn,

He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn :—

“ Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free ?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay ;
I, like you wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipp'd by the frost and shivering in the wind :
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone ;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.

“ These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I
see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me ;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words :
Wants of their own demand their care ; and who
Feels his own want, and succours others too ?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help and none relieve my woe ;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid.”

Thus groan the old, till by disease oppress'd,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door ;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,

And the dull wheel hums doleful through the
day !—

Their children dwell who know no parents' care ;
Parents, who know no 'children's love, dwell
there !

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood
fears ;

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below ;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man :

Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride ;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffled your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves
advance

With timid eye to read the distant glance ;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure ;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for
death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters from the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are
seen,

And lath and mud are all that lie between ;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to
go,

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye :

A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;

Fain would he ask the parish-priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above:
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls

The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task,
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,

And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play:
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,

Shall he sit sadly by the sick-man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er,
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.—
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below,
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, O death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingling overseer;
No more the farmer claims his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village-children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend:
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand

Silent and sad, and gazing; hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish-poor;
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer:
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
To think a poor-man's bones should lie unblest.

SIR EUSTACE GREY.

Scene:—*A Madhouse.*

Persons:—*Visitor, Physician, and Patient.*

VISITOR.

I'LL no more;—the heart is torn
By views of woe, we cannot heal;
Long shall I see these things forlorn,
And oft again their griefs shall feel,
As each upon the mind shall steal;
That wan projector's mystic style,
That lumpish idiot leering by,
That peevish idler's ceaseless wile,
And that poor maiden's half-form'd smile,
While struggling for the full-drawn sigh—
I'll know no more.

PHYSICIAN.

—Yes, turn again;
Then speed to happier scenes thy way,
When thou hast view'd, what yet remain,
The ruins of Sir Eustace Grey,
The sport of madness, misery's prey:
But he will no historian need,
His cares, his crimes will he display,
And show, (as one from frenzy freed)
The proud-lost mind, the rash-done deed.

That cell to him is Greyling Hall:—
Approach; he'll bid thee welcome there;
Will sometimes for his servant call;
And sometimes point the vacant chair:
He can, with free and easy air,
Appear attentive and polite;
Can veil his woes in manners fair,
And pity with respect excite.

PATIENT.

Who comes—Approach!—'tis kindly done:—
My learn'd physician, and a friend,
Their pleasures quit, to visit one,
Who cannot to their ease attend.
Nor joys bestow, nor comforts lend,
As when I liv'd so blest, so well,
And dreamt not I must soon contend
With those malignant powers of hell.

PHYSICIAN.

Less warmth, Sir Eustace, or we go.—

PATIENT.

See! I am calm as infant-love,
A very child, but one of woe,
Whom you should pity, not reprove:—
But men at ease, who never strove

With passions wild, will calmly show,
How soon we may their ills remove,
And masters of their madness grow.

Some twenty years I think are gone,—
(Time flies, I know not how, away.)
The sun upon no happier shone,
Nor prouder man, than Eustace Grey.
Ask where you would, and all would say,
The man admir'd and prais'd of all,
By rich and poor, by grave and gay,
Was the young lord of Greyling Hall.

Yes! I had youth and rosy health;
Was nobly form'd as man might be;
For sickness then, of all my wealth,
I never gave a single fee:
The ladies fair, the maidens free,
Were all accusom'd then to say,
Who would a handsome figure see,
Should look upon Sir Eustace Grey.

He had a frank and pleasant look,
A cheerful eye and accent bland;
His very speech and manner spoke
The generous heart, the open hand;
About him all was gay, or grand,
He had the praise of great and small;
He bought, improv'd, projected, plann'd,
And reign'd a prince at Greyling Hall.

My lady.—she was all we love;
All praise (to speak her worth) is faint;
Her manners show'd the yielding dove,
Her morals, the seraphic saint:
She never breath'd nor look'd complaint;
No equal upon earth had she:—
Now, what is this fair thing I paint?
Alas! as all that live, shall be.

There was, beside, a gallant youth,
And him my bosom's friend, I had:—
Oh! I was rich—in very truth,
It made me proud—it made me mad!—
Yes, I was lost—but there was cause!—
Where stood my tale?—I cannot find—
But I had all mankind's applause,
And all the smiles of womankind.

There were two cherub-things beside,
A gracious girl, a glorious boy;
Yet more to swell my full-blown pride,
To varnish higher my fading joy,
Pleasures were ours without alloy,
Nay, paradise,—till my frail Eve
Our bliss was tempted to destroy;
Deceiv'd and fated to deceive.

But I deserv'd; for all that time,
When I was lov'd, admir'd, caress'd,
There was within, each secret crime,
Unfelt, uncancell'd, unconfess'd:

I never then my God address'd,
In grateful praise or humble prayer;
And if his word was not my jest,
(Dread thought!) it never was my care.

I doubted:—fool I was to doubt!
If that all-piercing eye could see,—
If He who looks all worlds throughout,
Would so minute and careful be,
As to perceive and punish me:—
With man I would be great and high,
But with my God so lost, that He,
In his large view, should pass me by.

Thus blest with children, friend, and wife,
Blest far beyond the vulgar lot,
Of all that gladdens human life,
Where was the good, that I had not?
But my vile heart had sinful spot,
And heaven beheld its deepning stain,
Eternal justice I forgot,
And mercy sought not to obtain.

Come near,—I'll softly speak the rest!—
Alas! 'tis known to all the crowd,
Her guilty love was all confess'd;
And his, who so much truth avow'd,
My faithless friend's.—In pleasure proud
I sat, when these curs'd tidings came;
Their guilt, their flight was told aloud,
And envy smil'd to hear my shame!

I call'd on Vengeance; at the word
She came:—can I the deed forget?
I held the sword; th' accus'd sword,
The blood of his false heart made wet:
And that fair victim paid her debt,
She pin'd, she died, she loath'd to live;—
I saw her dying—see her yet:
Fair fallen thing! my rage forgive!

Those cherubs still, my life to bless,
Were left, could I my fears remove,
Sad fears that check'd each fond caress,
And poison'd all parental love.
Yet that with jealous feelings strove,
And would at last have won my will,
Had I not, wretch! been doom'd to prove,
Th' extremes of mortal good and ill.

In youth! health! joy! in beauty's pride!
They droop'd: as flowers, when blighted bow,
The dire infection came:—They died,
And I was curs'd—as I am now—
Nay, frown not, angry friend,—allow
That I was deeply, sorely tried;
Hear then, and you must wonder how
I could such storms and strifes abide.

Storms!—not that clouds embattled make,
When they afflict this earthly globe;
But such as with their terrors shake
Man's breast, and to the bottom probe;

They make the hypocrite disrobe,
They try us all, if false or true ;
For this, one devil had pow'r on Job ;
And I was long the slave of two.

PHYSICIAN.

Peace, peace, my friend, these subjects fly ;
Collect thy thoughts—go calmly on.—

PATIENT.

And shall I then the fact deny ?
I was,—thou know'st,—I was begone,
Like him who fill'd the eastern throne,
To whom the watcher cried aloud ;
That royal wretch of Babylon,
Who was so guilty and so proud.

Like him, with haughty, stubborn mind,
I, in my state, my comforts sought ;
Delight and praise I hop'd to find,
In what I builded, planted, bought !
Oh ! arrogance ! by misery taught—
Soon came a voice ; I felt it come ;
" Full be his cup, with evil fraught,
Demons his guides, and death his doom !"

Then was I cast from out my state ;
Two fiends of darkness led my way ;
They wak'd me early, watch'd me late,
My dread by night, my plague by day !
Oh ! I was made their sport, their play,
Through many a stormy troubled year ;
And how they us'd their passive prey,
Is sad to tell :—but you shall hear.

And first, before they sent me forth,
Through this unpitied world to run,
They robb'd Sir Eustace of his worth,
Lands, manors, lordships, every one ;
So was that gracious man undone,
Was spurn'd as vile, was scorn'd as poor,
Whom every former friend would shun,
And menials drove from every door.

Then those ill-favour'd ones, whom none
But my unhappy eyes could view,
Led me, with wild emotion, on,
And with resistless terror, drew.
Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
And halted on a boundless plain ;
Where nothing fed, nor breath'd, nor grew,
But silence rul'd the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep or dead ;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had form'd a bed,
And cloth'd the crumbling spoils of time.

There was I fix'd, I know not how,
Condemn'd for untold years to stay ;
Yet years were not ;—one dreadful now
Endur'd no change of night or day ;

The same mild evening's sleeping ray
Shone softly—solemn and serene,
And all that time, I gaz'd away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.

At length a moment's sleep stole on,—
Again came my commission'd foes ;
Again through sea and land were gone,
No peace, no respite, no repose :
Above the dark broad sea we rose,
We ran through bleak and frozen land ;
I had no strength, their strength t' oppose,
An infant in a giant's hand.

They plac'd me where those streamers play.
Those nimble beams of brilliant light ;
It would the stoutest heart dismay,
To see, to feel, that dreadful sight :
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
They pierc'd my frame with icy wound,
And all that half-year's polar night,
Those dancing streamers wrapt me round.

Slowly that darkness pass'd away,
When down upon the earth I fell,—
Some hurried sleep was mine by day ;
But, soon as toll'd the evening bell,
They forc'd me on, wherever dwell
Far-distant men in cities fair,
Cities of whom no travellers tell,
Nor feet but mine were wanderers there.

Their watchmen stare, and stand aghast,
As on we hurry through the dark ;
The watch-light blinks, as we go past,
The watch-dog shrinks and fears to bark ;
The watch-tower's bell sounds shrill ; and,
hark !
The free wind blows—we've left the town—
A wide sepulchral ground I mark,
And on a tombstone place me down.

What monuments of mighty dead !
What tombs of various kinds are found !
And stones erect their shadows shed
On humble graves, with wickers bound ;
Some risen fresh, above the ground,
Some level with the native clay,
What sleeping millions wait the sound,
" Arise, ye dead, and come away !"

Alas ! they stay not for that call ;
Spare me this woe ! ye demons spare !—
They come ! the shrowded shadows all,—
'Tis more than mortal brain can bear ;
Rustling they rise, they sternly glare
At man upheld by vital breath ;
Who, led by wicked fiends, should dare
To join the shadowy troops of death !

Yes ! I have felt all man can feel,
Till he shall pay his nature's debt ;
Ills that no hope has strength to heal,
No mind the comfort to forget :

Whatever cares the heart can fret,
The spirits wear, the temper gall,
Woe, want, dread, anguish, all beset
My sinful soul!—together all!

Those fiends upon a shaking fen
Fix'd me in dark tempestuous night;
There never trod the foot of men,
There flock'd the fowl in wintry flight;
There danc'd the moor's deceitful light,
Above the pool where sedges grow;
And when the morning sun shone bright,
It shone upon a field of snow.

They lung me on a bough, so small,
The rook could build her nest no higher;
They fix'd me on the trembling ball,
That crowns the steeple's quiv'ring spire;
They set me where the seas retire,
But down with their returning tide;
And made me flee the mountain's fire,
When rolling from its burning side.

I've hung upon the ridgy steep
Of cliffs, and held the rambling brier;
I've plung'd below the billowy deep,
Where air was sent me to respire;
I've been where hungry wolves retire;
And (to complete my woes) I've ran
Where Bedlam's crazy crew conspire
Again the life of reasoning man.

I've fuil'd in storms the flapping sail,
By hanging from the top-mast-head;
I've serv'd the vilest slaves in jail,
And pick'd the dunghill's spoil for bread;
I've made the badger's hole my bed,
I've wander'd with a gipsy crew;
I've dreaded all the guilty dread,
And done what they would fear to do.

On sand where ebbs and flows the flood,
Midway they plac'd and bade me die;
Propt on my staff, I stoutly stood
When the swift waves came rolling by;
And high they rose, and still more high,
Till my lips drank the bitter brine;
I sobb'd convuls'd, then cast mine eye
And saw the tide's re-flowing sign.

And then, my dreams were such as nought
Could yield but my unhappy case;
I've been of thousand devils caught,
And thrust into that horrid place,
Where reign dismay, despair, disgrace;
Furies with iron fangs were there,
To torture that accursed race,
Doom'd to dismay, disgrace, despair.

Harmless I was; yet hunted down
For treasons, to my soul unfit;
I've been pursu'd through many a town,
For crimes that petty knaves commit;

I've been adjudg'd t' have lost my wit,
Because I preach'd so loud and well,
And thrown into the dungeon's pit,
For trampling on the pit of hell.

Such were the evils, man of sin,
That I was fated to sustain;
And add to all, without—within,
A soul defil'd with every stain,
That man's reflecting mind can pain;
That pride, wrong, rage, despair can make;
In fact, they'd nearly touch'd my brain,
And reason on her throne would shake.

But pity will the vilest seek,
If punish'd guilt will not repine,—
I heard a heavenly teacher speak,
And felt the sun of mercy shine:
I hail'd the light! the birth divine!
And then was seal'd among the few;
Those angry fiends beheld the sign,
And from me in an instant flew,

Come hear how thus the charmers cry
To wandering sheep, the strays of sin;
While some the wicket-gate pass by,
And some will knock and enter in:
Full joyful 'tis a soul to win,
For he that winneth souls is wise;
Now hark! the holy strains begin,
And thus the sainted preacher cries:—

“Pilgrim, burthen'd with thy sin,
“Come the way to Zion's gate,
“There, till mercy let thee in,
“Knock and weep and watch and wait.
“Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry:
“Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears:
“Watch!—for saving grace is nigh:
“Wait,—till heavenly light appears.

“Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice;
“Welcome, pilgrim to thy rest;
“Now within the gate rejoice,
“Safe and seal'd and bought and blest!
“Safe—from all the lures of vice,
“Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,
“Bought—by love, and life the price,
“Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

“Holy Pilgrim! what for thee,
“In a world like this remain?
“From thy guarded breast shall flee,
“Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
“Fear—the hope of Heaven shall fly,
“Shame—from glory's view retire,
“Doubt—in certain rapture die,
“Pain—in endless bliss expire.”

But though my day of grace was come,
Yet still my days of grief I find;
The former clouds' collected gloom
Still sadden the reflecting mind;

The soul, to evil things consign'd,
Will of their evil some retain;
The man will seem to earth inclin'd,
And will not look erect again.

Thus, though elect, I feel it hard,
To lose what I possess'd before,
To be from all my wealth debarr'd,—
The brave Sir Eustace is no more:
But old I wax and passing poor,
Stern, rugged men my conduct view,
They chide my wish, they bar my door,
'Tis hard, I weep, you see I do.—

Must you, my friends, no longer stay?
Thus quickly all my pleasures end!
But I'll remember, when I pray,
My kind physician and his friend;
And those sad hours, you deign to spend
With me, I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send,
And thank their love at Greyling Hall.

VISITOR.

The poor Sir Eustace!—Yet his hope
Leads him to think of joys again;
And when his earthly visions droop,
His views of heavenly kin remain:—
But whence that meek and humbled strain,
That spirit wounded, lost, resign'd;
Would not so proud a soul disdain
The madness of the poorest mind?

PHYSICIAN.

No! for the more he swell'd with pride,
The more he felt misfortune's blow;
Disgrace and grief he could not hide,
And poverty had laid him low:
Thus shame and sorrow working slow,
At length this humble spirit gave;
Madness on these began to grow,
And bound him to his fiends a slave.

Though the wild thoughts had touch'd his
brain,

Then was he free:—So, forth he ran;
To soothe or threat, alike were vain:
He spake of fiends; look'd wild and wan;
Year after year, the hurried man
Obey'd those fiends from place to place;
Till his religious change began
To form a frenzied child of grace.

For, as the fury lost its strength,
The mind repos'd; by slow degrees,
Came lingering hope, and brought at length,
To the tormented spirit, ease:

This slave of sin, whom fiends could seize,
Felt or believ'd their power had end;—
" 'Tis faith," he cried, " my bosom frees,
" And now my Saviour is my friend."

But ah! though time can yield relief,
And soften woes it cannot cure;
Would we not suffer pain and grief,
To have our reason sound and sure?

Then let us keep our bosoms pure,
Our fancy's favourite flights suppress;
Prepare the body to endure,
And bend the mind to meet distress;
And then His guardian care implore,
Whom demons dread and men adore.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Born 1772.—Died 1834.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

[In seven Parts.]

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
" By the long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
Mays't hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
" There was a ship," quoth he.
" Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

" The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking winds,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar’d the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wonderous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drift the snowy clift,
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shape of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roar’d and howl’d,
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an albatross :
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steer’d us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner’s hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch’d for vespers nine ;
Whilst all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !—
Why look’st thou so ? ”—With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross !

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the Mariner’s hollo !

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work ’em woe :
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
They all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
’Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow stream’d off free :
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
’Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch’s oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so :
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither’d at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choak’d with soot.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist :
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck. a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it near'd and near'd :
And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm. I sucked the blood,
And cried, "A sail ! a sail !"

With throat unslacked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal ;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres !

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
" The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

A gust of wind stertere up behind
And whistled through his bones ;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of
his mouth,
Half whistles and half groans.

The sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white ;
From the sails the dews did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star dogg'd moon
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And curs'd me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thumb, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow !

PART IV.

" I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest !
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Liv'd on ; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat :
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky
Lay, like a cloud, on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high :
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the cur e 'n a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes :
They mov'd in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware !
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about ;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud ;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;

The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Were they were wont to do :
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee :
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

" I fear thee, ancient mariner !"
 Be calm thou, wedding-guest !
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
 And clustered round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound ;
 Then darted to the sun ;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel's song,
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid : and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right above the mast,
 Had fixt her to the ocean ;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length,
 With a short uneasy motion,

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound :
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare ;
 But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two voices in the air.

" Is it he ?" quoth one, " Is this the man ?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low,
 The harmless albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow ;
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew :
 Quoth he, " The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
 What is the ocean doing ?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
 The ocean hath no blast ;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the mariner's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather :
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly, flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were,
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot, and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
"Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw ought like to them,
Unless perchance it were

The skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along :
When the ivy-toe is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared—Push on, push on !
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd,
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
" Ha ! ha !" quoth he, " full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

" O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !"
The hermit cross'd his brow.
" Say quick," quoth he, " I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there ;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pin'd ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That craz'd that bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land !

And how she wept, and claspt his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she slept aside,
As conscious of my look she slept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin-pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

FRANCE.

An Ode.

I.

YE clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may con-
trol !

Ye ocean waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws !
Ye woods ! that listen to the night-birds' sing-

ing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swing-

ing,
Have made a solemn music of the wind !
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod,

How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable
sound!

O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soar'd!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs uprear'd,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth
and sea,
Stamp'd her strong foot and said she would be
free,

Bear witness for me, how I hoped and fear'd!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs march'd in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had sworn the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and
groves;
Yet still my voice, unalter'd sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat?
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame;
But bless'd the pæans of deliver'd France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

"And what," I said, "though blasphemy's loud
scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions
wove,
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east as-
sembled,
The sun was rising, though he hid his light!
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and
trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and
bright;
When France her front deep-scar'd and gory
Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory;
When insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal
stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproach'd my fears that would not
flee;

"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her
lore

In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free.
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth
their own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country pe-
rish'd;
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me that I
cherish'd
One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where peace her jealous home had built,
A patriot race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the moun-
taineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous,
blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous
prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray.

V.

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victors' strain, nor
ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Not prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious blasphemy's obscene slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of
the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze
above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.
February, 1797.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragg'd through fir-groves ever-
more,

Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral ^[forms]
Speckled with sunshine ; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound ;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter ; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leap'd frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood ; for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest still receive
Their finer influence from the life within :
Fair ciphers else : fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country ! O thou queen,
Thou delegated deity of earth,
O dear, dear, England ! how my longing eye
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs !

My native land ! ^{[proud,}
Fill'd with the thought of thee this heart was
Yea, mine eye swam with tears : that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods, and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim ! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly ; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is every where : the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

COMPLAINT AND REPROOF.

"How seldom, friend ! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

For shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting
strain ! ^{[tain?}

What wouldst thou have a good great man ob-
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or thrones of corpses which his sword hath slain ?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ?—three treasures, love
and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

MRS. HEMANS.

Born 1794.—Died 1835.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and
cells ?

Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main !

—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured
shells,

Bright things which gleam unrecked-of, and in
vain !

—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !—what wealth
untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness
lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,

Won from ten thousand royal Argosies !

—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful
main !

Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have more ! thy waves
have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by !

Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,

Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.

—Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play !

Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy
breast !

They hear not now the booming waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break their rest.

—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy
grave !

Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breath-
less gloom.

And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er-
thrown—

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery
crown,

—Yet must thou hear a voice—restore the dead !

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from
thee !

—Restore the dead, thou sea !

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the ocean isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone ;
—There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped !
Why should they reck whose task is done ?
There slumber England's dead !

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !
Let the forest-wreaths be shed !
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
—They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod !
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God !

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh ! Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelm-
ing power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh ! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden
grain—

But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?—
They have one season—all are hours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe and trumpets
rend [crest.

The skies, and swords beat down the princely

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to whither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh ! Death.

THE PALM-TREE.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby ;

It was not fanned by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream, of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there !—the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed ;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;
Lamps that from flowering branches hung,
On spark's of dew soft colours flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng.
Seemed reckless of all dance or song :
He was a youth of dusky mein,
Whereon the Indian sun had been
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms :
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him, its rustling spoke
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore ;—
All through his wakening bosom swept :
He clasped his country's tree and wept !

Oh ! scorn him not !—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gushed that child-like tear !

THE BETTER LAND.

" I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs ?"

—" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"

—" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it far way, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand ?—

Is it there, sweet mother, the better land ?"

—" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child !"

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Born 1762.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

[Part the First.]

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village green
 With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
 Still'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols clos'd the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasur'd tales, and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
 What secret charms this silent spot endear ?

Mark yon old mansion frowning thro' the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown
 court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;
 When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
 Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptur'd shield,
 The martin's old, hereditary nest.
 Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !
 That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly
 hung,

Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung,
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,
 We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling
 jest ;

And all was sunshine in each little breast.
 'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by the sound ;
 And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
 'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring ;
 And fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
 Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear ;
 And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
 Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
 Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood :
 Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
 With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower ;
 O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
 Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its
 sleep.

Ye household deities ! whose guardian eye
 Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on
 high ;
 Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
 And breathe the soul of inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
 The storied arras, source of fond delight,
 With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight ;
 And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
 On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
 The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart,
 The clock still points its moral to the heart.
 That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear !
 When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near :
 And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
 Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time ?
 That massive beam, with curious carvings
 wrought, [thought ;
 Whence the caged linnet sooth'd my pensive
 Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust ;
 Those once lov'd forms, still breathing thro'
 their dust,
 Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life—all whisper of the past !

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove !
 How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
 We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest ;
 Welcom'd the wild-bee home on weary wing,
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !
 How oft inscrib'd with Friendship's votive rhyme,
 The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time ;
 Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
 Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer-
 shade ;

Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
 To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's lov'd group revisits every scene ;
 The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green !
 Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live !
 Cloth'd with far softer hues than light can give.
 Thou first, best friend that heav'n assigns below,
 To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
 Whose glad suggestion stills each vain alarm,
 When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;
 Thee would the Muse invoke ! To thee belong
 The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
 What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight
 steals !

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
 Long on the wave reflected lustres play,
 Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd,
 Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses
 gray,
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
 Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
 Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn :

Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blaz'd
The gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest
shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd :—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes
and fears,

To learn the colour of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—'Tis bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pang his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such good-
ness live!"

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Angels, when mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell
The church clock strikes! ye tender scenes,
farewell!

It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
The few fond lines that time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
When the heart danc'd and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,
He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,
Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;

Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;
In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.

—But when the sons of peace and pleasure sleep,
When only sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind,
With sigh so sweet, with transports so refin'd?

Ethereal power! whose smile, at noon of night,
Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight;
Instils that musing, melancholy mood,
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest memory, hail! Oh grant the grateful
muse,

Her pencil dipt in nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden
chain.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
Conven'd the subject-spirits to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.
Each shrills the seat of sense, that sacred source,
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And thro' the frame invisibly convey
The subtle quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From reason's faintest ray to Newton soar;
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the
breeze,
The village common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers
sleep;
All rouse reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dar'd explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of science, woo'd the gale,
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,

And all his soul best-lov'd—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the
mast;

Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy forest fring'd the evening sky.

So, Scotia's queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering
height.

That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues pourtray'd
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the
wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of
youth,

Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's
sigh;

This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, tho' hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart:
Hence *l'iber awes*, and *Avon* melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in *Tempe's* classic vale,
Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the
gale;

In wild *Vaucluse* with love and *Laura* dwell,
And watch and weep in *Eloisa's* cell.
'Twas ever thus. As now at *Virgil's* tomb,
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So *Tully* paus'd amid the wrecks of time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honour'd dust dispos'd,
The immortal sage of *Syracuse* repos'd.
And as his youth in sweet delusion hung,
Where once a *Plato* taught, a *Pindar* sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruin'd *Tusculum's* romantic groves?
In *Rome's* great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover views the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face!

The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the charm of innocence at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What tho' the iron school of war erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace:
What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;
Still shall this active principle preside,
And wake the tear, to pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hear the song so sweetly wild
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguill'd,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him
rise,

And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs,
Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:
Say why *Vespasian* lov'd his *Sabine* farm;
Why great *Navarre*, when France and freedom
bled,

Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.
When *Diocletian's* self-corrected mind
The imperial fasces of a world resign'd,
Say why we trace the labours of his spade,
In calm *Salona's* philosophic shade.
Say, when contentious *Charles* renounc'd a throne,
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew?
What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?
The still retreats that sooth'd his tranquil breast,
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.
Undamp'd by time, the generous instinct glows
Far as *Angola's* sands, as *Zembla's* snows;
Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life impress.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:—
And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture
round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter-wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!

Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from the door,
 Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
 His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
 With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—
 And see, the master but returns to die!
 Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
 The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,
 The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
 These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
 Will firm fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
 The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
 Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her
 flight?

Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations bless'd the
 sight.

Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
 Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
 'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
 And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,
 And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
 When, with the silent energy of grief,
 With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
 Want, with her babes, round generous valour
 clung,

To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
 'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
 Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
 Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from
 the sky.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
 Blihe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
 O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
 And many a stream allures her to its source.
 'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
 Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
 Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
 Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd!
 Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
 Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
 With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
 Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
 Hail, memory, hail! thy universal reign
 Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

Conclusion of the Poem.

[From Part the Second.]

HAIL, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And place and time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, hope's summer visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!

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But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
 These when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest
 Where virtue triumphs and her sons are blest!

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Born 1762.

AT DOVER CLIFFS.

On these white cliffs that calm above the flood
 Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood:

And while the lifted murmur met his ear
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve
 Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must
 leave
 To-morrow;—of the friends he lov'd most dear:

Of social scenes from which he wept to part.—
 But if like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past
 recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide:—
 The world his country, and his God his guide.

AT A CONVENT.

If chance some pensive stranger hither led,
 His bosom glowing from majestic views
 The gorgeous dome or the proud landscape's
 hues,
 Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed—
 'Tis poor MATILDA—to the cloister'd scene
 A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came
 To shed her tears unmarkt, and quench the
 flame
 Of fruitless love.—Yet was her look serene
 As the pale moon-light in the midnight aisle:
 Her voice was soft; which yet a charm could
 lend
 Like that which spoke of a departed Friend;—
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
 Now far remov'd from every earthly ill
 Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!
 As when at opening morn the fragrant breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of wan dis-
 ease;
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel.

And hark, with lessening cadence now they fall !
 And now along the white and level tide
 They sing their melancholy music wide
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall

Of summer-days, and those delightful years
 When by my native streams, in life's fair
 prime,
 The mournful Magic of their mingling chime
 First wak'd my wandering childhood into tears :
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy once heard and heard no
 more.

TIME.

O TIME ! who knowest a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away ;
 On thee I rest my only hope at last
 And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—
 Yet ah ! how much must that poor heart endure
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Born 1764.

LORD JOHN OF THE EAST.

THE fires blazed bright till deep midnight,
 And the guests sat in the hall,
 And the Lord of the feast, lord John of the
 East,
 Was the merriest of them all.

His dark-grey eye, that wont so sly
 Beneath his helm to scowl,
 Flash'd keenly bright, like a new-waked sprite,
 As pass'd the circling bowl.

In laughter light, or jocund lay,
 That voice was heard, whose sound,
 Stern, loud, and deep, in battle-fray
 Did foemen fierce astound ;

And stretch'd so calm, like lady's palm,
 To every jester near,
 That hand which through a prostrate foe
 Oft thrust the ruthless spear.

The gallants sang, and the goblets rang,
 And they revell'd in careless state,
 Till a thundering sound, that shook the ground,
 Was heard at the castle-gate.

" Who knocks without, so loud and stout ?
 Some wandering knight, I ween,
 Who from afar, like a guiding star,
 Our blazing hall hath seen.

" If a stranger it be of high degree,
 (No churl durst make such a din,)
 Step forth amain, my pages twain,
 And soothly ask him in.

" Tell him our cheer is the forest deer,
 Our bowl is mantling high,
 And the lord of the feast is John of the East,
 Who welcomes him courteously."

The pages twain return'd again,
 And a wild scared look had they :
 " Why look ye so ?—is it friend or foe ?"
 Did the angry baron say.

" A stately knight without doth wait,
 But further he will not hie,
 Till the baron himself shall come to the gate,
 And ask him courteously."

" By my mother's shroud, he is full proud !
 What earthly man is he ?" [youth,
 " I know not in truth," quoth the trembling
 " If earthly man it be.

" In traveller's plight he is bedight,
 With a vest of the crim'sy meet ; [wind,
 But his mantle behind, that streams on the
 Is a corse's bloody sheet."

" Out, paltry child ! thy wits are wild,
 Thy comrade will me true :
 Say plainly, then, what hast thou seen ?
 Or dearly shalt thou rue."

Faint spoke the second page with fear,
 And bent him on his knee,
 " Were I on your father's sword to swear,
 The same it appear'd to me."

Then dark, dark lower'd the baron's eye,
 And his red cheek changed to wan ;
 For again at the gate more furiously
 The thundering din began.

" And is there ne'er of my vassals here,
 Of high or low degree,
 That will unto this stranger go—
 Will go for the love of me ?"

Then spoke and said fierce Donald the Red—
 (A fearless man was he),
 " Yes ; I will straight to the castle-gate,
 Lord John, for the love of thee."

With heart full stout he hied him out,
While silent all remain ;
Nor moved a tongue those gallants among,
Till Donald return'd again.

" O speak," said his Lord ; " by thy hopes of
grace,
What stranger must we hail ?"
But the haggard look of Donald's face
Made his faltering words to fail.

" It is a knight in some foreign guise—
His like I did never behold ;
For the stony look of his beamless eyes
Made my very life-blood cold.

" I did him greet in fashion meet,
And bade him your feast partake ;
But the voice that spoke, when he silence broke,
Made the earth beneath me quake.

" O such a tone did tongue ne'er own
That dwelt in mortal head ;
It is like a sound from the hollow ground—
Like the voice of the coffin'd dead.

" I bade him to your social board ;
But in he will not hie,
Until at the gate this castle's lord
Shall entreat him courteously.

" And he stretch'd him the while, with a ghast-
ly smile,
And sternly bade me say,
'Twas no depute's task your guest to ask
To the feast of the woody bay."

Pale grew the baron, and faintly said,
As he heaved his breath with pain—
" From such a feast as there was spread,
Do any return again ?

" I bade my guest to a bloody feast,
Where the death'a-wound was his fare ;
And the isle's bright maid, who my love be-
tray'd,
She tore her raven hair.

" The sea-fowl screams, and the watch-tower
gleams,
And the deafening billows roar,
Where the unblest was put to rest
On a wild and distant shore.

" Do the hollow grave and the whelming wave
Give up their dead again ?
Doth the surgy waste waft o'er its breast
The spirits of the slain ?"

But his loosen'd limbs shook fast, and pour'd
The big drops from his brow,
As louder still the third time roar'd
The thundering gate below.

" O rouse thee, baron, for manhood's worth !
Let good or ill befall,
Thou must to the stranger knight go forth,
And ask him to your hall."

" Rouse thy bold breast," said each eager guest ;
" What boots it shrinking so ?
Be it fiend or sprite, or murder'd knight,
In God's name thou must go.

" Why should'st thou fear ? dost thou not wear
A gift from the great Glendower—
Sandals blest by a holy priest,
O'er which nought ill hath power ?"

All ghastly pale, did the baron quail,
As he turn'd him to the door,
And his sandals blest by a holy priest,
Sound feebly on the floor.

Then back to the hall, and his merry mates all,
He cast his parting eye :
" God send thee amain safe back again !"
He heaved a heavy sigh.

Then listen'd they, on the lengthen'd way,
To his faint and lessening tread ;
And, when that was past, to the wailing blast,
That wail'd as for the dead.

But wilder it grew, and stronger it blew,
And it rose with an elrich sound,
Till the lofty keep on its rocky steep
Fell hurtling to the ground.

Each fearful eye then glanced on high,
To the lofty-window'd wall ;
When a fiery trace of the baron's face
Through the casements shone on all.

But the vision'd glare pass'd through the air,
And the raging tempest ceased :
And never more, on sea or shore,
Was seen Lord John of the East.

The sandals blest by a holy priest,
Lay unscathed on the swarded green ;
But never again, on land or main,
Lord John of the East was seen.

SONG.

From the Beacon.

I.

Wish'd-for gales the light vane weering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering ;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting ;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost be
found.

II.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing,
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing ;
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing ;
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

III.

Hymned thanks and bedesmen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing ;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning,
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows—
O, who can tell each blessed sight and sound,
That says, he with us bides, our long, long lost is found!

FIRST VIEW OF AMERICA.

[From "Columbus" a National Legend.]

It was a land, unmarred by art,
To please the eye and cheer the heart :
The native's simple huts were seen
Peeping their palmy groves between,—
Groves, where each dome of sweepy leaves
In air of morning gently heaves,
And, as the deep vans fall and rise,
Changes its richly verdant dyes ;
A land whose simple sons till now
Had scarcely seen a careful brow ;
They spent at will each passing day
In lightsome toil or active play.
Some their light canoes were guiding,
Along the shore's sweet margin gliding ;
Some in the sunny sea were swimming.
The bright waves o'er their dark forms gleaming ;
Some on the beach for shellfish stooping,
Or on the smooth sand gaily trooping ;
Or in link'd circles featly dancing
With golden braid and bracelet glancing.—
By shelter'd door were infants creeping,
Or on the shaded herbage sleeping ;
Gay feather'd birds the air were winging,
And parrots on their high perch swinging,
While humming birds, like sparks of light,
Twinkled and vanish'd from the sight.

FAME.

(From the same Poem.)

O! who shall lightly say that fame,
Is nothing but an empty name !
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerve to brace, the heart to warm,
As thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part ?

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past, a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea ?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
When memory of the mighty dead
To earthborn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality ?

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant happy goal,
For is there one who musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think, beneath the mouldering heap,
That noble being shall for ever sleep ?
"No," saith the generous heart, and fondly swells.
"Though his sere'd corse lies here, with God
his spirit dwells."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Born 1770.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;
And from the infernal gods, mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required :
Celestial pity I again implore ;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove restore !"

So speaking; and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands ;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence—his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear, "Such grace hath crowned
thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord
to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our Palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will re-
joice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon,—and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand [hold;
Should die; but me the threat could not with-
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were
deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou
art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath de-
creed [grave;
That thou should'st cheat the malice of the
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ
threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn;
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestitis, a re-animated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble wo-
man's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!" he
said— [ed;
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheer-
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beautiful—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purple gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest
day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight
While tears were thy best pastime—day and
night:

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,

Chieftains and kings in council were detained ;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

The wished-for wind was given :—I then
revolved

The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains—
flowers ;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
' Behold they tremble ! haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die ?'
In soul I swept the indignity away :
Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And thou, though strong in love, art all too
weak

In reason, in self-government too slow ;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised ;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Towards a higher object.—Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled ; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes re-appears !
Round the dear shade she would have clung—
'tis vain :

The hours are past—too brief had they been
years ;

And him no mortal effort can detain :
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly
day

He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved ;
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy ghosts—that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due :
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)

A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight :
A constant interchange of growth and blight !

HART-LEAP WELL.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE knight had ridden down from Wensley
Moor

With the slow motion of a summer's cloud ;
He turned aside towards a vassal's door,
And " bring another horse !" he cried aloud.

" Another horse !"—That shout the vassal
heard

And saddled his best steed, a comely gray ;
Sir Walter mounted him ; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes ;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair ;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar ;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all ;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain :
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them
on

With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ;
But breath and eyesight fail ; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain
fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?
—'This chase it looks not like an earthly chase ;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side ;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn ;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
 And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying stretched:
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
 And with the last deep groan his breath had
 fetched
 The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
 (Never had living man such joyful lot!)
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and
 west,
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
 Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted
 beast
 Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till
 now
 Such sight was never seen by living eyes:
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty
 brow,
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
 And a small arbour, made for rural joy;
 'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
 A place of love for damsels that are coy.

A cunning artist will I have to frame
 A basin for that fountain in the dell!
 And they who do make mention of the same,
 From this day forth, shall call it **HART-LEAP**
WELL.

And, gallant stag! to make thy praises known,
 Another monument shall here be raised;
 Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have
 grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,
 I will come hither with my paramour;
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
 We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail
 My mansion with its arbour shall endure;—
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
 And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the hart, stone-
 dead

With breathless nostrils stretched above the
 spring.

—Soon did the knight perform what he had said
 And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

4 s

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered,
 A cup of stone received the living well;
 Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
 And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
 With trailing plants and trees were inter-
 twined,—
 Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer-days were long,
 Sir Walter led his wondering paramour;
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
 Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time
 And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
 But there is matter for a second rhyme,
 And I to this would add another tale.

[Part Second.]

THE moving accident is not my trade:
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
 Three aspens at three corners of a square;
 And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine:
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
 I saw three pillars standing in a line,
 The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor
 head;
 Half-wasted the square mound of tawny green;
 So that you just might say, as then I said,
 "Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
 More doleful place did never eye survey;
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
 And nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
 When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
 Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
 And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same story
 told

Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
 "A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
 But something ails it now; the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
 Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
 These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,
 The finest palace of a hundred realms!

The harbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stoues, the fountain, and the stream,
But as to the great lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood : but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's
brain have past !
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep.
Are but three bounds—and look, sir, at this
last—
—O master ! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the hart might have to love this
place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide ;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing :
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stoues, and fountain all are gone."

" Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;
Small difference lies between thy creed and
mine :
This beast not unobserved by nature fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine !

The being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;
But nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be
known ;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, shepherd, let us too divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what con-
ceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

LINES TO THE RIVER WYE.

Five years have past ; five summers, with the
length

Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-
springs

With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and con-
nect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-
tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits.
Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves

Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little
lines

Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was
when first

I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Where'er nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature
then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetit ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I
still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! nor, perchance
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together ; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service : rather say
With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy
sake !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Suggested by a picture of Pele Castle, in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile !
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee ;
I saw thee every day ; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
So like, so very like, was day to day !
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings :
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made :
And seen the soul of truth in every part ;
A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more :
I have submitted to a new control :
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
A deep distress hath humanised my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been
the friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well ;
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling
waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind !
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird : but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do forget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for thee !

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statesman, in the van
Of public business trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh:
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that fallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer?
A rosy man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, doctor, not too near:
This grave, no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A soldier, and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one, all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn: aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That abject thing, thy soul, away!

—A moralist perchance appears;
Led, heaven knows how! to this poor sod
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all in all!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,
—The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

LINES,

Written in early Spring.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, for *English words*
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve ;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire ;
 But where we stood, the setting sun
 Showed little of his state ;
 And, if the glory reached the nun,
 'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
 Nor pity idly born.
 If even a passing stranger sighs
 For them who do not mourn.
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
 Captive, whoe'er thou be !
 Oh ! what is beauty, what is love,
 And opening life to thee ?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
 A feeling sanctified
 By one soft trickling tear that stole
 From the maiden at my side :
 Less tribute could she pay than this,
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
 Of English liberty ?

Written in an Album.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one ;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

SONNETS.

On the Sonnet.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; critic, you have frowned.
 Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
 Camœns soothed with it an exile's grief ;
 The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a
 damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

“ BELOVED Vale !” I said, “ when I shall con
 Those many records of my childish years,
 Remembrance of myself and of my peers
 Will press me down : to think of what is gone
 Will be an awful thought, if life have one.”
 But, when into the vale I came, no fears
 Distressed me ; from mine eyes escaped no tears ;
 Deep thought, or awful vision, had I none.

By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost,
 I stood of simple shame the blushing thrall ;
 So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small.
 A juggler's balls old time about him tossed ;
 I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed ; and all
 The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

Upon the sight of a Beautiful Picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.

PRaised be the Art whose subtle power could
 stay
 Von cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape ;
 Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
 Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day ;
 Which stopped that band of travellers on their
 way.
 Ere they were lost within the shady wood ;
 And showed the bark upon the glassy flood
 For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
 Soul-soothing Art ! which morning, noon-tide,
 even,
 Do serve with all their changeful pageantry ;
 Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
 To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

A VOLANT tribe of bards on earth are found,
 Who, while the flattering zephyrs round them
 play,
 On “ coignes of vantage” hang their nests of
 clay ;
 How quickly from that airy hold unbound,
 Dust for oblivion ! to the solid ground
 Of nature trusts the mind that builds for aye ;
 Convinced that there, there only she can lay
 Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
 Apart she toils within the chosen ring ;
 While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
 Is gently closing with the flowers of spring ;
 Where even the motion of an angel's wing
 Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
 Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

Personal Talk.

I AM not one who much or oft delight
 To season my fireside with personal talk,—
 Of friends, who live within an easy walk;
 Of neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight;
 And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
 These all wear out of me, like forms, with
 chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-
 night.
 Better than such discourse doth silence long,
 Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint under song.

Continued.

"YET life," you say, "is life; we have seen and
 see,
 And with a living pleasure we describe;
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
 The languid mind into activity.
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and
 glee
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
 Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
 Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not
 me!
 Children are blest, and powerful; their world
 lies
 More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
 And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
 Are those that are by distance made more
 sweet;
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
 He is a slave; the meanest we can meet!

Continued.

WINGS have we,—and as far as we can go
 We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
 Dreams, books, are each a world; and books,
 we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and
 blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,
 To which I listen with a ready ear;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
 The gentle lady married to the moor;
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.

Concluded.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
 From evil-speaking; rancour never sought,
 Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous
 thought:

And thus from day to day my little boat
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
 The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
 Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1803.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest.
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore:
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has
tamed
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts de-
part
When men change swords for ledgers, and
desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears un-
named
I had, my country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of thee, and what thou
art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and
wall,
Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall:
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls. For who could
be,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach which he must
share
With human nature? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and
pine,
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flow-
ers
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE
NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE virgin mountain, wearing like a queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more
keen,
Till madness seizes on the whole wide flood,
Turned to a fearful thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he
tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood,

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Born 1771.

A FIELD FLOWER.

On Finding one in full Bloom, on Christmas day, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer-reign,
The daisy never dies.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean.—The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.—Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
When Gallia's host was thrown'd,
And Nelson, o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare:
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep that, like a cradled child,
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day:
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind:
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had curs'd it on its homeward way,
—"The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
'Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show!
So views the mother, through her tears,

4 T

The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
Peril and death they spurn'd:
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew;
Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field;
And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves, to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate:
—That story would the Muse relate,
The song might rise in vain;
In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furl'd—
Never on known or friendly land
By storms their keel was hurl'd;
Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;
Throughout the living world
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The spirit of the Cape pursued
Their long and toilsome way;
At length, in ocean-solitude,
He sprang upon his prey:
'Havoc!' the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play;
The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen till the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar:
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The hope that keeps alive despair.

The Sequel.

He sought his sire from shore to shore,
 He sought him day by day ;
 The prow he track'd was seen no more,
 Breasting the ocean-spray :
 Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
 He sail'd above his father's head,
 Unconscious where it lay,
 Deep, deep beneath the rolling main ;
 —He sought his sire ; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave ! no longer weep ;
 Still with affection true,
 Along the wild disastrous deep,
 Thy father's course pursue ;
 Full in his wake of glory steer,
 His spirit prompts thy bold career,
 His compass guides thee through ;
 So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
 Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

*THE ALPS, A REVERIE.**Part I. Day.*

THE mountains of this glorious land
 Are conscious beings to mine eye,
 When at the break of day they stand
 Like giants, looking through the sky,
 To hail the sun's unrisen car,
 That gilds their diadems of snow ;
 While one by one, as star by star,
 Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
 When to the horizontal ray
 The many-tinctured vapours roll
 In evanescent wreaths away.
 And leave them naked on the scene,
 The emblems of eternity,
 The same as they have ever been,
 And shall for ever be.

Yet through the valley while I range,
 Their cliffs, like images in dreams,
 Colour and shape, and station change ;
 Here crags and caverns, woods and streams,
 And seas of adamant ice,
 With gardens, vineyards, fields embraced,
 Open a way to paradise
 Through all the splendid waste.

The goats are hanging on the rocks,
 Wide through their pastures roam the herds ;
 Peace on the uplands feeds her flocks,
 Till suddenly the king of birds
 Pouncing a lamb, they start for fear :
 He bears his bleating prize on high ;
 The well-known plaint his nestlings hear,
 And raise a ravening cry.

The sun in morning freshness shines :
 At noon behold his orb o'ercast ;
 Hollow and dreary o'er the pines,
 Like distant ocean, moans the blast :
 The mountains darken at the sound,
 Put on their armour, and anon,
 In panoply of clouds wrapt round,
 Their forms from sight are gone.

Hark ! war in heaven !—the battle-shout
 Of thunder rends the echoing air ;
 Lo ! war in heaven !—thick-flashing out
 Through torrent-rains, red lightnings glare :
 As though the Alps, with mortal ire,
 At once a thousand voices raised ;
 And with a thousand swords of fire
 At once in conflict blazed.

Part II. Night.

Come, golden evening, in the west
 Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,
 And let the triple rainbow rest
 O'er all the mountain-tops ;—'tis done ;
 The deluge ceases : bold and bright,
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill ;
 Down sinks the sun ; on presses night ;
 —Mont Blanc is lovely still.

There take thy stand, my spirit ;—spread
 The world of shadows at thy feet ;
 And mark how calmly, overhead,
 The stars like saints in glory meet :
 While hid in solitude sublime,
 Methinks I muse on nature's tomb,
 And hear the passing foot of time
 Step through the gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
 From precipice to precipice,
 An avalanche's ruins dash
 Down to the nethermost abyss :
 Invisible, the ear alone
 Follows the uproar till it dies :
 Echo on echo, groan for groan,
 From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,—
 Darkness that may be felt ;—but soon
 The silver-clouded east reveals
 The midnight spectre of the moon :
 In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
 Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
 Brings the faint semblance of a morn
 With her awakening beam.

Ha ! at her touch, these Alpine heights
 Unreal mockeries appear ;
 With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
 Enlarging as she climbs the sphere ;
 A crowd of apparitions pale !
 I hold my breath in chill suspense,
 —They seem so exquisitely frail,—
 Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe ;
 Lake of Geneva ! thee I trace,
 Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
 And beautiful as Dian's face :
 Pride of this land of liberty !
 All that thy waves reflect I love ;
 Where heaven itself, brought down to thee,
 Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray,
 The trance of poesy is o'er,
 And I am here at dawn of day,
 Gazing on mountains as before ;
 For all the strange mutations wrought
 Were magic feats of my own mind :
 Thus, in the fairy-land of thought,
 Whate'er I seek I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills !
 Buildings of God, not made with hands,
 Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
 Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands ;
 Can there be eyes that look on you,
 Till tears of rapture make them dim,
 Nor in his works the Maker view,
 Then lose his works in Him ?

By me when I behold Him not,
 Or love Him not when I behold,
 Be all I ever knew forgot ;
 My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold ;
 Transform'd to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
 On yonder cliff my form be seen.
 That all may ask, but none reply,
 What my offence hath been.

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown—
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away,—
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 —They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

Supposed to be addressed by the Reverend Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. With great care and nursing, the Doctor has been enabled to perpetuate the Daisy in India, as an annual only, raised by seed preserved from season to season.

THRICE welcome, little English flower !
 My mother-country's white and red,
 In rose or lily, till this hour,
 Never to me such beauty spread :
 Transplanted from thine island-bed,
 A treasure in a grain of earth,
 Strange as a spirit from the dead,
 Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
 Shut close their leaves while vapours lower :
 But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
 With unabash'd but modest eyes,
 Follow his motion to the west,
 Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
 Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower,
 To this resplendent hemisphere,
 Where Flora's giant offspring tower
 In gorgeous liveries all the year ;
 Thou, only thou, art little here,
 Like worth unfriended and unknown,
 Yet to my British heart more dear
 Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 Of early scenes beloved by me,
 While happy in my father's bower,
 Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;
 The fairy sports of infancy,
 Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
 Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
 I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 I'll rear thee with a trembling hand :
 Oh, for the April sun and shower,
 The sweet May dews of that fair land,
 Where daisies, thick as star-light, stand
 In every walk !—that here may shoot
 Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
 A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
 To me the pledge of hope unseen ;
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
 For joys that were, or might have been,
 I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
 I saw thee waking from the dust ;
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
 And place in God my trust.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest :
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams :
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife :
Ah ! visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil :
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep :
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch :
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care :
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think :
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight ; and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :—
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his follower do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death :
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death be mine.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Born 1774.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS—HER ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

[From Joan of Arc.]

“ SEEST thou, Sir Chief, where yonder forest
skirts

The Meuse, that in its winding mazes shows
As on the farther bank the distant towers
Of Vaucouleur ? there in the hamlet Arc
My father's dwelling stands ; a lowly hut,
Yet nought of needful comfort did it lack,
For in Lorraine there lived no kinder lord
Than old Sir Robert, and my father Jaques
In flocks and herds was rich. A toiling man
Intent on worldly gains, one in whose heart
Affection had no root. I never knew
A parent's love, for harsh my mother was,
And deem'd the cares which infancy demands
Irk some, and ill-repaid. Severe they were,
And would have made me fear them, but my
soul

Possess'd the germ of steady fortitude,
And stubbornly I bore unkind rebuke
And wrathful chastisement. Yet was the voice
That spake in tones of tenderness most sweet
To my young heart ; how have I felt it leap
With transport, when mine uncle Claude ap-
proach'd !

For he would place me on his knee, and tell
The wondrous tales that childhood loves to
hear,

Listening with eager eyes and open lips
Devoutly in attention. Good old man !
Oh if I ever pour'd a prayer to Heaven
Unhallow'd by the grateful thought of him,
Methinks the righteous winds would scatter it !
He was a parent to me, and his home
Was mine, when in advancing years I found
No peace, no comfort in my father's house.
With him I pass'd the pleasant evening hours,
By day I drove my father's flock afield,
And this was happiness.

Amid these wilds
Often to summer pasture have I driven
The flock ; and well I know these mountain
wilds,

And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
Beside yon valley stream, that up the ascent
Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and
watch'd

The Beck roll glittering to the noon-tide sun,
And listen'd to its ceaseless murmuring,
Till all was hush'd and tranquil in my soul,
Fill'd with a strange and undefined delight
That pass'd across the mind like summer clouds
Over the lake at eve, their fleeting hues
The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,

Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
How lovely.

Here in solitude and peace
My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was
As the white mists of morning roll'd away
To see the mountain's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope
With gorse-flowers glowing, as the rising sun
On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light.
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
To lie me down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever-varying forms; and oh how sweet!
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
And hasten to our little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.
Amid the village playmates of my youth
Was one whom riper years approved a friend.
A gentle maid was my poor Madelon,
I lov'd her as a sister, and long time
Her undivided tenderness possess'd,
Till that a better and a holier tie
Gave her one nearer friend; and then my heart
Partook her happiness, for never lived
A happier pair than Arnaud and his wife.

"Lorraine was call'd to arms, and with her
youth

Went Arnaud to the war. The morn was fair,
Bright shone the sun, the birds sung cheerfully,
And all the fields look'd lovely in the spring;
But to Domremi wretched was that day,
For there was lamentation, and the voice
Of anguish, and the deeper agony
That spake not. Never will my heart forget
The feelings that shot through me, when the
horn

Gave its last call, and through the castle-gate
The banner moved, and from the clinging arms
Which hung on them, as for a last embrace
Sons, brethren, husbands went.

More frequent now
Sought I the converse of poor Madelon,
For now she needed friendship's soothing voice.
All the long summer did she live in hope
Of tidings from the war; and as at eve
She with her mother by the cottage door
Sat in the sunshine, if a traveller
Appear'd at distance, coming o'er the brow,
Her eye was on him, and it might be seen
By the flush'd cheek what thoughts were in her
heart,

And by the deadly paleness which ensued
How her heart died within her. So the days
And weeks and months pass'd on, and when the
leaves

Fell in the autumn, a most painful hope
That reason own'd not, that with expectation
Did never cheer her as she rose at morn,
Still linger'd in her heart, and still at night
Made disappointment dreadful. Winter came
But Arnaud never from the war return'd,
He far away had perish'd; and when late

The tidings of his certain death arrived,
Sore with long anguish underneath that blow
She sunk. Then would she sit and think all day
Upon the past, and talk of happiness
That never would return, as though she found
Best solace in the thoughts which minister'd
To sorrow: and she loved to see the sun
Go down, because another day was gone,
And then she might retire to solitude
And wakeful recollections, or perchance
To sleep more wearying far than wakefulness,
Dreams of his safety and return, and starts
Of agony; so neither night nor day
Could she find rest, but pin'd and pin'd away.

"DEATH! to the happy thou art terrible,
But how the wretched love to think of thee!
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside! by the sick bed
Of Madelon I sate, when sure she felt
The hour of her deliverance drawing near;
I saw her eye kindle with heavenly hope,
I had her latest look of earthly love,
I felt her hand's last pressure—Son of Orleans!
I would not wish to live to know that hour,
When I could think upon a dear friend dead.
And weep not.

I remember as her bier
Went to the grave, a lark sprung up aloft,
And soar'd amid the sunshine carolling
So full of joy, that to the mourner's ear
More mournfully than dirge or passing bell,
His joyful carol came, and made us feel
That of the multitude of beings, none
But man was wretched.

Then my soul awoke,
For it had slumber'd long in happiness,
And never feeling misery, never thought,
What others suffer. I, as best I might,
Solaced the keen regret of Elinor;
And much my cares avail'd, and much her son's,
On whom, the only comfort of her age,
She center'd now her love. A younger birth,
Aged nearly as myself was Theodore,
An ardent youth, who with the kindest cares
Had soothed his sister's sorrows. We had knelt
By her death-bed together, and no bond
In closer union knits two human hearts
Than fellowship in grief.

It chanced as once
Beside the fire of Elinor I sate,
The night was comfortless, the loud blast howl'd,
And as we drew around the social hearth,
We heard the rain beat hard: driven by the
storm,
A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light;
We heapt the fire, and spread the friendly board.
'The storm beats hard,' the stranger cried:
'safe hous'd
Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.
I too were well content to dwell in peace,
Resting my head upon the lap of love,
But that my country calls. When the winds
roar,

Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers,
And think on Conrade.'

Theodore replied,
' Success go with thee! Something we have
known

Of war, and tasted its calamity;
And I am well content to dwell in peace,
Albeit inglorious, thanking that good God
Who made me to be happy.

' Did that God,'
Cried Conrade, ' form thy heart for happiness,
When desolation royally careers
Over thy wretched country? did that God
Form thee for peace when slaughter is abroad,
When her brooks run with blood, and rape, and
murder, [peace,
Stalk through her flaming towns? live thou in
Young man! my heart is human: I do feel
For what my brethren suffer.' While he spake
Such mingled passions character'd his face
Of fierce and terrible benevolence,
That I did tremble as I listen'd to him:
And in my heart tumultuous thoughts arose
Of high achievements, indistinct, and wild,
And vast, yet such they were as made me pant
As though by some divinity possess'd.

' But is there not some duty due to those
We love?' said Theodore; ' Is there an employ
More righteous than to cheer declining age,
And thus with filial tenderness repay
Parental care?'

' Hard is it,' Conrade cried,
' Aye, hard indeed, to part from those we love;
And I have suffer'd that severest pang.
I have left an aged mother; I have left
One, upon whom my heart has center'd all
Its dearest, best affections. Should I live
Till France shall see the blessed hour of peace,
I shall return: my heart will be content,
My highest duties will be well discharged
And I may then be happy. There are those
Who deem these thoughts the fancies of a mind
Strict beyond measure, and were well content,
If I should soften down my rigid nature
Even to inglorious ease to honour me.
But pure of heart and high of self-esteem
I must be honour'd by myself: all else,
The breath of fame, is as the unsteady wind
Worthless.'

So saying from his belt he took
The encumbering sword. I held it, listening to
him,
And wistless what I did, half from the sheath
Drew forth its glittering blade. I gazed upon it
And shuddering, as I touch'd its edge, exclaim'd,
How horrible it is with the keen sword
To gore the finely-fibred human frame!
I could not strike a lamb.

He answer'd me,
' Maiden, thou hast said well. I could not strike
A lamb, . . . But when the invader's savage fury
Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant's
shriek

As it doth writhe upon his cursed lance,
And forces to his foul embrace, the wife
Even on her murder'd husband's gasping corse!
Almighty God! I should not be a man
If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down.
Think well of this, young man!' he cried, and
seized

The hand of Theodore; ' think well of this,
As you are human, as you hope to live
In peace, amid the dearest joys of home;
Think well of this! you have a tender mother,
As you do wish that she may die in peace,
As you would even to madness agonize
To hear this maiden call on you in vain
For aid, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream
In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful arms.
' Think that there are such horrors; that even
now,

Some city flames, and haply as in Roan,
Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast
Yet hangs and pulls for food! . . . woe be to
those
By whom the evil comes! and woe to him, . .
For little less his guilt, . . who dwells in peace,
When every arm is needed for the strife!'

" When we had all betaken us to rest,
Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolved
The high soul'd warrior's speech. Then Made-
lon

Rose in remembrance; over her the grave
Had closed; her sorrows were not register'd
In the rolls of fame: but when the tears run
down

The widow's cheek, shall not her cry be heard
In heaven against the oppressor? will not God
In sunder smite the unmerciful, and break
The sceptre of the wicked? . . thoughts like
these

Possess'd my soul, till at the break of day
I slept; nor did my heated brain repose
Even then, for visions, sent, as I believe,
From the Most High, arose. A high-tower'd
town

Hemm'd in and girt with enemies, I saw,
Where famine on a heap of carcasses,
Half envious of the unutterable feast,
Mark'd the gorged raven clog his beak with
gore.

I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp.
And there was revelry: the loud lewd laugh
Burst on mine ear, and I beheld the chiefs
Sit at their feast, and plan the work of death.
My soul grew sick within me; I look'd up,
Reproaching Heaven, . . lo! from the clouds
an arm

As of the avenging angel was put forth,
And from his hand a sword, like lightning, fell.

" From that night I could feel my burthen'd
soul
Heaving beneath the incumbent Deity.
I sate in silence, musing on the days

To come, unheeding and unseeing all
 Around me, in that dreaminess of thought
 When every bodily sense is as it slept.
 And the mind alone is wakeful. I have heard
 Strange voices in the evening wind; strange
 forms

Dimly discover'd throng'd the twilight air.
 The neighbours wonder'd at the sudden change,
 And call'd me crazed; and my dear uncle, too,
 Would sit and gaze upon me wistfully,
 A heaviness upon his aged brow,
 And in his eye such trouble, that my heart
 Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all,
 The mighty future labouring in my breast,
 But that the hour methought not yet was come.

"At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe
 Wall'd in from human succour; there all
 thoughts,
 All hopes were turn'd; that bulwark once beat
 down
 All was the invader's. Now my troubled soul
 Grew more disturb'd, and, shunning every eye,
 I loved to wander where the forest shade
 Frown'd deepest; there on mightiest deeds to
 brood
 Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
 Throb loud: anon I paused, and in a state
 Of half expectance, listen'd to the wind.

"There is a fountain in the forest call'd
 The fountain of the fairies: when a child
 With a delightful wonder I have heard
 Tales of the elfin tribe who on its banks
 Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
 The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
 Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
 By the woods bounded like some little isle.
 It ever hath been deem'd their favourite tree;
 They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
 And bask in moonshine. Here the woodman leads
 His boy, and, showing him the green-sward
 mark'd
 With darker circlelets, says their midnight dance
 Hath trac'd the ring, and bids him spare the
 tree.

Fancy had cast a spell upon the place,
 And made it holy; and the villagers
 Would say that never evil thing approach'd
 Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful
 pleasure.
 Which fill'd me by that solitary spring,
 Ceased not in riper years; and now it woke
 Deeper delight and more mysterious awe.

"Lonely the forest spring: a rocky hill
 Rises beside it, and an aged yew
 Bursts from the rifted crag that overbrows
 The waters; cavern'd there unseen and slow
 And silently they well. The adder's tongue,
 Rich with the wrinkles of its glossy green,
 Hangs down its long lank leaves, whose wavy dip
 Just breaks the tranquil surface. Ancient woods
 Bosom the quiet beauties of the place;

Nor ever sound profanes it, save such sounds
 As silence loves to hear, the passing wind,
 Or the low murmuring of the stream scarce
 heard.

A blessed spot! oh how my soul enjoy'd
 Its holy quietness, with what delight
 Escaping from mankind I hasten'd there
 To solitude and freedom! thitherward
 On a spring eve I had betaken me,
 And there I sate, and mark'd the deep red
 clouds

Gather before the wind. . . the rising wind,
 Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
 Appear'd to rock my senses. Soon the night
 Darken'd around, and the large rain drops fell
 Heavy; anon tempestuously the gale
 Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy
 rain

Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
 And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
 Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
 Made a wild music. On a rock I sat;
 The glory of the tempest fill'd my soul;
 And when the thunders peal'd, and the long
 flash

Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight
 Spread the grey forest, memory, thought, were
 gone,
 All sense of self annihilate, I seem'd
 Diffus'd into the scene.

At length a light
 Approach'd the spring; I saw my uncle Claude:
 His grey locks dripping with the midnight storm.
 He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried,
 'My God! my child is safe!'

I felt his words
 Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged;
 I fell upon his neck and told him all;
 God was within me; as I felt, I spake,
 And he believed.

Aye, Chieftain, and the world
 Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord
 Will raise up indignation, and pour out
 His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress."

PROEM TO THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO.

I.

ONCE more I see thee, Skiddaw! once again
 Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
 Where like the bulwark of this favoured plain,
 Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene—
 Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
 The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to
 rest!

II.

ONCE more, O Derwent, to thy awful shores
 I come, insatiate of the accustomed sight;
 And listening as the eternal torrent roars,
 Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight:
 For I have wandered far by land and sea,
 In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

III.

Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief
day !)
Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent.
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

IV.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here,
Where childless and oppress with grief I came;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere
Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim:
Here I possess,—what more should I require?
Books, children, leisure,—all my heart's desire.

V.

O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew
nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "they come!
they come!"
And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
"Never had man whom Heaven would heap
with bliss
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

VI.

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms disspread,
My boy stood, shouting there his father's
name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

VII.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

VIII.

The young companion of our weary way
Found here the end desired of all her ills:
She who in sickness pining many a day
Hungered and thirsted for her native hills,
Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

IX.

Recovered now, the homesick mountaineer
Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twin-like comrade—rendered doubly dear
For that long absence: full of life was she,
With voluble discourse and eager mien
Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

X.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

XI.

The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel:
Long of our promised coming, day by day
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now when that long-promised hour was
come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

XII.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power doth memory hold:
But soon the light of young remembrance
shines
Renewed, and influences of dormant love
Wakened within, with quickening influence
move.

XIII.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

XIV.

Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be;
Her old endearments each began to seek:
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's
cheek;
With voice and touch and look reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

XV.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fullness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy:
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his
infancy.

XVI.

Bring forth the treasures now,—a proud display,—
For rich as eastern merchants we return!
Behold the black Beguine, the sister grey,
The friars whose heads with sober motion
turn,
The ark well-filled with all its numerous hives,
Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet, and
their wives.

XVII.

The tumbler, loose of limb; the wrestlers twain,
And many a toy beside of quaint device,
Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain
Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice,
The German shepherd carves with curious knife.
Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.

XVIII.

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy!

XIX.

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
 Who in their pleasure finds her own delight ;
 The mother's heart-felt happiness the while ;
 The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight ;
 And he who in his gaiety of heart,
 With glib and noisy tongue performed the show-
 man's part.

XX.

Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious Heaven,
 Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day !
 For so that inward light by Nature given
 Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way,
 And brightening as the shades of age descend,
 Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

XXI.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which
 led
 My favoured footsteps to the Muses' hill,
 Whose arduous paths I have not ceased to tread,
 From good to better persevering still ;
 And if but self-approved, to praise or blame
 Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame.

XXII.

And O ye nymphs of Castaly divine !
 Whom I have dutifully served so long,
 Benignant to your votary now incline,
 That I may win your ear with gentle song,
 Such as, I ween, is ne'er disowned by you,—
 A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

XXIII.

But when I reach at themes of loftier thought,
 And tell of things surpassing earthly sense,
 (Which by yourselves, O Muses, I am taught,)
 Then aid me with your fuller influence,
 And to the height of that great argument
 Support my spirit in his strong ascent !

XXIV.

So may I boldly round my temples bind
 The laurel which my master Spenser wore ;
 And free in spirit as the mountain wind
 That makes my symphony in this lone hour,
 No perishable song of triumph raise,
 But sing in worthy strains my country's praise.

DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGES FROM "MADOC."

A Voyage of Discovery.

Nor with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,
 Dear native isle ! oh—not without a pang.
 As thy fair uplands lessened on the view,
 Cast back the long involuntary look !
 The morning cheered our outset ; gentle airs
 Curled the blue deep, and bright the summer sun
 Played o'er the summer ocean, when our barks
 Began their way.

And they were gallant barks,
 As ever through the raging billows rode !
 And many a tempest's buffeting they bore.
 Their sails all swelling with the eastern breeze,
 Their tightened cordage clattering to the mast,
 Steady they rode the main ; the gale aloft
 Sung in the shrouds, the sparkling waters hissed

Before, and frothed, and whitened far behind.
 Day after day, with one auspicious wind,
 Right to the setting sun we held our course.
 My hope had kindled every heart ; they blest
 The unvarying breeze, whose unabating strength
 Still sped us onward ; and they said that Heaven
 Favoured the bold emprise.

How many a time,

Mounting the mast-tower-top, with eager ken
 They gazed, and fancied in the distant sky
 Their promised shore, beneath the evening
 cloud,

Or seen, low lying, through the haze of morn !
 I too with eyes as anxious watched the waves,
 Though patient, and prepared for long delay ;
 For not on wild adventure had I rushed
 With giddy speed, in some delirious fit
 Of fancy ; but in many a tranquil hour
 Weighed well the attempt, till hope matured to
 faith.

Day after day, day after day the same,—
 A weary waste of waters ! still the breeze
 Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on
 One even course ; a second week was gone,
 And now another past, and still the same,
 Waves beyond waves, the interminable sea !
 What marvel, if at length the mariners
 Grew sick with long expectance ? I beheld
 Dark looks of growing restlessness, I heard
 Distrust's low murmuring ; nor availed it long
 To see and not perceive. Shame had awhile
 Represt their fear, till like a smothered fire
 It burst, and spread with quick contagion round,
 And strengthened as it spread. They spake in
 tones

Which might not be mistaken.—they had done
 What men dared do, ventured where never keel
 Had cut the deep before ; still all was sea,
 The same unbounded ocean !—to proceed
 Were tempting heaven.

I heard with feigned surprise,
 And, pointing then to where our fellow bark,
 Gay with her fluttering streamers and full sail,
 Rode, as in triumph, o'er the element,
 I asked them what their comrades there would
 deem

Of those so bold ashore, who, when a day,
 Perchance an hour, might crown their glorious
 toil,

Shrunk then, and coward-like returned to meet
 Mockery and shame ? true, they had ventured on
 In seas unknown, beyond where ever man
 Had ploughed the billows yet : more reason so
 Why they should now, like him whose happy
 speed

Well nigh had run the race, with higher hope
 Press onward to the prize. But late they said,
 Marking the favour of the steady gale,
 That Heaven was with us ; Heaven vouchsafed
 • us still

Fair seas and favouring skies ; nor need we pray
 For other aid, the rest was in ourselves ;
 Nature had given it, when she gave to man
 Courage and constancy.

They answered not,
 Awhile obedient ; but I saw with dread
 The silent sullenness of cold assent.
 Then, with what fearful eagerness I gazed,
 At earliest daybreak, o'er the distant deep !
 How sick at heart with hope, when evening
 closed,
 Gazed through the gathering shadows !—but I
 saw
 The sun still sink below the endless waves ;
 And still at morn, beneath the farthest sky,
 Unbounded ocean heaved. Day after day,
 Before the steady gale we drove along,—
 Day after day ! the fourth week now had past ;
 Still all around was sea,—the eternal sea !
 So long that we had voyaged on so fast,
 And still at morning where we were at night,
 And where we were at morn, at nightfall still,
 The centre of that drear circumference,
 Progressive, yet no change—almost it seemed
 That we had past the mortal bounds of space,
 And speed was toiling in infinity.
 My days were days of fear, my hours of rest
 Were like a tyrant's slumber. Sullen looks,
 Eyes turned on me, and whispers meant to meet
 My ear, and loud despondency, and talk
 Of home, now never to be seen again,—
 I suffered these, dissembling as I could,
 Till that availed no longer. Resolute
 The men came round me : They had shown
 enough
 Of courage now, enough of constancy ;
 Still to pursue the desperate enterprise
 Were impious madness ! they had deemed,
 indeed,
 That Heaven in favour gave the unchanging gale ;
 More reason now to think offended God,
 When man's presumptuous folly strove to pass
 The fated limits of the world, had sent
 The winds, to waft us to the death we sought.
 Their lives were dear, they bade me know, and
 they
 Many, and I the obstinate but one.
 With that, attending no reply, they hailed
 Our fellow bark, and told our fixed resolve :
 A shout of joy approved. Thus, desperate now,
 I sought my solitary cabin ; there,
 Confused with vague tumultuous feelings, lay,
 And to remembrance and reflection lost,
 Knew only I was wretched.

— Thus entranced
 Cadwallon found me ; shame and grief, and pride,
 And baffled hope, and fruitless anger swelled
 Within me. All is over ! I exclaimed ;
 Yet not in me, my friend, hath time produced
 These tardy doubts and shameful fickleness :
 I have not failed, Cadwallon ! Nay, he cried,
 The coward fears which persecuted me
 Have shown what thou hast suffered. We have
 yet
 One hope—I prayed them to proceed a day,—
 But one day more ;—this little have I gained,
 And here will wait the issue ; in yon bark
 I am not needed,—they are masters there.

One only day !—The gale blew strong, the bark
 Sped through the waters ; but the silent hours,
 Which make no pause, went by ; and centered
 still,
 We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven
 Close round our narrow view, when that brief
 term,
 The last poor respite of our hopes expired.
 They shortened sail, and called with coward
 prayer
 For homeward winds. Why, what poor slaves
 are we !
 In bitterness I cried ; the sport of chance ;
 Left to the mercy of the elements,
 Or the more wayward will of such as these,
 Blind tools and victims of their destiny !
 Yea, Madoc ! he replied, the elements
 Master indeed the feeble powers of man !
 Not to the shores of Cambria will thy ships
 Win back their shameful way !—or He, whose
 will
 Unchains the winds, hath bade them minister
 To aid us, when all human hope was gone,
 Or we shall soon eternally repose
 From life's long voyage.

As he spake, I saw
 The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep ;
 And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
 The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.
 The reef points rattled on the shivering sail ;
 At fits the sudden gust howled ominous,
 Anon with unrelenting fury raged ;
 High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
 Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.
 Vain, now, were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
 Vain all their skill !—We drove before the storm.

'T is pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us—But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements,—
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not,—to look round, and only see
 The mountain wave incumbent with its weight
 Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
 O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner !

Onward we drove : with unabating force
 The tempest raged ; night added to the storm
 New horrors, and the morn arose, o'erspread
 With heavier clouds. The weary mariners
 Called on Saint Cyric's aid ; and I too placed
 My hope on heaven, relaxing not the while
 Our human efforts. Ye who dwell at home,
 Ye do not know the terrors of the main !
 When the winds blow, ye walk along the shore,
 And, as the curling billows leap and toss,

Fable that Ocean's mermaid shepherdess
 Drives her white flocks afield, and warns in time
 The wary fisherman. Gwendidwy warned us
 When we had no retreat! My secret heart
 Almost had failed me.—Were the elements
 Confounded in perpetual conflict here,
 Sea, air, and heaven? Or were we perishing
 Where at their source the floods, for ever thus,
 Beneath the nearer influence of the moon,
 Laboured in these mad workings? Did the
 waters

Here on their outmost circle meet the void,
 The verge and brink of Chaos? or this Earth,—
 Was it indeed a living thing—its breath
 The ebb and flow of ocean? and had we
 Reached the storm rampart of its sanctuary,
 The insuperable boundary, raised to guard
 Its mysteries from the eye of man profane?
 Three dreadful nights and days we drove along;
 The fourth, the welcome rain came rattling
 down:

The wind had fallen, and through the broken
 cloud

Appeared the bright dilating blue of heaven.
 Emboldened now, I called the mariners:—
 Vain were it should we bend a homeward course,
 Driven by the storm so far: they saw our barks,
 For service of that long and perilous way,
 Disabled, and our food belike to fail.
 Silent they heard, reluctant in assent:
 Anon, they shouted joyfully,—I looked
 And saw a bird slow sailing overhead,
 His long white pinions by the sunbeam edged
 As though with burnished silver;—never yet
 Heard I so sweet a music as his cry!

Yet three days more, and hope more eager now,
 Sure of the signs of land,—weed-shoals, and
 birds

Who flocked the main, and gentle airs which
 breathed,

Or seemed to breathe, fresh fragrance from the
 shore.

On the last evening, a long shadowy line
 Skirted the sea;—how fast the night closed in!
 I stood upon the deck, and watched till dawn.
 But who can tell what feelings filled my heart,
 When like a cloud the distant land arose
 Grey from the ocean,—when we left the ship,
 And cleft, with rapid oars, the shallow wave,
 And stood triumphant on another world!

A Beautiful Day.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 The azure heaven; the blessed sun, alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
 How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
 The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
 Save where along the hending line of shore
 Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks

Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
 The sea gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
 With long protruded neck the cormorants
 Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
 It was a day that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
 From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
 To sport through one day of existence more;
 The solitary primrose on the bank
 Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
 Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks, and shores,
 The forest and the everlasting hills,
 Smiled in that joyful sunshine,—they partook
 The universal blessing.

A Religious Temple.

THE place

Was holy;—the dead air, which underneath
 Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
 Nor the free motion of the elements,
 Chilly and damp, infused associate awe:
 The sacred odours of the incense still
 Floated; the daylight and the taper flames
 Commingled, dimming each, and each bedim-
 med;

And as the slow procession paced along,
 Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
 The regular foot-fall sounded: swelling now,
 Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,
 Rang o'er the echoing aisle: and when it ceased,
 The silence of that huge and sacred pile
 Came on the heart.

A Welsh Cottage Scene.

THAT lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
 By a grey mountain-stream: just elevate
 Above the winter torrents did it stand,
 Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
 Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
 In early summer, when those antic trees
 Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
 Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
 But, save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
 All else was desolate, and now all wore
 One sober hue: the narrow vale which wound
 Among the hills, was grey with rocks, that
 peered

Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
 Was loose with stones bestrewn, which often-
 times

Clattered adown the steep, beneath the foot
 Of straggling goat dislodged, or towered with
 crags,

One day when winter's work hath loosened them
 To thunder down. All things assorted well
 With that grey mountain hue; the low stone
 lines,

Which scarcely seemed to be the work of man,
 The dwelling rudely reared with stones unhewn,
 The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees
 Grey with their fleecy moss and misseltoe,
 The white-barked birch now leafless, and the
 ash

Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock;

Through which they forced their way. Adown
the vale.

Broken by stones and o'er a stony bed,
Rolled the loud mountain-stream.

When Madoc came
A little child was sporting by the brook,
Floating the fallen leaves, that he might see
them

Whirl in the eddy now, and now be driven
Down the descent, now on the smother stream
Sail onward far away. But when he heard
The horse's tramp, he raised his head and watched
The prince, who now dismounted and drew
nigh.

The little boy still fixed his eyes on him,
His bright blue eyes; the wind just moved the
curls

That clustered round his brow; and so he stood,
His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze
In innocent wonder.

A Savage's description of the Armies of his Country.

When Madoc bade him tell,
As his life-ransom, what his nation's force,
And what their plans; the savage answered
him,

With dark and sullen eye and smile of wrath,
If aught the knowledge of my country's force
Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let
My tongue play traitor, thou shouldst limb from
limb

Hew me, and make each separate member feel
A separate agony of death. O Prince!
But I will tell ye of my nation's force
That ye may know and tremble at your doom;
That fear may half subdue ye to the sword
Of vengeance—Can ye count the stars of Heaven?
The waves which ruffle o'er the lake? the leaves
Swept from the autumnal forest? Can ye look
Upon the eternal snows of yonder height,
And number each particular flake that formed
The mountain-mass?—so numberless they come,
Whoe'er can wield the sword, or hurl the lance,
Or aim the arrow; from the growing boy,
Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,
Who to revenge his country and his gods
Hastens, and then to die. By land they come;
And years must pass away ere on their path
The grass again will grow: they come by lake;
And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes
Darken the waters. Strangers! when our gods
Have conquered, when ye lie upon the stone
Of sacrifice extended one by one,
Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh,
Though given in equal shares, and every share
Minced like a nestling's food!

Madoc replied,
Azteca, we are few; but through the woods
The lion walks alone. The lesser fowls
Flock multitudinous in heaven, and fly
Before the Eagle's coming. We are few;
And yet thy nation hath experienced us
Enough for conquest.

INSCRIPTIONS.

The three utilities of Poetry: the praise of Virtue and Goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the Affections.—*Welsh Triad.*

For a column at Newbury.

ART thou a patriot, Traveller?—On this field
Did FALKLAND fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath a tyrant's banners—Dost thou boast
Of loyal ardour? HAMBDEN perished here,
The rebel HAMBDEN, at whose glorious name
The heart of every honest Englishman
Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncor-
rupt.

Friends to their common country both, they
fought,

They died in adverse armies. Traveller!
If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord,
In charity remember these good men,
And quell all angry and injurious thoughts.

For a tablet on the banks of a stream.

STRANGER! awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the sun rides high, the breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear
It sparkles o'er the shallows, and behold
Where o'er its surface wheels with restless speed
Yon glossy insect, on the sand below
How the swift shadow flits. The stream is
pure

In solitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital wave:
But passing on amid the haunts of man,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for HAPPINESS!
Go, stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her there.

Epitaph on Algernon Sidney.

HERE Sidney lies, he whom perverted law,
The pliant jury and the bloody judge,
Doom'd to the traitor's death. A tyrant king
Required, an abject country saw and shared
The crime. The noble cause of liberty
He loved in life, and to that noble cause
In death bore witness. But his country rose
Like Sampson from her sleep, and broke her
chains,

And proudly with her worthies she enroll'd
Her murder'd Sidney's name. The voice of man
Gives honour or destroys; but earthly power
Gives not, nor takes away, the self-applause
Which on the scaffold suffering virtue feels,
Nor that which God appointed its reward.

Epitaph on King John.

JOHN rests below. A man more infamous
Never hath held the sceptre of these realms,
And bruised beneath the iron rod of power
The oppressed men of England. Englishman!
Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,
Coward and slave, yet he it was who signed

That charter which should make thee morn and night

Be thankful for thy birth-place :—Englishman !
That holy charter, which, shouldst thou permit
Force to destroy, or fraud to undermine,
Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,
For they must bear the burthen of thy crime.

For a tablet at Penshurst.

ARE days of old familiar to thy mind,
O reader ? Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamour'd chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy
Whose expectation touch'd the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes ? If such
lore

Hath ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread,
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with royal loves.
Upon his natal day the acorn here
Was planted. It grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when his perishable part
Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately
oak

Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

Epitaph.

'THIS to a mother's sacred memory
Her son hath hallowed. Absent many a year
Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were still
Of that dear voice which soothed his infancy :
And after many a fight against the Moor
And Malabar, or that fierce cavalry
Which he had seen covering the boundless plain
Even to the utmost limits where the eye
Could pierce the far horizon,—his first thought
In safety was of her, who when she heard
The tale of that day's danger, would retire
And pour her pious gratitude to Heaven
In prayers and tears of joy. The lingering
hour.

Of his return, long-look'd-for, came at length,
And full of hope he reach'd his native shore.
Vain hope that puts its trust in human life !
For ere he came the number of her days
Was full. O reader, what a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom death hath sunder'd did not meet again !

Epitaph.

HERE in the fruitful vales of Somerset
Was Emma born, and here the maiden grew
To the sweet season of her womanhood
Beloved and lovely, like a plant whose leaf
And bud and blossom all are beautiful.
In peacefulness her virgin years were past ;
And when in prosperous wedlock she was given
Amid the Cumbrian mountains far away

She had her summer bower. 'Twas like a dream
Of old romance to see her when she plied
Her little skiff on Derwent's glassy lake ;
The roseate evening resting on the hills,
The lake returning back the hues of heaven,
Mountains and vales and waters all imbued
With beauty and in quietness ; and she,
Nymph-like, amid that glorious solitude
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.
But soon a wasting malady began
To prey upon her, frequent in attack,
Yet with such flattering intervals as mock
The hopes of anxious love, and most of all
The sufferer, self-deceived. During those days
Of treacherous respite, many a time hath he,
Who leave this record of his friend, drawn back
Into the shadow from her social board,
Because too surely in her cheek he saw
The insidious bloom of death ; and then her
smiles

And innocent mirth excited deeper grief
Than when long-look'd-for tidings came at last,
That, all her sufferings ended, she was laid
Amid Madeira's orange groves to rest.
O gentle Emma ! o'er a lovelier form
Than thine, earth never closed ; nor e'er did
Heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world !

Inscription for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten the regicide was imprisoned thirty years.

FOR thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Marten linger'd. Often have these walls
Echo'd his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison : not to him
Did nature's fair varieties exist :
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars it pour'd a
sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime ?
He had rebell'd against the king, and sat
In judgment on him ; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams ! but such
As PLATO loved ; such as, with holy zeal
Our MILTON worshipp'd. Blessed hopes ! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come and all things be fulfill'd.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's scull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory."

" I find them in the garden.
 For there's many here about ;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out !
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory,"

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin, he cries ;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 " Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 " Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But every body said," quoth he,
 " That 'twas a famous victory."

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head."

" With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby, died,
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory."

" They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory."

" Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 " Why 'twas a very wicked thing !"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 " Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
 " It was a famous victory."

" And every body praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 " But what good came of it at last ?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 " Why that I cannot tell," said he,
 " But 't was a famous victory."

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

AND wherefore do the poor complain ?
 The rich man asked of me.—
 Come walk abroad with me, I said,
 And I will answer thee.

'T was evening, and the frozen streets
 Were cheerless to behold,
 And we were wrapt and coated well,
 And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
 His locks were few and white ;
 I ask'd him what he did abroad
 In that cold winter's night ;

'T was bitter keen indeed, he said,
 But at home no fire had he,
 And therefore he had come abroad
 To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
 And she begg'd loud and bold ;
 I ask'd her what she did abroad
 When the wind it blew so cold ;

She said her father was at home,
 And he lay sick a-bed,
 And therefore was it she was sent
 Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
 Upon a stone to rest,
 She had a baby at her back
 And another at her breast ;

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
 When the night-wind was so chill ;
 She turn'd her head and bade the child
 That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us that her husband served,
 A soldier, far away,
 And therefore to her parish she
 Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose
 And sunken was her eye,
 Who with a wanton's hollow voice
 Address'd the passers-by ;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
 That could her heart allure
 To shame, disease, and late remorse ;
 She answer'd, she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
 For silently stood he,—
 You ask'd me why the poor complain,
 And these have answer'd thee !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

—
Born 1777.
 —

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

[Part the First.]

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills
 below,

Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling
 near?—

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus, with delight we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
 Thus, from afar, each dim discover'd scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath
 been;

And every form, that fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
 Can wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
 The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?
 Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
 Or, if she hold an image to the view,
 'T is nature pictured too severely true.
 With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly
 light,

That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
 Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
 On tiptoe waiting, start at thy command,
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
 To pleasure's path, or glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,
 When man and nature mourn'd their first
 decay;

When every form of death, and every woe,
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
 When murder bared her arm, and rampant
 war

Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
 When peace and mercy, banish'd from the
 plain,

Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;
 All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
 But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
 From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of
 air,

The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
 Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
 Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bow-
 er;

There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits
 bring!

What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
 And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
 away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
 shore.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
 His bark, careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,
 With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
 world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
 smiles

On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
 And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark
 delay;
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,
 The grot that heard his song of other times,
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
 Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
 Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
 While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
 When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
 When all is still on death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;

As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore — *
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'T was his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men ;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of nature but the form ;
Yet at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet and the northern star ;
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend † !

Congenial Hope ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled
hour !
On yon proud height, with genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heav'n ! (thy winged words
proclaim)
'T is thine to search the boundless fields of fame !

* The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the above description.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus : — " A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, and carry them overland. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward : here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams ; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal ; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, extending a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying-place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree ; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had not red off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short pique (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings."

† Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Lo ! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star !
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming
eye !

Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of heav'n another string*.

The Swedish sage† admires, in yonder bowers,
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage
train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the
plain —
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers
came,
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd
clime,
Slow pass the sons of wisdom, more sublime ;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the father sage :
'Shall nature bound to earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man ?'

"Turn, child of Heav'n, thy rapture-light-
en'd eye
To wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh :
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Del-
phian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughter's
swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs
flow‡,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heav'n ! the smiling muse shall
shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;
Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly
name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

* The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschell, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

† Linnaeus.

‡ Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers ; it is met with more than once in the Chærophorm of Æschylus.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy ;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred
deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream ?
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile ;—
On nature's throbbing anguish pour relief ?
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief ?

"Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be
given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Hea-
ven ;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command.
Like 'Mareb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand*.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose pas-^{ion}-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to nature's plan ;
And man the brother, lives the friend of man.

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's com-
mand,
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star :
So, heavenly genius, in thy course divine,
HORE is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Power ! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of hymenean joy ;
When doom'd to poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the
same—

Oh, there, prophetic HORE ! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never
know—

There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,

* See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

And call'd from Heaven propitious dew to
breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ;
Tell, that while love's spontaneous smile en-
dears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive
eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay.
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world
and thee
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur
low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear :
How fondly looks admiring HORE the while
At every artless tear, and every smile !
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to
share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty resume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud reason ! nor destroy
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
 Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail :
 She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
 Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse
 that bore,
 Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
 Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening
 gaze :

Poor widow'd wretch ! 't was there she wept in vain.

Till memory fled her agonizing brain :—
 But mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
 Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow ;
 Warm on her heart the joys of fancy beam,
 And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Of't when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
 And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
 Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
 To hail the bark that never can return ;
 And, still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
 That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
 The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
 But found not pity when it err'd no more.
 Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
 Th' unfeeling proud one looks — and passes by,
 Condemn'd on penury's barren path to roam,
 Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
 Even he at evening, should he chance to stray
 Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
 Where round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
 The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
 Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—

Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
 Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm !
 There should my hand no stinted boon assign
 To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine—
 That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
 And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
 I watch the wheels of nature's mazy plan,
 And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of time,
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;

Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
 And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song.
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk ;
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
 And shepherds dance at summer's opening day ;
 Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
 And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
 The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done,

That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
 Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane ;
 Wild Obi flies*—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,

Truth, mercy, freedom, yet shall find a home ;
 Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
 From Guinea's coast to Siber's dreary minest,
 Truth shall pervade the unfathom'd darkness there,

And light the dreadful features of despair.—
 Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,

And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd !
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued oppression pour'd to northern wars

Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van.
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man† !

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,

Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid.—
 Oh ! Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !—

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?

* Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

† Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced *Sibir* by the Russians.

‡ The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply ;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew ;—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curl'd her high career ;—
Horr. for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay !
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fail,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky !
And conscious nature huddl'd at the cry !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! ere freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O vengeance ! where thy rod
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling
Then made the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own
Oh ! once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns ;
Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue ;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of genius, and the powers of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine :—
“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease ; and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring ;
What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No !—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand ;
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
Still must thou live a blot on nature's brow ?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furld ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died ?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, orully's name !
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song :
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath valour left the world—to live no more ?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls ;
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes ! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay !

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or, warm with fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand [land,
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fall'n! no son of nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!
The shrill horn blew*; at that alarm knell

* The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to guilt, the child of woe!
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at thralldom's bitter sigh!
So virtue dies, the spouse of liberty!

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye.
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Gauges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd*,
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pang the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the Capet;
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh

* To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impostor of Macca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed, by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedanism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, by ELIZA HAMILTON.

† See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camdens, by Mickles.

To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
 Did peace descend, to triumph and to save,
 When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
 Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
 The nurse of freedom gave it not to you!
 She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
 And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
 And plunder piled from kingdoms not their
 own,
 Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
 The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
 Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming
 store,
 While famish'd nations died along the shore*:
 Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
 The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
 Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
 And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin
 kneels,
 From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals;
 Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell.
 And solemn sounds that awe the list'ning mind,
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
 Revolving ages bring the bitter day.
 When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
 Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning
 hurl'd
 His awful presence o'er the alarmed world†:
 Nine times hath guilt, through all his giant
 frame,
 Convulsive trembled, as the mighty came;
 Nine times hath suffering mercy spared in vain—
 But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
 He comes! a dead Brama shakes the sunless sky
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on
 high,
 Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
 Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!

* The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, page 145.

† Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright
 arms glow
 Like summer suns, and light the world below!
 Earth, and her trembling isles in ocean's bed,
 Are shook; and nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
 To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
 With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
 The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
 Small Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime*,
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
 Come, heavenly Powers! primeval peace re-
 store!
 Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!"

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Or Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determin'd hand.
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleetest rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each
 gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the valor did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
 Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

* Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
" Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."—

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light :
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By the wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaids song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A Naval Ode.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lower'd, [sky;
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the
slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'T was autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I
swore [to part ;
From my home and my weeping friends never
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of
heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and
worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay :
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
A down the gulph of time !
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is mercy bids thee go,
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim disrowned king of day :
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who rolld the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from death !

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !

THOMAS MOORE.

—
Born 1780.
 —

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood disconsolate ;
 And as she listen'd to the springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
 "Are the holy spirits who wander there,
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me.
 One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all !
 Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
 With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;
 Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—oh, 't is only the blest can say
 How the waters of heaven outshine them all !

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of heaven is worth them all !"

The glorious angel, who was keeping
 The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;
 And as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
 Within his eye-lids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms no where but in Paradise !
 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line !"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine :
 'T is written in the Book of fate,
 'The Peri yet may be forgiven,
 Who brings to this Eternal Gate
 The gift that is most dear to Heaven !'
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—
 'T is sweet to let the pardon'd in !"

Rapidly as comets run
 To the embraces of the sun—
 Fleeter than the starry brands,
 Flung at night from angel hands
 At those dark and daring sprites,
 Who would climb the empyreal heights—
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthly by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But wither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for Heaven ?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;—
 I know where the isles of perfume are,
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby ;—
 I know too where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,
 With life's elixir sparkling high—'
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne ?
 And the drops of life—oh ! what would they be
 In the boundless deep of Eternity ?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds ;
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's paradise !
 But crimson now her rivers run
 With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwasted from the innocent flowers !
 Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
 Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
 Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones ?
 'T is he of Gazna !—fierce in wrath
 He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
 His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved sultana ;—
 Maidens within their pure zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
 And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live" said the conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear !"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to the invader's heart.
 False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
 The tyrant lived, the hero fell !—

Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'T is the last libation Liberty draws [cause!]
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave,
Who die thus for their native land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be,
That opes the gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Atræ's Lunar mountains,
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;

And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth.
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the newborn Giant's smile!

Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grotts and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Roseata's vale—now loves

To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.

'T was a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!

Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—

Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;—

Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,

When their beloved sun's awake;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;

Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,

Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple winged Sultana sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought that there, e'en there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With even a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard:
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath ;—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'T is she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.

Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd or without shame.
 "Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 't is sweet to me!
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!"
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!

One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
 The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death lay,
 And in music and perfume dies away!
 Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd
 Upon the eve of dooms-day taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
 While that benevolent Peri beam'd
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them till their souls would wa-
 ken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of Alla swells;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain—
 Again the fates forbade, again
 The immortal barrier closed—"not yet,"
 The angel said as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory,—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than even this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
 O'er all the enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below !
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sun-light falls ;—
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light ;—
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam,
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 The unclouded skies of Peristan !
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;—
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great temple, once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those Chambers of the sun,
 Some amulet of gems, unneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,
 The charm that can restore so soon,
 An erring spirit to the skies !

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither .
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich West begun to wither ;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like waving flowers or flying gems :—
 And, near the boy, who tired with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.

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Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder clouds, of gloom and fire !
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests !—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—
 Though still, when'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lipping the eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise.
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again !
 Oh 't was a sight—that Heaven—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguiled
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh,
 For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace !
 " There *was* a time," he said, in mild
 Heart-humbled tones—" thou blessed child !
 When, young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down
 from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies!—
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sun-beam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well the enraptured Peri knew
 'T was a bright smile the angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
 Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
 And the fragrant bowers of Amherabad!

Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
 Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
 My feast is now of the Tooba-tree,
 Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
 Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
 To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's throne,
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?
 Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!

A CALM.

[From 'The Five Worshipers.']

How calm, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of morn!

When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 't were that lightning-gem
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!
 When, stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears,—
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs!
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
 And even that swell the tempest leaves
 Is, like the full and silent heaves
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest!

DISSENSION.

[From 'The Light of the Haram.']

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity!
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh! love, that tempests never shook.
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken,
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin:
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day:
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

LOVE AND REASON.

'T was in the summer-time so sweet,
 When hearts and flowers are both in season,
 That—who, of all the world, should meet,
 One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yester-night,
 While Reason talk'd about the weather;
 The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
 And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a path-way not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him !

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu !

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream ;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smelt the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded !

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plair ;
Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins !

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smiled—
Oh ! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning !

"Oh ! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said ;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head,

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest ;
For, ah ! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast !

IRISH MELODIES.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet ; [part,
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must de-
ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the
scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'T was *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends the beloved of my bosom
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature
improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love,
Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR.—My Lodging is on the cold Ground.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away !
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment
thou art.
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still !

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be
known,
To which time will but make thee more dear !
Oh ! the heart that has truly loved, never for-
gets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he
sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he
rose !

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay,
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away. Mary !
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary,
 So, veild beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charm'd all other eyes
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet,
 Than to remember thee, Mary!

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, OH GOD!

"The day is thine; the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, oh God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven—
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs;—
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings!

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds"—*Psalms* cxlvii. 3.

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,

My God ! silent to thee—

Pure, warm, silent, to thee :

So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee !

As still to the star of its worship, though cloud-
ed,

The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shroud-
ed,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,

My God ! trembling, to thee—

True, fond, trembling, to thee :

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shroud-
ed.

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee !

LEIGH HUNT.

Born 1784.

THE FEAST OF THE POETS.

T'OTHER day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts
Through the clouds of November, by fits and by
starts,

He began to consider how long it had been,
Since the bards of old England a session had
seen.

" I think," said the god, recollecting, (and then
He fell twiddling a sunbeam, as I may my pen,)

" I think—let me see—yes, it is, I declare,
As long ago now as that Buckingham there :

And yet I can't see why I've been so remiss,
Unless it may be—and it certainly is,

That since Dryden's fine verses, and Milton's
sublime,

I have fairly been sick of their sing-song and
rhyme.

There was Collins, 'tis true, had a good deal to
say ;

But the dog had no industry,—neither had
Gray :

And Thompson, though dear to my heart, was
too florid

To make the world see that their own taste was
horrid.

So ever since Pope, my pet bard of the town,
Set a tune with his verses, half up and half
down,

There has been such a doling and sameness—
by Jove,

I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in
love.

However, of late as they've rous'd them anew,
I'll e'en go and give them a lesson or two,
And as nothing's done there now-a-days with-
out eating,
See what kind of set I can muster worth treat-
ing."

So saying, the god bade his horses walk for'ard,
And leaving them, took a long dive to the
nor'ard :

For Gordon's he made ; and as gods who drop
in do,

Came smack on his legs through the drawing-
room window.

And here I could tell, where I given to spin
it,

How all the town shook, as the godhead came
in it ;

How bright look'd the poets, and brisk blew the
airs,

And the laurels shot up in the gardens and
squares ;—

But fancies like these, though I've stores to
supply me,

I'd better keep back for a poem I've by me,
And merely observe that the girls look'd divine,

And the old folks in-doors exclaimed " Bless us
how fine !"

If you'd fancy, however, what Phœbus might
be,

Imagine a shape above mortal degree,
His limbs the perfection of elegant strength,—

A fine flowing roundness inclining to length,—
A presence that spoke,—an expansion of chest,

(For the god, you'll observe, like his statues
was drest.)

His throat like a pillar for smoothness and grace,
His curls in a cluster,—and then such a face,

As marked him at once the true offspring of
Jove,

The brow all of wisdom, and lips all of love ;
For though he was blooming, and oval of cheek,

And youth down his shoulders went smoothing
and sleek, [wise,

Yet his look with the reach of past ages was
And the soul of eternity thought through his
eyes.

I would'nt say more, lest my climax should
lose ; [Muse,

Yet now I have mentioned those lamps of the
I can't but observe what a splendour they shed,

When a thought more than common came into
his head :

Then they leaped in their frankness, deliciously
bright,

And shot round about them an arrowy light ;
And if, as he shook back his hair in its cluster,

A curl fell athwart them and darken'd their
lustre,

A sprinkle of gold through the duskiness came,
Like the sun through a tree, when he's setting,
in flame.

The god then no sooner had taken a chair,
 And rung for the landlord to order the fare,
 Than he heard a strange noise and a knock from
 without,—
 And scraping and bowing, came in such a rout !
 There were all the worst play-wrights from
 Dibdin to Terry,
 All grinning, as who should say, "Shan't we
 be merry ?"
 With men of light comedy lumb'ring like bears
 up,
 And men of deep tragedy patting their hairs up.
 The god, for an instant, sat fix'd as a stone,
 Till recov'ring, he said in a good-natur'd tone,
 "Oh, the waiters, I see ;—ah, it's all very
 well,—
 Only one of you'll do just to answer the bell."
 But lord ! to see all the great dramatists' faces !
 They look'd at each other, and made such grimaces !
 Then turning about, left the room in vexation,
 And Colman, they say, fairly mutter'd "D——n."

The god fell a laughing to see his mistake,
 But stopp'd with a sigh for poor Comedy's sake ;
 Then gave mine host orders, who bow'd to the
 floor,
 And had scarcely back'd out, and shut gently
 the door,
 When a hemming was heard, consequential and
 snapping,
 And a sour little gentleman walk'd with a rap
 in :
 He bow'd, look'd about him, seem'd cold, and
 sat down,
 And said, "I'm surprised that you'll visit this
 town : [you,
 To be sure, there are one or two of us who know
 But as for the rest, they are all much below you.
 So stupid, in gen'ral, the natives are grown,
 They really prefer Scotch reviews to their own ;
 So that what with their taste, their reformers,
 and stuff,
 They have sicken'd myself and my friends long
 enough."
 "Yourself and your friends," cried the god in
 high glee ;
 "And pray, my frank visitor, who may you
 be ?"
 "Who be ?" cried the other ; "why really—
 this tone—
 William Gifford's name, I think, pretty well
 known !"
 "Oh—now I remember," said Phœbus ; "ah
 true—
 The Anti-La Cruscan that writes the review :—
 The rod, though 'twas no such vast matter, that
 fell
 On that plague of the butterflies,—did very
 well ;
 And there's something, which even distaste
 must respect,
 In the self-taught example, that conquer'd ne-
 glect :

But not to insist on the recommendations
 Of modesty, wit, and a small stock of patience,
 My visit just now is to poets alone,
 And not to small critics, however well known." ,
 So saying he rang, to leave nothing in doubt,
 And the sour little gentleman bless'd himself
 out.

But glad look'd the god at the next who
 appear'd.
 For 'twas Campbell, by Poland's pale blessing
 endear'd ;
 And Montgom'ry was with him, a freeman as
 true,
 (Heav'n loves the ideal, which practises too ;)
 And him follow'd Rogers, whose laurel tree shows
 Thicker leaves, and more sunny, the older it
 grows ;
 Rejoicing he came in the god-send of weather ;
 Then Scott (for the famous ones all came toge-
 ther) ;
 His host overwhelm'd him with thanks for his
 novels ;
 Then Crabbe, asking questions concerning Greek
 hovels ;
 And Byron, with eager indifference ; and Moore
 With admiring glad eyes, that came leaping
 before ;
 And Keats, with young tresses and thoughts,
 like the god's ;
 And Shelley, a sprite from his farthest abodes ;
 Phœbus gave him commissions from Marlowe
 and Plato ;
 And Landor, whom two Latin poets sent bay to,
 (Catullus, they tell me, and Ovid ;) and with
 him
 Came Southey, who rightly thinks court-odes
 beneath him ;
 And Coleridge, fine dreamer, with lutes in his
 rhyme ; [time,
 And Wordsworth, the prince of the bards of his

"And now," said the god,—but he scarcely
 had spoken,
 When bang went the door—you'd have thought
 it was broken ;
 And in rush'd a mob with a scuffle and squeeze, }
 Exclaiming, "What ! Wordsworth, and fel- }
 lows like these !
 Nay then, we may all take our seats as we }
 please !"
 I can't, if I would, tell you who they all were ;
 But a whole shoal of fops and of pedants were
 there,
 All the "heart and impart" men*, and such as
 suppose
 They write like the Virgils, and Popes, and
 Boileaus ! [fire,
 The god smiled at first with a turn tow'rd's the
 And whisper'd "There, tell'em they'd better
 retire ;"

* The author, I suppose, alludes to feeble versifiers who deal in hacknied rhymes that seem to suggest equally hacknied images.—COMPILER.

But lord ! this was only to set all their quills up ;
The rogues did but bustle ; and pulling their
frills up,
Stood fixing their faces, and stirr'd not an inch
Nay, some took their snuff out, and join'd in a
pinch.

Then wrath seiz'd Apollo ; and turning again,
" Ye rabble," he cried, " common-minded and
vain,
Whate'er be the faults which true bards may
commit,
(And most of 'em lie in your own want of wit,)
Ye shall try, wretched creatures, how well ye
can bear
What such only witness, unsmote with despair."

He said : and the place all seem'd swelling
with light,
While his locks and his visage grew awfully
bright ;
And clouds, burning inward, roll'd round on
each side,
To encircle his state, as he stood in his pride ;
Till at last the full deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze !
Then a glory beam'd round, as of fiery rods,
With the sound of deep organs and chorister
gods ;
And the faces of bards, glowing fresh from their
skies,
Came thronging about with intentness of eyes,—
And the Nines were all heard, as the harmony
swell'd,—
And the spheres, pealing in, the long rapture
upheld,—
And all things, above and beneath, and around,
Seem'd a world of bright vision, set floating in
sound.

That sight and that music might not be sus-
tain'd,
But by those who in wonder's great school had
been train'd ;
And even the bards who had graciousness found,
After gazing awhile, bow'd them down to the
ground.
What then could remain for that feeble-eyed
crew ?
Through the door in an instant they rush'd and
they flew ;
They rush'd, and they dash'd, and they scam-
bled, and stumbled,
And down the hall staircase distractedly tum-
bled, [feet,
And never once thought which was head or was
And slid through the hall, and fell plump in the
street.
So great was the panic that smote them to flight,
That of all who had come to be feasted that
night, [place ;
Not one ventur'd back, or would stay near the
Even Croker declin'd, notwithstanding his face.

But Phœbus no sooner had gain'd his good
ends.

Than he put off his terrors, and rais'd up his
friends,

Who stood for a moment, entranc'd to behold
The glories subside and the dim-rolling gold,
And listen'd to sounds, that with ecstasy burn-

ing
Seem'd dying far upward, like heaven return-

ing.
Then " Come," cried the god in his elegant
mirth,

" Let us make us a heav'n of our own upon
earth,

And wake with the lips, that we dip in our bowls,
That divinest of music.—congenial souls."

So saying, he led through the door in his state,
Each bard, as he follow'd him, blessing his fate ;
And by some charm or other, as each took his
chair,

There burst a most beautiful wreath in his hair.
I can't tell 'em all, but the groundwork was
bay,

And Campbell, in his, had some oak-leaves and
May ; [vine ;

And Forget-me-not, Rogers ; and Moore had a
And Shelley, besides most magnificent pine,
Had the plant* which thy least touch, Human-
ity, knows ;

And Keats's had forest-tree, ivy, and rose ;
And Southey some buds of the tall eastern palm ;
And Coleridge mandragoras†, mingled with balm ;
And Wordsworth, with all which the field-walk
endears,

The blossom that counts by its hundreds of
years.

Then Apollo put his on, that sparkled with
beams,

And rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams,—
Not an epicure civic, or grossly inclin'd,

But such as a poet might dream ere he din'd ;
For the god had no sooner determin'd the fare,

Than it turn'd to whatever was racy and rare :
The fish and the flesh, for example, were done,

On account of their fineness, in flame from the
sun ;

The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which Muskat was nothing, nor Virginis Lac,

No, nor even Johannisberg, soul of the Rhine,
Nor Montepulciano, though King of all Wine.

Then as for the fruits, you might garden for
ages,

Before you could raise me such apples and gages ;
And all on the table no sooner were spread,

Than their cheeks next the god blush'd a beau-
tiful red.

'Twas magic, in short, and deliciousness all ;—
The very men servants grew handsome and tall ;

* The Sensitive Plant.

† There is an allusion to this plant in Shakespeare's *Othello* and also in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*. It is observed in a note by Stevens to a passage on the former play that the *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a soporific quality, and that the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind.—*Compuser.*

To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turn'd,
 The service with opal and adamant burn'd;
 Each candlestick chang'd to a pillar of gold,
 While a bundle of beams took the place of the
 mould;
 The decanters and glasses pure diamond became,
 And the corkscrew ran solidly round into
 flame:—
 In a word, so completely forestall'd were the
 wishes,
 E'en harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.

It can't be suppos'd I should think of repeat-
 ing
 The fancies that flow'd at this laureat meeting;
 I haven't the brains, and besides, was not there;
 But the wit may be easily guess'd, by the
 chair.

I must mention, however, that during the
 wine,
 Our four great old poets were toasted with nine.
 Then others with six, or with three, as it fitted,
 Nor were those who translate with a gusto,
 omitted.
 At this, Southey begging the deity's ear—
 "I know," interrupted Apollo, "'tis Frere:"
 And Scott put a word in, and begg'd to pro-
 pose—
 "I'll drink him with pleasure," said Phœbus,
 "'tis Rose."
 Then talking of lyrics, he call'd upon Moore,
 Who sung such a song, that they shouted
 "Encore!"
 And the god was so pleas'd with his taste and
 his tone,
 He obey'd the next call, and gave one of his
 own,—
 At which you'd have thought,—('twas so witch-
 ing a warble.)
 The guests had all turn'd into listening marble;
 The wreaths on their temples grew brighter of
 bloom,
 As the breath of the deity circled the room;
 And the wine in the glasses went rippling in
 rounds,
 As if follow'd and fann'd by the soft-winged
 sounds.

Thus chatting and singing they sat till eleven,
 When Phœbus shook hands, and departed for
 heaven;
 "For poets," he said, "who would cherish
 their powers,
 And hop'd to be deathless, must keep to good
 hours."
 So off he betook him the way that he came,
 And shot up the north, like an arrow of flame;
 For the Bear was his inn; and the comet, they
 say,
 Was his tandem in waiting to fetch him away.

The others then parted, all highly delighted;
 And so shall I be, when you find me invited.

TO T. L. H.,

Six years old, during a sickness.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little, patient boy;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
 I sit me down, and think
 Of all thy winning ways;
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid;
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears,
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now;
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,
 Have wasted with dry brow;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness,—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new,
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father too;
 My light, where'er I go,
 My bird, when prison-bound,
 My hand in hand companion,—no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
 "His voice"—"his face"—is gone:
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on;
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
 This silence too the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile:
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of Cherubim,
 Who say, "We've finished here."

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a
 royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on
 the court;

The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies
by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with
one for whom he sighed ;
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that
crowning show,
Valour and love and a king above, and the
royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laugh-
ing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams,
a wind went with their paws ;
With wallowing might, and stifed roar, they
roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a
thunderous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing
through the air :
Said Francis then, " Faith, gentlemen, we're
better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beaute-
ous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, that
always seemed the same ;
She thought, the Count my lover, is as brave as
brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show
his love of me :
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is
divine,
I'll drop my glove to prove his love ; great glo-
ry will be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then
looked at him and smiled ;
He bowed, and in a moment leap'd among the
lions wild :
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has
regained the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right
in the lady's face.
" By God !" cried Francis, " rightly done," and
he rose from where he sat ;
" No love," quoth he, " but vanity, sets love a
task like that !"

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold ;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold :
And to the presence in the room he said,
" What writest thou ?" The vision rais'd its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered " The names of those who love the
Lord."

" And is mine one?" said Abou. " Nay, not so."
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, " I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had
bless'd.
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1784.

THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

Down yon green glen, in yon wee bower,
Lived fair and lovely Annie :
Ere she saw seventeen simmer suns,
She waxed wond'rous bonnie.
Young Lord Dalzell at her bower door
Had privily been calling,
When she grew faint, and sick of heart,
And moanings fill'd her dwelling.

I found her as a lillie flower,
When dew hangs in its blossom,
Wet were her cheeks, and a sweet babe
Hung smiling at her bosom,
Such throbs ran through her frame, as seem'd
Her heart and soul to sever ;
In no one's face she look'd—her bloom
Was fading—and for ever.

Thou hast thy father's smile, my babe,
Maids' eyes to dim with grieving,
His willing glance, which woman's heart-
Could fill with fond believing ;
A voice that made his falsest vows
Seem breathings of pure heaven,
And get, from hearts which he had broke,
His injuries forgiven.

My false love came to me yestreen,
With words all steep'd in honey,
And kiss'd his babe, and said, sweet wean,
Be as thy mother bonnie.
And out he pull'd a purse of gold,
With rings and rubies many—
I look'd at him, but could not speak,
Ye've broke the heart of Annie.

It's not thy gold and silver bright,
Thy words like dropping honey,
Thy silken scarfs, and bodice fine,
And caps all laced an' bonnie,
Can bring me back the peace I've tint*,
Or heal the heart of Annie ;
Speak to thy God of thy broken vows,
For thou hast broken many.*

* Lost.

THE LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne*,—
Its gentle breath among the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's top of down ;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met among the hawthorns green
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet among the grass
Shone like two dewy lilies fair ;
Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks
Black curling o'er her shoulders bare ;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
'The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry ?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
I have look'd long for a weel-faured lass,
By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
'The lovely lass of Preston-mill,

I said, sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and come with me :
A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
The tears were dropping frae her ee.
I hae a lad who's far awa',
'That weel could win a woman's will ;
My heart's already full of love,—
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
And seek for love in a far countree ?
Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew ;
I fain had kiss'd them frae her ee.
I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
For pity's sake, kind sir, be still ;
My heart is full of other love,
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watry ee—
Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee ;
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
Till my last drop of blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu' ;
By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.
O ! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
As ever shone on vale and hill,
But there's ae light puts them all out,—
'The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

* Low.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

Born 1786.

STANZAS TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little Baby ! sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,
Baby ! thy rest shall be—
Oh ! many a weary night,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee little tender nursling !
Flee to thy grassy nest—
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace ! peace ! the little bosom
Labours with shortening breath.
Peace ! peace ! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
Those are the damps of Death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee ;
But never then, wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby ! thou seem'st to me.

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over
Like harebells wet with dew—
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open,
The soft lip quivering,
As if like summer air,
Ruffling the rose leaves, there
Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
Young spirit ! hence—depart !
And is *this* Death ?—Dread Thing !
If such thy visiting
How beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face,
So passionless ! so pure !
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling place.

Thou weepest, childless mother !
 Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart—
 He was thy first-born son—
 Thy first, thine only one—
 'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
 Deep in the damp cold earth,
 His empty crib to see,
 His silent nursery,
 Late ringing with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
 His small mouth's rosy kiss,
 Then—waken'd with a start,
 By thine own throbbing heart—
 His twining arms to miss.

And then, to lie and weep,
 And think the live-long night,
 (Feeding thine own distress
 With accurate greediness,)
 Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,
 His pretty, playful smiles,
 His joy at sight of thee,
 His tricks, his mimicry,
 And all his little wiles.

Oh ! these are recollections
 Round mothers' hearts that cling ?
 That mingle with the tears
 And smiles of after years,
 With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother,
 In after years, look back
 (Time brings such wondrous easing)
 With sadness not unpleasing,
 Even on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, " My first-born blessing !
 It almost broke my heart,
 When thou wert forced to go,
 And yet for thee, I know
 'Twas better to depart.

God took thee in his mercy,
 A lamb untask'd—untried—
 He fought the fight for thee—
 He won the victory—
 And thou art sanctified.

I look around and see
 The evil ways of men,
 And oh, beloved child !
 I'm more than reconciled
 To thy departure then.

The little arms that clasped me,
 The innocent lips that prest,
 Would they have been as pure
 Till now, as when of yore
 I lull'd thee on my breast ?

Now, like a dew-drop shrined
 Within a chrystal stone,
 Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove !
 Safe with the source of Love,
 The everlasting One !

And when the hour arrives,
 From flesh that sets me free,
 Thy spirit may await,
 The first at Heaven's gate,
 To meet and welcome me."

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow—
 No passing bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed,
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that Beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state ;
 Enter—no crowds attend—
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppress'd—again
 That short deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

Oh ! change—Oh ! wond'rous change—
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment *there*, so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clou ;
 The Sun eternal breaks—
 The new Immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

BERNARD BARTON.

—
Born 1784.
—

THE SEA.

I REMEMBER a time when existence was young,
When the halo of hope round futurity hung,
When I stoop'd not to commune with sorrow or
strife,
But enjoyment alone seem'd the business of life.

The bright sun himself, in an unclouded sky,
Exulted not more in his brightness than I ;
And the clouds that his last rays of light lov'd
to gild,
Could not rival the castles my fancy would
build.

The loud-singing bird, and the blythe hum-
ming bee,
Were not happier than I, in that season of
glee ;
Like the butterfly, flitting round spring's gay-
est bowers,
Fly whither I would, I alighted on flowers.

Yet then, even then, when my young spirit found
Its own heaven within, and above, and around,
There was nothing more dear or delightful to
me,
Than to gaze on the glorious and beautiful sea.

Oh ! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart :
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er
me,
When its billowy boundlessness open'd before
me !

As I stood on its margin, or roam'd on its
strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of
POWER !

But soon, as young boyhood is wont, I o'ercame
The feeling of awe which first master'd my
frame,
And that wide world of waters appear'd in my
view
A scene of enjoyment unbounded and new.

In the surf-beaten sands that encirc'd it round,
In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's re-
bound,
In its white-drifted form, and its dark-heaving
green,
Each moment 'I gaz'd some fresh beauty was
seen.

And thus, while I wander'd on ocean's bleak
shore,
And survey'd its vast surface, and heard its
waves roar,
I seem'd wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
And haunted by majesty, glory, and might !

* * * * *
* * * * *

So it was in the morning of life ! but no more
Can thy grandeur, old Ocean ! such visions
restore ;
With the freshness of youth those enchantments
have flown,
But a charm still survives that is proudly thy
own.

It is thine to awaken that tenderest thrill
Of pensive enjoyment, which time cannot chill ;
Which survives even love, on its memory to
live,
And is dearer by far than all rapture can give.

It is not a feeling of gloom or distress,
But something that language can never express ;
'Tis the essence of joy, and the lux'ry of woe,
The bliss of the blest, faintly imag'd below.

For if ever to mortals sensations are given
As pledges of purer ones hop'd for in heaven,
They are those which arise, when, with humble
devotion,
We gaze upon thee, thou magnificent ocean !

Though, while in these houses of clay we must
dwell,
We but faintly can guess, and imperfectly tell
What the feelings of fetterless spirits may
be ;
They are surely like those which are waken'd
by thee.

A sense of His greatness, whose might, and
whose will
First gave thee existence, and governs thee
still ;
By the force of whose " FIAT " thy waters were
made !
By the strength of whose arm thy proud billows
are stay'd !

Nor less, when our vision thy vastness would
scan,
And our spirits would fain thy immensity span,
Does thy empire, which spreads from equator
to pole,
Prove how feeble and finite is human control.

Yet, mix'd with emotions that humble our pride,
Are others to nature's best feelings allied ;
To the wounded in spirit, the stricken in
heart,
Thy breezes and billows can solace impart.

And this I have found, when, with spirits de-
 preat,
 I have walk'd by thy side as thy waves sank to
 rest ;
 When the winds which had swept thee were
 softly subsiding,
 And where breakers had foam'd, rippling
 billows were gliding.

Oh, thus ! have I thought, when the tempests
 that roll,
 And the clouds that o'ershadow and darken my
 soul,
 Have fulfill'd their commission, my sorrows may
 cease,
 And my thoughts, like thy waves, find a season
 of peace.

Flow on then, thou type of eternity ! flow :
 In boyhood my heart in thy presence would
 glow ;
 " For the strength of the happy, the might of
 the free,
 Seem'd spread like a garment of glory o'er thee."

But more passionless, pensive, and pure is thy
 way,
 Since dark clouds have shadow'd the noon of my
 day ;
 Oh, then ! like the sun's setting beam on thy
 wave
 May a ray from Hope's star shed its light on
 my grave !

TO THE WINDS.

YE viewless Minstrels of the sky !
 I marvel not, in times gone by
 That ye were deified :
 For, even in this later day,
 'T' me oft 'has your power, or play,
 Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power ! when, by your might
 You heave the wild waves, crested white,
 Like mountains in your wrath ;
 Ploughing between them valleys deep,
 Which, to the seaman rous'd from sleep,
 Yawn like death's opening path !

Graceful your play ! when, round the bower
 Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,
 To wreath her dark locks there,
 Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
 The leaves between, fit round that wreath,
 And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
 And you can give far loftier birth :—
 Ye come !—we know not whence !
 Ye go !—can mortals trace your flight ?
 All imperceptible to sight ;
 Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise, and set we know ;
 The Sea,—we mark its ebb, and flow ;
 The Moon,—her wax, and wane ;
 The Stars,—Man knows their courses well,
 The Comets' vagrant paths can tell :—
 But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things !
 Who mock all our imaginings,
 Like spirits in a dream ;
 What epithet can words supply
 Unto the bard who takes such high
 Unmanageable theme ?

But one ;—to me, when Fancy stirs
 My thoughts, ye seem HEAVEN'S MESSENGERS,
 Who leave no path untrod ;
 And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
 I hear your voice in all its power,
 It seems the voice of God.

JOHN WILSON.

Born 1789.

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears !
 One long, deep, heavy sigh !
 When o'er our eyes, half-closed in tears,
 The images of former years
 Are faintly glimmering by !
 And still forgotten while they go,
 As on the sea-beach wave on wave
 Dissolves at once in snow.
 Upon the blue and silent sky
 The amber clouds one moment lie,
 And like a dream are gone !
 Though beautiful the moon-beams play
 On the lake's bosom bright as they,
 And the soul intensely loves their stay,
 Soon as the radiance melts away
 We scarce believe it shone !

Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell,
 And we wish they ne'er may fade—
 They cease ! and the soul is a silent cell,
 Where music never played.
 Dream follows dream through the long night
 hours,
 Each lovelier than the last—
 But ere the breath of morning-flowers,
 That gorgeous world flies past.
 And many a sweet angelic cheek,
 Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
 Glides by us on this earth—
 While in a day we cannot tell
 Where shone the face we loved so well
 In sadness or in mirth.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BESIDE her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by ;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth ;
The sea will not give back its prey—
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Stedfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son—
" O merciful Heaven ! when I am gone
Thine is this earthly blossom !"

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke
Into the room ;—the babe awoke,
And from his cradle smiled !
Ah me ! what kindling smiles met there,
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child !

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day,—
" Forgive me ! that I wept !"

Sufferings there are from Nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor Poet's tongue
May venture to declare ;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
" The griefs she bids us here endure
She can herself repair !"

SONNET.

The Voice of the Mountains.

LIST ! while I tell what forms the mountain's
voice !

—The storms are up ; and from von sable cloud
Down rush the rains ; while 'mid the thunder loud
The viewless eagles in wild screams rejoice.
The echoes answer to the unearthly noise
Of hurling rocks that, plunged into the lake
Send up a sullen groan : from clefts and caves,
As of half-murder'd wretch, hark ! yells awake,
Or red-eyed frenzy as in chains he raves.
These form the mountain's voice ; these, heard
at night,

Distant from human being's known abode,
To earth some spirits bow in cold affright,
But some they lift to glory and to God.

SONNET.

THE lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand
The little billows hastening silently,
Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,
Soon as they touch'd the shore, all doom'd to die !

I gazed upon them with a pensive eye,
For on that dim and melancholy strand,
I saw the image of man's destiny.
So hurry we, right onwards, thoughtlessly,
Unto the coast of that eternal land !
Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,
The first faint touch unable to withstand,
We melt at once into eternity.
O Thou, who weigh'st the waters in thine hand
My awe-struck spirit puts her trust in Thee !

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN.

Born 1791.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO :

A PIERCE POEM, recited in the Theatre, Oxford, in the year 1812.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky ;
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry ?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav'nly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth ;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face.
A god in strength, with more than godlike
grace ;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood
flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern de-
light,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight,
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire :
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky :
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian ! with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of
light, [abode,
View'd the bright conclave of heaven's blest
And the cold marble leapt to life a god :
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man.
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours ;

Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of
day ;

Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than rev'rence gazed the maid of
France,

Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude !
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble,
smiled :

Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied :
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and
died.

THOMAS HOOD.

Born 1798.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

An Old Ballad.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Saily Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

5 A

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright :
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas : they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow ;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe !

Says he, "they've only taken him
"To the Tender ship, you see ;"
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be !

"O ! would I were a mermaid now
For then I'd follow him ;
But Oh !—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas ! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow :"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried ;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR*.

POESY.

[From the same.]

[Date of birth uncertain.]

THE OCEAN.

[From Marician Colonna.]

O THOU, vast Ocean! Ever sounding sea!
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone,
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the East and in the West
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no
 life

Or motion, yet are moved and met in strife.
 The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor
 change

Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go;
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their viewless home,
 And come again, and vanish: the young spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
 And winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild autumn with a look forlorn
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
 Weep and flowers sicken when the summer flies.
 —Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
 A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
 When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
 A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds,
 Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be
 driven

Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
 How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
 And stretch thine arms, and war at once with
 heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
 On thee no record ever lived again
 To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
 Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps.
 Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps
 King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
 Can move the mighty ocean into storm—
 Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
 And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
 And lovely in repose: thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
 "Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

* Better known by his adopted name of Barry Cornwall.

OH! never shall thy name, sweet Poesy,
 Be flung away, or trampled by the crowd
 As a thing of little worth, while I aloud
 May—(with a feeble voice indeed) proclaim
 The sanctity, the beauty of thy name.
 Thy grateful servant am I, for thy power
 Has solaced me through many a wretched hour;
 In sickness—ay, when frame and spirit sank.
 I turned me to thy crystal cup and drank
 Intoxicating draughts. Faithfullest friend,
 Most faithful—perhaps best: when none were
 nigh

Unto thy green recesses did I send
 My thoughts, and freshest rills of poesy
 Came streaming all around from fountains old;
 And so I drank and drank, and haply told
 How thankful was I unto the night wind
 Alone,—a cheerless confidant, but kind*.

PORTRAITS.

I DREAMT, and o'er my enchanted vision pass'd
 Shapes of the elder time (beautiful things
 That men have died for!) as they stood on
 earth,

But more ethereal, and each forehead bore
 The stamp and character of the starry skies.

First came that Roman lady from whose bosom
 The Gracchi twins were born, gracious Cornelia:
 Her raven hair was wreath'd about her brow
 Severe, yet fair and lovely. Like a queen
 She trod, majestic as when Juno throned
 Above the deities, by the side of Jove,
 Lends her proud smile celestial, while her lord
 Showers Heaven's bounties on the world below.
 Behind her follow'd an Athenian dame
 (The pale and elegant Aspasia),
 Like some fair marble carved by Phidias' hand,
 And meant to imitate the nymph or muse:
 Mistress of poetry and song was she,
 And fit to be beloved of Pericles.
 Shadow'd by myrtle boughs she floated onwards.

Then came a dark-brow'd spirit, on whose head
 Laurel and withering roses loosely hung:
 She held a harp amongst whose chords her hand
 Wandered for music—and it came. She sang
 A song despairing, and the whispering winds
 Seem'd envious of her melody, and stream'd
 Amidst the wires to rival her, in vain.
 Short was the strain, but sweet. Methought it
 spoke

* Not poets only, but their readers also, have often acknowledged the magic of sweet verse in the hour of sorrow. Sir James Mackintosh in one of his interesting diaries remarks—"In all vexations which are not great, I successfully apply to poetry for consolation:—

Ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs."

And on another occasion, when depressed by sickness, he tells us that he "soothed himself by five books of Paradise Lost."—
 Compiler.

Of broken hearts, and still and moonlight seas,
Of love, and loneliness, and fancy gone,
And hopes decay'd for ever: and my ear
Caught well remember'd names, "Leucadia's
rock"

At times, and "Faithless Phaon:" then the form
Pass'd not, but seem'd to melt in air away:
This was the Lesbian Sappho.—Then pass'd by
Another, and another, without names.
At last came one whom none could e'er mistake
Amidst a million: Egypt's dark-eyed Queen:
The love, the spell, the bane of Antony.
O, Cleopatra! who shall speak of thee?
Gaily, but like the empress of a land
She moved, and light as a wood-nymph in her
prime,
And crown'd with costly gems, whose single price
Might buy a kingdom, yet how dim they shone
Beneath the magic of her eye, whose beam
Flash'd love and languishment! Of varying humours
She seem'd, yet subtle in her wildest mood,
As guile were to her passions ministrant.
At last she sank as dead. A noxious worm
Fed on those blue and wandering veins that
laced
Her rising bosom: aye, did sleep upon
The pillow of Antony, and left behind,
In dark requital for its banquet—death.

A LONDON LYRIC.

(Without.)

THE winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning
rain:
Without,—in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbed aloud her grief, her pain!
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But Hunger, her friend, with his cold gaunt
hand,
Grasps her throat,—whispering huskily,
'What dost Thou in a Christian land?'

(Within.)

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold:
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl within:
Slaves are waiting, in crimson and gold,—
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
'Happiness,'—'honour,'—and all for him!

(Without.)

She who is slain 'neath the winter weather,—
Ah! she *once* had a village fame,
Listened to love on the moon lit heather,
Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame:
Now her allies are the tempest howling,
Prodigal's curses—self-disdain,
Poverty,—misery;—Well, no matter,
There is an end unto every pain

b a 2

The harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
Disdain,—despair; by to-morrow's light
The ragged boards and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be given to dusty night.
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone,—poor life and its 'fever' o'er,
So,—let her in calm oblivion lie;
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

(Within.)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down.
He it was, who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town:
Liar—betrayer—false as cruel,—
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn?—high dames, they shun
him?
—Unbar yon palace, and gaze within.

There,—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded,
There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters,
Men of high honour salute him 'friend';
Skies! oh, where are your cleansing waters?
World! oh, where do thy wonders end?

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

[Date of birth uncertain.]

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight,—
A storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lash'd the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gather'd round
The Leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal-thunder roar'd,
And they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element
Show'd, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased its moan :
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant, dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill ;
A host glared by the bay ;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on
Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there !
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave !
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreath'd lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that Freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crown'd Æta's twilight brow ;
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
'To Greece one cup pour'd high,—
Then, hand in hand, they drank
"To Immortality !"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge ;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They march'd within the tent,
With all their strength unstrung ;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

To heaven the blaze uproll'd,
Like a mighty altar-fire ;
And the Persians' gems and gold
Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
And their pæan loud replied !

Thus fought the Greek of old !
Thus will he fight again !
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men ?

THERMOPYLÆ.

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore—
Who died within this mountain glen !
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ !

Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd— a storm of sword and spear ;—
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land !

But there are none to hear ;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
LEONIDAS ! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now ;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given !—the surge—
The tree—the rock—the sand—
On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,

The memory of thine and thee !

The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell !

And is thy grandeur done ?

Mother of men like these !

Has not thy outcry gone,
Where Justice has an ear to hear ?—
Be holy ! God shall guide thy spear ;

'Till in thy crimson'd sens,
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
GREECE shall be a new-born Star !

DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC Love ! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells
dyed ;

And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and
earth doth fling.

O ! Love of loves !—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key !

Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's
knee .

And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.

Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy
plume !

AN ESTUARY.

A calm Evening.

Look on these waters, with how soft a kiss
They woo the pebbled shore ! then steal away,
Like wanton lovers,—but to come again,
And die in music !—There, the bending skies
See all their stars,—and the beach-loving trees,
Osiers and willows, and the watery flowers,
That wreath their pale roots round the ancient
stones,
Make pictures of themselves !

DETACHED PASSAGES

From "Cataline," a dramatic poem.

Effects of Oratory.

His words seem'd oracles,
That pierced their bosoms ; and each man would
turn,

And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him :
Then some would weep, some shout ; some, deep-
er touch'd,

Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable.

The evening came, yet there the people stood,
As if 'twere noon, and they the marble sea,
Sleeping, without a wave. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke,—
But, when he ceased, the shout was like the roar
Of Ocean in the storm.

Counterfeited Joy.

HE seem'd to feel

The fiercest joy of all ; pledged Heaven and
Earth

In brimming goblets ; talk'd a round of things,
Lofty and rambling as an ecstasy :
Laugh'd, till his very laughter check'd our mirth,
And all gazed on him ; then, as if surprised,
Marking the silence, mutter'd some excuse,
And sank in reverie ; then, wild again,
Talk'd, drank, and laugh'd—the first of Bac-
chanals.

MRS. MACLEAN*.

Born 1807†.

ELENORE.

[From the Troubadour.]

THE lady sits in her lone bower,
With cheek wan as the white rose-flower
That blooms beside, 'tis pale and wet
As that rose with its dew pearls set.
Her cheek burns with a redder dye,
Flashes light from her tearful eye ;
She has heard pinions beat the air,
She sees her white dove floating there ;
And well she knows its faithful wing
The treasure of her heart will bring ;
And takes the gentle bird its stand
Accustom'd on the maiden's hand,
With glancing eye and throbbing breast,
As if rejoicing in its rest.

She read the scroll,—dear love, to-night
By the lake, all is there for flight
What time the moon is down ;—oh, then
My own life shall we meet again !
One upward look of thankfulness,
One pause of joy, one fond caress
Of her soft lips, as to reward
The messenger of Eginhard.

That night in her proud father's hall
She shone the fairest one of all ;
For like the cloud of evening came
Over her cheek the sudden flame,
And varying as each moment brought
Some hasty change of secret thought ;

* Better known by the triple initials (L. E. L.) of her maiden name, Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

† Mrs. Maclean died in the latter end of 1838, and intelligence of her death reached India just before this sheet was prepared for the press.

As if its colour would confess
 The conscious heart's inmost recess.
 And the clear depths of her dark eye
 Were bright with troubled brilliancy,
 Yet the lids droop'd as with the tear
 Which might oppress but not appear.
 And flatteries, and smile and sigh
 Loaded the air as she past by.
 It sparkled, but her jewell'd vest
 Was crost above a troubled breast:
 Her curls, with all their sunny glow,
 Were braided o'er an aching brow ;
 But well she knew how many sought
 To gaze upon her secret thought ;—
 And Love is proud,—she might not brook
 That others on her heart should look.
 But there she sate, cold, pale, and high,
 Beneath her purple canopy ;
 And there was many a mutter'd word,
 And one low whisper'd name was heard,—

The name of Eginhard,—that name
 Like some forbidden secret came,
 The theme went, that he dared to love
 One like a star his state above ;
 Here to the princess turn'd each eye,—
 And it was said, he did not sigh
 With love that pales the pining cheek,
 And leaves the slighted heart to break.
 And then a varying tale was told,
 How a page had betray'd for gold ;
 But all was rumour light and vain,
 That all might hear, but none explain.

Like one that seeks a festival,
 Early the princess left the hall ;
 Yet said she, sleep dwelt on her eyes,
 That she was worn with revelries.
 And hastily her maidens' care
 Unbinds the jewels from her hair.
 Odours are round her chamber strown,
 And Elenore is left alone.

With throbbing heart, whose pulses beat
 Louder than fall her ivory feet,
 She rises from her couch of down ;
 And, hurriedly, a robe is thrown
 Around her form, and her own hand
 Lets down her tresses' golden band.
 Another moment she has shred
 Those graceful tresses from her head.
 There stands a plate of polish'd steel,
 She folds her cloak as to conceal
 Her strange attire, for she is drest
 As a young page in dark green vest.
 Softly she steps the balustrade,
 Where myrtle, rose, and hyacinth made
 A passage to the garden-shade.

It was a lovely summer-night,
 The air was incense-fill'd, the light
 Was dim and tremulous, a gleam,
 When a star, mirror'd on the stream,

Sent a ray round just to reveal
 How gales from flower to flower steal.
 " It was on such a night as this,
 When even a single breath is bliss,
 Such a soft air, such a mild heaven,
 My vows to Eginhard were given."
 Sigh'd Elenore : " Oh, might it be
 A hope, a happy augury !"

She reach'd the lake,—a blush, a smile,
 Contended on her face the while ;
 And safely in a little cove,
 Shelter'd by willow-trees above,
 An ambuscade from all secured,
 Her lover's little boat lay moor'd.—
 One greeting word, with muffled oar,
 And silent lip, they left that shore.

It was most like a phantom-dream
 To see that boat flit o'er the stream,
 So still, that but yet less and less
 It grew, it had seem'd motionless.
 And then the silent lake, the trees
 Visible only when the breeze
 Aside the shadowy branches threw,
 And let one single star shine through,—
 While the faint glimmer scarcely gave
 To view the wanderers of the wave.

The breeze has borne the clouds away
 That veil'd the blushes of young day :
 The lark has sung his morning-song ;—
 Surely the princess slumbers long.
 And now it is the accustom'd hour
 Her royal father seeks her bower,
 When her soft voice and gentle lute.
 The snowfall of her fairy-foot,
 The flowers she has culld, with dew
 Yet moist upon each rainbow-hue,
 The fruits with bloom upon their cheek,
 Fresh as the morning's first sun-streak ;
 Each, all conspired to while away
 The weariness of royal sway.

But she is gone : there hangs her lute,
 And there it may hang lone and mute :
 The flowers may fade, for who is there
 To triumph now if they are fair ?
 There are her gems,—oh, let them twine
 An offering round some sainted shrine !
 For she who wore them may not wear
 Again those jewels in her hair.

At first the monarch's rage was wild ;
 But soon the image of his child
 In tenderness rose on his heart,
 How could he bear from it to part ?
 And anger turn'd to grief : in vain
 Ambition had destroy'd the chain
 With which love had bound happiness.
 In vain remorse, in vain redress,—

Fruitless all search. And years past o'er,
No tidings came of Elenore,
Although the king would have laid down
His golden sceptre, purple crown,
His pomp, his power, but to have prest
His child one moment to his breast.

And where was Elenore? her home
Was now beneath the forest-dome;—
A hundred knights had watch'd her hall,
Her guards were now the pine-trees tall:
For harps waked with the minstrel-tale,
Sang to her sleep the nightingale:
For silver vases, where were blent
Rich perfumes from Arabia sent,
Where odours when the wild thyme-flower
Wafted its sweets on gale and shower.
For carpets of the purple loom
The violets spread their cloud of bloom,
Starr'd with primroses; and around
Boughs like green tapestry swept the ground.
—And there they dwelt apart from all
That gilds and mocks ambition's thrall;
Apart from cities, crowds, and care,
Hopes that deceive, and toils that wear;
For they had made themselves a world
Like that ere ever man was hurl'd
From his sweet Eden, to begin
His bitter course of grief and sin.—
And they were happy; Eginhard
Had won the prize for which he dared
Dungeon and death; but what is there
That the young lover will not dare?
And she, though nurtured as a flower,
The favourite bud of a spring-bower,
Daughter of palaces, yet made
Her dwelling place in the green shade;
Happy as she remember'd not
Her royal in her peasant lot,—
With gentle cares, and smiling eyes
As love could feel no sacrifice.
Happy her ivory brow to lave
Without a mirror but the wave,
As one whose sweetness could dispense
With all save its own excellence;—
A fair but gentle creature, meant
For heart, and hearth, and home content.

It was at night the chase was over,
And Elenore sat by her lover,—
Her lover still, though years had fled
Since their first word of love was said,—
When one sought, at that darksome hour,
The refuge of their lonely bower,
A hunter, who, amid the shade,
Had from his own companions stray'd.
And Elenore gazed on his face,
And knew her father! In the chase
Often the royal mourner sought
A refuge from his one sad thought.
He knew her not,—the lowly mien,
The simple garb of forest-green,
The darken'd brow, which told the spoil
The sun stole from her daily toil,

The cheek where woodland health had shed
The freshness of its morning-red,—
All was so changed. She spread the board,
Her hand the sparking wine-cup pour'd;
And then around the hearth they drew,
And cheerfully the woodfire threw
Its light around.—Bent o'er her wheel
Scarcely dared Elenore to steal
A look, half tenderness, half fear,
Yet seem'd he as he loved to hear
Her voice, as if it had a tone
Breathing of days and feelings gone.

Ah! surely, thought she, Heaven has sent
My father here, as that it meant
Our years of absence ended now!
She gazed upon his soften'd brow;
And the next moment, all revealing,
Elenore at his feet is kneeling!—
Need I relate that, reconciled,
The father bless'd his truant child.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

I HAVE gone east, I have gone west,
To seek for what I cannot find:
A heart at peace with its own thoughts,
A quiet and contented mind.
I have sought high, I have sought low,
Alike my search has been in vain;
The same lip mix'd the smile and sigh,
The same hour mingled joy and pain.
And first I sought 'mid sceptred kings;
Power was, so peace might be with them:
They cast a look of weariness
Upon the care-lined diadem.
I ask'd the soldier; and he spoke
Of a dear quiet home afar,
And whisper'd of the vanity,
The ruin, and the wrong of war.
I saw the merchant 'mid his wealth;
Peace surely would with plenty be:
But no! his thoughts were all abroad
With their frail ventures on the sea.
I heard a lute's soft music float
In summer-sweetness on the air;
But the poet's brow was worn and wan,—
I saw peace was not written there.
And then I number'd o'er the ills,
That wait upon our mortal scene;
No marvel peace was not with them,
The marvel were if it had been.
First, childhood comes with all to learn,
And, even more than all, to bear
Restraint, reproof, and punishment,
And pleasures seen but not to share.
Youth, like the Scripture's madman, next,
Scattering around the burning coal;
With hasty deeds and misused gifts,
That leave their ashes on the soul.
Then manhood wearied, wastad, worn,
With hopes destroy'd and feelings dead;

And worldly caution, worldly wants,
Coldness, and carelessness instead.
Then age at last, dark, sullen, drear,
The breaking of a worn-out wave;
Letting us know that life has been
But the rough passage to the grave.
Thus we go on; hopes change to fears
Like fairy-gold that turns to clay,
And pleasure darkens into pain,
And time is measured by decay.
First our fresh feelings are our wealth,
They pass and leave a void behind;
Then comes ambition, with its wars,
That stir but to pollute the mind.
We loathe the present, and we dread
To think on what to come may be;
We look back on the past, and trace
A thousand wrecks, a troubled sea.
I have been over many lands,
And each and all I found the same;
Hope in its borrow'd plumes, and care
Madden'd and mask'd in pleasure's name.

A LOVE SPELL.

WHERE, oh! where 's the chain to fling,
One that will bind Cupid's wing,
One that will have longer power
Than the April sun or shower?
Form it not of Eastern gold,
All too weighty it to hold;
Form it neither all of bloom,
Never does Love find a tomb
Sudden, soon, as when he meets
Death amid unchanging sweets:
But if you would fling a chain,
And not fling it all in vain,
Like a fairy form a spell
Of all that is changeable:
Take the purple tints that deck,
Meteor-like, the peacock's neck;
Take the many hues that play
On the rainbow's colour'd way;
Never let a hope appear
Without its companion fear;
Only smile to sigh, and then
Change into a smile again;
Be to-day as sad, as pale,
As minstrel with his lovelorn tale;
But to-morrow gay as all -
Life had been one festival.
If a woman would secure,
All that makes her reign endure,
And, alas! her reign must be
Ever most in phantasy,
Never let an envious eye
Gaze upon the heart too nigh;
Never let the veil be thrown
Quite aside, as all were known
Of delight and tenderness,
In the spirit's last recess;
And, one spell all' spells above,
Never let her own her love.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Date of birth uncertain.]

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."—*Measure for Measure*.

WITH blackest moss the flowerplots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the gardenwall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said "I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!"

II.

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

III.

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the nightfowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

IV.

About a stonecast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marishmosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook away,
All silvergreen with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

V.

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow away.

But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow,
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

VI.

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked,
The blue fly sung i' the pane ; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

VII.

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
When the thickmoted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Downsloped was westering in his bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said ;
She wept, "I am weary, weary,
Oh God, that I were dead !"

CHARLES TURNER*.

*(Late Tennyson.)**[Date of birth uncertain.]*

THE ocean at the bidding of the moon
For ever changes with his resolute tide ;
Flung shoreward now, to be regather'd soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride
And semblance of return :—Anon from home
He issues forth anew, high ridg'd and free—
The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be !
O leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone—
A glorious sound, deep drawn and strongly
thrown,
And reaching those on mountain heights above,
To British ears, (as who shall scorn to own ?)
A tutelar fond voice, a saviour-tone of love !

* This gentleman is the younger brother of Alfred Tennyson, but why he has changed his name I cannot say.—*Compiler.*

INTELLECT AND PASSION.

VEXATION waits on passion's changeable glow,
But th' intellect may rove a thousand ways
And yet be calm while fluctuating so :
The dew-drop shakes not to its shifting rays,
And transits of soft light—be bold to choose
This never-satiate freedom of delight
Before the fiery bowl and red carouse.
And task for joy thy soul's majestic might :
So for the sensual will be rarer need,
So will thy mind a giant force assume,
Strong as the centre of the deep Maelstrom
When flung into the calm of sightless speed :
So wilt thou scorn on lowlier aims to feed,
And go in glory to a sage's tomb !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

(Date of birth uncertain.)

THE PRESS.

God said, "Let there be light !"
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away ;
Then, startled seas ; and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day ! 'tis day !"
"Hail holy light !" exclaimed
The thund'rous cloud, that flamed
O'er daisies white ;
And, lo, the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmured, "Light !"
Then was the skylark born ;
Then rose the embattled corn ;
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon ;
And then in stillest night, the moon
Poured forth her pensive lays.
Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad !
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
In glory, bloom !
And shall the mortal sons of God,
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb ?
No ; by the *mind* of man !
By the swart artisan !
By God, our sire !
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven ;
Mind, mind alone,
Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of minds, is gone !
"The Press !" all lands shall sing ;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless :
Oh, pallid want ! oh, labor stark !
Behold, we bring the second ark !
The Press ! the Press ! the Press !

ADDITIONAL MISCELLANEOUS SPECIMENS OF OUR EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

TRUE LOVE.

By Robert Green.

Born 1550.—Died 1592.

SITTING by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their God ; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to men in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said, all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss :
And in my thoughts I did approve
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth, and heart 'grees :
With arms folded, and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting !
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugar'd thrall ;
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love, with kisses kind.
But, if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgrac'd.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No love sweet but honesty !

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

By Christopher Marlowe.

Born 1562.—Died 1592.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks.
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers lin'd choicely from the cold ;
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral claps, and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

By Sir Walter Raleigh.

Born 1558.—Died 1618.

IF that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joyes no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

TIME GOES BY TURNS.

*By Robert Southwell.**Born 1560.—Died 1595.*

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and
 flower;
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening
 shower:
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by
 course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
 Her tides have equal times to come and go;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest
 web:

No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
 Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay,
 Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth
 all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 That net that holds no great, takes little
 fish;

In some things all, in all things none are
 cross'd;
 Few all they need, but none have all they
 wish.

Unmingled joys here to no man befall:
 Who least, hath some; who most, hath never
 all.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

*By John Lilje.**Born 1553.—Died 1600.*

CUPID and my Campaspe playd
 At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lippe, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his browe,
 And then the dimple of his chinne!
 All these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise,
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of mee?

5 B 2

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

*By Joshua Silvester.**Born 1563.—Died 1618.*

Goe, soule, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankelesse arrant;
 Feare not to touche the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Goe, since I needs must dye,
 And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
 And shines like rotten wood:
 Goe tell the church it shoves
 What's good, and doth no good:
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by other's actions;
 Not lov'd unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions;
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practise onely hate;
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who in their greatest cost
 Seek nothing but commending;
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
 Tell love, it is but lust;
 Tell time, it is but motion;
 Tell flesh, it is but dust;
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
 Tell honour, how it alters;
 Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
 Tell favour, how she falters;
 And as they shall reply,
 Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of nicenesse;
 Tell wisdom, she entangles
 Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
 And if they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse ;
 Tell skill, it is pretension ;
 Tell charity of coldness ;
 Tell law, it is contention ;
 And as they yield reply,
 So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse ;
 Tell nature of decay ;
 Tell friendship of unkindnesse ;
 Tell justice of delay :
 And if they dare reply,
 Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse ;
 And stand too much on seeming :
 If arts and schooles reply,
 Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie ;
 Tell how the countrey erreth ;
 Tell, manhood shakes off pitie ;
 Tell, vertue least preferreth :
 And, if they doe reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lye
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soule can kill.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

By Nicolas Breton.

Born 1555.—Died 1624.

In the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walk'd by the wood side,
 When as May was in his pride :
 There I spied, all alone,
 Phillida and Corydon.
 Much ado there was, God wot,
 He would love, and she would not :
 She said, never man was true ;
 He said, none was false to you.
 He said, he had lov'd her long ;
 She said, love should have no wrong,
 Corydon would kiss her then ;
 She said, maids must kiss no men,
 Till they did for good and all :
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth,
 Never lov'd a truer youth.
 Then with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse ;

Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
 And Phillida with garlands gay
 Was made the lady of the May.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

By Thomas Heywood.

Born 1580.—Died 16—.

We that have known no greater state
 Than this we live in, praise our fate :
 For, courtly silks in cares are spent,
 When country's russet breeds content.
 The power of sceptres we admire,
 But sheep-hook for our use desire.
 Simple and low is our condition,
 For here with us is no ambition ;
 We with the sun our flocks unfold,
 Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.
 Our music from the birds we borrow,
 They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.

Our habits are but coarse and plain,
 Yet they defend from wind and rain ;
 As warm too, in an equal eye,
 As those be stained in scarlet dye.
 Those that have plenty wear, we see,
 But one at once, and so do we.
 The shepherd with his home-spun lass
 As many merry hours doth pass
 As courtiers with their costly girls,
 Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls ;
 And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
 Nay, oft-times, with less danger too.
 Those that delight in dainties store
 One stomach feed at once, no more :
 And, when with homely fare we feast,
 With us it doth as well digest ;
 And many times we better speed,
 For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
 If we sometimes the willow wear,
 By subtle swains that dare forswear,
 We wonder whence it comes, and fear
 They've been at court, and learnt it there.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

By William Byrd.

Born 1543.—Died 1623.

My minde to me a kingdome is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 That God or Nature hath assignde ;
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice ;
 I presse to beare no haughtie away ;
 Look what I lack my mind supplies.
 Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall :
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all :
These get with toile and keep with feare :
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye ;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poore, tho' much they have ;
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I erudge not at another's gaine ;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse
I brooke that is another's bane :
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend ;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;
I weigh not Crœsus' welth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is ;
I ferre not fortune's fattall law :
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seeke for more ;
I like the plaine, I climme no hill ;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;
I feigne not love where most I hate ;
I breake no sleep to winne my will ;
I wayte not at the mighties gate ;
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;
Extreames are counted worst of all :
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall :
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease ;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence :
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

TO MY SON, VINCENT CORBET.

By Bishop Corbet.

Born 1582.—Died 1635.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well :
I wish thee *Vin* before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health ;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know ;
Not such as gentleman require
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court
Not to build on, but support ;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days ;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

By Philip Quarles.

Born 1592.—Died 1644.

My glass is half unspent ? forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon : my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devouring minutes will be done
Without thy help ; see ! see how swift they run ;
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay ;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day ?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours ; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life ? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day ! hour eats up
hour ;
Alas ! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lillies, which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they
fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;
My non-aged day already points to noon ;
How simple is my suit ! how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; here's nothing worth a
smile.

LOVE.

By Phineas Fletcher.

Born 1584.—Died 1650.

Love's sooner felt than seen ; his substance thin
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies ;
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle gin ;
He therefore soonest wins that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my dear, fly fast, my Thomalin !
Who him encounters once, for ever dies.
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul, that thence his nectar sips.
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison
slips !

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the ear ;
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire ;
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair ;
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire ;
Oft in a smile ; oft in a silent tear :
And if all fail, yet Virtue's self he'll hire.
Himself's a dart, when nothing else can
move :

Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When Love and Virtue's self become the darts
of Love.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

By James Shirley.

Born 1594.—Died 1666.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings :
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill !
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds ;
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

DEATH.

By Henry Delaune.

Born 1611.—Died —.

WHEN the straight columns, on whose well-knit
chine

Some stately structure leans its weighty head,
Are from their centre mov'd, or made incline,
The pile soon sinks, and shrinks to its first
bed :

So, when you see Death's agents daily come,
And from the earth just men and good
translate,
A sure and sad prognostic 'tis of some
Impending judgment on a realm or state.

Ere God on Sodom stretch'd his flaming hand,
He had a care to send just Lot away ;
So mostly still, when he will scourge a land,
Whom he best loves he puts out of the way.

Early set forth to your eternal race ;
Th' ascent is steep and craggy you must
climb :

God, at all times, has promis'd sinners grace
If they repent ; but he ne'er promis'd *time*.

Cheat not yourselves, as most : who then prepare
For death, when life is almost turn'd to fume ;
One thief was sav'd that no man might despair ;
And *but one* thief, that no man might presume.

Wealth, honour, friends, wife, children, kind-
red, all

We so much doat on, and wherein we trust,
Are withering gourds ; blossoms that fade and
fall ;

Landscapes in water ; and deeds drawn in
dust.

* * * * *

How many has the morn beheld to rise
In their youth's prime, as glorious as the sun,
Who, like a flower cropt, have had their eyes
Clos'd up by Death before the day was done !

Poison, a knife, a pistol, thousands more
Sad instruments, set periods to our fates.
Nature lets in to life but at one door ;
But, to go forth, Death opens many gates.

* * * * *

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

CHEVY CHACE*.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way,
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away,
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men hold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere:
On munday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And theire backs all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

* The old song of Chevy-Chace is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say, he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of Poetrie, speaks of it in the following words: 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil appparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?'—*Spectator*, No. 70.

† This ballad was old in Sidney's day, but the present version is a somewhat modernized one, but is said to be not much later than Queen Elizabeth's time.—*Compiler*.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take.
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
O cease your sports, Erle Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yett,
In Scotland nor in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bolde,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere.
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee,
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee:

Yet wee will spend our deere blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,
By whome this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You be two erles, sayd Witherington,
And I a squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword
Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

They closed full fast on every side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grieve to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They tricklin downe did feelee.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percȳ, Douglas sayd;
In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scornē;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percȳ:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercelly through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Earl Percȳes body then
He thrust his hatefull spere;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee;

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon,
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes* ;
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye :
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewaile ;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away :
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The news was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine :

O heavy newes, King James did say,
Scotland may wnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace :

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will noe better bee ;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee :

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take :
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake.

* i. e. " I, as one in deep concern, must lament."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne ;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With Lords of great renowe :

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye :
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
"Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save ;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possesse one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde.
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde :

The one a fine and prettye boy,
Not passing three years olde ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd :
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth ;
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one;
 God knowes what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother deare,
 O brother kinde, quoth shee,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deedes regard.
 With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small:
 God bless you both, my children deare;
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sick couple there,
 The keeping of your little ones
 Sweet sister, do not feare:
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them strait unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a daye.
 But for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young
 And slaye them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send
 To be brought up in faire London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
 Rejoycing at that tide,
 Rejoycing with a merry minde,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the waye,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made Murder's heart relent;
 And they that undertooke the deed,
 Full sore did now repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,
 Did vowe to do his charge,
 Because the wretch, that hired him,
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;
 With one another they did fight
 About the childrens life:

And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slaye the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bad them straitwaye follow him,
 And looke they did not crye:
 And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for food complaine:
 Staye here, quoth he. I'll bring you bread,
 When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town:
 Their pretty lippes with black-berries,
 Were all besmeard and dyed,
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poore innocents.
 Till death did end their grief,
 In one anothers armes they dyed,
 As wanting due relief:
 No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
 His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
 His landes were barren made,
 His cattle dyed within the field,
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sonnes did dye;
 And to conclude, himselfe was brought
 To want and miserie:
 He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven yeares came about.
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
 Such was God's blessed will:
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been display'd:
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
 Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek;
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such like miserye
 Your wicked minds requite.

OSSIAN.

CALTHON AND COLMAL.

ARGUMENT.

This piece, as many more of Ossian's compositions, is addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries. The story of the poem is handed down, by tradition, thus: In the country of the Britons between the walls, two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal, Duntharmo, lord of Teutha, supposed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde. Rathmor was not more renowned for his generosity and hospitality, than Duntharmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition. Duntharmo, through envy, or on account of some private feud, which subsisted between the families, murdered Rathmor at a feast; but being afterwards touched with remorse, he educated the two sons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own house. They growing up to man's estate, dropped some hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Duntharmo shut them up in two caves, on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately. Colmal, the daughter of Duntharmo, who was secretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his escape from prison, and fled with him to Fingal, disguised in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid against Duntharmo. Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men to Colmar's relief, Duntharmo having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Ossian; but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

Calthon married Colmal, his deliverer; and Ossian returned to Morven.

PLEASANT is the voice of thy song, thou lonely dweller of the rock! It comes on the sound of the stream, along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger! in the midst of my hall I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other year. I stretch my hand, but it is feeble, and the sigh of my bosom grows. Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock! to the song of Ossian? My soul is full of other times: the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the west, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm: the green hills lift their dewy heads: the blue streams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his staff, his grey hair glitters in the beam. Hast thou not beheld, son of the rock, a shield in Ossian's hall? It is marked with the strokes of battle; and the brightness of its bosses has faded. That shield the great Duntharmo bore, the chief of streamy Teutha, Duntharmo bore it in battle, before he fell by Ossian's spear. Listen, son of the rock! to the tale of other years.

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were never shut; his feast was always spread. The sons of the stranger came. They blessed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raised the song, and touched the harp: joy brightened on the face of the sad! Duntharmo came, in his pride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame; the rage of Duntharmo rose. He came, by night, with his warriors; the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feast was often spread for strangers.

Colmar and Calthon were young, the sons of car-borne Rathmor. They came, in the joy of youth, into their father's hall. They beheld him in his blood; their bursting tears descend. The soul of Duntharmo melted, when he saw the children of youth. He brought them to Alteutha's

walls; they grew in the house of their foe. They bent the bow in his presence; and came forth to his wars. They saw the fallen walls of their fathers: they saw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears rushed forth in secret. At times their faces were sad. Duntharmo beheld their grief: his darkening soul designed their death. He closed them in two caves, on the echoing banks of Teutha. The sun did not come there with his beams; nor the moon of heaven by night. The sons of Rathmor remained in darkness, and foresaw their death.

The daughter of Duntharmo wept in silence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal. Her eye had rolled in secret on Calthon: his loveliness swelled in her soul. She trembled for her warrior; but what could Colmal do? Her arm could not lift the spear; nor was the sword formed for her side. Her white breast never rose beneath a mail. Neither was her eye the terror of heroes. What canst thou do, O Colmal! for the falling chief? Her steps are unequal; her hair is loose; her eye looks wildly through her tears. She came, by night, to the hall. She armed her lovely form in steel, the steel of a young warrior, who fell in the first of his battles. She came to the cave of Calthon, and loosed the thong from his hands.

"Arise, son of Rathmor," she said, "arise; the night is dark! Let us fly to the king of Selma, chief of fallen Clutha; I am the son of Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father's hall. I heard of thy dark dwelling in the cave, and my soul arose. Arise, son of Rathmor! arise, the night is dark!"—"Blest voice!" replied the chief, "comest thou from the clouds to Calthon? The ghosts of his fathers have often descended in his dreams, since the sun has retired from his eyes, and darkness has dwelt around him. Or art thou the son of Lamgal, the chief I often saw in Clutha? But shall I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low? Will I fly to Morven, and the hero closed in night? No; give me that spear, son of Lamgal; Calthon will defend his brother!"

"A thousand warriors," replied the maid, "stretch their spears round car-borne Colmar. What can Calthon do against a host so great? Let us fly to the king of Morven, he will come with war. His arm is stretched forth to the unhappy: the lightning of his sword is round the weak. Arise, thou son of Rathmor; the shadows will fly away. Arise, or thy steps may be seen, and thou must fall in youth.

The sighing hero rose; his tears descend for car-borne Colmar. He came with the maid to Selma's hall; but he knew not that it was Colmal. The helmet covered her lovely face. Her bosom heaved beneath the steel. Fingal returned from the chase, and found the lovely strangers. They were like two beams of light in the midst of the hall of shells. The king heard the tale of grief; and turned his eyes around. A thousand

heroes half-rose before him; claiming the war of Teutha. I came with my spear from the hill; the joy of battle rose in my breast: for the king spoke to Ossian in the midst of a thousand chiefs.

"Son of my strength," began the king, "take thou the spear of Fingal. Go to Teutha's rushing stream, and save the car-borne Colmar. Let thy fame return before thee like a pleasant gale; that my soul may rejoice over my son, who renews the renown of our fathers. O-sian! be thou a storm in war; but mild when the foe is low. It was thus my fame arose. O my son! be thou like Selma's chief. When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak."

I rejoiced in the words of the king. I took my rattling arms. Diaran rose at my side, and Dargo, king of spears. Three hundred youths followed our steps; the lovely strangers were at my side. Duntharmo heard the sound of our approach. He gathered the strength of Teutha. He stood on a hill with his host. They were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are singed and bare, and the streams of their chinks have failed. The stream of Teutha rolled, in its pride, before the gloomy foe. I sent a hard to Duntharmo, to offer the combat on the plain; but he smiled in the darkness of his pride. His unsettled host moved on the hill; like the mountain cloud, when the blast has entered its womb, and scatters the curling gloom on every side.

They brought Colmar to Teutha's bank, bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad, but stately. His eye is on his friends; for we stood in our arms, whilst Teutha's waters rolled between. Duntharmo came with his spear, and pierced the hero's side: he rolled on the bank in his blood. We heard his broken sighs. Calthon rushed into the stream: I bounded forward on my spear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Duntharmo rested on a rock, amidst an aged wood. The rage of his bosom burned against the car-borne Calthon. But Calthon stood in his grief; he mourned the fallen Colmar; Colmar slain in youth, before his fame arose!

I bade the song of woe to rise, to sooth the mournful chief, but he stood beneath a tree, and often threw his spear on earth. The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a secret tear: she foresaw the fall of Duntharmo, or of Clutha's warlike chief. Now half the night had passed away. Silence and darkness were on the field. Sleep rested on the eyes of the heroes; Calthon's settling soul was still. His eyes were half closed; but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear. Pale, and showing his wounds, the ghost of Colmar came; he bent his head over the hero, and raised his feeble voice!

"Sleeps the son of Rathmor in his night, and his brother low? Did we not rise to the chase together? Pursued we not the darkbrown hinds? Colmar was not forgot till he fell, till death had blasted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of

Lona. O let Calthon rise! the morning comes with its beams; Duntharmo will dishonour the fallen." He passed away in his blast. The rising Calthon saw the steps of his departure. He rushed in the sound of his steel. Unhappy Colmal rose. She followed her hero through night, and dragged her spear behind. But when Calthon came to Lona's rock, he found his fallen brother. The rage of his bosom rose; he rushed among the foe. The groans of death ascend. They close around the chief. He is bound in the midst, and brought to gloomy Duntharmo. The shout of joy arose; and the hills of night replied.

I started at the sound; and took my father's spear. Diaran rose at my side; and the youthful strength of Dargo. We missed the chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad. I dreaded the departure of my fame. The pride of my valour rose. "Sons of Morven!" I said, "it is not thus our fathers fought. They rested not on the field of strangers, when the foe was not fallen before them. Their strength was like the eagles of heaven: their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees. Our fame begins to depart. What shall the king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers not at Teutha? Rise in your steel, ye warriors! follow the sound of Ossian's course. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma."

Morning rose on the blue waters of Teutha. Colmal stood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: thrice the spear fell from her hand. My wrath turned against the stranger; for my soul trembled for Calthon. "Son of the feeble hand!" I said, "do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the sigh in the soul of war. Go to the deer of Carnum, to the lowing herds of Teutha. But leave these arms, thou son of fear! a warrior may lift them in fight."

I tore the mail from her shoulders. Her snowy breast appeared. She bent her blushing face to the ground. I looked in silence to the chiefs. The spear fell from my hand; the sigh of my bosom rose. But when I heard the name of the maid, my crowding tears rushed down. I blessed the lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle move!

Why, son of the rock, should Ossian tell how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot in their land; their tombs are not found on the heath. Years came on with their storms. The green mounds are mouldered away. Scarce is the grave of Duntharmo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian. Some grey warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my deeds to his sons, and the fall of the dark Duntharmo. The faces of youth bend sidelong towards his voice. Surprise and joy burn in their eyes!—I found Calthon bound to an oak; my sword cut the thongs from his hands. I gave him the white-bosomed Colmal. They dwell in the halls of Teutha.

MISCELLANEOUS SCOTTISH SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luvie,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire :
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while.
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile ;
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be loving to thy father still :
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luvie with him doth still abyde :
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae,
Balow, &c.

But doe not doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
Be loyal to thy luvier trew,
And nevir change hir for a new :
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wondrous sair.●
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth !
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

By Lady Anne Barnard.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows
come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by
me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me fo^r
his bride ;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else
beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to
sea ;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith
for me !

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a
day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown
away ;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And auld Robin Gray, oh ! he came a-courting
me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna
spin ;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna
win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears
in his ee,
Said, " Jenny, oh ! for their sakes, will you
marry me ? "

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a
wrack :
His ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jamie dee ?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is
me !

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like
to break ;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the
sea ;
And so auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' a^s I sat on the stane at my
door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, " I'm come hame, my love, to marry
thee ! "

O snir, sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a' ;
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang
awa.

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to
dee ;

For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to
spin ;

I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.

But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,

For auld Robin Gray, oh ! he is sae kind to
me.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

By Robert Tannahill^b.

Born 1774.—Died 1810.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer.
The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw.
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my
lover

Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green
shaw !

The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae
bonnie.

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken
tree :

But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear
Johnie,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and
cheerie.

Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and
braw ;

Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
drearie.

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading
snaw.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and
dowie ;

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings
as they flee :

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
Johnie ;

'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
mountain,

And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky
brae,

While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-
flooded fountain,

That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and
me.

It's no its loud roar, on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my
e'e ;

For O ! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots c-llan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to
me.

^a A poor weaver.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

By James Hogg.

[The Ettrick Shepherd.]

Born 1772.—Died 1835.

Oh, thou art lovely yet, my boy,
Even in thy winding sheet !

I canna leave thy comely clay,
And features calm and sweet.

I have no hope but for the day
That we shall meet again.

Since thou art gone, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane.

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
To trace his looks in thine ;

And saw, wi' joy, thy sparkling e'e
Wi' kindling vigour shine :

I thought, when I was fail'd, I might
Wi' you and yours remain :

But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane.

Now closed and set that sparkling e'e,
Thy breast is cauld as clay ;

And a' my hope, and a' my joy,
Wi' thee are reft away.

Ah, fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again !

But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane.

The flower now fading on the lea,
Shall fresher rise to view ;

The leaf just falling frae the tree,
The year will soon renew ;

But lang may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou revivest again,

For thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
And left me here alane !

THE BENS OF YARROW.

SHE kissed his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As oft she'd done before O ;

She belted him with his noble sword,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tannies bank—
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow ;

And there he spied nine armed men
On the dowie howms of Yarrow !

O come ye here to part your lands
The bonnie forest thorough ;

O come ye here to wield your brands
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow ?

We come na here to part our lands,
To beg, nor yet to borrow ;

We come to use our noble brands
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

I see ye all, nine men to ane—

That's an unequal marrow ;

Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
For my true love on Yarrow.

Four has he hurt, four has he slain—
 Their blood dropt in the Yarrow,
 Till that fierce knight came him behind
 And ran his body thorough.

Gae hame, gae hame now, brother John,
 And tell your sister Sarah
 To come and lift her leafu' lord—
 He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.
 And he went to his sister's bower—
 I wot he gade wi' sorrow;
 There is a fair knight bleeds to death
 In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream—
 I fear there will be sorrow:
 I dream'd I pu'd the heather green
 To bed my love by Yarrow,
 O gentle wind, now blowing south,
 From where my love repaireth,
 Bring me a word from his dear mouth,
 To tell me how he fareth.

And he went down the high high hill—
 She went wi' dule and sorrow:
 She saw her love wi' nine dead men
 Lie in the links of Yarrow;
 She kissed his cheek, she shed his hair,
 She search'd his wounds all thorough;
 And kissed them till her lips grew red,
 On the dowie links of Yarrow.

Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
 Thy moan breeds nickle sorrow;
 I'll find thee a far nobler lord
 Than him ye lost on Yarrow.
 The mavis, it shall mourn in spring,
 And sunshine freeze the Yarrow,
 Before ye find so sweet a youth
 As him for whom I sorrow.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

By Hector Macneill.

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea—
 Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
 Sought she the burnie where flowers the hawtree?
 Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-
 white,
 Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
 Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain
 thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie where flowers the hawtree:

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-
 white,
 Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
 Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than roses—
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
 It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature,
 She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
 Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
 Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger she ne'er wad gie kisses to
 thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
 Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek
 grew,
 Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e;
 Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your
 scorning,
 Defend ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
 Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark roleing
 e'e.
 Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought
 thee.
 Now I have gotten my Willie, again.

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Through the lang muir I have follow'd him
 hame;
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
 Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Maids, have ye seen him, my ain true love Willie?
 Blithe as the bird when the bud's on the tree?
 If ye have seen him, and dinna esteem him,
 Ye havena seen Willie, the lad who loes me.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SONG.

By Mrs. Opie.

Born 1771.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find !
Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share
Must never be my happy lot ;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not !

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express.
Nor ever deign to think on me :
But, oh ! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not ! forget me not !

A PASTORAL.

By John Clare.*

SURELY Lucy love returns,
Though her meaning's not reveal'd ;
Surely love her bosom burns,
Which her coyness keeps conceal'd :
Else what means that flushing cheek,
When with her I chance to be ?
And those looks, that almost speak
A secret warmth of love for me ?

Would she, where she valued not,
Give such proofs of sweet esteem ?
Think what flowers for me she's got—
What can this but fondness seem ?
When, to try their pleasing powers,
Swains for her cull every grove,—
When she takes my meaner flowers,
What can guide the choice but love ?

Was not love seen yesternight,
When two sheep had rambled out ?
Who but Lucy set them right ?
The token told, without a doubt.
When others stare, she turns and frowns ;
When I but glance, a smile I see ;
When others talk, she calls them clowns ;
But never says such words to me.

* A Northamptonshire peasant.

And when, with swains to love bebind,
To bear her milk I often go,
Though they beg first, she turns behind,
And lingers till I ask her too.
O'er stepping-stones that cross the brook,
Who mind such trifles plainly see,
In vain the shepherds prop their hooks
She always gives her hand to me.

To-day, while all were standing by,
She wish'd for roses from the bower ;
The man too wish'd was in her eye,
Though others flew to get the flower :
And striving all they could to please,
When prick'd with thorns they left the tree,
She never seem'd concern'd at these,
But only turn'd to caution me.

To-day she careless view'd the bark
Where many a swain had cut her name,
Till whisper'd which was Colin's mark,
Her cheek was instant in a flame :
In blushing beckons love did call,
And courage seiz'd the chance the while ;
And though I kiss'd her 'fore them all,
Her worst rebukings were a smile.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER

By the Author of "Rouge et Noir."

BELIEVE me, though my idle shell
Hath never breathed thy name before,
It was not that its voice could tell
Of one on earth I value more !
When thoughts of thee my soul came o'er,
I found, alas, a feeble lay
But ill expressed the love I bore—
It said not what my heart would say.

And, if I now attempt to dwell
Upon a matchless Mother's praise,
Each word must, like a cypher, swell
The sum my fond affection pays :
Remember, did mine infant gaze
E'er thank thee for thy tenderness ?
And, as thy spirit read its rays,
Imagine—all I can't express !

What, if no proud or prosperous star
Hath bent upon my brow to shine—
If fortune marred, or still should mar,
The fault was ne'er—can ne'er be thine :

Thy hopes, thy zeal, thy tears, were mine—
Thy morning prayer, thy midnight thought—
I would not for a throne resign
That gratitude thy love hath taught.

Well I bethink me of the day
The black-plumed hearse was at our gate
Which bore my Father's corse away—
And left thee lone and desolate !
The muffled drum (no more elate)
Its deep and solemn requiem gave,
As, moving on in martial state,
They took him to his early grave.

Well I bethink me how they laid
His sword and helm upon the pall ;
And how my young eye, dimmed, dismayed,
Beheld a Father's funeral ;
How thou upon his name didst call,
And swooned away in speechless pain—
Oh, even now I see it all
As truly as I saw it then !

And, ever since, thy fostering love,
Through weal and woe was still the same—
Thy prayer, that I should never prove
Unworthy of my Father's name.
And O, if honour's star-born flame
Within my breast hath ever shone,
Through thee the noble impulse came—
My errors have been all mine own.

And I may blush to think how ill
The lesser by example taught
Have ruled my wayward spirit—still,
I feel they are not all forgot :
Like dew, with living essence fraught,
They yet may clothe the naked tree—
And on the bare and barren spot
Wake verdure imperceptibly.

But there is one young heart, to whom
Thy virtues and her sire's descend—
As moonlight's beam, and sunset's bloom,
On clouds of eve a moment blend :
O, mayst thou long be spared to lend
That light which guides her youth so well—
And, yet again, with blessings bend
O'er him who bids thee now, farewell !

INNOCENCE.

By Charles Lamb.

Born 1775.—Died 1834.

WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
And Innocence her name. The time has been,
We two did love each other's company ;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when, by show of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around ?

THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

I LAY without my father's door,
A wretched dwarfish boy ;
I did not dare to lift the latch,—
I heard the voice of joy ;
Too well I knew when I was near,
My father never smiled ;
And she who bore me turn'd away,
Abhorring her poor child.

A stranger saw me, and he bribed
My parents with his gold ;
Oh ! deeper shame awaited me—
The dwarfish boy was sold !
They never loved me, never claim'd
The love I *could* have felt ;
And yet, with bitter tears, I left
The cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seem'd more kind to me,
He spoke of brighter days ;
He lured each slumb'ring talent forth,
And gave unwonted praise ;
Unused to smiles, how ardently
I panted for applause !
And daily he instructed me—
Too soon I learn'd the cause.

I stood upon his native shore ;
The secret was explain'd ;
I was a vile, degraded slave,
In mind and body clam'd ;
Condemn'd to face, day after day,
The rabble's ruffian gaze ;
To shrink before their merriment,
Or blush before their praise !

In anguish I must still perform
The oft-repeated task ;
And courteously reply to all
Frivolity may ask !
And bear inhuman scrutiny,
And hear the hateful jest !
And sing the song,—then crawl away
To tears instead of rest !

I know I am diminutive,
Aye, loathsome, if you will ;
But say, ye hard hearts ! am I not
A human being still ?
With feelings sensitive as *yours*,
Perhaps I have been born ;
I could not wound a fellow man
In mockery, or scorn !

But *some* there are who seem to shrink
Away from me at first,
And *then* speak kindly ; to *my* heart
That trial is the *worst* !
Oh, then I long to kneel to them,
Imploring them to save
A hopeless wretch, who only asks
An honourable grave !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By the Rev. T. Dale.*

O BREATHE no more that simple air,—
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell
Is cold despair !
I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone,—
Now I am left on earth alone,
And she is—where ?

How have those well-known sounds renewed
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strewed
With fairy flowers !—
Then all was bright, and fond, and fair,—
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,
And heart and hope are with the dead,
For she is—where ?

Can I then love the air she loved ?
Can I then hear the melting strain
Which brings her to my soul again,
Calm and unmoved !—
And thou to blame my tears for bear ;
For while I list, sweet maid ! to thee,
Remembrance whispers, “ such was she,”
And she is—where ?

CASABIANCA.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of *L'Orient*, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and the gallant youth perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form !

The flames rolled on—he would not go
● Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud :—“ say, father ! say,
If yet my task is done !”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father !” once again he cried,
“ If I may yet be gone !
And”—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair !

And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father, must I stay ?”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way :
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.
There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing which perished there,
Was that young faithful heart !

THE LION AND CAMELOPARD.

By Thomas Pringle.*

Author of “ South African Sketches,” &c.

WOULD'ST thou view the lion's den ?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled fountain
Oozes from the rocky mountain,
By its verdure far descried,
Mid the desert brown and wide.
Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey.
Heedless at the ambushed brink
The tall Giraffe stoops down to drink :
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy !—The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
For the prey is strong and strives for life ;
Plunging oft, with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground ;
Then bursts like whirlwind through the waste,
In hope to 'scape by headlong haste :
In vain !—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need—
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight ;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
’Tis vain ; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking—
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed :—He reels—his race is o'er !
He falls—and with convulsive throes,
Resigns his throat to the raging foe ;
Who revels amidst his dying moans :—
While, gathering round to pick his bones,
The vultures watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged monarch quits his prey.

* Mr. Pringle died in 1834, but I know not the date of his birth. He first appeared as an author in 1817. In conjunction with Mr. Cleghorn he edited the first six numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*.—*Compiler*.

* Professor of English Literature, King's College, London.

THE CORANNA*.

By the Same.

FAST by his wild resounding river
 The listless Coran lingers ever ;
 Still drives his heifers forth to feed,
 Sooth'd by the gorrah's humming reed† ;
 A wanderer still uncheck'd doth range,
 As humour calls, or seasons change ;
 His tent of mats and household gear
 All packed upon the patient steer.
 'Midst all his wanderings hating toil,
 He never tills the stubborn soil ;
 But on the milky dams depends,
 And what spontaneous Nature sends.
 Or, should long-parching droughts prevail,
 And milk, and bulbs, and locusts fail,
 He lays him down to sleep away
 In languid sloth the weary day ;
 Oft as he feels gaunt hunger's stound‡,
 Still tightening "famine's girdle"§ round ;
 Lull'd by the sound of the Gariep ||
 Beneath the willows murmuring deep,
 T'ill thunder-clouds, surcharged with rain,
 Pear verd are o'er the panting plain ;
 And call the famish'd dreamer from his trance,
 To feast on milk and mead, and wake the moonlight
 dance.

By William Hayley¶.

Born 1745.—Died 1820.

Go, faithful sonnet, to Serena say
 What charms peculiar in her features reign :
 A stranger, whom her glance may ne'er survey,
 Pays her this tribute in a flattering strain.
 Tell her, the bard, in Beaut's wide domain,
 Has seen a virgin cheek as richly glow ;
 A bosom, where the blue meandering vein
 Sheds as soft lustre through the living snow ;
 Eyes, that as brightly flash with joy and youth ;
 And locks, that like her own luxuriant flow.
 Then say, for then she cannot doubt thy truth,
 That the wide earth no female form can show
 Where Nature's legend so distinctly tells,
 'In this fair shrine a fairer spirit dwells.'

* The Corannas are a tribe of independent Hottentots.

† A musical instrument peculiar to the Hottentot tribes.

‡ Pain.

§ A leather band tied tightly round the waist.

|| Orange River.

¶ Hayley is now very rarely read, and perhaps hardly deserves a permanent place in the rank of British Poets, but as he was once popular, and as I have given no specimen of his verse in an earlier part of this volume, I have thought it advisable to insert the above sonnet amongst the miscellaneous poetry of the nineteenth century, though it does not, strictly speaking, belong to this period, for it is extracted from Hayley's longest and best known work, "The Triumphs of Temper," which was published in 1781. These fourteen lines are the best he ever wrote and are certainly neat and graceful.—*Compiler*.

RECOLLECTIONS.

By Mrs. Norton.

"Do you remember all the sunny places,
 Where, in bright days, long past, we play'd together ?
 Do you remember all the old home faces,
 That gather'd round the hearth in wintry weather ?
 Do you remember all the happy meetings,
 In summer evenings, round the open door—
 Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words, and tender
 greetings,
 And clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more ?
 Do you remember them ?

"Do you remember all the merry laughter ;
 The voices round the swing in our old garden ;
 The dog that, when we ran, still follow'd after ;
 The teasing frolic, sure of speedy pardon !
 We were but children *then*, young, happy creatures,
 And hardly knew how much we had to lose—
 But *now* the dreamlike memory of those features
 Comes back, and bids my darken'd spirit muse.
 Do you remember them ?

"Do you remember when we first departed
 From all the old companions who were round us,
 How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
 And talk'd, with smiles, of all the links which bound
 us ?
 And after, when our footsteps were returning
 With unfelt weariness o'er hill and plain,
 How our young hearts kept boiling up, and burning,
 To think how soon we'd be at home again !
 Do you remember this ?

"Do you remember how the dreams of glory
 Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure ;
 How we thought less of being famed in story,
 And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure !
 Do you remember in far countries, weeping,
 When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind
 Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were sleeping,
 And made us yearn for those we left behind !
 Do you remember this ?

"Do you remember when no sound 'woke gladly,
 But desolate echoes through our home were ringing,
 How for a while we talked—then paused full sadly,
 Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing !
 Ah me ! those days—those days ! my friend, my
 brother,
 Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,
 For we have nothing left but one another ;—
 Yet where *they* went, old playmate, *we* shall go—
 Let us remember this."

THE CONVICT SHIP.

By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

MORN on the waters !—and, purple and bright,
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of the light ;
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope in the

The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
 And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along.
 See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters,—away, and away !
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
 Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !
 Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !
 Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,
 Seems not to the ship like an island of rest ?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever ?
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?

'T is thus with our life ; while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled ;
 All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :—
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
 know,
 Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below ;
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and
 o'er !

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

By Sir Aubrey De Vere Hunt.

WITH work in hand, perchance some fairy cap,
 To deck the little stranger yet to come ;
 One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
 The eldest studious, with a book or map—
 Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
 Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
 Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
 Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
 So sits the mother ! with her fondest smile
 Regarding her sweet little ones the while.
 And he, the happy man ! to whom belong
 These treasures, feels their living charms beguile
 All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
 With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue !

THE SHADOW.

By John Malcolm.

UPON yon dial-stone
 Behold the shade of Time,
 For ever circling on and on,
 In silence more sublime
 Than if the thunder of the spheres
 Pealed forth its march to mortal ears.
 It meets us hour by hour,
 Doles out our little span,
 Reveals a presence and a power,
 Felt and confessed by man ;—
 The drop of moments, day by day,
 That rocks of ages wear away.
 Wov'n by a hand unseen,
 Upon that stone survey
 A robe of dark, sepulchral green,
 The mantle of decay,—
 The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,
 That falleth with yon shadow's fall.
 Day is the time for toil ;
 Night balm the weary breast ;
 Stars have their vigils, seas awhile
 Will sink to peaceful rest :
 But round and round the shadow creeps
 Of that which slumbers not—nor sleeps !
 Effacing all that's fair,—
 Hushing the voice of mirth
 Into the silence of despair
 Around the lonesome hearth,—
 And training ivy garlands green
 O'er the once gay and social scene.
 In beauty fading fast,
 Its silent trace appears,—
 And—where, a phantom of the past,
 Dim in the mists of years,—
 Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,
 Like wrecks above their ocean graves.—
 Before the ceaseless shade,
 That round the world doth sail—
 Its towers and temples bow the head—
 The pyramids look pale :
 The festal halls grow hushed and cold,
 The everlasting hills wax old.
 Coeval with the sun
 Its silent course began—
 And still its phantom race shall run,
 Till worlds with age grow wan ;
 Till Darkness spread her funeral pall,
 And one vast shadow circle all.

THE HOLIDAY.

By N. T. Carrington.*

It is a morn of June :—from east to west
 The ships are steerless on the Channel's breast ;
 And o'er the rocks that fringe isle, reef, and bay,
 Light rolling now the murmuring surges play ;
 In music breaking where of late the roar

* Mr. Carrington, who has been some years dead, was a schoolmaster in Devonshire. He wrote a descriptive poem entitled *Dartmoor*.—*Compiler*.

Atlantic, burst around the groaning shore :
 For Ocean here his billow flings on high,
 If the spring-breeze but sportively pass by ;
 But lists to Summer's breathings—wooded and won
 By the warm kisses of the conquering sun.

It is a morn of June :—the gentle spring
 Has flown : but shook such freshness from her wing
 O'er field and grove, that Summer's matron day
 Wears thy rich virgin hues, delicious May ;
 And there are strains from bush, and brake, and bower,
 Raptured as those which bless the vernal hour.
 All earth is vocal ; and the heavens reply,—
 A thousand voices wander through the sky ;
 For there the lark—the master-minstrel sings,
 And upward—upward soars on fearless wings ;
 Till earth recal him to her verdant breast,
 And love direct the lyrist to his nest.

O, sweet is such a morn to him who loves
 The heaven's clear song—the harmonies of groves ;—
 Who blessed by leisure, strays in woodlands green,
 And wanders oft through all the breathing scene ;—
 'Mid leafy luxuries who takes his rest,
 Or bathes his brow in breezes of the west ;
 On mountain, moorland, seeks Hygeian gales,
 Or dwells with silence in the fragrant vales.
 All lovely sounds are with him ; lark and bee,
 Lute and thrush, unite their melody ;
 And waterfall, and streams that down the hills
 Melodious rush, and voices of the rills.
 He, as he hears of birds the summer mirth
 And all the impassioned poetry of earth,
 Looks at the bright, blue dawn—a dawn like this,
 Feels at each lightsome step increasing bliss ;
 And as he winds his flower-fringed path along,
 Delighted wakes his own full-hearted song.

What are *his* joys to *mine* ? The groves are green,
 And fair the flowers ; and there are ever seen
 By him the mountain's breast, the hills, the woods,
 Grass-waving fields, and bright and wandering floods ;
 The lays of birds are ever on his ear,
 Music and sylvan beauty crown his year ;—
 But if to *him* the rural reign have power
 To fill with joy the swift-revolving hour,
 What rapture must be *mine*, so seldom given,
 To feel the beam and drink the gale of heaven !
 For O ! I love thee, Nature ; and my eye
 Has felt "the witchery of the soft, blue sky ;"
 Bear witness, glowing Summer, how I love
 Thy green world here, thy azure arch above !
 But seldom comes the hour that snaps my chain,
 To me thou art all beautiful in vain !
 Bird, bee, and butterfly, are on the wing,
 Songs shake the woods, and streams are murmuring ;
 But far from them—the world's unwilling slave,
 My aching brow no genial breezes lave ;
 Few are the glad some hours that come to cheer
 With flowers and songs my dull, unvarying year :
 Yet *when they come*, as now,—from loathed night
 The bird upsprings to hail the welcome light
 With soul less buoyant than I turn to thee,
 Prized for thy absence, sylvan Liberty !

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By the Rev. C. Wolfe.

Born 1791.—Died 1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow ;

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But little he 'll reck if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

[The above ode is reprinted from "Wolfe's Remains" the Editor of which professes to give the Author's last Corrections. The following passage in the narrative of Sir John Moore's burial (published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1808) is said to have suggested the poem.

"Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th Regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened ; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave, the funeral service was read by the chaplain ; and the corpse was covered with earth."

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

By Thomas Haynes Bayley.

I NEVER was a favourite,
 My mother never smiled
 On me with half the tenderness
 That bless'd her fairer child ;
 I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
 While fondled on her knee ;
 I've turn'd away to hide my tears—
 There was no kiss for me !

And yet I strove to please, with all
 My little store of sense ;
 I strove to please, and infancy
 Can rarely give offence ;
 But when my artless efforts met
 A cold, ungentle check,
 I did not dare to throw myself
 In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful !
 Love watches o'er their birth ;
 Oh, beauty ! in my nursery
 I learn'd to know thy worth ;
 For even there, I often felt
 Forsaken and forlorn,
 And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—
 I never had been born !

I'm sure I was affectionate—
 But in my sister's face
 There was a look of love, that claim'd
 A smile or an embrace !
 But when I raised my lip, to meet
 The pressure children prize,
 None knew the feelings of my heart—
 They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh ! that heart too keenly felt
 The anguish of neglect ;
 I saw my sister's lovely form
 With gems and roses deck'd ;
 I did not covet them—but oft,
 When wantonly reproved,
 I envied her the privilege
 Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,
 A time of sorrow too—
 For sickness o'er my sister's form
 Her venom'd mantle threw ;
 The features, once so beautiful,
 Now wore the hue of death,
 And former friends shrank fearfully
 From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,
 I watch'd beside her bed,
 And fearlessly upon my breast
 I pillow'd her poor head.
 She lived—she loved me for my care !
 My grief was at an end ;
 I was a lonely being once ;
 But now I have a friend !

ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

By Alaric A. Watts.

RELICS of love, and life's enchanted spring,
 Of hopes born, rainbow-like, of smiles and tears ;—
 With trembling hand do I unloose the string,
 Twined round the records of my youthful years.

Yet why preserve memorials of a dream,
 Too bitter-sweet to breathe of aught but pain !
 Why court fond memory for a fitful gleam
 Of faded bliss, that cannot bloom again !

The thoughts and feelings these sad relics bring
 Back on my heart, I would not now recall :—
 Since gentler ties around its pulses cling,
 Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall ?

Can withered hopes that never came to flower,
 Match with affections long and dearly tried !
 Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
 Through good and ill,—and time and change defied !

Perish each record that might wake a thought
 That would be treason to a faith like this !—
 Why should the spectres of past joys be brought
 To fling their shadows o'er my present bliss ! *

Yet,—ere we part for ever,—let me pay
 A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead ;
 Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
 With tears as wild as once I used to shed.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye !
 What tender truths in every line I trace !
 Confessions—penned with many a deep-drawn sigh,—
 Hopes—like the dove—with but *one* resting-place !

How many a feeling, long—too long—represt,
 Like autumn-flowers, here opened out at last !—
 How many a vision of the lonely breast
 Its cherished radiance on these leaves hath cast !

And ye, pale violets, whose sweet breath hath driven
 Back on my soul the dreams I fain would quell ;
 To whose faint perfume such wild power is given,
 To call up visions—only loved too well ;—

Ye too must perish !—Wherefore now divide
 Tributes of love—first-offerings of the heart ;—
 Gifts—that so long have slumbered side by side ;
 Tokens of feeling—never meant to part !

A long farewell :—sweet flowers, sad scrolls, adieu !
 Yes, ye shall be companions to the last :—
 So perish all that would revive anew
 The fruitless memories of the faded past !

But lo ! the flames are curling swiftly 'round
 Each fairer vestige of my youthful years ;
 Page after page that searching blaze hath found,
 Even whilst I strive to trace them through my tears.

The Hindoo widow, in a flection strong,
 Dies by her lord, and keeps her faith unbroken :—
 Thus perish all which to those wrecks belong,
 The living memory—with the lifeless token !

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY*.

By Joanna Baillie.

ALMIGHTY God! from whom our being came,
To whom it tends, blest be thy holy name!
Blest as through pillared ailes we roam
Or kneel beneath the lofty dome,
As full o'erhead and all around
Swell harmonies of long drawn sound,
While storied windows with deep tintured beam
On chiselled forms and graven pavements gleam!
Blest in the low-browed house of prayer,
Where homely pews and rafters bare
Encompass those who meekly look
Upon the cherished holy book!
Blest in the cot where on the ground
The patriarch-peasant kneels with all his family round

And oh! most blest where thy adorer stands
Within a temple not upreared by hands.
O'er-canopied by pure, ethereal blue,
On which fair clouds of white and silvery hue
In wide array with slow procession range,
And varied forms assume in endless change.
The granite peak, by storms of ages beat,
The pavement is on which he sets his feet,
And there a goodly scope surveys
Enlightened by the morning rays.
Below, distinctly marked, are seen
Fields, hamlets, towns, and woodlands green,
And then beyond, but less defined,
A sweep of hills and vales combined,
Where brooding vapours scarce betray
Some river winding on its way;
And far beyond, by distance made
A fainter line of light and shade,
While further still in distance lost,
Lie sea, and shore, and clifted coast,
A vasty circle, dim and pale,
Of mortal ken the closing veil.
In this thy Temple, fair and grand,
Doth thine adoring creature stand,
His eyes in ecstasy of wonder raising,
His glowing, throbbing heart thy goodness praising,
While tears run coursing down his cheeks
And every thrilling member speaks,
The one unuttered thought his soul containeth
In love and awe absorbed, "*The Lord Omnipotent reigneth.*"

TO CERTAIN GOLDEN FISHES.

By Hartley Coleridge†.

RESTLESS forms of living light
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;—

Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;—
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,—
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes—
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleam'd in fair Cathay;
And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart:
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

By Sir Egerton Brydges*.

Born 1762.—Died 1838.

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo,
Through glens untrod and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy;
And lo, she's gone!—In robe of dark green hue,
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still
With far-heard steps she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

* This little poem is perhaps the latest of Joanna Baillie's productions. It was sent by her (in one of her letters to the Compiler) as an original contribution to this volume. It was received too late to be inserted amongst the specimens of her genius which are given at columns 1287 to 1292.

† Son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

* Sir Egerton Brydges was a very voluminous author, and wrote on a great variety of subjects, in prose and verse. His best known and most useful works were of an antiquarian character.—Compiler.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

By Robert Bloomfield*.

* Born 1766.—Died 1823.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,
 Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:
 Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
 I tell my feelings in one happy hour;
 But what an hour was that! when from the main
 I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
 A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
 Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;
 On that poor cottage roof where I was born
 The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
 I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
 I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
 I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
 It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
 But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
 Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
 The door invitingly stood open wide,
 I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
 How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
 And take possession of my father's chair!
 Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
 Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
 Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
 Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
 I never can forget. A short breeze spring,
 And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
 Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
 And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
 Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
 And told of twenty years that I had spent
 Far from my native-land:—that instant came
 A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
 At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
 And cast on me his coal-black stedfast eye,
 And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
 "Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"
 Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,
 And bomb'd, and bounced, and struggled to be free,
 Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
 That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
 That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
 O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
 Reminding me of those of hideous forms
 That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,
 Where high and loud they break, and peace comes
 never;
 They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
 But *here* was peace, that peace which home can yield;
 The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
 And ticking clock, were all at once become
 The substitutes for clarion, fife, and drum.
 While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
 On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
 I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
 Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
 And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
 And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.

* A Suffolk peasant. He went to London in 1800 and became a Shoemaker.

Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
 My heart felt every thing but calm repose;
 I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
 But rose at once, and burst into tears;
 Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
 I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
 On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
 And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.—
 In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
 Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
 And stooping to the child, the old man said,
 "Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
 "This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
 The child approach'd and with her fingers light,
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.—
 But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
 Happy old Soldier! what's the world to me?

SOLITUDE.

By Henry Kirke White*.

Born 1785.—Died 1806.

It is not that my lot is low
 That bids the silent tear to flow;
 It is not this that makes me moan,—
 It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
 When the tir'd hedger hies him home;
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,
 When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
 With hallowed airs and symphonies,
 My spirit takes another tone,
 And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
 It floats upon the water's bed;
 I would not be a leaf, to die
 Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
 Tell all the same unvaried tale;
 I've none to smile when I am free,
 And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
 That thinks on me, and loves me too;
 I start, and when the vision's flown,
 I weep that I am all alone.

* Southey's beautiful and pathetic memoir of Kirke White has given a peculiar interest to his poems. Though as the productions of a youth they were highly meritorious and full of promise; they would have been quite forgotten before this, but for Southey's generous notice.—*Compiler*.

TO MY CANDLE.

By Doctor John Wolcot.

(Better known as Peter Pindar.)

Born 1738.—Died 1819.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thundering horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blackened, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of after days?

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspeare's
page,
I mark, in visions of delight the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man who stands sublime;
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled and its glories past),
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship shower.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A form that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-eyed panting maid;
I see the virtues o'er the favorite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's simple prayer
Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare:
A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame, Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas, thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering—now no
more!

Thus shall the suns of science sink away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flower—
For where's the giant who to Time shall say
'Destructive Tyrant, I arrest thy power?'

5 E

THE RAZOR SELLER.

(By the same.)

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country humpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a thick, black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen of pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal *stole* the razors I suppose;
No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave*:
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize!"

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah," Hodge sighed!
"I wish my eighteen-pence were in my purse!"

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and
swore,
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made
wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er:
His muzzle form of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:

Hodge in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and begun—
"Perhaps, master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster knives.
Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave!"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I am no knave:
As for the razors you have bought
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would shave?"

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with won-
dering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—"to *sell*."

LINES FOR MY DAUGHTER'S HOUR-GLASS.

By John M. McCrery.

MARK the golden grains that pass
 Brightly, through this channelled glass;
 Measuring by their ceaseless fall
 Heaven's most precious gift to all!
 Busy, till its sand be done,
 See the shining current run;
 But, th' allotted numbers shed,
 Another hour of life hath fled!
 Its task perform'd, its labour past,
 Like mortal man it rests at last!
 Yet let some hand invert its frame,
 And all its powers return the same;
 Whilst any golden grains remain,
 'Twill work its little hour again.—
 But who shall turn the glass for man,
 When all his golden grains have ran?
 Who shall collect his scatter'd sand,
 Dispersed by Time's unsparing hand?
 Who gave, 'tis he alone can find,
 The awful—the eternal mind!
 Then, daughters, since this truth is plain,
 That time once gone, ne'er comes again,
 Improved bid every moment pass—
 See how the sand rolls down your glass.

THE MOSSY SEAT.

By David Moir*.

THE landscape hath not lost its look;
 Still rushes on the sparkling river;
 Nor hath the gloominess forsook
 These granite crags that frown for ever,
 Still hangs around the shadowy wood,
 Whose sounds but murmur solitude:
 The raven's plaint, the linnet's song,
 The stock-dove's coo, in grief repining,
 In mingled echoes steal along:
 The setting sun is brightly shining;
 And clouds above, and hills below,
 Are brightening with his golden glow.

It is not meet—it is not fit—
 Though Fortune all our hopes hath thwarted,
 While on the very stone I sit
 Where first we met, and last we parted,
 That absent from my mind should be
 The thought that loves and looks to thee!
 Each happy hour that we have proved,
 While love's delicious converse blended,
 As 'neath the twilight star we roved,
 Unconscious where our progress tended—
 Still brings my mind a soft relief,
 And bids it love the joys of grief!

What soothing recollections throng,
 Presenting many a mournful token,
 That heart's remembrance to prolong,
 Which then was blest, and now is broken!
 I cannot—Oh! hast thou forgot
 Our early loves—this hallowed spot!

* The poetical contributor to Blackwood's Magazine under the signature of Delta.

I almost think I see thee stand;
 I almost dream I hear thee speaking;
 I feel the pressure of thy hand;
 Thy living glance in fondness seeking—
 Here all apart—by all unseen—
 Thy form upon my arm to lean!

Tho' beauty bless the landscape still,
 Tho' woods surround, and waters lave it,
 My heart feels not the vivid thrill,
 Which long ago thy presence gave it;
 Mirth, music, friendship, have no tone
 Like that, which with thy voice hath flown!
 And Memory only now remains,
 To whisper things that once delighted:
 Still—still I love to tread these plains,
 To seek this sacred haunt benighted,
 And feel a something, sadly sweet,
 In resting on this mossy seat.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

By Walter Paterson.

I CANNOT stain this snowy leaf
 Without a sigh of pensive grief!
 As musing on my days gone by,
 And those that still before me lie,
 I read a mournful emblem here,
 That few could read without a tear!
 For, as my musing eyes I cast,
 Upon the pages that are past,
 I search them all, but search in vain
 To find even one without a stain!
 But what has been, is not to be,—
 The happy future yet is free;
 Far as my forward eye can go,
 The future still is white as snow;
 So free from stains, so free from cares,
 The tainted past it half repairs!
 It is a goodly sight! but oh!
 Too well within this heart I know
 That this fair future, at the last,
 Shall be itself the tainted past.

THE SKY-LARK.

By Mrs. G. G. Richardson.

THE lark forsakes the woodland quire,
 And heavenward soars away;
 And sweeter as she rises higher,
 Her notes thro' ether stray;
 Her trembling wing—her gradual swell—
 Her solemn, joyous airs;
 Her tow'ring flight,—all plainly tell
 The errand that she bears.

Alone she travels, all alone
 She warbles unconfin'd;
 So piety ascends the throne—
 So leaves the world behind!
 Oh! if as pure of heart could I
 Her morning flight attend,
 I'd join that hermit of the sky,
 And never more descend.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude,
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground :
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—
He was a captive now,—
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Shewed warrior true and brave ;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
“ My brother is a king :
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring ;
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain :
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall 't be paid for thee :
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

“ Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me.”

“ I take thy gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long.”
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

5 E 2

His heart was broken—crazed his brain—
At once his eye grew wild—
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

UPBRAID me not :—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet three ;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so
low,
There's many a one can tie a knot, who, cannot fix
a beau.

Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain scarce-
ly fair, [a pair ;
For never could we make a match, altho' we made
Marriage, I know, makes one of two ; but here's the
horrid bore. [four.
My friends declare, if *you* are one, that *I*, at least, am

'Tis true the moralists have said, that Love has got no
eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who
has no size ?
And on our wedding day I'm sure I'd leave you in
the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a
church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm, that happiness to
beg,
Your highest effort, dear, would be to take me by the
leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted
rude,
And though I use a concave lens—by all the gods,
I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me through a Herschel's
telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one ! I ask no parting
kiss,
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss,
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a
flower,—
The tears that fall from such a height would be a thun-
der-shower.

Farewell ! and pray don't drown yourself in a bason
or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six Feet
Club ;
But if you ever love again love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three a life that's but a
span !

ADDRESS TO THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

By Horace Smith.*

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story !—
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago !
 When the Memnonium was in its glory,
 And Time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak, for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune !
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon ;
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs and features,

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
 Was Cheops, or Cephrenés architect
 Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden,
 By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
 Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass :
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ?
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develope, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great Deluge still had left it green !—
 Or was it then so old that History's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! Incommunicative elf !
 Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
 But, prythee, tell us something of thyself,—
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
 Since in the world of spirits, thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-
 bered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange muta-
 tions ;—

* One of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," a collection of highly humorous and clever imitations of the poets of the day.

The Roman Empire has begun and ended ;
 New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations ;
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
 When the great Persian Conqueror, Cambyses,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :—
 A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.
 Have children climbed these knees, and kissed that
 face ?

What was thy name, and station, age, and race ?

Statue of flesh !—Immortal of the dead !
 Impersishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
 When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue, that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

*Addressed to a Little Girl.**By Mrs. G. G. Richardson.*

THE fairies are dancing—how nimbly they bound !
 They flit o'er the grass tops, they touch not the ground—
 Their kirtles of green are with diamonds bedight,
 All glittering and sparkling beneath the moon-light.

Hark, hark to their music ! how silvery and clear !
 'Tis surely the flower-bells that ringing I hear ?
 The lazy wing'd moth and the grasshopper wakes,
 And the field mouse peeps out and their revel par-
 takes.

How gently they trip it !—how happy are they,
 Who pass all their moments in frolic and play,
 Who rove where they list, without sorrows or cares,
 And laugh at the fetters mortality wears !

But where have they vanish'd ? a cloud's on the
 moon—
 I'll hie to the spot—they 'll be seen again soon !
 I hasten—'tis lighter—and what do I view !
 The fairies were grasses, the diamonds were dew !

And thus do the sparkling illusions of youth
 Beguile and allure, and we take them for truth—
 Too happy are they who the juggle unshroud
 Ere the hint to inspect them, be brought by a cloud.

ODE TO A LEAFLESS TREE IN JUNE.

By *Sir Lytton Bulwer**.

DESOLATE Tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done,
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

Thou wert not churlish, in thy palmier year,
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay;
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love,
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam:
Feaster and darling of the gilded things
That dwell i' th' beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped,
How lonely now!
How bird and bee, late parasites, have fled
Thy leafless bough!

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done,
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

"Never," replied that forest-hermit lone,
(Old truth and endless!)

"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless."

"Yet wholly, nor for winter, nor for storm,
Doth Love depart:

We are not all forsaken, till the worm
Creeps to the heart!

"Ah! nought without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal or hurt thee!

Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee!"

SONNET TO MINERVA.

By *J. A. St. John*†.

STERN Maid of Heaven, protectress of the wise,
Why didst thou e'er forsake Athena's towers?
Why from her mart of thought, her olive bowers,
Didst thou avert thy lore-inspiring eyes?
Is it that fickleness usurps the skies;
Or that all states have their unhappy hours;
Or that the Gods withdraw their sacred dowers,
When man from virtue's narrow pathway flies?
Be as it may, return thee to the spot;
Think of no ancient wrongs, O Goddess, now.
Be all her failings—be thy wrath forgot;
And what thou canst for fallen Athena show.
Extend thy ægis o'er thy ruined fane,
And give its ancient glory back again.

* The well known Novelist.

† Author of "Abdallah, an Oriental Romance," (a poem in blank verse), "The Anatomy of Society," (a collection of prose essays), &c. &c.

SONG.

By *R. M. Milnes*.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak a word,
But the breathing of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

A PRAYER.

By *William Beckford**.

LIKE the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which, through dark alders, winds it shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard:—Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,—
On the wild mountain,—on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,—
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the far sickness of a wounded heart,
Creeps in cold shudders through my sinking
frame,
I turn to thee,—that holy peace impart
Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name.

O all-pervading Spirit!—Sacred beam!
Parent of life and light!—Eternal Power!
Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!

* Author of *Vatheck*.

STANZAS.

By Oliver Richardson.

METHINKS I see before my eyes
A scene of other days,—
The green hills from the waves arise,
The sparkling waves, the azure skies,
The sun's enlivening rays :

Methinks I feel the cooling breeze,
Laden with rich perfume,
Come gently breathing o'er the seas,
Wafting the offerings of trees
Of ev'ry radiant bloom.

The saddest spirit had been gay
That lovely scene to view ;
The wish'd-for port before us lay,
And, like a sea-bird, o'er the bay
Our gallant vessel flew.

With merry hearts and ardent eyes
Their work the seamen ply :
As one by one the landmarks rise,
Each wooded point behind us flies,
And friends and home are nigh

All—all breath'd joy, when hark ! a cry,
A splash, a plunge, a scream,—
A dying shriek of agony,—
And one whose heart but now beat high,
Has vanish'd like a dream !

In vain the hurrying sailors rush'd
Their comrade's life to save ;
One moment—and his cry was hush'd,
One moment—and the wave that gush'd
Had settled o'er his grave.

We shudder'd at his sudden doom
So near his native shore :—
Strange contrast to our deepening gloom,
The treach'rous billows o'er his tomb
Smiled sweetly as before !

FAME—THE SYMBOL AND PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

By T. Noon Talyourd.*

THE names that slow Oblivion have defied,
And passionate Ambition's wildest shocks,
Stand in lone grandeur, like eternal rocks,
To cast broad shadows o'er the silent tide
Of Time's unebbing flood, whose waters glide,
To ponderous darkness from their secret spring,
And, bearing on each transitory thing,
Leave those old monuments in loneliest pride.
There stand they—fortresses uprear'd by man,
Whose earthly frame is mortal ; symbols high
Of life unchanging,—strength that cannot die ;
Proofs that our nature is not of a span,
But of immortal essence, and allied
To life and joy and love unperishing.

* Author of "*Ion, a tragedy*," &c.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MILTON.

By Robert Montgomery†.

THERE is a tale—and let it live
Such life as fond romance can give,
That once as slumbering, Milton lay
In umbrage from the noon-tide ray,
Beneath the twilight of a tree
That arched its waving canopy,—
A maiden saw his sleeping face,
And spell-bound with its beauteous grace
Her wonder in sweet song expressed,
And placed it on the poet's breast ;
" If eyes when shut the heart can take,
How bright their victory when awake !"
Oh ! who can tell what beauty flowed
From feelings by such words bestowed ;—
The eve of his enchanted thought
From hues of Nature's heaven was wrought
And she of Paradise the queen,
Embodied what his soul had seen.

SONNET ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

By William Roscoe†.

Born 1752.—Died 1831.

As one, who destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again, erewhile
To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart ;
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,—
I now resign you ! Nor with fainting heart ;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

SONNET TO AN INFIDEL.

By J. Gray.

ALL is in change,—yet there is nothing lost :
The dew becomes the essence of the flower
Which feeds the insect of the sunny hour,—
Now leaf, now pincin ;—though the hills were tost
By the wild whirlwinds, like the summer dust,
Would not an atom perish ;—Nature's power
Knows not annihilation, and her dower
Is universal Fitness never crost.
Is all eternal, save the mind of man,—
The masterpiece and glory of the whole,
The wonder of creation ?—is a span
To limit the duration of the soul—
To drop ere its career is well begun,
Like a proud steed far distant from the goal ?

* Author of the "*Omnipresence of the Deity*," "*Death*," "*Satan*," "*The Messiah*," "*Oxford*," &c. &c.

† Author of the "*Life of Leo the tenth*," &c. &c.

THE ARMADA.

By T. B. Macaulay.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's
 praise, [days.
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
 Spain. [day,
 It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
 There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Ply-
 mouth bay.
 Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond
 Anrigny's isle, [mile.
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
 grace ;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close
 in chase. [wall ;
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty
 hall ; [coast ;
 Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
 many a post. [comes ;
 With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound
 the drums ;
 His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an
 ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her
 Grace. [bells,
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
 swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
 down.
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
 Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's
 eagle shield ; [bay,
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
 And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
 hunters lay.
 Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight : ho ! scatter
 flowers, fair maids :
 Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw
 your blades :
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously : ye breezes waft
 her wide :
 Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,—the banner of our pride.
 The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
 massy fold,
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
 scroll of gold ; [sea ;—
 Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
 shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
 Milford bay, [day :
 That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
 For swift to east and swift to west the warning
 radiance spread ;

High on St. Michael's mount it shone, it shone on
 Beachy Head.
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
 southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
 points of fire : [waves ;
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
 The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
 sunless caves.
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
 fiery herald flew ;
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
 of Beauieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
 from Bristol town,
 And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
 Clifton down. [night,
 The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond-hill the streak of
 blood-red light.
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
 silence broke, [woke.
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
 At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
 fires : [spires :
 At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
 voice of fear ;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
 louder cheer :
 And from the further wards was heard the rush of
 hurrying feet,
 And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed down
 each roaring street : [dawn,
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
 As fast from every village round the horse came
 spurring in :
 And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the
 warlike errand went, [of Kent.
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
 bright couriers forth ;
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they start-
 ed for the north. [ed still,
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bound-
 All night from tower to tower they sprang ;—they
 sprang from hill to hill,
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
 rocky dales, [Wales,
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
 lonely height,
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
 crest of light ;
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
 stately fane, [less plain ;
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
 of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
 embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
 of Carlisle.

LILLA.

By *Cornelius Webbe*.*.

OH Lilla is a lovely lass
 As ever man did woo !
 Her eyes all eyes on earth surpass
 They kill and cure you too !
 Her winsome waist, however laced,
 A hand might span it all ;—
 Her shoulders fair, lit by her hair,
 Whose yellow tresses fall
 Like sunbeams shed upon a bed
 Of lilies in mid June,
 Or golden light in summer night
 Soft streaming from the moon ;—
 There are some charms which moral men
 May behold with careless eye ;
 I, who am devoutest then,
 Love them to idolatry !

Her ruddy lips, like scarlet hips,
 The balmy breath between ;
 Her soft sweet tones, who hears them owns
 The music which they mean ;
 Her hands and arms have each their charms ;
 Her nimble-stepping feet,
 The very ground loves their light sound
 Soft as her bosom's beat ;—
 Her winsome waist—her shoulders, graced
 With sunny showers of hair—
 Her voice how sweet ! her dancing feet,
 Her face, like heaven's, fair ;—
 These are the charms which moral men
 May behold with careless eye ;
 I, who am devoutest then
 Love them to idolatry .

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

By *Horace Smith*.

DAY stars ! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle,
 As a libation,—

Ye matin worshippers ! who bending lowly,
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high,—

Ye bright Mosaics that with storied beauty,
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty,
 Your forms create !

'Neath cloister'd boughs each floral bell that swing-
 eth,
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth,
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane most catholic and solemn
 Which God hath plann'd.

* Author of "Lyric Leaves"—"Glances at Life"—"The man about Town," &c.

To that Cathedral boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
 Its quire the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
 Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander,
 Thro' the green shades, or stretch'd upon the sod
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God,—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers ! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
 From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendour,
 "Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
 Oh ! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
 Your lore sublime.

"Thou wert not, Solomon ! in all thy glory,
 Array'd," the lilies say, "in robes like our's,
 How vain thy grandeur ! Ah ! how transitory
 Are human flowers !"

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly artist !
 With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, Flowers ! tho' made for pleasure ;
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories !—angel-like collection !
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection
 And second birth.

Wee I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
 My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines !

THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

By the *Rev. C. Strong*.

YE sacred arks of Liberty ! that float
 Where Tamar's waters spread their bosom wide,
 That seem, with towering stern and rampart side,
 Like antique castles girt with shining moat ;
 Should War the signal give with brazen throat,
 No more recumbent here in idle pride,
 Your rapid powers would cleave the foaming tide,
 And to the nations speak in thundering note.
 Thus in the firmament serene and deep,
 When summer clouds the earth are hanging o'er
 And all their mighty masses seem asleep,
 To execute Heaven's wrath and judgments sore,
 From their dark wombs the sudden lightnings leap,
 And vengeful thunders peal along the shore !

BRITISH-INDIAN POETRY.

[SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETS ONCE OR STILL RESIDENT IN THE EAST INDIES.]

DR. JOHN LEYDEN*.

Born 1775.—Died 1811.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Chérécél, Malabar.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine !
 What vanity has brought thee here ?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?—
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight-converse, arm in arm :
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chérécél's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot loy'd while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupor is pil'd
 By Lusk or Eden's classic wa',
 Where loves of youth and friendships smil'd,
 Uncensur'd by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !—
 The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy play'd,
 Revives no more in after-time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave ;
 The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tumb-fire drear.—
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely widow'd heart to cheer :
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine :
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear !—
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that lov'd me true !
 I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my wither'd heart :—the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave !

Ha ! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne !
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey,
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn !—
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay !

* Author of "*Scenes of Infancy*," &c.

5 2

REGINALD HEBER*.

Born 1794.—Died 1835.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

OUR task is done ! on Gunga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest ;
 And moored beneath the tamarind bough,
 Our bark has found its harbour now.
 With furled sail and painted side,
 Behold the tiny frigate ride.
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslems' savoury supper steams,
 While all apart, beneath the wood,
 The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through ;
 If yonder hunter told us true,
 Far off, in desert dank and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude ;
 Nor (taught by secret charm to shun
 The thunders of the English gun,)
 A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
 Returns to scare the village green.
 Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake :
 Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
 'Mid nature's embers parched and dry,
 Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
 Fit warder in the gate of death !

Come on ! yet pause ! behold us now
 Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
 Where gemming off that sacred gloom,
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
 And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
 The cuba's crimson pomp displayed
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
 And dusk anana's prickly blade :
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
 The betel waves his crest in air.
 With pendant train and rushing wings,
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,
 Our English fairies never trod ;
 Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
 But thought on England's "good green wood ?"
 And blessed beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
 And breathed a prayer, (how oft in vain !)
 To gaze upon her oaks again ?

A truce to thought ! the jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
 And through the trees, yon falling ray
 Will scantily serve to guide our way.

* Author of "*Palestine, a Prize Poem*," &c. &c.

Yet, mark ! as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring ;
 While to this cooler air confest,
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
 Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night !
 Still as we pass in softened hum,
 Along the breezy valleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum.
 Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
 And, what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell !
 It is,—it must be,—Philomel !
 Enough, enough, the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
 The flushes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
 And we must early sleep to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But O ! with thankful hearts confess,
 Ev'n here there may be happiness ;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth, his hope of heaven !

Lines written to my wife ;
While on a visit to Upper India.

If thou wert by my side, my love ! how fast would
 evening fail
 In green Bengala's palmy grove, listening the night-
 ingale !
 If thou, my love ! wert by my side, my babies at my
 knee,
 How gaily would our pinnace glide o'er Gunga's
 mimic sea !
 I miss thee at the dawning gray, when, on our deck
 reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay, and woo the cooler
 wind.
 I miss thee when by Gunga's stream my twilight
 steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam, I miss thee
 from my side.
 I spread my books, my pencil try, the lingering noon
 to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye, thy meek attentive
 ear.
 But when of morn and eve* the star beholds me on my
 knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far, thy prayers ascend
 for me.
 Then on ! Then on ! where duty leads, my course be
 onward still,
 On broad Hindostan's sultry meads, o'er black Al-
 morah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates, nor mild
 Malwah detain,
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits, by yonder western
 main.
 Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say, across
 the dark blue sea,
 But never were hearts so light and gny, as then shall
 meet in thee !

R. H. RATTRAY*.

SEETABULDEE :

*On the splendid charge made on its plain, by the 6th Regiment
 of Bengal Cavalry, November 27, 1817.*

WHEN Greece her lofty themes proclaim'd for verse,
 And Fame bade Genius Valour's feats rehearse ;
 When God-like heroes led, in fearless pride,
 Her sons to conquest, and the world defied ;
 When gods themselves forsook their thrones on high,
 To strive with mortals, here, for victory ;
 When Love and Beauty o'er the willing soul,
 In bleuded influence, held their soft control ;
 When Friendship on the heart, with hallowed breath,
 Breathed its pure essence, changeless e'en in death ;
 When every passion wore a deeper tone,
 And earth in arts and arms, celestial, shone ;
 Then rose the song of triumph, heaven-inspired ;
 Thrill'd every nerve ; and every bosom fired ;
 And youthful warriors, to the joyous strain,
 Rush'd forth as rivals to the mighty slain :
 Eager, as louder still each passion flow'd,
 To barter life for what was there bestow'd.

How changed, alas !—Though glory's equal rays
 Still shed the lustre of departed days ;
 Though, mid a nation's tears he died to save,
 The patriot-victor finds an honor'd grave ;
 No breast, responsive, owns the poet's fire ;
 No ready minstrel tunes the slacken'd lyre ;
 Hush'd are the chords ; no master-hand is raised
 To sound the feat by countless millions praised :
 The notes which, once, had lent their magic strain,
 Slumber, forgotten—ne'er to wake again.

* Mr. Rattray is perhaps the eldest of our living British Indian Poets. He is the author of "*The Exile and other Poems.*" In these specimens of British Indian Poetry I confine myself entirely to those writers who have published their works in a collected form, for had I included the miscellaneous productions of the occasional contributors to our local literary periodicals, in my desire to do justice to all, I should hardly have known where to stop. I am fully conscious of the awkwardness and delicacy of my task, and especially as I have to make way, a few pages further on, for my own verses, which I have not done without an inward struggle and much irresolution. Had I omitted them I should have broken the unity of my plan and exposed myself to a charge of mock modesty, while in inserting them I am perhaps equally exposed to the charge of real vanity. I should have given only a single specimen, but I could not hit upon one that I was willing to be wholly judged by, and have therefore by a little variety given myself a better chance with the reader. I have not invariably chosen the best of each writer's productions, because I limited myself to the poems that were either wholly oriental in character, or bore some allusion to the thoughts or feelings peculiar to the Indian Exile. It is on this account that I am able to give but one brief specimen of Mr. Rattray's talent, for with the exception of his principal poem which is far too long for insertion here, the above is the only poem in his volume that has an Eastern colouring.—*Compiler.*

Oh, for an aiding voice from heaven ! to give
 To ages yet unborn, and bid them live,
 Heroes, as now, for ever—this tried band—
 These dauntless spirits of my native land !
 To stamp their names where emulation's eye
 Should hail them, deathless still in bravery ;
 And brighten to the thought—' Some future day,
 There too shall mine as proud a meed display '—
 —But vain the wish : no longer lives the hour
 When inspiration fell in heavenly power.
 Vain, now, each prayer : no god attention lends ;
 No breath inspires ; no aiding voice descends !

Yet, while this bosom heaves to that which, now,
 Bids every pulse in quicken'd throbbing flow ;
 While grateful memory turns, and views again
 The matchless scene which graced that battle-plain ;
 Spurn not in scorn, though rude and void of art.
 E'en this poor offering from a greeting heart !
 'Tis admiration's tribute, pure, from one
 Who knows you only by the deeds you've done :
 As saviours mid despair : whose daring hand
 Heedless of numbers, met destruction's brand ;
 Britons, whose names, like stars in India's sky,
 Are shinned in glory, and should never die !

H. H. WILSON*.

THE GANGES.

Addressed to a Lady.

GUNGA, ere yet I cease to glide
 Along thy broad and stately tide,
 Assist my verse that I may pay
 The tribute of a friendly lay
 To one who flattering asks my strain,
 And was not formed to ask in vain.

They know thee not who of thee deem
 As of a dull industrious stream,
 Toiling along through mud and sand
 To scatter fatness o'er the land,
 In slime and soil that well may rear
 The double harvest of the year.
 But all unfitting to supply
 A prospect dear to Fancy's eye.

It is not thus ; and though thy wave
 Expansive be not doomed to lave
 Such fairy bowers, as beauteous Wye
 In crystal course runs smiling by ;
 Or such luxuriant hills as slane
 Along the borders of the Rhine ;
 Yet unto all, benignant Heaven
 Their own peculiar charm has given ;
 And upon Gunga's ample breast
 The signet is alike imprest,
 That manifests the will divine
 Ever in nature to combine
 The fair and good, and use and grace,
 For all the haunts of human race.

Vast as a sea the Ganges flows,
 And fed by Himalaya's snows,

* Author of the *Mégha Dûta* or *Cloud Messenger*, (a translation from the Sanscrit,) and of various other Oriental publications, chiefly translations.

Or rushing rains, with giant force
 Unwearied runs its fated course ;
 The banks that skirt its lengthened way
 Boundless variety display ;
 The mural height, the level green,
 The dangerous rock, the dark ravine,
 The barren sand, the fertile mound
 With maze of flowery thicket crowned.
 The cheerful lawn, or frowning glade,
 Embrowned by overhanging shade :
 The spacious plain, that waving corn,
 Orchards, or fragrant groves adorn ;
 Whilse towns and hamlets intervene
 And gild with life the changing scene.

But nature's chiefest bounties fall
 To thy productive fields, Bengal.
 It is not that the mountains rise
 Here as a pathway to the skies—
 Nor desert spreads its dreary tract—
 Nor foams the thundering cataract—
 Nor gloomy forest stretches, where
 The lion prowls or lurks the bear—
 Nor angry ocean raves and roars
 In tempest on the rocky shores—
 Though e'en of these thy wide extent
 Some awful glimpses doth present—
 But thine own honours fairest show
 Where Bhagirathi's waters flow,
 In many a rich and lovely scene,
 Invested with unfading green,
 That as revolving seasons run
 Still bids defiance to the Sun.
 Upon the margin of the river
 The leafy grove is verdant ever.
 Dark is the Mango's foliage spread ;
 Erect the tall Palm lifts its head ;
 Broad the Banana waves and bright ;
 Graceful the Bambu bends and light ;
 Boiling and black the billows flow
 The wide spread Indian fig below,
 Whose scion branches, many and vast,
 Far from the mighty parent cast,
 Above the wave, extend their shade
 In columned arch and long arcade.
 And here, by native faith revered,
 The Peepul's twisted trunk is reared.
 Though from the base, exposed and bare,
 The loosened soil the current tear,
 The tree its roots fantastic flings,
 And to the bank reluctant clings,
 Till all is gone—when low it lies,
 A victim to the wave, and dies—
 Like some fond heart, when stem decay
 The heart it beats for, rends away ;
 Whilst hope the slenderest stay supplies,
 It still upon that stay relies,
 Till even hope sustain no more,
 And life and love at once are o'er,
 The only solace left to share
 The sentence that inflicts despair.

Nor want we animation—rife
 Is all around, with busy life.

Upon the bosom of the tide
 Vessels of every fabric ride.
 The fisher's skiff, the light canoe
 That from a single trunk they hew ;
 The snuke and peacock modelled boat
 In Eastern pageant sent afloat ;
 The heavy barge—the ponderous bark
 Huge lumbering like another ark :
 The Bujra broad, the Bholia trim,
 Or Pinnaces that gallant swim
 With favouring breeze—or dull and slow
 Against the heady current go ;
 Creeping along the bank where pace ●
 The crew—a strange amphibious race,
 From morn to eve who never tire,
 Plodding through bush, and brake, and briar ;
 Now wading mid-deep in the mud,
 Now plunging breast-high in the flood ;
 Yet as they move, the merry laugh,
 And frequent frolic, lighten half
 Their labour, till the day expires,
 When gleam along the shore the fires
 With which contented they prepare,
 Their single meal of frugal fare ;
 Then to repose, at dawn again
 To brave the sun, and wind, and rain.

Close to the marge the cattle brouse.
 Or trail the rudely fashioned plough.
 The buffalo, his sides to cool,
 Stands buried in the marshy pool.
 The wild duck nestles in the sedge :
 The crane stands patient on the edge,
 Watching to seize its finny prey ;
 Whilst high the skylark wings its way,
 And in the shadow of a cloud,
 Warbles its song—distinct and loud,
 Though far removed from human eye,
 The songster sails the upper sky.
 Scattered across the teeming plain
 In groups the peasants glean the grain,
 The sickle ply, or wield the hoe,
 Or seed for future harvests sow.
 Some burthened, with their homely ware
 Journey to village *Háth* or fair,
 And some suspend their toils to mark
 Inquisitive the passing bark.

But most where to the river leads
 The *Glát*, or beaten path proceeds,
 A never-ending train collects
 Of every caste, and age, and sex.
 Grave in the tide the Brahman stands,
 And folds his cord, or twirls his hands,
 And tells his beads, and all unheard
 Mutters a solemn mystic word.
 With reverence the *Sudra* dips,
 And fervently the current sips,
 That to his humbler hopes conveys
 A future life of happier days.
 But chief do India's simple daughters
 Assemble in these hallowed waters,
 With vase of classic model laden,
 Like Grecian girl or Tuscan maiden,

Collecting thus their urns to fill
 From gushing fount or trickling rill ;
 And still with pious fervour they
 To Gunga veneration pay,
 And with pretenceless rite prefer
 The wishes of their hearts to her.
 The maid or matron, as she throws
Champuc or lotus, *Bél* or rose,
 Or sends the quivering light afloat
 In shallow cup or paper boat,
 Prays for a parent's peace and wealth,
 Prays for a child's success and health,
 For a fond husband breathes a prayer,
 For progeny their loves to share,
 For what of good on earth is given
 To lowly life, or hoped in Heaven.

And still in quick succession start
 Village and hamlet ; town and mart,
 And *Gláts* that to the stream descend,
 And temples where the votaries bend
 In homage unto stones and flowers,
 Or to less inoffensive powers.
 And hark, the sounds of horn and drum
 Along the river fitful come,
 And cymbal's clang and trumpet's wail
 Are mellowed by the wafting gale.
 'Tis *Durga's* festival, and hers
 The rites—and now her worshippers
 Bring forth the goddess—to and fro,
 The bands in solemn pageant row,
 Hymning her praises, as they sweep
 The populous stream ; till in the deep
 They clamorous toss at set of sun
 The idol—and the rite is done.

Such are the scenes the Ganges shows,
 As to the sea it rapid flows ;
 And all who love the works to scan
 Of nature, or the thoughts of man,
 May here unquestionably find
 Pleasure and profit for the mind.
 And if the young and gentle friend,
 To whom this faithful sketch I send,
 Were here, her livelier glance would snatch
 Many a gleam I fail to catch.
 The beauties of the Ganges then
 Would meet with justice from her pen ;
 Nor would her pencil fail to trace
 In living truth each pictured grace ;
 And well her taste would thus redeem
 The fame of this majestic stream.

H. M. PARKER*.

THE INDIAN DAY.

Dawn.

Now come the delicate sighs of the soft gale,
 First breath of dawn, the morn's sweet harbinger,
 Which, as a herald, still precedes the pale,
 Calm, silvery-mantled day-break.—There's a stir
 Of life amongst the dewy opening flowers,
 The hum of insects, and the ceaseless whirl

* Author of "The Draught of Immortality and other Poems."

Of their light wings innumerable—Gem-like showers
Fall from the rustling leaves of waving trees,
While, in the west, the last star rolls away,
Yet lingeringly, as lovers part at day
From 'neath their ladies' lattice—The cool breeze
Creeps on, as slumber steals o'er hearts at ease,
Fanning, with perfum'd wings and breathings light,
The sober footsteps of retiring night.

Sun-Rise.

FORTH from the gorgeous east, as from an urn,
Spring mighty floods of rich and glorious light;
The heavens are bath'd in sun-shine, and are bright,
As if with smiles, and then all blushing burn
Like a bride's cheek, who hails her lord's return
From his first absence—who can marvel now,
At that deep worship which the Ghebir paid
To his resplendent god,—from the hill-brow,
Which new-born sun-beams cloth'd, whilst yet the
shade

Of night lay pillow'd on the mists below;
Or who could view you cloudy ocean, roll'd
In waves of ruby, amethyst, and gold;
Nor raise his heart to that First Cause, who bade
The fields of morning thus to be array'd.

Noon.

Down from his blazing car, the lord of day,
Hurls a fierce splendour through the sultry air,
Bright, fiery, piercing, as his arrows were,
When, writhing at his feet, the Python lay.
The shadowless scene gleams dim through the white
glare,

And the tam'd tiger gasps beneath the ray.
'Midst smoking marshes and hot reeds, the hoar
Hides from the scorching blast, while the worn snake
Lies lank and torpid in the deepest brake.
The spirits of the southern whirlwind soar
Upon its burning breath, and hurry by
Each shatter'd cloud, that o'er the dazzling sky
Casts a brief veil—so man, as frail, is driven,
By passion's withering blast, from peace and heaven.

Evening.

THRON'D amidst thunder-clouds, the dark toofaun
Frowns grimly down upon the sinking sun,
With all his banners purple, black, and dun,
Unfurld for war.—The tribes of air have gone
Wheeling and screaming—flying from the gale,
Like ocean-mists;—a solitary sail
Shines through the gloom, and o'er the murky river,
Like hope's last ray to hearts it leaves for ever.
Now bursts the storm in one terrific howl,
Wild as the din of hell. The lightnings pale
Glitter through rattling cataracts of hail.
The clouds rush down in floods, the heavens scowl,
Earth shakes, and all its groaning forests nod:
Kneel, man! and deprecate the wrath of God.

Night.

THE storm has past, and dewy silence rests
Upon the broad blue river, and the earth;
The perfum'd air is cool, as tho' its birth
Had been 'midst Himalayah's frozen crests.

How calm, how silent—save where the plashing oar
Dips faint and far, rippling the lamp's pale beam
That shoots from mosque or temple on the shore,
Athwart the eddying Gunga's holy stream.
And see! the rising moon:—around her gleam,
The stars, bright satraps of her silver throne,
Lighting the hour, when, sadly and alone,
The exile muses.—What to him are these,
The East's resplendent skies and fragrant trees,
This clime of flowers and stars?—Alas! 'tis not his

THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

By the same.

HASTEN, love, the sun hath set?
And the moon, through twilight gleaming,
On the mosque's white minaret,
Now in silver light is streaming.

All is hush'd in deep repose;
Silence rests on field and dwelling,
Save where the bulbul to the rose
Is a love-tale sweetly telling.

Save the ripple, faint and far,
Of the river softly gliding;
Soft as thine own murmurs are,
When my kisses gently chiding.

Stars are sparkling in the sky,—
Blest abodes of light and gladness.
Oh, my life!—that thou and I
Might quit for them this world of sadness!

Yet, not within the mighty range
Of orbs, like very diamonds shewing,
Are any two for which I'd change
Thy two dear eyes, with fondness glowing.

See the fire-fly in the tope,
Cheerily midst darkness shining,
As the light which love and hope
Sends to calm my soul's repining.

Sweet the night-wind beareth by
Scents from flowers, of nature's wreathing,
Till I think my Lillia nigh,
And the perfumed breeze her breathing.

The soft air stirs the lemon-grass;—
I think it is her step, that lightly
O'er the opening buds can pass,
Nor bend them more than dew drops nightly.

Then haste, blest treasure of my heart!
Flowers around, and stars above, thee,
Alone must view us meet and part;—
Alone must witness—how I love thee.

THE MUSSULMAN'S LAMENT OVER THE BODY OF
TIPPOO SULTAN.

Written in 1823, on the spot where he fell.

LIGHT of my faith! thy flame is quench'd
In this deep night of blood;
The sceptre from thy race is wrenched;
And, of the brave who stood
Around thy Musnud, strong and true,
When this day's sun-rise on the brow
Of yonder mountains glanced, how few
Are left to weep thee now!—

* *Chorus of Soldiers.*

Allah! 'tis better thus to die,
With war-clouds hanging redly o'er us;
Than to live a life of infamy,
With years of grief and shame before us.

Star of the battle! thou art set;
But thou didst not sink down,
As those who could their fame forget,
Before the tempest's frown;
As those crown'd dastards, who could crave
The mercy of their haughty foes;—
Better to perish with the brave,
Than to live and reign like those.
Allah! 'tis better thus to die, &c.

No! thou hast to thy battle-bed
Rush'd like thy native sun,
Whose fiercest, brightest rays are shed
When his race is nearest done;
Where sabres flash'd, and volleys rung,
And quickest sped the parting breath,
Thou, from a life of empire, sprung
To meet a soldier's death.
Allah! 'tis better thus to die, &c.

Thy mighty father, joyfully
Look'd from his throne on high;—
He mark'd his spirit live in thee,
He smiled to see thee die;
To see thy sabre's last faint sweep*
Tinged with a foeman's gore;
To see thee sink to the hero's sleep,
With thy red wounds all before.
Allah! 'tis better thus to die, &c.

The faithful, in their emerald bowers
The toobah-tree beneath,
Have twined thee, of unfading flowers,
The martyr's glorious wreath;
And dark-eyed girls of paradise,
Their jewell'd kerchiefs wave,
To welcome to their crystal skies
The Sultan of the Brave.

Allah! 'tis sweeter thus to die
The martyr's death, with heaven before us,
Than to live an age—with infamy,
And foemen's fetters hanging o'er us.

* An historical fact.

THE NORTH-EAST TRADE.

MERRILY, merrily the good ship goes,
Like a sea-bird o'er the sea;
Swift as in spring the startled roes
Dash bounding o'er the lea;
As she stoops before the northern wind,
The curling waves are left behind;
But the gallant albacore,
With spring and bound,
Like a new-slipp'd hound,
Still swims abreast her prore.

Merrily, merrily, the good ship goes;
And the track she leaves astern
Is dazzling white, as mountain-snows,
When they cover mountain-fern.
Talk of the southern breeze, that breathes
Amongst the garden's flowery wreathes!
But give me the fresh north blast,—
The whistling gale
That fills the sail,
And bends the quivering mast.

Merrily, merrily, the good ship goes,
She feels the brave blast now;
Beneath her stern, the breakers close
That she dashes from her bow;
Through rattling block and creaking shroud
The cheery wind pipes clear and loud,
While the waves of the glorious sea
Around her pour,
As if they bore,
Some Ocean-Deity.

THE WIDOW OF THE MYSORE HILL.

A Fact.

THE way was rough, the night was chill,
Darkness was falling on the hill,
When I heard a woman making moan;
Bitterly bitterly, wept she,
Sitting upon a worn grey stone
By a blighted Banyan tree.

In the monsoon's drear cloudy sky
The lightning glimmer'd silently;
The hot breeze with the day had died,
The thunder slumber'd on its throne;
No sound was on the mountain's side,
Save that poor woman's moan.

"He is fallen! he is gone!
In the world I am left alone,
Ah!—would I were alone—for then!"
Darkly she glanced at the pool, which lay
Dim and deep in a rocky glen,
Then, shuddering, turn'd away.

"Alas! my helpless babes," said she,
And rose, still weeping bitterly;
I am selfish in my lonely grief,
But the bright Moslem host, from thrones
Beyond those clouds, will send relief
To my bereaved ones.

"E'en now their father greets the bold
Who battled by his side of old,
When o'er the land the burning star
Of Islam pour'd its dazzling light,
And conquering Hyder to the war
Rush'd, with a tempest's might.

"Poor children!—they will never more
At sunset, by our cottage-door,
In mimic combat learn to wield
Their father's glittering scimitar.
Ah! dim will be the bright black shield
Of my poor Sillahdar*.

"His lance hangs rusting on the wall,
His steed has broken from his stall,
And those brave boys, who were to rein
His gallant horse, and draw his bow,
Gaze on them sadly, and in vain;
They have no father now!

"Even now they weep, and wonder why
Out cot is dark, and I not nigh:
Oh, it is hard to bear!" she cried,
Then slowly, through the deepening gloom,
She glided down the mountain's side,
Like a spirit to its tomb.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE RIVER GANGES.

SOFTLY the purple veil of evening falls
Upon the far-off city—the young moon
Touches with silver, domes and snowy walls,
While a mild breeze, like that of England's June,
Ripples the tranquil river, spreading far
The tremulous light of each reflected star.

The boatmen's fires glance redly from the banks,
Softening the pallid lustre of the gleam
Which the now-setting moon casts through the rank
Of graceful palms athwart the broad blue stream;
Around me is a whispering solitude,
The murmuring wave, the gently-rustling wood.

The rustling wood within whose leafy brakes
The cheerful singer of the night-long song,
The cricket, his shrill carolling awakes,
While over him the fire-fly floats along
With dewy lustre, like a magic gem
In some invisible fairy's diadem.

Glad and bright creatures—each hath got a home
To which he wends, his wanderings being done,
And with him enters joy—no more he'll roam
Or light his little lamp 'till set of sun
Brings back the fragrant hours of dewy night
Through which he loves to wheel his gentle flight.

Cribb'd in a narrow shallop which the tide
Stirs with a sleepy motion to and fro,
Oh! how I long for wings with which to glide
Like you, bright insects, where the night flowers blow:
To swing on the light boughs of bamboo trees,
Or float with the sweet breath of this cool breeze.

* A Mysore horse-soldier.

I'd seek each opening floweret too, as dawn
Touch'd with her faintest silver the grey east,
And catch its fragrance, ere upon the lawn
The fiery light of the fierce sun increased.
Alas! how many a bud that loves the shade
Comes into glare and splendour but to fade.

But vain are wishes, or I should not pine
A solitary exile in a land
Where my heart is not—in the diamond mine;
What are the gems heap'd high on every hand
To the worn slave whose thoughts, whose longings
stray
To some rude hovel home far, far away.

So though around me golden fountains sprung
Of riches and of pleasure—if for me
Honour and power their proud trumpets rung,
And all life's splendours sparkled gorgeously,
What lustre in a foreign land can come
To dim the halo round our sacred HOME?

THE RETURN FROM INDIA.

I sit beside my lonely hearth,
Long years of toil and exile past,
My life is in its twilight path,
Still I have reached my home at last;
But other hands now cull its flowers,
But other footsteps tread its floor,
That clock still chimes the silver hours,
But those who heard it hear no more!

I am a stranger in my hall,
The hearts which made it glad are cold,
Young voices answer to my call
But not the tones I loved of old;—
With happy looks they bid me tell
Some story of the days gone by,
Or speak of those I loved so well,
I can but answer with a sigh.

With smiles they urge me to recall
The memory of their childhood's prime,
For they were happy children all
When last I left my native clime;
But as they speak some cherished trait
Arises with each look and tone,
Of those whose love has past away,
Of those who are for ever gone.

I wonder on the breezy hill,
By hazel copse, in dingle green,
I pause beside the gushing rill,
When summer twilight sinks serene;
Each well-remembered scene is there
Dear as when first it met my sight,
But where are all the feelings, where!
Which made it not more dear than bright?

The harvest moon is rising now
O'er golden fields of ripened grain,
And on the breeze that cools my brow
The bells of many a harvest wain

Come soft and sweet : but sweeter yet
Yon spire on which the moonshine glows,
That tells me where I shall forget
Life's withered hopes in death's repose.

D. L. RICHARDSON*.

OCEAN SKETCHES.

Written during a voyage to India.

[*A Breeze—at Mid-day.*]

THE distant haze, like clouds of silvery dust,
Now sparkles in the sun. The freshening breeze
Whitens the liquid plain ; and like a steed
With proud impatience fired, the glorious ship
Quick bounds exultant, and with rampant prow
Off flings the glittering foam. Around her wake,
A radiant milky way, the sea-birds weave
Their circling flight, or slowly sweeping wide
O'er boundless ocean, graze with drooping wing
The brightly-crested waves. Each sudden surge,
Up-dashed, appears a momentary tree
Fringed with the hoar-frost of a wintry morn ;
And then, like blossoms from a breeze-stirred bough,
The light spray strewn the deep.

How fitfully the struggling day-beams pierce
The veil of heaven !—On yon far line of light,
That like a range of breakers streaks the main,
The ocean swan—the snow-white Albatross,
Gleams like a dazzling foam-flake in the sun !—
Gaze upward—and behold, where parted clouds
Disclose ethereal depths, its dark-hued mate
Hangs motionless on arch-resembling wings,
As though 'twere painted on the sky's blue vault.

Sprinkling the air, the speck-like petrels form
A living shower !—Awile their pinions gray
Mingle scarce-seen among the misty clouds,
Till suddenly their white breasts catch the light,
And flash like silver stars !

[*A Storm—at Night.*]

Yox cloud-arch spreads,—the black waves curl and
foam

Beneath the coming tempest ;—Lo ! 'tis here !
The fierce insatiate winds, like demons, howl
Around the labouring bark. Her snow-white sails,
Out spread like wings of some gigantic bird
Struck with dismay, are fluttering in the gale,
And sound like far-off thunder. Now the heart
Of ocean quails to its profoundest depths ;—
The dark heavens groan,—the wildly scattered clouds
Like routed hosts, are thickly hurrying past
The dim-discovered stars. Up lofty hills,
Or down wide-yawning vales, the lone ship drives
As if to swift destruction. Still she braves,
Though rudely buffeted by tempest-fiends,
The elemental war. Ah ! that dread wave,
As though some huge sea-monster dealt the blow,
Hath made her start and tremble !—Yet again,
For one hushed moment, with recovered power,
She proudly glides in majesty serene,

Calm as a silver cloud on summer skies,
Or yon pale moon amid the strife of heaven !

How terrible, yet glorious is the scene !
How swells the gazer's heart !—The mighty main
Heaves its stupendous mountains to the sky,
Their sides unruffled by the fretful waves
Of less terrific seas. Each billow forms
One vast Atlantic Alp, whose peak alone
Is shattered by the wind that hurls the foam
Adown the dreary vales. In wintry realms
The viewless pinions of the northern breeze,
Thus shake the snow-wreaths from the hoary heads
Of everlasting hills !

An awful pause !—

Again the quick-reviving tempest roars
With fiercer rage !—These changes image well
The sullen calm of comfortless despair,
The restless tumult of the guilty heart !

[*A Calm—at Mid-day.*]

Now in the fervid noon the smooth bright sea
Heaves slowly, for the wandering winds are dead
That stirred it into foam. The lonely ship
Rolls wearily, and idly flap the sails
Against the creaking mast. The lightest sound
Is lost not on the ear, and things minute
Attract the observant eye.

The scaly tribe,
Bright-winged, that upward flash from torrid seas,
Like startled birds, now burst their glassy caves,
And glitter in the sun ; while diamond drops
From off their briny pinions fall like rain,
And leave a dimpled track.

The horizon clouds
Are motionless, and yield fantastic forms
Of antique towers, vast woods and frozen lakes,
Huge rampant beasts, and giant phantoms seen
In wildering visions only.

High o'er head,
Dazzling the sight, hangs, quivering like a lark,
The silver Tropic-bird ;—at length it flits
Far in cerulean depths and disappears,
Save for a moment, when with fitful gleam
It waves its wings in light. The pale thin moon,
Her crescent floating on the azure air.
Shows like a white bark sleeping on the main
When not a ripple stirs. Yon bright clouds form,
(Bridged as the ocean sands, with spots of blue,
Like water left by the receding tide,)
A fair celestial shore !—How beautiful !
The spirit of eternal peace hath thrown
A spell upon the scene ! The wide blue floor
Of the Atlantic world—a sky-girt plain—
Now looks as never more the Tempest's tread
Would break its shining surface ; and the ship
Seems destined ne'er again to brave the gale,
Anchored for ever on the silent deep !

[*Sun-Rise.*]

THE stars have melted in the morning air,—
The white moon waneth dim.—The glorious sun,
Slow-rising from the cold cerulean main,
Now shoots through broken clouds his upward
beams,

* Author of "*Literary Leaves; or Prose and Verse*," &c.

That kindle into day. At length his orb,
 Reddening the ocean verge, with sudden blaze
 Awakes a smiling world :—the dull gray mist
 Is scattered, and the sea-view opens wide !

—The glassy waves
 Are touched with joy, and dance in sparkling throngs
 Around the gallant bark. The roseate clouds
 Rest on the warm horizon,—like far hills
 Their radiant outlines gleam in yellow light,
 And o'er their shadowy range a thin scud floats,
 Like wreaths of smoke from far-off beacon-fires.

The deep blue vault is streaked with golden bars,
 Like veins in wealthy mines ; and where the rays
 Of Day's refulgent orb are lost in air,
 In small round masses shine the fleecy clouds,
 As bright as snow-clad bowers when sudden gleams
 Flash on the frozen earth.

Ascending high
 The gorgeous steps of heaven, the dazzling sun
 Contracts his disk, and rapidly assumes
 A silver radiance—glittering like a globe
 Of diamond spars !

[Sun-set.]

Now near the flushed horizon brightly glows
 The red dilated sun. Around his path
 Aerial phantoms float in liquid light,
 And steeped in beauty, momentarily present
 Fresh forms, and strange varieties of hue,
 As fair and fleeting as our early dreams !—
 Behold him rest on yon cloud-mountain's peak,—
 Touched with celestial fire, volcano-like,
 The dazzling summit burns ;—eruptive flames
 Of molten gold with ruddy lustre tinge
 The western heavens, and shine with mellowed light
 Through crests transparent of the countless waves !

The scene is changed—behind the ethereal mount
 Now fringed with light—the day-god downward
 speeds

His unseen way ;—yet where his kindling steps
 Lit the blue vault, the radiant trace remains,
 E'en as the sacred memory of the past
 Illumes life's evening hour !—Again ! Again !
 He proudly comes ! and lo ! resplendent sight !
 Bursts through the cloud-formed hill, whose shattered
 sides

Are edged with mimic lightning !—His red beams
 Concentrating at last in one full blaze,
 Bright as a flaming bark his fiery form
 Sinks in the cold blue main !

The golden clouds
 Fade into gray—the broad cerulean tide
 A darker tint assumes. In restless throngs
 Phosphoric glow-worms deck with living gems
 The twilight wave, as Orient fire-flies gleam
 In dusky groves,—or like reflected stars,
 When evening zephyrs kiss the dimpled face
 Of that far lake whose crystal mirror bears
 An image of my home ! Ah, those white walls,
 Now flash their silent beauty on my soul,
 And, like a cheerful sun-burst on my way,
 Revive a transient joy !

[Night.]

THE day beams slowly fade, and shadowy night,
 Soft as a gradual dream, serenely steals
 Over the watery waste. Like low-breathed strains
 Of distant music on the doubtful ear,
 When solitude and silence reign around,
 The small waves gently murmur.

Calm and pale—
 A phantom of the sky—the full-orbed moon
 Hath glided into sight. The glimmering stars
 Now pierce the soft obscurity of heaven
 In golden swarms, innumerable and bright
 As insect-myrriads in the sunset air.
 The breeze is hushed, and yet the tremulous sea,
 As if by host of unseen spirits trod,
 Is broken into ripples, crisp and clear
 As shining fragments of a frozen stream
 Beneath the winter sun. The lunar wake
 Presents to rapt imagination's view
 A pathway to the skies !

In such a scene
 Of glory and repose, the rudest breast
 Is pure and passionless,—the holy calm
 Is breathed at once from heaven, and sounds and
 thoughts

Of human strife a mockery would seem
 Of Nature's mystic silence. Sacred dreams
 Unutterable, deep, and undefined,
 Now crowd upon the soul, and make us feel
 An intellectual contact with the world
 Beyond our mortal vision.

WRITTEN ON THE RUINS OF RAJMAHAL.

HAIL, stranger, hail ! whose eye shall here survey
 The path of Time, where ruin marks his way,
 When wildly moans the solemn midnight bird,
 And the gaunt jackal's piercing cry is heard :
 If thine the soul with sacred ardour fraught,
 Rapt in the poet's dream, or sage's thought,
 To thee, these mouldering walls a voice shall raise,
 And sadly tell how earthly pride decays ;
 How human hopes, like human works, depart,
 And leave behind—the ruins of the heart !

EVENING, ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

I WANDERED thoughtfully by Gunga's shore,
 While the broad sun upon the slumbering wave
 Its last faint flush of golden radiance gave,
 And tinged with tenderest hues some ruins hoar.
 Methinks this earth had never known before
 A calm so deep—'twas silent as the grave.
 The smallest bird its light wing could not lave
 In the smooth flood, nor from the green-wood soar
 (If but the tiniest branch its pinions stirred,
 Or shook the dew-drops from the leaves,) unheard.
 Like pictured shadows 'gainst the western beam
 The dark boats slept, while each lone helmsman stood
 Still as a statue !—the strange quietude
 Enthralled my soul like some mysterious dream !

THE RETURN FROM EXILE.

I.

As memory pictured happier hours, home-sickness
 seized my heart,
 I never thought of English land but burning tears
 would start ;
 The faces of familiar friends would haunt me in my
 sleep,
 I clasped their thrilling hands in mine—then woke
 again to weep !

II.

At last my spirit's fevered dreams so wrought upon
 my frame,
 That life itself uncertain seemed as some worn taper's
 flame,
 'Till o'er the wide blue waters borne, from regions
 strange and far,
 I saw dear Albion's bright cliffs gleam beneath the
 morning star !

III.

That radiant sight redeemed the past, and stirred
 with transport wild,
 I paced the swift bark's bounding deck, light-hearted
 as a child ;
 And when among my native fields I wandered in the
 sun,
 I felt as if my morn of life had only just begun.

IV.

The shining golden butter-cup—the daisy's silver
 crest—
 The living gems of every hue on Nature's verdant
 breast—
 The cheerful songs of British birds, that rose from
 British trees—
 The fragrance from the blossomed hedge, that came
 on every breeze—

V.

The white cot peeping from the grove, its blue smoke
 in the sky—
 The rural group of ruddy boys, that gaily loitered
 nigh—
 The silent sheep-besprinkled hill—the rivulet-watered
 vale—
 The lonely lake, where brightly shone, the fisher's
 sun-lit sail ;—

VI.

Awhile these seemed illusions brief of beauty and
 delight,
 A dear but transitory dream—a mockery of the
 night !
 For often in my slumbering hours on India's sultry
 strand,
 In visions, scarce less palpable, I hailed my native
 land.

VII.

But when upon my wildering doubts reflection
 flashed the truth,
 Oh ! never in my childhood years, nor in my fervid
 youth,
 So deep a rapture thrill'd my breast as while I gaz-
 ed around,
 And recognized the thousand charms that hallow
 English ground !

1824.

AN INDIAN DAY.

Morn.

Lo ! Morning wakes upon the grey hill's brow,
 Raising the veil of mist meek Twilight wore ;—
 And hark ! from mango tope and tamarind bough
 The glad birds' matins ring ! On Gunga's shore
 Yon sable groups with ritual signs adore
 The rising Lord of Day. Above the vale
 Behold the tall palmyrah proudly soar,
 And wave his verdant wreath,—a lustre pale
 Gleams on the broad fringed leaves that rustle in the gale.

Noon.

'Tis now the noon-tide hour ! No sounds arise
 To cheer the sultry calm,—deep silence reigns
 Among the drooping groves ; the fervid skies
 Glare on the slumbering wave ; on yon wide plains
 The zephyr dies,—no hope of rest detains
 The wanderer there ; the sun's meridian might
 No fragrant bower, no humid cloud restrains,—
 The burning rays, insufferably bright,
 Play on the fevered brow, and mock the dazzled sight !

Night.

THE gentle Evening comes ! The gradual breeze,
 The milder radiance and the longer shade,
 Steal o'er the scene !—Through slowly waving trees
 The pale moon smiles,—the minstrels of the glade
 Hail night's fair queen ; and, as the day-beams fade
 Along the crimson west through twilight gloom
 The fire-fly darts ; and where, all lowly laid,
 The dead repose, the Moslem's hands illume
 The consecrated lamp o'er Beauty's hallowed tomb !

SONNET,

On hearing Captain James Glencairn Burns sing (in India) his
 father's songs.

How dream-like is the sound of native song
 Heard on a foreign shore ! The wanderer's ear
 Drinks wild enchantment,—swiftly fade the drear
 And cold realities that round him throng,
 While in the soul's delirium, sweet and strong,
 The past is present and the distant near !
 Such sound is sacred ever,—doubly dear
 When heard by patriot exiles parted long
 From all that love hath hallowed. But a spell
 Ev'n yet more holy breathes in every note
 Now trembling on my heart. A proud Son sings
 The lay of Burns ! Oh ! what imaginings
 Awake, as o'er a foreign region float
 These filial echoes of the father's shell !

Calcutta, August 7, 1833.

SONNET—THE SUTTEE.

HER last fond wishes breathed, a farewell smile
 Is lingering on the calm unclouded brow
 Of yon deluded victim. Firmly now
 She mounts, with dauntless mien, the funeral pile
 Where lies her earthly lord. The Brahmin's guise
 Hath wrought its will—fraternal hands bestow
 The quick death-flame—the crackling embers glow—
 And flakes of hideous smoke the skies defile !
 The ruthless throng their ready aid supply,
 And pour the kindling oil. The stunning sound
 Of dissonant drums—the priest's exulting cry—
 The failing martyr's pleading voice have drowned ;
 While fiercely-burning rafters fall around,
 And shroud her frame from horror's straining eye !

CONSOLATIONS OF EXILE.

[Or an Exile's Address to his Distant Children.]

O'ER the vast realm of tempest-troubled Ocean—
 O'er the parched lands that vainly thirst for
 showers— [motion
 Through the long night—or when nor sound nor
 Stirs in the noon of day the sultry bowers—
 Not all un'accompanied by pleasant dreams
 My weary spirit panteth on the way ;
 Still on mine inward sight the subtle gleams
 That mock the fleshly vision brightly play.
 Oh ! the heart's links nor time nor change may sever,
 Nor fate's destructive hand, while life remain ;
 O'er hill, and vale, and plain, and sea, and river,
 The wanderer draws the inseparable chain !

Fair children ! still, like phantoms of delight,
 Ye haunt my soul on this strange distant shore,
 As the same stars shine through the tropic night
 That charmed me at my own sweet cottage door.
 Though I have left ye long, I love not less ;
 Though ye are far away, I watch ye still ;
 Though I can ne'er embrace ye, I may bless,
 And e'en though absent, guard ye from each ill !
 Still the full interchange of soul is ours,
 A silent converse o'er the waters wide,
 And fancy's spell can speed the lingering hours
 And fill the space that yearning hearts divide.

And not alone the written symbols show
 Your spirits' sacred stores of love and truth,
 Art's glorious magic bids the canvas glow
 With all your grace and loveliness and youth ;
 The fairy forms that in my native land
 Oft filled my fond heart with a parent's pride,
 Are gathered near me on this foreign strand,
 And smilingly, in these strange halls, reside ;
 And almost I forget an exile's doom,
 For while your filial eyes around me gleam,
 Each scene and object breathes an air of home,
 And time and distance vanish like a dream !

Oh ! when sweet Memory's radiant calm comes o'er
 The weary soul, as moonlight glimmerings fall
 O'er the hushed ocean, forms beloved of yore
 And joys long fled, her whispers soft recall ;
 At such an hour I live and smile again,
 As light of heart as in that golden time
 When, as a child, I trod the vernal plain,
 Nor knew the shadow of a care or crime.
 Nor dream of death, nor weariness of life,
 Nor freezing apathy, nor fierce desire,
 Then chilled a thought with unborn rapture rife,
 Or seared my breast with wild ambition's fire.

From many a fruit and flower the hand of Time
 Hath brushed the bloom and beauty ; yet mine eye,
 Though Life's sweet summer waneth, and my prime
 Of health and hope is past, can oft espy
 Amid the fading wilderness around
 Such lingering hues as Eden's holy bowers
 In earth's first radiance wore, and only found
 Where not a cloud of sullen sadness lours.
 Oh ! how the pride and glory of this world
 May pass unmirrored, o'er the darkened mind,
 Like gilded banners o'er the grave unfurled,
 Or Beauty's witcheries flashed upon the blind.

5 H 2

Though this frail form hath felt the shafts of pain,
 Though my soul sickens for her native sky,
 In visionary hours my thoughts regain
 Their early freshness, and soon check the sigh
 That sometimes from mine inmost heart would swell
 And mar a happier mood. Oh ! then how sweet,
 Dear Boys ! upon remembered bliss to dwell,
 And here your pictured lineaments to greet !
 Till Fancy, bright enchantress, shifts the scene
 To British ground, and musical as rills,
 Ye laugh and loiter in the meadows green,
 Or climb with joyous shouts the sunny hills !
Calcutta, Sept. 4, 1834.

SONNETS,

Written in Exile.

I.

MAN's heart may change, but Nature's glory never ;—
 And while the soul's internal cell is bright
 The unclouded eye lets in the ceaseless light
 Of outer loveliness to charm us ever.
 Though youth hath vanished, like a winding river
 Lost in the shadowy woods ; and the dear sight
 Of native hill, and nest-like cottage white
 'Mid breeze-stirred boughs whose green leaves gleam
 and quiver,

And murmur sea-like sounds, perchance no more
 My homeward step shall hasten cheerily ;
 Yet still I feel as I have felt of yore,
 And love this radiant world. Yon clear blue sky—
 These gorgeous groves—this flower-enamelled floor—
 Have deep enchantments for my heart and eye.

II.

Man's heart may change, but Nature's glory never ;—
 Though to the sullen gaze of grief the sight
 Of sun-illumined skies may seem less bright,
 Or gathering clouds less grand, yet she, as ever
 Is lovely or majestic. Though fate sever
 The long-linked bands of love, and all delight
 Be lost as in a sudden starless night,
 The radiance may return, if He, the giver
 Of peace on earth vouchsafe the storm to still.
 This breast once shaken with the strife of care
 Is touched with silent joy. The cot—the hill
 Beyond the broad blue wave, and faces fair,
 Are pictured in my dreams ; yet scenes that fill
 My waking eye can save me from despair.

III.

Man's heart may change but Nature's glory never ;—
 Strange features throng around me, and the shore
 Is not my father-land. Yet why deplore
 This varied doom ? All mortal ties must sever.—
 The pang is past ;—and now with blest endeavour
 I check the rising sigh, and weep no more.
 The common earth is here—these crouds adore
 That earth's Creator ; and how high soever
 O'er other tribes proud England's hosts may seem,
 God's children, fair or sable, equal find
 A father's love. Then learn, O man, to deem
 All difference idle save of heart or mind,
 Thy duty, love—each cause of strife, a dream—
 Thy home, the world—thy family, mankind.
Calcutta, July, 1839.

SONNETS WRITTEN ON THE VOYAGE TO INDIA.

[Fine Weather.]

THE plain of ocean 'neath the crystal air
 Its azure bound extends—the circle wide
 Is sharply clear,—contrasted hues divide
 The sky and water. Clouds, like hills that wear
 The winter's snow-wrought mantle, brightly fair,
 Rest on the main's blue marge.—As shadows glide
 O'er dew-decked fields, the calm ship seems to slide
 O'er glassy paths that catch the noon-tide glare
 As if bestrown with diamonds. Quickly play
 The small crisp waves that musically break
 Their shining peaks.—And now, if aught can make
 Celestial spirits wing their downward way,
 Methinks they glitter in the proud sun's wake,
 And breathe a glorious beauty on the day !

[A Calm, after a gale.]

LIKE mountain-mists that roll on sultry airs,
 Unheard and slow the huge waves heave around
 That lately roared in wrath. The storm-fiend, bound
 Within his unseen cave no longer tears
 The vexed and wearied main. The moon appears,
 Uncurtaining wide her azure realms profound
 To cheer the sullen night. Though not a sound
 Reposing Nature breathes, my rapt soul hears
 The far-off murmur of my native streams
 Like music from the stars—the silver tone
 Is memory's lingering echo ;—Ocean's zone
 Infolds me from the past ;—this small bark seems
 The centre of a world—an island lone ;
 And home's dear forms are like departed dreams !

LINES TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH
SOME ENGLISH FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

GREEN herbs and gushing springs in some hot waste,
 Though grateful to the traveller's sight and taste,
 Seem far less fair and fresh than fruits and flowers
 That breathe, in foreign lands, of English bowers.
 Thy gracious gift, dear lady, well recalls
 Sweet scenes of home,—the white cot's trellised walls—
 The clean red garden path—the rustic seat—
 The jasmine-covered arbour, fit retreat
 For hearts that love repose. Each spot displays
 Some long-remembered charm. In sweet amaze
 I feel as one, who, from a weary dream
 Of exile wakes, and sees the morning beam
 Illume the glorious clouds, of every hue,
 That float o'er fields his happy childhood knew.
 How small a spark may kindle fancy's flame,
 And light up all the past ! The very same
 Glad sounds and sights that charmed my heart of old,
 Arrest me now—I hear them and behold.
 Ah ! yonder is the happy circle seated
 Within the favourite bower ! I am greeted
 With joyous shouts ; my rosy boys have heard
 A father's voice—their little hearts are stirred
 With eager hope of some new toy or treat,
 And on they rush with never-resting feet !

* * * * *

Gone is the sweet illusion—like a scene
 Formed by the western vapours, when between
 The dusky earth and day's departing light,
 The curtain falls of India's sudden night.

CAPT. MACNAGHTEN*.

THE DAISY.

Written in India.

THE daisy ! the daisy ! I long to see again,
 That sweet and unobtrusive flower, upon my native
 plain.

With it how often have I wreath'd a coronal, to deck
 The brow of some young maiden, or a garland for
 her neck !—

A boyish and a girlish love, but not without its feud,
 If a rival braid was chosen, or if I another woo'd !—
 Yet fond and light of heart would we to some wild
 boweret steal,

Unscath'd by all the bitterer grief maturer love must
 feel.

The daisy ! the daisy ! an exile's flower of home,
 Which most of all recalls our hearts, though far our
 footsteps roam :

We see the rose and violet beneath an eastern sky,
 And the briar and the wall-flow'r sweet, will some-
 times glad the eye ;

And blossoms like the harebell blue, and primrose
 pale, there be,

And the perfume of the hawthorn sheds the scented
 baubool tree ;

But the banish'd man would liefer view the daisy
 white and small, *

The time-mark of his boyish life of pureness, than
 them all.

The daisy ! the daisy ! enameller of the green !

The sword hath nought of magic power where *thou*
 art not its Queen.

A brighter bud, and fragranter, may decorate the
 ground,

But the heart—the heart—no home can own, where
thou art never found.

We've here no meadow's silken grass, where we
 might love to lie, [by :

And listen to the cuckoo's note, or streamlet purling
 Oh ! cheerless is the wanderer's lot, in alien lands to
 dwell ;

He comes, and hears no welcome said—he goes, and
 no farewell†.

The daisy ! the daisy ! 'when I was but a boy,
 And ere I knew enough of grief my gladness to
 ally ;

I little deem'd the hour would come, when I could
 blithely yield [field.

The hopes of worldly fortune for one daisy-dotted
 But bright was life's horizon then, and how my spirit
 long'd,

To snap the rein that check'd me yet, and throng
 where others throng'd !

To run the race which manhood runs, o'er ocean,
 mount, and plain—

Oh ! would I had the daisied knoll, and thoughtless
 life again !

* Author of "Miscellaneous Verses."

† This is too beautiful a thought for me to appropriate it,
 farther than I have done by rendering it into poetic metre,
 without an acknowledgment that I owe it to a mournful ob-
 servation contained in that most agreeable of all journalised
 tours—*The Diary of an Invalid*.

The daisy ! the daisy ! Spring's longest living child !
 Thou call'st to mind the hours when yet the heart
 was undefil'd ;
 When bounding o'er the fragrant fields, with feet that
 lightly sped,
 Thy small, elastic stem would rise uninjur'd from our
 tread :
 When flying on the spirit's wings, we knew nor grief
 nor care,
 But deem'd the world a paradise, and all within it
 fair :
 How many a sear'd and weary man, in crime or sad-
 ness steep'd,
 A harvest little thought of in that daisy time, hath
 reap'd !

The daisy ! the daisy ! oh, may *my* lot be yet,
 To see it grace the happy plains, my heart doth not
 forget !
 To see it wreath'd by other hands, as sinless and as
 young,
 As mine were when its buds, to deck some peri form,
 I strung !
 To hear their burst of ringing glee, as o'er the meads
 they stray,
 And think my own *was* loud as their's, my spring-
 time mood as gay ;
 When with the merry lark I rose, the linnet's nest to
 seek,
 And the carmine-tinting kiss of morn was lavish'd on
 my cheek !

VOYAGE INVOCATION.

Written in India.

UNCHANGING blow, thou favoring gale !
 And softly roll, thou sea !
 And swift thou gallant vessel sail,
 That bear'st my love to me !

May beauteous Zephyr's pinion light
 Impel thy eastward prow ;
 And sweetly fan those ringlets bright,
 Which cluster round *her* brow !

Oh ! may'st thou track the plumbless seas,
 In Neptune's blandest mood ;
 When Nereids' sighs augment the breeze,
 But ne'er a breath more rude !

Far be the Tempest-Spirit's path,
 Thou good bark, from thy way !
 And, for *his* fearful voice of wrath,
 Be thine the mermaid's lay !

Above, may all unclouded skies !
 Their glories shed the while :
 Blue as her own enchanting eyes,
 And gentle as her smile !

And gaily sail, thou rich-stor'd ship,
 And waft across the sea,
 My Clara's heart, my Clara's lip,
 In all their love to me !

RETURN SONG OF THE EXILE.

HOME ! home ! home !—there is England's shining
 cliff,
 In the sun-gilt horizon afar !
 Bring the glass, boy, the glass !—there goes many a
 bird-like skiff,
 And there lie our proud men of war !
 Oh ! my heart, at the view, bounds as lightly as if
 'T was unscath'd as thy happiest are,
 Home ! Home !
 'T was unscathed as thy happiest are !

Home ! home ! home !—now I leap on the shore,
 Which has been, for some long years, to me,
 As a form we have once seen but never hope more,
 Though we pine ever after, to see ;
 And there be thy fields and their flowers, as before,
 Thou shrine of the lovely and free,
 Home ! Home !
 Thou shrine of the lovely and free !

Home ! home ! home !—there's the old village spire !
 There's the old village hostel, the " Plough !"
 And the old village school !—how much larger and
 higher,
 They appear'd in my young days, than now !
 There stands, too, the Hall of the old village Squire,
 And the mount, with thy oaks on its brow,
 Home ! Home !
 And the mount, with thy oaks on its brow !

Home ! home ! home !—there's the green and merry
 grove,
 Where we plunder'd the nut tree and nest !
 But where are they all, who, like me, us'd to rove,
 With a heart blithe as mine in each breast ?
 And she !—where is she ?—in whose fond, girlish
 love,
 E'er I left her and thee, I was blest,
 Home ! Home !
 E'er I left her and thee, I was blest !

Home ! home ! home !—I am rambling again,
 Mid the scenes where my boyhood was pass'd ;
 They're unchang'd, but, alas ! I am alter'd since
 then,
 And the brightness of youth's overcast :
 Yet they've balm for the soul of the wayfarer, when
 He takes shelter among them at last,
 Home ! Home !
 He takes shelter among them at last !

Home ! home ! home !—be thy heavens blue and
 clear,
 And thy plains in their gold dress, or green ;
 Or thy skies cloud-eclips'd, in the wane of the year,
 When thy waters and woods lose their sheen ;
 Thou art still, to the Exile return'd, far more dear,
 Than the fairest of climes he hath seen,
 Home ! Home !
 Than the fairest of climes he hath seen !

BANKS OF THE GANGES.

THE skies are fair in southern France,
 And brightly glows an English June ;
 And o'er the ocean's wide expanse,
 How gently smiles the cloudless moon,
 In the mild tropic !—but there's not,
 Beneath th' eternal heaven, a spot,
 O'er which the sun, the moon, and sky,
 Display a lovelier radiancy,
 Than where the sacred Ganges flows—
 Land of the bulbul and the rose !
 If its green banks have e'er been red,
 Those times of havoc long have fled ;
 And peace, conjoin'd with plenty, reigns
 Perennial 'mid those favour'd plains.
 With the once-conquering Moslem, here
 The Hindoo sits, untouch'd by fear ;
 And each sends up the pray'r to Heaven,
 By Shaster or by Koran given :
 Nor dares his neighbour's rites impede,
 Nor question his dissenting creed.
 Around, how tranquil is the scene,
 The air how clear—the sward how green !
 O'er all a luscious languor thrown,
 In the bright noon of that warm zone,
 Impels each youth and gentle maid
 To seek the near and various shade.
 Here towers the straight, umbrella'd palm,
 Moveless, though high,—the air's so calm !
 And, more removed, yet near the stream,
 Stand the thick mangoe groves, which seem
 Like those all-hallow'd bowers, where gods,
 In Rome's young days, had their abodes.
 There, the Briarean banyan spreads
 His hundred arms, and round him sheds,
 O'er roods of ground, his sheltering boughs—
 Fit place for young Love's timid vows.
 The light-leaf'd tamarind, more aloof,
 O'ershades the white pagoda's roof,
 'Neath which the tinkling, silvery bells,
 Denote that there the Brahmin dwells,
 In vain belief his God can hear
 Prayers which, though erring, are sincere.
 And you may see some Moslem tomb,
 Which pious cares each night illumine
 With one small light, that gleams afar,
 In twinkling beauty, like a star :
 And every hedge and copse are bright
 With the quick fire-fly's playful light,
 Like thousands of the sparkling gems,
 Which blaze in eastern diadems.
 There is no twilight there, but day
 So brightly vanishes away,
 That its reflection serves to light,
 For some brief time, the shades of night ;
 And mellow down what else were gloom
 To a sweet clear-obscure.—The doom
 Of many an anxious girl is seal'd
 At that lone hour, as (all reveal'd
 Her lover's fate) the little boat,
 With its pale light, may sink or float !
 Along the river's dazzling track,
 The boatman guides his dark oolak ;

Or urges on, with speedier oar,
 The light canoe along the shore ;
 While heavily upon its breast,
 The lazy budgerows nightly rest.

There's not a land on earth more fair,
 Than that whose soil the Ganges laves ;
 There's not a land more bless'd, than where,
 Through countless leagues it rolls its waves.
 Land of the wise !—though here unknown—
 Of men romantically bold,
 Whose fame had not, like meteors, flown,
 Had bards in song their deeds enroll'd.
 Land of the beauteous and the brave !
 Land of the Ganges' holy wave !

TWILIGHT WOOING.

Written in India.

COME, dearest, let us ramble forth to yon delicious
 spot,
 Where first we, chance-directed, strayed ; where pry-
 ing eyes are not.
 I want no human form but thine to lean with fond-
 ness o'er,
 I want no ear but thine, in which my murmur'd joy
 to pour. [vow,—
 Let three be there to witness, one to hearken to my
 The star of love, the dewy rose, the bulbul sweet,—
 and thou !

Around, how calm and beauteous all !—above, how
 soft and clear !
 And not a voice, save that dear bird's, to break the
 quiet here.
 The scarce felt breath of heaven comes faintly o'er
 thy timid cheek,
 But to waft the béla's perfume there that breath is
 all too weak.
 It vainly linger'd near the shrub, before it pass'd it by,
 To win an offering meet for thee—a flower's aroma'd
 sigh.

The stars have never seemed so bright and pure to
 me as now ; [brow ;
 I scarce would have a moonbeam on thy softly shaded
 I would not have it flutter'd on by even so rude an air
 As would move the lightest floweret, or disturb thy
 curling hair. [thus,
 Let others shine in taper'd halls—I love thee better
 And the gems of such a heaven as that give light
 enough for us.

Before thee flows in quietness, harmonious with the
 scene, [green,
 The broad and holy Jumna, by its banks of modest
 Upon it see the lotus bud some Hindoo girl hath
 flung,
 In whose breast lie love and hope entwin'd—for both
 as yet are young.
 And that white tomb thou viewest, with its lamp so
 small and pale,
 Is the dwelling of a Moslem maid,—I've heard them
 sing her tale.

'Twas young Zilara's fate to love—ah, what can love
confine !—
A warrior chief, but one whose knee own'd not her
Prophet's shrine ;
And shame, which could not shield her, caus'd that
heart-pang to be kept
From all save one soft girl, and one to whom she
pray'd and wept ;
Her deep love was unheeded, but her faith was not
betray'd,
And of that wild, hopeless passion died the tender
Moslem maid.

Thou sighest, love !—in sooth it is a tale to draw a
sigh—
Or think'st thou that where lovers meet, a tomb
should not be nigh ?
It is no evil omen, Sweet !—that trembling heart re-
strain—
It cannot be *thy* lot to love, and not be lov'd
again.
Nay look not with that doubtful eye, as there mis-
trust might be,
The star, the bulbul, and the rose, are witnesses for
me.

Come, let me lead thy small, light feet, to where yon
Peepul's shade
Will hide from thee the lamp-lit house, where rests
the Moslem maid ;
And there my ear shall drink thy tones, and into
thine I'll pour
Such vows as thou shalt love to hear, but never
heard before ;
And vows my heart hath never made to any one but
thee,—
Come, dearest ! let me guide thy steps beneath the
Peepul tree.

What whisperest thou ?—' If all my vows should frail
and transient prove,
Like the flower and bird (their witnesses) and yon
bright star of love ?'
Remember, darling, that red rose will only cease to
bloom,
When the changeful season's cold neglect consigns it
to the tomb ;
And like that rose, the vows I breathe shall still un-
alter'd be,
Unless a change that blights the heart may yet be
wrought in thee.

Remember, darling, though the bird we both delight
to hear,
Will leave the bower he sings in now, as wanes the
various year ;
'Twill be because a fairer spot, a yet more summery
grove,
Shall woo him hence, by offering him a sweeter flower
to love ;
But earth has not, to tempt me forth, one being fair
as thou,
And therefore for the bulbul's cause, I cannot break
my vow.

Remember, darling, though yon Queen of Stars in-
constant prove,
(The star that plighted hearts adore—the beauteous
star of love !)
And soon from night's embrace may steal to the
bright arms of morn, [born :
The change is from a Spirit dark to one of radiance
But where could I a lovelier find than she I thus
entwine ?—
So like the star I will not change, while thou wilt
have me thine.

Now know I thou believ'st me :—by that soft and
peaceful sigh,
By the muteness of thy lip, and by the speaking of
thine eye, [form,
By the calmness of thy bosom, by thy gently leaning
By the delicate pressure of thy hand, so pure and yet
so warm, [brow,
By the tranquil color of thy cheek, the glory of thy
I feel within my raptur'd heart that thou believest now !

And oft, in this still, twilight time, I'll seek our lonely
bower, [hour ;
And to others leave the revel, and the brilliant midnight
With all their hollow gaiety, and all their blissless
smiles,
And the speech that still deceives us, and the look
that still beguiles.
Enough of earthly happiness this spot contains for
me,—
The Star, the Bulbul, and the Rose,—and thee, dear
love, and THEE !

JOHN WM. KAYE*.

WRITTEN AT SEA ON THE 1ST OF MAY, 1833.

During a voyage to India.

THEY tell me this is May-day morn, but what is that
to me
An alien from my father's home upon a foreign sea ?
It makes the tear-drop glisten and it makes my bosom
swell, [well.
To think how far away I am from all who love me
And can it be that this is May, the latest born of
spring ? [thing,
When beauty in my native land shines bright on every
And nature, in her best array, all garlanded with
flowers,
Looks smiling up towards the sun and laughs be-
tween the showers.

I fancy that so sunny-bright I see my village-green,
And a joyous band of dancers round their beautiful
May-Queen ;
I'm almost sure that I could guess the chosen one
this year,
But when I think on her I smile and swallow down
the tear.

* Author of "Poems and Fragments," "Jerningham,"
"Doveton," &c.

Oh ! how unlike the pleasant time I revelled in last
 May
 Is the dreariness that now attends each hour of every
 day :
 I cannot even spend my time as often I have done,
 For the huge giant-looking sails shut out the blessed
 sun.

Oh ! how unlike the lovely sights in nature I had
 then,
 The trees upon the mountain-tops, the streamlet in
 the glen,
 Is the never-changing wilderness of waters that I see
 Still rolling on, on every side, in rude immensity.

But more than all the wretchedness, to feel I am
 alone,
 To think that no heart near me beats in echo to my
 own ;
 I know that there are some whose thoughts may often
 turn to me—
 But they are many thousand miles across the yawn-
 ing sea—

But these are thoughts most maiden-like and ill be-
 coming me ;
 I must not think on what has been, but upon what
shall be.
 The future is before me and whate'er may be my
 lot,
 I'll meet it as I ought to do, and I will murmur
 not.

'Tis good for all to suffer and for none to scape the
 rod,
 Which comes not to chastise us, but to turn our
 thoughts to God ;
 Affliction is a blessed thing and sweet the cup of
 woe ;
 "There's nothing either good or bad but thinking
 makes it so*."—

COMPOSED AT SEA, BY MOONLIGHT ; SEPT. 1833.

Written during a voyage to India.

THE moon hath clomb the top-most Heaven,
 And looks down on the wave,
 Like the eye of hope, which gleams upon
 The darkness of the grave.

I am sitting now beside the helm,
 Watching the waters black
 Close with a low and sullen roar
 Behind our vessel's track.

On, on, she goes, like a pawing steed,
 As though she felt delight
 In the freshness of the evening breeze,
 And the beauty of the night.

* Hamlet—There is a similar idea in the *Encheiridion* of
 Epictetus.

She almost seems like us to know
 That her course is well nigh run,
 And is giving a bounding spring at the last
 That the goal may be bravely won.

How beautifully white she gleams
 In all her proud array,
 You can see the shadow of each rope
 As clearly as by day ;

And as you look on her many sails
 From the helm unto the prow,
 It were not difficult to think,
 As I am thinking now,

That the spreading canvas over-head,
 The mariners asleep,
 And the huge pointed guns were like
 A camp upon the deep ;

Whilst the helms-man's eye on the compass-light
 Is fixed as on a spell ;
 And he stands scarce moving by the wheel—
 Mute as a sentinel.

I fain would have no thoughts of home,
 But that they will intrude,
 And rise in sunny visions up,
 To mock my solitude.

I would not think of that which is
 To me a thing denied ;
 It is enough that I am here
 What boots then aught beside ?

The future is before me now,
 Why think I of the past,
 I have been happy, may be still ;
 My sun is not o'er-cast.

But there is one to whom my thoughts
 In spite of all will stray,
 And why should they be checked for none
 More hallowed are than they.

My mother—my dear mother—why
 Should I check one thought of thee ?
 For if it makes me sad at times,
 I love not gaiety.

And more than all, on such a night,
 So calm—so pure above ;
 For what can be more calm and pure
 Than is a mother's love ?—

'Tis said that unto sever'd hearts
 Some solace it doth lend ;
 To think the orb, that smiles on you,
 Is smiling on your friend.

But Heaven 'mongst other blessed things
 Has now denied this one,
 For the sun is shining upon thee,
 The moon upon thy sou.

WRITTEN ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS,
SEPT. 1834.

I stood upon the shores of Hindustan,
A solitary man ;
And a voice came pealing across the sea,
Unheard by all but me ;
And the voice said " Up ; and begone my son,
This land is not for thee.

" Why hast thou left thine own sweet country's
bowers,
And all its world of flowers ?
Why hast thou left a home of quiet bliss
For such a clime as this ?
Up ; and begone, my son, and quit this land ;
Thou know'st not what it is.

" Why should'st thou leave a shore, where all is
green,
Fresh, lovely, and serene ;
To seek a country far across the sea
Where winds blow parchingly,
And grim disease comes stalking o'er the plain,
Ready to light on thee."

" Dost thou seek glory ?—Why abroad then roam ?
Have we not that at home ?
Dost thou seek riches ?—Oh ! believe me, Son,
That such a goal when won
Will not repay thee for the weary race
Thou, seeking it, hast run "

But stubbornness was in my heart ; and I
Turn'd away silently :
Yet still I could but hear the warning voice—
" Methinks, thou dost rejoice
In this thine exile"—then I answer made
" Alas ! 'twas not my choice."

Much did I marvel what the voice could be,
That thus importuned me ;
And I cried out—" Those tones, oh ! whose are they
That now I hear—oh ! say :
Me—thought at first it was my mother's voice
That thought has died away ;

" And now I know not"—Then the voice replied
" I am thy friend—thy guide—
Thou hast none such throughout this teeming earth ;
E'en from thy very birth,
I have watched o'er thee ; and I charge thee now,
Reseek thy father's hearth."

Then sickness came upon me : and I lay
For many a weary day,
Cursing the hour, when first I saw the light :
At morn I pray'd for night,
And when night came I long'd for day to burst
Upon my straining sight.

Then I had visions, though I never slept,
But aye my senses kept—

Wild, troubled visions which I could not quell,
Although I knew right well,
That my distempered brain saw many things
Which were invisible.

And as I lay upon the bed of pain,
I heard the voice again ;
" My son, dost thou believe me ?"—and I cried
" Oh ! my best friend—my guide—
Whatever thou mayest be, relieve me, and
Thou shalt be defied."

Then the voice said—" Thou needest not repine,
The hand, which smote, is mine ;
And I smite whom I love.—Yet I will save
Thy body from the grave ;
And when thou standest up, thou wilt regard
The council which I gave."

And out I spake—" Whatever thou may'st be
Who thus dost counsel me—
Thou unembodied, formless eloquence,
Whence comest thou—oh ! whence ?"—
And the voice answered in the gentlest tones
" My name is PROVIDENCE."

WRITTEN DURING A CALM AT SEA—NOV. 1834.

On the Homeward voyage.

ON ; ON !
Borrow the lightning's speed,
Or the swift pennons of the eagle's wing ;
Bound as the wild deer boundeth o'er the plain ;
A hunted fearful thing.
Thy way is clear—thy path is wide,
Over the sea ;
Dash the huge billows from thy side
With a strong arm of pride ;
Oh ! sluggard ship !—thou art too slow for me.

Let the winds roar,
And the great Ocean's bosom heave and swell
Like a huge monster's—oh ! I love right well
To see the wild waves raging white as snow—
Blue waters are for maidens, not for men—
I glory in the breakers ; for I know,
Oh ! blessed thought, that when
The dark clouds frown upon the glittering foam
Our ship is nearing home.

Smooth waters and bright skies—oh ! not for me—
For gentle ladies sailing on a lake
'Tis pleasant on the surface not to see
A ripple or a break :
When nature all around them is serene,
As aye their hearts have been—
But not for me—oh ! not for me, whose song
Was awakened by affliction, and who long,

In sickness—and in sorrow—and despair,
Have been cast here and there,
Like a vile weed—or any worthless thing—
A lonely man, 'mongst many, wandering
In most unwilling exile o'er the wave,
Which nearly has been—and may be—my grave.

'Tis well—'tis well—I feel the vessel bound
Beneath me ; and a sound,
Like to the noise of waters in commotion,
Comes from the wind-swept ocean
And cleaveth the still air.—Upon my sight,
With a deep sense of exquisite delight,
A bubbling, vein-inwoven track of white—
The rear-ward path-way of our sea-girt car,
Like to a serpent's trail, bursts glistening from afar.

The wine-cup of my spirit's bliss runs o'er ;
And desolation in my soul no more
Holds its accustom'd orgies.—It may be
That still there is some rest in store for me,
And I perchance at last, my journey done,
A weary traveller but a joyful one,
Shall shake the dust from off my feet, and stand
With throbbing heart upon my native land—
More than rewarded for long years of pain
By the first bliss of reaching home again.

I see the forms which will come forth to meet me,
I hear the voices which will sound to greet me ;
I see the fire upon my father's hearth,
And many looks of mirth.
The incense of thanksgiving offer'd up,
The blessing breath'd—the over-flowing cup
Smiling a rosy welcome ; and the eye
Where love is written oh ! so legibly—
The question—and the answer frankly made,
For who in present safety is afraid
To talk of dangers past ?—'twere well to be
Tossed for a while upon life's troubled sea.
At last to enter such a port as this—
For what is suffering but the road to bliss ?

SONNET.

BURIAL AT SEA.

On ! 'tis a fearful thing to stand beside
A dead man's coffin on a foreign sea,
And think in dreariest solitude that he
Afar from his own father-land has died,
Without one friend to smooth his dying pillow,
Without one loving eye to shed a tear,
When his soul fled—they gave him to the billow,
Unwept, unhonoured—In the waters drear,
I heard a plunge, and saw the white foam rise,
Then looked around me ; but in no man's eyes
Could I see aught unwept ; soon we parted,
One here, one there ; but all most joyous-hearted,
A cloud on no one's brow : and can it be,
That scenes like these, weak man, stir up no thought
in thee.

MAJOR H. B. HENDERSON*.

EXTRACT FROM "THE CADET."

THE youth was on the Ganges ; 'twas that hour
Of coming evening, when the sinking sun
Lies veil'd in its own lustre : and its power
Gives a warm, lingering light ere it be gone :
Rich roll'd the fleecy clouds, and yet they shone
In chasten'd splendour, spreading like a sea,
In wave-like glory. The day-breeze was done,
Fleeting in sighs away, till you might see
Still waters mirroring the bright serenity.

'Twas calmness all : the evening's latest ray
Tinted the bosom of that waveless tide ;
So soft, that as it slowly past away,
'Twas like the blooming languor of a bride
Sinking to gentle sleep, with cheek warm dyed
In love's own roseate hue. Along the stream
The fisher's lessening skiff was seen to glide,
Unurged and careless ; till that it would seem
To melt into the air, like phantom of a dream.

The moon lay pale and lovely in the east,
Like a young mother, timid in the grace
Of beauty, as she scarce unveils her breast,
To give her new-born nurture ! O'er her face,
A few light clouds were fitting ; but apace,
Careering through the skies, she from their height
Silver'd the Moslem's tomb, or sainted place
Of holy Bramin, with her radiance bright ;
Streaming athwart the tide a spangled line of light.

The calm shore slept in peace, unruffled there ;
The moonlit leaves lay stirless on each bough ;
And the tall palm, that tower'd in the air,
Spread its long shadow motionless below :
In mimicry of stars, and glistening through
Each Banian's spreading form, the fire-fly's light
Illumed the deeper foliage : all was now
A scene of softness wooing the fond sight,
The East's one witching hour, its loveliness of night !

Ah me ! there is a softness in that hour ;
A stealing tenderness it well instils ;
Which like the air-harp's sigh from secret bower,
Seizes upon the soul, until our wills
Grow weak in very weeping : all our ills
At such an hour are busy at the heart ;
And yet we love their sorrow, for it kills
The time, so sweetly, that we would not part,
Although we sigh, and sigh, till tears unbidden start.

He sat amidst that loveliness alone,
No stranger nigh to break its holy charm ;
While memory wander'd to each pleasure gone,
Those days of youth, when reckless of alarm,
His moments glided without guile or harm ;
Once more his friends he hail'd, and with them came
The form of her, whom his affections warm
Had singled forth, as they awoke to flame,
To be their leading star, the guardian of their aim.

* Author of "The Bengallee," "The Cadet," and "Heera, or the Maid of the Deekan," &c. &c.

He thought of her, his playmate, till again
 His fancy prest her to a bleeding heart ;
 But clasp'd the form of agonising pain,
 That breathless fell,—and could not dare to part !
 His boyhood pass'd before him, void of art,
 When he was yet so young,—and her soft kiss
 Murmur'd its sweets for him, and could impart
 No thrill but of affection's purer bliss ;
 He sigh'd and ask'd, hath dissipation aught like this ?

JAMES ATKINSON*.

DESCRIPTION OF LAILI'.

[From *Laili and Majnûn*; a poem from the original
Persian of Nazâmî.]

LAILI' in beauty, softness, grace,
 Surpass'd the loveliest of her race ;
 She was a fresh and odorous flower,
 Pluck'd by a fairy from her bower ;
 With heart-delighting rosebuds blooming,
 The welcome breeze of spring perfuming.
 The killing witchery that lies
 In her soft, black, delicious eyes,
 When gather'd in one amorous glance,
 Pierces the heart, like sword or lance ;
 The prey that falls into her snare,
 For life must mourn and struggle there ;
 Her eyelash speaks a thousand blisses,
 Her lips of ruby ask for kisses ;
 Soft lips where sugar-sweetness dwells,
 Sweet as the bee-hive's honey-cells ;
 Her cheeks, so beautiful and bright,
 Had stole the moon's refulgent light ;
 Her form the cypress-tree expresses,
 And rill and ripe invites caresses ;
 With all these charms the heart to win,
 There was a cureless grief within—
 Yet none beheld her grief, or heard ;
 She droop'd like broken-winged bird.
 Her secret thoughts her love concealing,
 But, softly to the terrace stealing,
 From morn to eve she gazed around,
 In hopes her Majnûn might be found,
 Wandering in sight. For she had none
 To sympathise with her—not one !
 None to compassionate her woes—
 In dread of rivals, friends, and foes ;
 And though she smiled, her mind's distress
 Fill'd all her thoughts with bitterness :
 The fire of absence on them prey'd,
 But light nor smoke that fire betray'd :
 Shut up within herself, she sate,
 Absorb'd in grief, disconsolate ;
 Yet true love has resources still,
 Its soothing arts, and ever will !

Voices in guarded softness rose .
 Upon her ever-listening ear ;
 She heard her constant lover's woes,
 In melting strains, repeated near ;

* Author of "An Abridgement in prose and verse of the
Shah Nameh of Firdausi;" "*La Secchia Rapita*, from the
Italian of Tassoni," &c. &c.

The sky, with gloomy clouds o'erspread,
 At length soft showers began to shed ;
 And what, before, destruction seem'd,
 With rays of better promise gleam'd.

Voices of young and old she heard
 Beneath the harem-walls reciting
 Her Majnûn's songs ; each thrilling word
 Her almost broken heart delighting.

Laili, with matchless charms of face,
 Was bless'd with equal mental grace ;
 With eloquence and taste refined :
 And from the treasures of her mind
 She pour'd her fondest love's confession
 With faithful love's most warm expression ;
 Told all her hopes and sorrows o'er,
 Though told a thousand times before ;
 The life-blood circling through her veins
 Recorded her affecting strains ;
 And as she wrote, with passion flush'd,
 The glowing words with crimson blush'd.
 And now the terrace she ascends
 In secret, o'er the rampart bends,
 And flings the record, with a sigh,
 To one that moment passing by :
 Unmark'd the stranger gains the prize,
 And from the spot like lightning flies
 To where the lingering lover weeps unseen.
 —Starting upon his feet, with cheerful mien,
 He gazes, reads, devours the pleasing tale,
 And joy again illumines his features pale.

BARRACKPORE.

January, 1834.

THERE was a time, not many years ago,
 When Barrackpore with festive pleasure rung ;
 When plays, and balls, and martial pomp and show,
 Around the scene a magic influence flung.

When wit, and humour, jollity, and glee,
 And sporting joys enlivened every day ;
 When all were hospitable, kind, and free,
 And rolled, on swiftest wing, the hours away.

But now,—how changed ! a carcass uninspired,
 A body without soul,—a mournful place—
 Should a *Memento Mori* be desired,
 'Tis here !—no life within it can you trace.

The Bungalows,—brown pyramids of grass,—
 Look sad, though tenanted, and seem to be
 Caves of Trophonius ; voiceless caves, alas !
 Where never breathe the sounds of revelry.

Then what may be the boast of Barrackpore ?
 Is nothing left to please the ear or sight ?
 'Yes ! you may hear the gun at day-light roar ;—
 What else ? 'Again at eight o'clock at night !'

DESCRIPTION OF ROODABUH.

From the Shah Nameh.

HER name Roodabuh : screened from public view,
 Her countenance is brilliant as the sun ;
 From head to foot her lovely form is fair
 As polished ivory. Like the spring, her cheek
 Presents a radiant bloom ; in stature tall,
 And o'er her silvery brightness, richly flows
 Dark musky ringlets clustering to her feet.
 She blushes like the rich pomegranate flower ;
 Her eyes are soft and sweet as the narcissus,
 Her lashes from the raven's jetty plume
 Have stolen their blackness, and her brows are bent
 Like archer's bow. Ask ye to see the moon ?
 Look at her face : seek ye for musky fragrance ?
 She is all sweetness. Her long fingers seem
 Pencils of silver, and so beautiful
 Her presence, that she breathes of heaven and love.

W. F. THOMPSON*.

THE JOGI'S ADDRESS TO THE GANGES.

DREAD power, beside thy sacred wave,
 We meet as ever now ;
 To thee we pray, for thee we lave,
 But where, oh where art thou !
 The charmed lamp floats trembling by,
 And braves the tempest's burst ;
 'Tis thus for thee we burn and die,
 But let us find thee first.

I've sought thee in the cell of stone
 From which thy waters rise ;
 I've sought thee where thy icy throne
 Is lost amid the skies ;
 And where the sister current meets
 Thine own in billowy jar ;
 In Cashee's ancient dark retreats,
 In wild and lone Hurdwar ;

I've shouted where thy torrent boiled,
 I've slumbered where it slept,
 From eager youth, to age o'ertoiled,
 I've looked for thee and wept ;
 Where'er thy sacred wave is drunk,
 In every haunted spot,
 I've sought thee—till my spirit sunk,
 For oh ! I found thee not.

And still in holy dream I pace
 Thy sands the livelong day,
 And pray that our and thy disgrace,
 May quickly pass away ;
 And oft I look, but still in vain,
 To see thy hoary head,
 In all an injured God's disdain,
 Uprising from thy bed.

And when upon thy glassy stream,
 Descends the glow of even,
 It seems—oh does it only seem—
 Thy wave to mix with heaven :

* Author of " *India : a Poem*," " *The City of the East*," &c.

I thither bend my ardent gaze,
 Till every hue be past,
 Assured that in that radiant blaze,
 Thou wilt descend at last.

And in the solemn hour of night,
 Where Nature's pulse has died,
 With many a dark and nameless rite,
 I hunt thy gloomy tide,
 And oft I lift my voice on high,
 To chaunt the magic line,
 And start at echo's far reply,
 Half dreading it is thine.

And now chill age begins to creep
 In languor thro' my blood,
 And soon I seek thee—low and deep,
 Beneath thy gushing flood :
 But oh not yet—for still I yearn,
 And still I look to see,
 The splendours of the past return,
 And all bow down to thee.—

Say is it that thou loath'st the land
 Where pallid mullicks reign ?
 Then aid, oh aid our feeble hands,
 Or we shall fight in vain :
 For think not that we tamely bow,
 To be the things we are,
 No, they are strong—but Ganges thou,
 Oh thou art stronger far.

Lost is our sway, our land, our name.
 Low—low beneath the yoke,
 Our spirits bend in grief and shame,
 Oh haste ere they be broke.
 From Humalay to Serendeepe,
 Ascends one endless prayer,
 Thou canst not die—thou canst not sleep,
 Then where art thou—oh where ?

THE RAJPOOT'S LAMENT.

SHADES of the mighty, mighty dead,
 Then have ye lived and died in vain ?
 And are ye fled, for ever fled,
 With all the glories of your reign,
 And left the world ye used to bless,
 In guilt as deep—in need no less—
 Than when ye burst upon its guilt,
 And half the blood it bore was spilt ?

The Keytrie's pride—the Brahmin's god—
 Shall both be trampled and o'erthrown ?
 And the pure land your footsteps trod,
 Stoop to a race to you unknown ;
 And will ye sleep, for ever sleep,
 While good men pray, and brave ones weep,
 And native honour's latest gasp,
 Is ebbing in the oppressor's grasp ?

Whose foot is on the Brahmin's land ?
 A foot the country hath not born.
 Whose hand is on the soldier brand ?
 A hand the soldier holds in scorn.
 Whose lance is in the country's heart ?
 A lance more odious than its smart.
 Who fill the thrones ye reared of old ?
 The slaves of slaves, whose God is gold.

Soft Gunga checks her troubled wave,
 And slave-like weeps with veiled brow ;
 'Twas there, 'twas there ye bid us lave,
 And will ye, can ye bid us now ?
 The pomp and pride of native sway,
 Our lands, our names have past away,
 And will ye never, never aid,
 To guard the rights your glory made.

Shades of the mighty, who shall dare
 To say ye are not mighty still ?
 Your whispers breathe in every air,
 You spirits move in every thrill—
 Dim—thro' the misty gulf of years—
 Dun—thro' the glimmering veil of tears—
 I see ye—warriors stern and grey,
 I see ye—but no other may.

I breathed it to the rushing flood,
 The water's murmuring voice replied ;
 I breathed it to the waving wood,
 The conscious branches bowed and sighed ;
 I told the rock, I told the cloud,
 And they returned it doubly loud ;
 I spoke it in the haunts of men,
 And not a voice was heard again.

Supernatural spirits—YE could mould,
 And re-create a nation's mind ;
 And will no whispering voice unfold,
 The magic art that rules mankind ?
 Oh I have mused on all ye taught,
 Till my young heart grew old with thought,
 But never yet that sacred gleam
 Has reached my soul in thought or dream.

'Tis vain, the task is not for me ;
 Fly, dreamy hopes and shadowy throne ;
 My country's soul I cannot free,
 I WILL be master of my own ;
 Shades of the mighty—yet, oh yet
 Shed o'er this heart the proud regret
 That throbs and thrills in every beat,
 A little while, and we shall meet.

Tho' ear is deaf, and voice is dumb,
 I know the spirit dieth not ;
 The ocean sleeps, the storm shall come,
 When I perchance shall be forgot ;
 Enough for me if freedom's eyes,
 Shall glisten where my ashes lie,
 And freedom's tardy hand confer,
 A wreath on him who died for her.

CAPTAIN VETCH*.

LINES ON A SWEET BRIAR IN INDIA.

DEAR flow'ret of my native land,
 How sweet thy leaves of tend'rest green
 Beneath these tropic skies expand,
 Excelling all the mighty scene ;
 And oh, midst India's richer bloom,
 How sweet thy home-fraught mild perfume ?

It tells of childhood's blissful day,
 Ere yet one pang from sorrow griev'd us,
 Or dimm'd the breast's unclouded ray
 Ere Love betray'd—or friends deceiv'd us—
 Ere youth came on with all its snares,
 Or manhood brought its chilling cares.

It tells of summer's evening walk
 When hush'd the summer's evening show'r ;
 And raptur'd lovers whisper'd talk
 Was sweet beneath thy scented bow'r ;
 When Life's 'young love' was love alone,
 A glow in after years unknown.

It tells of summer Sabbath morn
 When by the village wayside blowing
 Thy fragrance on the air was borne
 A holiness around bestowing ;
 And something more than earthly calm
 Seem'd mingl'd with thy breathing balm.

With me on exile's desert cast,
 I'll cherish thee, my native flow'r,
 For tho' thou can'st not give the past
 Thy fragrance can the scene restore ;
 And oh, the balm for present pain
 Is living o'er past joys again.

JAMES HUTCHINSON†.

THE PINDAREE'S SONG.

THE steed paws the ground, with a snort, and a neigh,
 The Pindaree has mounted, and hied him away ;
 He has braced on his shield, and his sword by his
 side,
 And forth he has gone, on a foray, to ride.

His turban is twisted and wreath'd round his brow,
 Its color as red as his blood in its glow ;
 From his shoulder, behind him, his carbine is slung,
 And light, o'er his saddle, his long spear is hung.

Loose streams to the wind, his white flowing garb,
 And gaily bedeck'd is his Dukhunnee barb ;
 To the bells, at his neck, that chime as they ride,
 His charger is bounding, and prancing in pride.

* Author of "Sultry Hours."

† Author of "The Sunyassee, an Eastern Tale, and other poems."

His comrades are joined, they are mounted alike ;
They must drink, they must smoke, 'ere their tents
they will strike—

Their tents did I say?—they are spangled, and high,
Their beds are the ground, and their curtains the sky.

Thro' the jungle, they wend ; till they reach the
broad stream ;
It is shallow eno', and they cross, in the gleam,
Of a moon shining sweet, as the smile, on the face
Of the maiden, we love, and would die to embrace.

The river is forded, the frontier is passed,
And they reach the lone village, by midnight, at last ;
Would you gather its fate ? in the darkness of night,
The forests around it are red in its light.

Its dwellers have fled, in the wild woods to roam ;
All roofless, and black, is the place of their home ;
And their daughters, dishonored, are weeping in
vain,
Nor will boast of their pride, and their scornings,
again.

W. T. ROBERTSON*.

TUHIMEENUH.

From the Shah Nameh.

Lo ! as he slumbered on his bed of state
Roostum, the champion, dreamt, with wine elate,
That Tuhimeenuh came, in beauty's pride,
And stood with graceful person at his side.
He dreamt that she, the sceptred sovereign's child,
Fair as the sun and like him undefiled,
Came with a slave as beautiful as night,
Whose hand sustained an amber-scented light,
Whose feet her steps, with meen superior, led
Close to the pillow of his sopha-steed.
He dreamt that from her screen advanced, with grace,
A female like the moon, that seemed in face,
In brightness like the sun ; who breathed perfume
Replete with fragrance and with sweetest bloom ;
Who boasted of a figure full of state,
Tall as a cypress and in stature straight ;
Who had two eyebrows curving like one bow ;
Who had two curls as snares for friend and foe,
For, bought in realms of paradise, these locks
Were like two twigs of amber perfumed box ;
Or black chain armoury, thou wouldst have said,
Knot bound on knot, and braid entwined in braid.
Who had two cheeks and temples like two roses,
Commingling with a bed of lily-posies—
Who had two rows of necklace thou mightst fancy
A casket full of occult necromancy ;
For, in the double strings, the holes were wrought
As punctured by the diamond cut of thought—
Who had ten fingers, each a silvery pen,
An hundred fragrant lines traced o'er the ten !
Who from her lips dropped honey, from her tongue
Shed sugary sweets, and round her mouth had
strung

* Translator of the *Shah Nameh*, &c.

Rows of transcendent pearls in rubies set
Formed in proportion and in order met !
Who wore the tip and circle of each ear
Refulgent as the sun, as bright and clear,
And had appended from them many a gem
In clusters sparkling 'neath her diadem !
But midst this blaze of beauty and of stones
Nocturnal jewel-stars forsook their zones,
Excepting Venus who alone that night
Stayed as a friend administering her light
To her whose soul was intellect, whose frame
Embodied spirit chaste as seraph's claim,
And whose untainted nature from her worth
Thou wouldst have deemed too pure to hold of earth.

REV. J. LAWSON*.

Born 1787.—Died 1825.

A BENGAL PICTURE.

PAINT now an azure sky without a cloud ;
Throw in the distance mists and jungle shade ;
Sketch tall thin trunks faint gleaming from the
glade,
And cocoa-nuts high tow'ring, plumed and proud.
Beneath shall be a hovel, and a crowd
Of bronzed dwellers, where the thatch doth fade
From golden yellow to each dingy grade,
And blue smoke curls about till it doth shroud
The idle groups. Next on the foreground see
Two ragged horses just released from toil,
Browsing upon the fragrant straw wisps, while
The creaking carriage waits for company.
Now add a sunshine varnish. There—'tis done ;
A Bengal sketch—not sooner seen than known.

MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL†.

SONNET—THE SHOOL DAGON, RANGOON.

On ! it is splendid, this—a glorious gleam
Of fairy land ! while now the rising sun
Pours o'er the forests one rich glowing stream
Of beauty and of light !—doth it not stun
Each sense, to view that bright, aspiring dome,
Lifting its golden pride so high in air,
And, like a lighted pyre of glory, there
Gleaming in might and majesty ?—but, come,
Ascend the platform—now,—oh heavens ! how
grand
A pile is this to grace a heathen land !
And all around how beautiful !—the foam
Of seas and rivers,—hills, and woods, and lakes,
And every form fantastic nature takes,
Here shine upon the eye,—a scene most brightly
fair ?

* Author of "*The Maniac and other Poems*," &c.

† Though Major Campbell's first published volume of poems is entitled "*Lays from the East*," it contains no poems of an Eastern or local cast ; and I have found after some search in periodicals no more than the above little pieces of his that are of an Oriental character.—*Compiler*.

SONNETS :—BEEJAPORE.

I.

HIGH from the top of this imperial dome,
 I view with wond'ring gaze the City round,
 Where robed in splendid ruin, strew the ground
 The regal hall, the Temple, and the Tomb!
 The setting sun contrasts with deeper gloom
 Those tamarind groves that speck the eastern space,
 And gilds those glittering spires with richer grace
 That decorate the western prospect;—some
 Tinged with a blush of purple!—Oh, there steals
 Over the heart an awe!—a soothing tone
 Of pensive feeling o'er the mind is thrown,
 Which revels in the 'joy of grief' it feels,
 To think that all this wilderness sublime
 Should glean such beauty from the hand of Time!

II.

For oh! methinks that now, ev'n when they fall
 In clustered groups, these edifices grand
 Have more of beauty, than when here the hand
 Of power and population ruled o'er all!
 For now the hum of men, the shout, the cry,
 The rush of horsemen, and each various sound,
 Have ceased to vex the ear: and sweetly round
 Falls, with a mellow cadence echoing by,
 The voice of the Muezzin,—who below
 Calls, vainly calls, 'the Faithful' to their rites;
 For oh! the humble train he now invites
 A few and all regardless;—thus decay
 Attends all human things, which gleam and glow
 In worldly pride—but glow to fade away!

MISS EMMA ROBERTS*.

UPON the Ganges' regal stream,
 The sun's bright splendours rest,
 And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
 Reposes on its breast:
 But in a small secluded nook,
 Beyond the western sea,
 There rippling glides a narrow brook,
 That's dearer far to me.

The cory perches on my hand,
 Caressing to be fed,
 And spreads its plumes at my command,
 And stoops its purple head;
 But where the robin, humble guest,
 Comes flying from the tree,
 Which bears its unpretending nest,
 Alas! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
 A meteor swift and bright;
 And the wide space around, on high,
 Gleams with its emerald light;
 Though glory tracks that shooting star,
 And bright its splendours shine,
 The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
 To this sad heart of mine.

* Authoress of a poetical volume entitled "*Oriental Scenes, Dramatic Sketches*," &c. and of the well known prose sketches, "*Scenes and Characteristics of Indostan*."

Throughout the summer year, the flowers
 In all the flush of bloom,
 Clustering around the forest bowers,
 Exhale their rich perfume.
 The daisy, and the primrose pale,
 Though scentless they may be,
 That gem a far, far distant vale,
 Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opes its chalice,
 Upon the tank's broad lake,
 Where India's stately palaces
 Their ample mirrors make:
 But reckless of each tower and dome,
 The splendid and the grand,
 I languish for a cottage home,
 Within my native land.

THE DYING HINDOO.

HE lies beside the sacred river,
 His heart has lost life's ruddy glow,
 His sighs are faint, his pulses quiver,
 And death's chill damps are on his brow.

Within yon green and bowery glade
 Whose path the smile of sunshine wears,
 Beneath the lofty palm tree's shade
 His loved though lowly hut appears.

And near him well known sounds arise
 With joyous songs and laughter fraught,
 And now his glazed and languid eyes
 Are turned towards the village-ghaut.

There all is cheerful, as of yore,
 When with the sun's declining beam
 He too had sought the Ganges' shore,
 And bathed within its hallowed stream.

In crowds his early friends repair
 To the chabouta's esplanade,
 Her graceful ghurrah filling there,
 Stoops to the brink his dark-eyed maid.

They heed him not—no fond farewells
 Attest their grief, no tears are shed,
 No sigh the heart's deep anguish tells;
 He to the living world is dead.

One pang has shot across his breast—
 One human pang—but it is gone,
 And tranquilly he sinks to rest,
 As the eternal wave flows on.

His eye the blushing wreath has caught
 Which floats along the sacred wave,
 And to his parting soul has brought
 Hopes of bright lands beyond the grave.

Soon shall the form o'er that pure tide
 Which now to earth so fondly clings,
 Freed from each grovelling trammel glide,
 And mingle with its holy springs.

The red crown of the lotus wreath
Upon the molten silver blushes,
And a dark, lifeless form beneath
With the stream's headlong-current rushes.

The corse, the flower are seen no more,
For ever lost in yon bright river,
The echoes of the lonely shore
In mournful tone repeat—for ever !

POEMS BY AN EAST INDIAN.

HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO*.

TO INDIA—MY NATIVE LAND.

Born 1809—Died 1831.

(Introduction to the *Fakeer of Jungheera*.)

My country ! in thy day of glory past
A beauteous halo circled round thy brow,
And worshipped as a deity thou wast—
Where is that glory, where that reverence now ?
Thy eagle pinion is chained down at last.
And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou :
Thy minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee
Save the sad story of thy misery !—
Well—let me dive into the depths of time,
And bring from out the ages that have rolled
A few small fragments of those wrecks sublime,
Which human eye may never more behold ;
And let the querdon of my labour be
My fallen country ! one kind wish for thee !

SONNET TO THE STUDENTS AT THE HINDU COLLEGE†.

EXPANDING, like the petals of young flowers ;
I watch the gentle opening of your minds,
And the sweet loosening of the spell that binds
Your intellectual energies and powers,
That stretch, (like young birds in soft summer hours)
Their wings to try their strength. O ! how the winds
Of circumstance, and freshening April showers
Of early knowledge, and unnumbered kinds
Of new perceptions shed their influence ;
And how you worship Truth's omnipotence !
What joyance rains upon me, when I see
Fame, in the mirror of futurity,
Weaving the chaplets you are yet to gain—
And then I feel I have not lived in vain.

ODE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

Freely translated.

SAY, what's the rose without the smile
Of her I deem more fair,
And what are all the sweets of spring
If wine be wanting there ?

* Author of the "*Fakeer of Jungheera*," &c.

† Mr. Derozio was one of the masters of the Hindu College.

O ! who will pause the choice to doubt
Of walks where music rings,
Or bowers in richest bloom without
The notes the Bulbul sings ?
In vain the cypress waves, in vain
A thousand flowrets sigh,
Without the cheek whose tint excels
The tulip's crimson dye !
Yet what are lips where sweetness clings,
And cheeks where roses dwell,
Without the kiss, the joy, the bliss
Of pleasure's potent spell ?
The wine and garden both are sweet,
But sweetest wine and grove
I lothe, if there I cannot meet
The face and form I love.
The brightest, fairest works of art
That skilful hands devise
Are nought, without the hand and heart
Of her I fondest prize.
And what's my life ?—perhaps a coin—
A trifling coin at best—
Unheeded e'en by passer-by,
Unfit for bridal guest*.

POEM BY A HINDU.

KASIPRASHAD GHOSH†.

THE BOATMEN'S SONG TO GANGA.

GOLD river ! gold river ! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow,
In the pride of her beauty, how swiftly she flies :
Like a white-winged spirit thro' topaz-paved skies.

Gold river ! gold river ! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee, the breezes are shedding their balm :
And Nature beholds her fair features portrayed,
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely displayed.

Gold river ! gold river ! the sun to thy waves,
Is fleeing to rest in thy cool coral caves ;
And thence, with his tjar of light, at the morn
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river ! gold river ! how bright is the beam,
Which brightens and crimsones thy soft flowing stream ;
Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing,
Whose ripples like dimples in childhood are flashing.

Gold river ! gold river ! the moon will soon grace,
The hall of the stars with her light-shedding face :
The wandering planets her palace will throng,
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river ! gold river ! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won ;
And now as the bright sun who drops from our view,
So Ganga, we bid thee a cheerful adieu !

* This alludes to a custom in the East, of throwing money away among the guests at a bridal.

† Author of "*The Shâfir and other Poems*."

SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN POETRY.

THE WESTERN WORLD.

By William Cullen Bryant.

LATE, from this western shore, that morning chased
 The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
 O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
 Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
 Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
 Erewhile, where yon gay spirits their brightness
 rear,
 Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were
 loud
 Amid the forest ; and the bounding deer
 Fleed at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled
 near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
 Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
 And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
 Young group of grassy islands born of him,
 And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
 Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
 The commerce of the world—with tawny limb,
 And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
 The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all his youthful paradise around,
 And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
 Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
 O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
 Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
 Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild ;
 Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
 Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
 Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
 Spread its blue sheet, that flashed with many an
 oar,
 Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
 And the deer drank—as the light gale flew o'er,
 The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore ;
 And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
 A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
 And peace was on the earth and in the air,
 The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there :

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
 Beheld the deed, and, when the midnight shade
 Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood ;
 All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
 And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
 The roofs went down ; but deep the silence grew
 When on the dewy woods the day-beam played ;
 No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
 And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe.

5 K

Look now abroad—another race has filled
 These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled ;
 The land is full of harvests and green meads ;
 Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
 Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
 Their virgin waters ; the full region leads
 New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
 Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
 Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.
 Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light
 Into the depths of ages : we may trace,
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

POWER OF THE SOUL IN INVESTING EXTERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES WITH THE HUE OF ITS OWN FEELINGS.

By Richard H. Dana.

—LIFE in itself, it life to all things gives ;
 For whatsoever it looks on, that thing lives—
 Becomes an acting being, ill or good ;
 And, grateful to its giver, tenders food
 For the soul's health, or, suffering change unblest,
 Pours poison down to rankle in the breast :
 As is the man, e'en so it bears its part,
 And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.

Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see,
 In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.
 Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
 Now rests, now stirs, as if a breeze were there
 Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all !
 And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall ;
 The double strips of silvery sand unite
 Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.—
 Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,
 Peck not alone ; that bird below, as thou,
 Is busy after food, and happy, too—
 They're gone ! Both, pleased, away together flew.

And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,
 Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood ?
 The world, O man, is like that flood to thee :
 Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
 Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
 Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,
 If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
 The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,

Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams
That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams;
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky,
And one still, sightless level make the earth,
Like thy dull, lonely, joyless soul,—a dearth.

The rill is tuneless to his ear, who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen amongst the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more—
In nature's calmest hour, he hears the roar
Of winds and flinging waves—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in fight;
And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world:
The fiends of his own bosom people air
With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.
Hates he his fellow-men? Why, then, he deems
'Tis hate for hate:—as he, so each one seems.

Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into its likeness; heaves in storms
The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast—
Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anew,
That so, they joy, or love, or hate, impart,
As joy, love, hate, holds rule within the heart.

INDEPENDENCE.

By J. K. Paulding.

(From "The Backwoodsman.")

O, INDEPENDENCE! man's bright mental sun,
With blood and tears by our brave country won,
Parent of all, high-mettled man adorns,
The nerve of steel, the soul that meanness scorns,
The mounting wind that spurns the tyrant's sway,
The eagle eye that mocks the God of day,
Turns on the lordly upstart scorn for scorn,
And drops its lid to none of woman born!
With blood, and tears, and hardships thou wert
bought,

Yet rich the blessings thy bright sway has wrought;
Hence comes it that a gallant spirit reigns
Unknown among old Europe's hapless swains,
Who slaves to some proud lord, himself a slave,
From sire to son, from cradle to the grave,
From race to race, more dull and servile grow,
Until at last they nothing feel or know.
Hence comes it, that our meanest farmer's boy
Aspires to taste the proud and manly joy
That springs from holding in his own dear right
The land he ploughs, the home he seeks at night;
And hence it comes, he leaves his friends and home,
Mid distant wilds and dangers drear to roam,
To seek a competence, or find a grave,
Rather than live a hireling or a slave.
As the bright waving harvest field he sees,
Like sunny ocean rippling in the breeze.

And hears the lowing herd, the lambkins' bleat,
Fall on his ear in mingled concert sweet,
His heart sits lightly on its rustic throne,
The fields, the herds, the flocks are all his own.

DESCRIPTION OF A SULTRY SUMMER'S NOON. *Carlos Wilcox.*

A SULTRY noon, not in the summer's prime,
When all is fresh with life, and youth, and bloom,
But near its close, when vegetation stops,
And fruits mature stand ripening in the sun,
Soothes and enervates with its thousand charms,
Its images of silence and of rest,
The melancholy mind. The fields are still;
The husbandman has gone to his repast,
And, that partaken, on the coolest side
Of his abode, reclines, in sweet repose.
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,
The flocks beside the fence, with heads all prone,
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe,
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,
The sunshine seems to move; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
The slender stalks their heavy bended heads
Support as motionless as oaks their tops.
O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still;
E'en the wild poplar leaves, that, pendent hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle down,
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plumb down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct
From the resplendent sky, a single cloud
On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
Drops a lone shadow as distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side;
Or in the polished mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity below.

THANATOPSIS.

William Cullen Bryant.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.—When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth under the open sky, and list

To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
 Comes a still voice—yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
 Thy image. Earth that nourish'd thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again :
 And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix for ever with the elements,
 To be a brother to th' insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
 Yet not to thy eternal resting place
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
 Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green—and, poured round
 all,

Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planet, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there,
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnotic'd by the living—and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ! All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny ; the gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee ; as the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death.

Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
 Scourg'd to his dungeon, but sustain'd and sooth'd
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

DESCRIPTION OF THE QUIET ISLAND, FROM THE POEM
 OF "THE BUCCANIER."

Richard H. Dana.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
 Along its solitary shore,
 Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
 No sound but ocean's roar,
 Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
 Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
 And on the glassy, heaving sea,
 The black duck, with her glossy breast,
 Sits swinging silently,
 How beautiful ! No ripples break the reach,
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
 The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
 From out the trees the Sabbath bell
 Rings cheerful, far and wide,
 Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
 That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
 In former days within the vale ;
 Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet ;
 Curses were on the gale ;
 Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men ;
 Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
 Now slowly fall upon the ear ;
 A quiet look is in each face,
 Subdued and holy fear :
 Each motion's gentle ; all is kindly done—
 Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

ON THE LOSS OF PROFESSOR FISHER.

J. G. C. Brainard.

THE breath of air, that stirs the harp's soft string,
 Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;
 The drops of dew, exhaled from flowers of spring,
 Rise, and assume the tempest's threatening form ;
 The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
 Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash ;
 And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
 Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
 That wave and wind can muster, when the might
 Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.
 So science whispered in thy charmed ear,
 And radiant learning beckoned thee away.
 The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
 Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.
 And they have wrecked thee !—But there is a shore
 Where storms are hushed, where tempests never
 rage ;

Where angry skies and blackening seas no more
 With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage
 By thee its peaceful margin shall be trod—
 Thy home is heaven, and thy Friend is God.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

William Cullen Bryant.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their
 spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 That is the life of nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
 Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
 And listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

SPRING.

N. P. Willis.

THE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May
 With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
 And with it comes a thirst to be away,
 Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
 A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
 Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
 To find refreshment in the silent woods;
 And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
 Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
 Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
 To teach the indolent heart it still must feel.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
 The waters tripping with their silver feet,
 The turning to the light of leaves in June,
 And the light whisper as their edges meet—
 Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
 The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this,
 Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
 We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
 That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
 Bird-like, the prisoned soul will lift its eye
 And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Richard H. Dana.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
 Why with that boding cry
 O'er the waves dost thou fly?
 O, rather, bird, with me
 Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea;
 Thy cry is weak and scared,
 As if thy mates had shared
 The doom of us. Thy wail—
 What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
 Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
 With motion, and with roar
 Of waves that drive to shore,
 One spirit did ye urge—
 The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou, both sepulchre and pall,
 Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
 From out thy gloomy cells,
 A tale of mourning tells—
 Tells of man's wo and fall,
 His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
 Thy spirit never more.
 Come quit with me the shore,
 For gladness and the light,
 Where birds of summer sing.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND FRENCH, &c.

THE SUIT OF THETIS TO JUPITER IN FAVOR OF ACHILLES.

From the Greek of Homer.

Translated by W. Cowper.

THE swift Achilles, Peleus' noble son
Beside his gallant bark or in his tent
Pined all the day, nor would in council seek
Distinction, or appear in battle more,
Though his heart panted for the glorious field.
But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,
Then all the everlasting gods to heav'n
Resorted, with the Thund'rer at their head,
And Thetis, not unmindful of her son
From the salt flood emerging, sought betimes
Olympus and the boundless fields of heav'n.
High, on the topmost eminence sublime
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceiv'd
The Thund'rer seated, from the gods apart.
She sat before him, to his knees applied
Her left hand, placed her right beneath his chin,
And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored.

Father of all, by all that I have done
Or said that ever pleased thee, grant my suit.
I ask some honour on the waning days
Of my unhappy son doom'd soon to die,
For he endures dishonour now, deprived
By Agamemnon of his just reward*.

But oh! consent not thou to his disgrace
Olympian Jove! but honour him, and grant
Troy's host to prosper, till Achaia's host
With tenfold honours heal his present harm.

She spake, to whom the Thund'rer nought replied,
But silent sat long time. She, as her hand
Had grown there, still importunate, his knees
Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd.

Or grant my prayer, and ratify the grant,
Or send me hence (for thou hast none to fear)
Plainly refused; that I may know and feel
By how much I am least of all in heav'n.

To whom, o'erwhelm'd with sadness, at the last,
Thus Jove replied. Hard task and full of strife
Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare
For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
Sounds daily in the ears of all the gods,
That I assist the Trojans; but depart,
Lest she observe thee; my concern shall be
How best I may perform thy full desire.
And to assure thee more, I give the sign
Indubitable, which all fear expels
At once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirmed,
May, after, be reversed or render'd vain.

He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
The Sov'reign's everlasting head his curls
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled†.

* King Agamemnon had deprived Achilles of his beautiful prize, the Captive Chryseis, daughter of the priest Chryses.

† When Phidias was asked after what original he would make his statue of Jupiter, he answered that he had found one in this passage of Homer.

Their conference closed, they went; she down at once

With headlong plunge into the briny deep,
And to his own ethereal mansion Jove.
His dread approach perceiv'd, uprose the gods,
And all at once, to meet the sire of all.
He reach'd his throne and sat.—Nor had he held
That conference with the daughter of the deep
By Juno unobserved, who all in haste
As touch'd with deep resentment, thus began.

Oh close and politic! what goddess shares
Thy counsels now? That favour free to all
Is still refused to me, unworthy deem'd,
Think what thou may'st, to know one thought of thine.

To whom the sire of gods and men replied.
Juno, despair to be inform'd of all
My plans and views; Jove's consort as thou art,
Thou could'st not learn them. What thou can'st,
thou shalt,

And none in heav'n or earth with less restraint.
But leave that hidden which I choose to hide,
Nor search nor ask what none in heav'n shall know.

Then thus, with eyes full-orb'd the spouse of Jove.

Dread son of Saturn! why these words to me?
Far less asperity might serve to chide
My first inquiry; for I ever left,
Till now, thy secret counsel to its course.
But fear now prompts me—thou hast been beguil-

ed
By Thetis, daughter of the hoary deep,
Who was an early suitor as thy knees.
Ah! Thou hast giv'n her the assuring sign
And Grecians are to perish at the ships
By thousands, for the glory of her son.

To whom, incensed, the sov'reign lord of air.

Ah subtle! Ever teeming with surmise,
And fathomer of my concealed designs,
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee)
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
And be it as thou sayest—I am well pleased
That so it should be. Be advised, desist,
Hold thou thy peace. Else, if these dreadful hands
Approach thee once to seize thee, not the force
Of all the gods shall give a check to me.

He said.—whom Juno, awful goddess, heard
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will.
But through the courts of Jove the heav'nly pow'rs
All felt displeasure; when to them arose
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
Conciliatory interposed to sooth
His beauteous mother Juno, and began—

What end can be expected but the worst
Of this loud brawling for the sake of man,
This din among the gods? Farewell the feast
With all its joys, if spleen must thus prevail.
But let me warn, already not unwar'd,
My mother to assume her sweetest smiles

To sooth my father, lest he chide again,
And the whole banquet suffer in the storm. *
For, if he pleased, the Thund'rer could unthrone
All here, and, in a moment, dash us down
From heav'n to earth—So sov'reign is his pow'r.
Then seek to sooth him, for his kindness, once
Secured to thee, will soon be felt by all.

He ended, and, upstarting, placed a cup
Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said.

Be meek, be patient, rule thy troubled heart;
Lest, though I love thee and would gladly aid,
I see thy punishment, and want the pow'r.
Who can resist the Thund'rer? Me, when once
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seiz'd
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies*.
"From morn to eve I fell," and dropp'd, at last,
Half-dead in Lemnos, where with timely speed
The native Sintians flock'd to my relief†.

So He; then Juno, beauteous goddess, smiled,
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand
Received the goblet. He from right to left
Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
Distributed to all the pow'rs divine.
Heav'n rang with laughter not to be suppress'd
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ‡.

So spent they in festivity the day,
And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
Responsive melody of vocal sweets.
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.
Jove also, kindler of the lightnings, climb'd
The couch whereon his custom was to rest
When gentle sleep approach'd him, and reposed
With his imperial consort at his side.

[*Iliad, Book I.*

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

From the same, and by the same translator.

HE ceas'd, retired, and in a moment pass'd
To his own mansion; but he found not there
His beauteous spouse, then standing on the tow'r
With her attendant nurse and infant boy,
All sighs and tears. He, missing whom he sought,
His soul's delight, turn'd thence; but ere he left
The portal, of her women thus inquir'd.

Speak, damsels of her train! and well beware
That ye speak truly! Whither went from home
My chaste Andromache? To breathe her vows
In Pallas' temple? or to weep retired
With some fair sister of the Royal house?

* Hercules having laid Troy in ruins, was, on his return, driven to Cos by a storm of Juno's raising who hated him, and who had contrived to cast Jupiter into a profound sleep that he might not interrupt her purpose. Jupiter awaking, in resentment of her artifice practised on him, punished her with bonds, which Vulcan attempting to loose was discovered by Jupiter and cast headlong down to Lemnos.—*Vide Schol. Per Bernes.*

† So called from *Xipho* to hurt, because they are said to have been inventors of martial weapons.—*Vide Schol. per Vill.*

‡ The reader, in order that he may partake with the gods in the drollery of this scene, should observe that the crippled and distorted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all other times administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.

To whom the chief in office o'er them all.
Since, Hector! with such strenuous command
Thou hast enjoined me truth—She neither sought
Minerva's temple, nor to weep retired
With any sister of the Royal house,
But taught by rumour that the Trojan arms
Opposed in vain the Grecian, wild with woe
She bade the nurse bear after her, her charge
Thy darling boy, and flew to mount the tow'r.

She said: forth rush'd the hero to retrace
His former steps, and the huge city soon
Left all behind him, to the Scæan gate
Now came, his destin'd pass into the field.
There, pale and panting (for she ran) he met
Andromache. In Hypoplacian Thebes
Her wealthy sire the brave Eëtion dwelt,
E'etion, ruler of Cilicia's realm
In Hypoplacian Thebes the forest-crown'd.
His daughter was the valiant Hector's wife.
Thus wing'd with haste she came, and with like haste
The virgin-nurse, enfolding in her arms
His yet unwean'd and helpless Little-one,
Fair as the star of morn. Him Hector named
Scamandrius; but the citizens of Troy
Astyanax*; for other guardian aid
Effectual, none, than Hector's, Ilium knew.
Mute, but with smiles paternal, on his child
The father gazed, whose hand his lovely spouse
Seiz'd fast, the while, and, weeping, thus began.

Ah! doom'd, thyself, the victim of thy own
Too daring courage! Pity of thy boy
Thou feel'st not, or of me, thy widow soon,
For soon the whole united Grecian host
Will overwhelm thee, and thou must be slain
Earth yield me, then, a tomb! for refuge else
Or none so safe have I, thenceforth forlorn
Of all defence, since father I have none,
Or mother's genial home to shelter me.
Achilles, when he sack'd Cilician Thebes
And fired her lofty domes, my father slew;
He slew Eëtion—but, a decent awe
Forbidding him to bare a royal corse,
He burn'd him with his arms, heap'd high the soil
That hides his urn, and the Oreades†,
Jove's daughters, circled it around with elms.
My seven brothers, feeding in the field
Their flocks and herds, all perish'd in a day,
For dread Achilles found and slew them all.
My mother, whom in all her green retreats
Hypoplacus obey'd, when, rich in spoils,
The conqueror steer'd his gallant barks to Troy
Came captive in the fleet, but ransom'd hence
At countless cost, revisited her home,
And, by Diana pierced, at home expired‡.
All these are lost; but in thy wedded love,
My faithful Hector! I regain them all
Come then—let pity plead! to spare thy boy
An orphan's woes, and widowhood to me,
Defend this tow'r; and where the fig-tree spreads
Her branches, station thy collected force,
For there Idomeneus, the King of Crete,

* The name signifies, the Chief of the City.

† Mountain-nymphs.

‡ Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

Tydidēs, either Ajax, and the sons
Of Atreus, thrice with their united pow'rs
Have press'd to seize the city ; whether taught
By some interpreter of signs from heaven,
Or prompted by remark and self-advised.

To whom majestic Hector thus replied.
Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread,
The matron's scorn, the brave man's just disdain,
Should fear seduce me to desert the field.
No, my Andromache ! my fearless heart
Me rather urges into foremost fight
Studious of Priam's glory and my own.
For my prophetic soul foresees a day
When Ilium : Ilium's people ; and, himself,
Her warlike King shall perish. But no grief
For Ilium ; for her people ; for the King
My warlike Sire ; nor even for the Queen ;
Nor for the num'rous and the valiant band
My brothers, destined, all, to bite the ground,
So moves me, as my grief for Thee alone,
Doom'd, then, to follow some impetuous Greek,
A weeping captive, to the distant shores
Of Argos ; there to labour at the loom
For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,
But heav'd in vain, to bear the pond'rous urn
From Hypereia's or Messeis' fount.
Fast flow thy tears, the while, and as he eyes
That silent show'r, some passing Greek shall say—
" This was the wife of Hector, who excelled
" All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged."
While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow afresh,
The guardian of thy freedom while he lived
For ever lost ; but be my bones inhumed,
A senseless store, or e'er thy parting cries
Shall pierce mine ear, and Thou be dragg'd away.

The Hero ended, and his hands put forth
To reach his boy ; but with a scream the child
Stall closer to his nurse's bosom clung
Shunning his touch ; for dreadful in his eyes
The braz'n armour shone, and dreadful more
The shaggy crest that swept his father's brow.
Both parents smiled delighted ; and the Chief
Set down the crested terror on the ground,
Then kiss'd him, play'd away his infant fears,
And thus to Jove and all the Pow'rs above.
Grant, oh ye gods ! such eminent renown
And might in arms, as ye have giv'n to me,
To this my son, with strength to govern Troy.
From fight return'd, be this his welcome home—
" He far excels his sire"—and may he rear
The crimson trophy, to his mother's joy !

He spake, and to his lovely spouse consign'd
The darling boy ; with mingled smiles and tears
She wrapp'd him in her bosom's fragrant folds,
And Hector, pang'd with pity that she wept,
Her dewy cheek stroak'd softly, and began.

Weep not for me, my Love ! no mortal arm
Shall send me prematurely to the shades,
Since, whether brave or dastard, at his birth
The Fates ordain to each his hour to die.
Hence, then, to our abode ; there weave or spin,
And task thy maidens. War to men belongs ;
To all of Troy ; and most of all to me*.

* The suitable difference of the manners ascribed by the poet to Hector and to Paris is here observable. Hector is ever

So saying, the Hero to his brows restored
The tufted helmet, and his lovely spouse,
(Of turning as she went, and show'ring tears
Of tend'rest sorrow) left him as he bade.
Arriving where, the terrible in arms,
Her Hector dwelt, with such afflictive moans
She pierc'd their hearts, that all her num'rous train
Mourn'd also ; mourning Hector still alive,
In his own palace, as already slain,
For all hope fail'd them of his safe return.

[*Iliad, Book VI.*

HECTOR WOUNDED BY AJAX.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Not so the billows roar
The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast
Sweeps landward from the main the swelling surge.
Not so, devouring fire among the trees
That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames
Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze ;
Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks
Uprgrown aloft (though loudest there they rave)
With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks
And Trojans shouting when the clash began.

At Ajax first (for Ajax with his face
Turn'd right toward him stood) brave Hector threw,
But smote him where the belts that bore his shield
And faulchion cross'd each other on his breast.
The double guard preserv'd him unannoy'd.
Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,
Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan Chief
Toward the phalanx of his friends retired.
But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone
Of those which propp'd the ships (for num'rous
such

Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought)
Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd
The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast
Struck full, then plow'd circuitous the dust,
As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak
Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume
Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,
And if, perchance, some trav'ler nigh at hand
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,
And with his helmet and his shield himself
Also ; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.
Swift flew the Grecians, shouting to the skies
And show'ring darts, to drag his body thence,
But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm
The fallen leader, with such instant aid
His princely friends encircled him around,
Sarpedon, valiant Glaucus, Lycian Chiefs,
Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd
Agenor ; nor were others more remiss,
But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fall'n,
Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends
From battle bore, till, where his charioteer
Behind the tumult of the fight detain'd
His splendid chariot and swift steeds, he came,

mindful even in his tenderest moments, of his duty as a soldier, while Paris, on the contrary, lingered, till Helen herself was obliged to urge him.

Which drew him groaning back toward the town,
 Arriving at the fords of Xanthus' stream
 Vortiginous, from mighty Jove derived,
 They stretch'd him on the bank, and on his face
 Poured water; he, reviving, upward gazed,
 And seated on his hams black blood disgorged
 Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell
 Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,
 And all his pow'rs still torpid by the blow.

[*Iliad*, Book XIV.

ACHILLES ARMING FOR BATTLE.

From the same, and by the same translator.

AND now the Grecians from their gallant fleet
 All pour'd themselves abroad. As when the snow,
 Descending thick from Jove is driv'n by gusts
 Of the clear-blowing North, so smiled the field
 With dazzling casques, boss'd bucklers, hauberk
 strong,
 And polished weapons issuing from the fleet*.
 Upwent the flash to heav'n; wide all around
 The campaign laugh'd with beamy brass illumed,
 And trappings of the warriors on all sides
 Resounded, amid'st whom Achilles arm'd.
 He gnashed his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
 Anguish intolerable wrung his heart
 And fury against Troy, while he put on
 His glorious arms, the labour of a god.
 First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd
 Studded with silver, then, his corslet bright
 Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
 Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
 Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.
 Such as to mariners a fire appears,
 Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
 Of some lone hill; they, driv'n by stormy winds,
 Reluctant roam far off the fishy deep,
 Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
 A lustre struck the skies; his pond'rous helm
 He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,
 And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
 Consummate work of Vulcan's glorious art.
 So clad, the godlike hero trial made
 If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
 To his proportion'd limbs; they buoyant proved
 As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.
 Forth from its case he drew his father's spear,
 Heavy and huge and long. That spear, of all
 Achaia's sons, none else had pow'r to wield:
 Achilles only could the Pelian beam
 Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
 From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.

[*Iliad*, Book XIX.

* Homer says—*Θόρηκός τε κραταυράλοιοι*—And Pausanias explaining the expression informs us, that the corslet or breastplate had sometimes a piece of armour connected with it by studs, which served as a covering for the back. Thus armed they deemed themselves sufficiently guarded even without the security of a shield. Phorcys is mentioned as an instance of a warrior thus accoutred, whom Ajax pierces immediately through his mail. See Book xvii.

MERCURY BEARING TO CALYPSO A MESSAGE FROM JUPITER—PARTING OF ULYSSES AND CALYPSO.

From the same, and by the same translator.

HE ended, nor the Argicæ refused,
 Messenger of the skies; his sandals fair,
 Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,
 Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,
 Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth,
 Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes
 He softly shuts, or opens them again.
 So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicæ.
 Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd
 To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd
 In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays
 Tremendous of the barren deep her food
 Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
 In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,
 But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook
 The azure deep, and at the spacious grot,
 Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph, arrived,
 Found her within. A fire on all the hearth
 Blazed sprightly, and, afar-diffused, the scent
 Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood
 Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.
 She, busied at the loom, and plying fast
 Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice
 Sat chaunting there; a grove on either side,
 Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch
 Of cypress hemm'd the dark retreat around.
 There many a bird of broadest pinion built
 Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw
 Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores.
 A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides
 Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
 Profuse; four fountains of serenest lymph
 Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,
 Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd
 Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
 With violets: it was a scene to fill
 A god from heav'n with wonder and delight.
 Hermes, Heav'n's messenger, admiring stood
 That sight, and having all survey'd, at length
 Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph
 Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown
 Each to the other the Immortals are,
 How far soever sep'rate their abodes.
 Yet found he not within the mighty chief
 Ulysses; he sat weeping on the shore,
 Forlorn; for there his custom was with groans
 Of sad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,
 Looking continual o'er the barren deep*.
 Then thus Calypso, loveliest nymph divine,
 Of Hermes, from her dazzling throne, inquired.
 Hermes, swift bearer of the golden rod!
 Whom I respect and love, thou art a guest
 Unfrequent here—say, wherefore hast thou come?
 Speak thy desire; I grant it, if thou ask
 Things possible, and possible to me.

* The poet is supposed to sequester Ulysses on this occasion, that ignorant of the constraint under which Calypso acted, he might imagine her consent to his departure and the means with which she furnished him to construct his raft, the effects of kindness merely, and hold himself everlastingly indebted to her.

Stay not, but entering farther, at my board
Due rites of hospitality receive.

So saying, the goddess with ambrosial food
Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice
Nectareous charged the cup. Then ate and drank
The Argicide and herald of the skies,
And when, divinely banquetted, he felt
His heart refresh'd, his message thus declared.

Questionest thou, a goddess, me a god !
I tell thee truth, since such is thy command.
Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come.
For who would, voluntary, such a breadth
Enormous measure of the salt expanse,
Where city none is seen in which the gods
Are serv'd with chosen hecatombs and pray'r ?
But no divinity may the designs
Elude, or contravert, of Jove supreme.
He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distrest
Of all those warriors who nine years assail'd
The city of Priam, and, (that city sack'd)
Departed in the tenth ; but, going thence,
Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds
Opposed their voyage, and with boisterous waves.
Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and storms drove hither ; Jove commands
That thou dismiss him hence without delay,
For fate ordains him not to perish here
From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd
To see them yet again, and to arrive
At his own palace in his native land.

He said ; divine Calypso at the sound
Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Ye are just, ye gods, and envious past
All others, grudging if a goddess choose
A mortal husband, and avow the choice.
So, when the rosy-palm'd Aurora chose
Orion, even in your blest abodes
Ye rested not, till, in Ortygia, pierced
By fair Diana's gentle shafts he died.
So when the beauteous Ceres, in a deep
Three-labour'd fallow, sway'd by soft desire,
Unfolded young Iasion in her arms,
Not long remain'd Jove ignorant, who smote
With his bright bolt and slew the favour'd swain*.
So also, O ye gods, ye envy me
The mortal man, my consort. Him I saved
Myself, while solitary on his keel
He rode, for with his sulphurous arrow Jove
Had cleft his bark amid the sable deep.
Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and storms drove hither, whom I lov'd
Sincere, and fondly destin'd to a life
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
But since no Deity may the designs
Elude or contravert of Jove supreme,
Hence with him to a death abhor'd, if such
The sov'reign's will and such his stern command.
But undimiss'd he goes by me, who ships

* He was the son of Jupiter and Electra the daughter of Atlas, and by his amour with Ceres became the father of Plutus. This amour, however, was probably an allegorical one, as the Scholiast observes, and the truth of his history amounted to no more than that he was a person skilful in agriculture, and profiting much by his art, grew rich in consequence.

Myself well-oar'd and mariners have none
To send with him athwart the spacious flood ;
Yet will I counsel him, nor shall he want
Such means of furth'rance to his native isle
As my best help can furnish for his use.

Then Hermes thus, the messenger of heav'n.
So send him hence, and quickly, through respect
For the command of Jove ; whose fiery wrath,
If thou delay, thou may'st, thyself, incur.

So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,
And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,
Seeking the brave Ulysses ; on the shore
She found him seated ; tears that never ceas'd
His cheek bedew'd, and, since the lovely nymph
Had lost her pow'r to charm him, he resign'd
All thought of bliss besides, and in the pangs
Of hopeless exile pass'd his happiest hours.
Yet, through constraint, and listless to return
Her fond embraces, in her arch'd recess
He slept the night beside her, and, by day,
Reclining on the rocks that lined the shore,
And viewing wistfully the barren deep,
Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again.
Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine.

Unhappy ! weep not here, nor life consume
In anguish ; go ; thou hast my glad consent.
Arise, and hewing from the trunks of trees
Long planks, with bolts of iron form a raft
Of needful breadth, which closely floor'd above,
Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy deep.
Bread, water, and the red grape's cheery juice
Myself will put on board, which shall preserve
Thy life from famine ; I will also give
New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch
Winds after thee to waft thee home unharmed,
If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell
In yonder boundless heav'n, to whom belongs
Unerring skill to judge, and not to me.

She spake : Ulysses shudder'd at the sound,
And thus th' afflicted Hero, quick replied.

Ah ! other thoughts than of my safe return
Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bid'st me pass
The perilous gulph of Ocean on a raft,
That wild expanse, which even gallant ships
Pass not, though form'd to cleave their way with
ease,

And joyful in propitious winds from Jove*.
No—let me never, in despite of thee,
Embark on board a raft, nor till thou swear,
Oh Goddess ! the inviolable oath,
That future mischief thou intend'st me none.

He said ; Calypso, beauteous Goddess, stroak'd
His wan, wet cheek, and, smiling, thus replied.

Thou dost asperse me rudely, and excuse
Of ignorance hast none, far better taught ;
What words were these ? How could'st thou thus
reply ?

Now hear me Earth, and the wide Heav'n above !
Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stream
Under the earth, (by which the blessed gods
Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath !)

* *Ἀγαλλόμεναι*. Homer, as Aristotle has observed, frequently ascribes life to inanimate things, and endues them with a metaphorical sensibility.

That future mischief I intend thee none*.
No, my designs concerning thee are such
As, in an exigence resembling thine,
Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive.
I have a mind more equal, not of steel
My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined.

So saying, the lovely goddess with swift pace
Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursued.
Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,
The goddess and the man; on the same throne
Ulysses sat, whence Hermes had aris'n,
Where all refreshments, such as mortals use,
Calypso placed before him, drink and meats
Of various kinds, then, opposite reposed,
Was served, herself, by her attendant train
With nectar and ambrosia. They their hands
Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast,
And when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, thus the beauteous nymph began.

Laertes' godlike son, for wiles renown'd!
Can'st thou resolve thus suddenly to seek
Thy native shores?—I wish thee, not the less,
All joy—but knew'st thou to what num'rous woes
Thy fate ordains thee, in thy voyage hence,
Thus calm retirement and immortal life
Enjoy'd with me, would win thee to remain,
Ardent and ceaseless, as thy wishes are
To see Penelope; for, whether face
Or form engage thee, well may I presume
Mine scarce inferior, since immortal charms,
Compared with mortal merely, must excel.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.
Dread goddess! bear with me. Myself, I know
That my Penelope, alike, in form
And stature altogether yields to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou,
From age exempt; yet not the less I wish
My native home, and languish till the day
That sees my safe arrival, shall arise.
But should some god amid the sable deep
Dash me again into a wreck, my soul
Shall never, ev'n for such a cause, renounce
Her wonted fortitude; for I have borne
In storms and battle much; now, therefore, come
This evil also, following all the rest!

[*Odyssey, Book V.*]

PHEMIUS THE BARD SPARED BY ULYSSES IN THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER OF THE SUITORS OF PENELOPE.

From the same, and by the same translator.

BUT Phemius, son of Terpius, bard divine,
Who, through compulsion, with his song regaled
The suitors, a like dreadful death escaped.
Fast by the postern, harp in hand, he stood,
Doubtful if, issuing, he should take his seat
Beside the altar of Hercæan Jove†,
Where oft Ulysses offer'd, and his sire,

* The water of Styx, according to Pausanias, dipped from a fountain near to Nonacris a town of Arcadia, and fell into the hollow of a lofty rock through which it passed into the river Cratis. He adds that it was fatal to every animal that drank it.

† So called because he was worshipped within the *ἑκός* or wall that surrounded the court.

Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he should haste,
T'embrace his knees, a suppliant for his life.
That course, at length, most pleased him; then,
between

The beaker and an argent-studded throne
He grounded his sweet lyre, and seizing fast
The Hero's knees, him suppliant, thus address'd.

I clasp thy knees, Ulysses! oh respect
My suit, and spare me. Thou shalt not escape
Regret thyself hereafter, if thou slay
Me, charmer of the woes of gods and men.
Self-taught am I, and treasure in my mind
Songs of all argument from heav'n inspired,
And thou hast heard me chaunting to the lyre
Thy glorious deeds, as I had praised a god.
Spare, then, this, this ancient head; since not by choice
(As thy dear son will tell thee), nor to share
The banquet, have I served as minstrel here,
But awed by numbers, and by force constrain'd.

So he; whom hearing as he stood beside
His sire, Telemachus thus interposed.

Hold—Harm not with the vengeful faulchion's edge
This blameless man; and we will also spare
Medon the herald, who hath ever been
A watchful guardian of my boyish years,
Unless Philætiüs or Eumæus him
Have mingled with the rest, or thou, perchance,
Unconscious in the tumult of the fight.

He spake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay
Beneath a throne, and in a new-strip'd hide
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death)
Sprang from his covert, cast away the skin,
And, flying to Telemachus, whose knees
He close embrac'd, thus, eager, sued to live.

Prince! I am here—oh, pity me! repress
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,
That he destroy not me through fierce revenge
Of their iniquities who have consumed
His wealth, and, in their folly, scor'd his son.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,
Smiling complacent. Fear thou not; my son
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyself
That truth) teach others the superior worth
Of honest with dishonest deeds compared.
But go ye forth, thou and the sacred bard,
That ye may sit withdrawn in yonder court
From all this carnage, while I give command,
Myself, concerning it to those within.

[*Odyssey, Book XXII.*]

MOONLIGHT SCENE.

From the Greek of Homer.

Translated by Alexander Pope.

THE troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head

Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays :
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er the heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn*.

[Pope's *Iliad*, Book VIII.]

* I give the following different translations of this very celebrated passage because it is one that has called forth a great variety of critical opinions regarding the merits of Homer's translators. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and others have condemned Pope's translation as not only unfaithful as a translation, but ludicrously inaccurate and inconsistent as a description of a moonlight scene; while Melmoth and Byron have asserted that Pope in this instance has not only shown himself a true painter of nature but has greatly excelled the original. Of the correctness or inaccuracy of this assertion the mere English reader may form some idea by comparing Pope's version with the almost literal translation of Cowper. A good opportunity is offered to a teacher of taste and discrimination to point out to young students the comparative excellences or imperfections of the different versions here brought together.

The first fourteen lines of Pope include the description of the moonlight scene, but I have inserted the succeeding ten in justice to the translator, for whatever may be said or thought of the first part, the second is undoubtedly without reference to the original; highly spirited, harmonious and poetical.

In the preceding pages I have given a greater number of extracts from Cowper's translation of Homer, than from Pope's, for two reasons:—because Cowper's is generally allowed to be far more faithful to the original (though less musical and ornate), and because Pope's translation is already in almost every hand and is easily and cheaply procurable in the native bazaars of Calcutta, while a copy of Cowper's is rarely obtainable even in the European shops here.—*Cowper*.

And spent all night in open field; fires about them shined,
 As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
 And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams high prospects
 And the brows
 Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for
 shadows;
 And even the lowly vallies joy, to glitter in their sight,
 When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
 And all the shines in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's
 heart;
 So many fires disclose their beams, made by the Trojan part,
 Before the face of Ilion; and her bright turrets showed.
 A thousand courts of guard kept fires; and every guard
 allowed
 Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eate oates and hard
 white corne;
 And all did wilfully expect the silver-throned morn.

[Chapman's *Homer*.]

Bro with great purposes and proud, they sat,
 Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
 Of even ranks, and watched their num'rous fires.
 As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
 Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
 The groves, the mountain tops, the headland heights
 Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
 The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide
 All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd:
 So num'rous seem'd those fires between the stream
 Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
 In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
 Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.
 The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
 Chewing, and waiting till the golden-thron'd
 Aurora should restore the light of day.

[Cowper's *Homer*.]

NEPTUNE PROCEEDING TO ASSIST THE GREEKS.

From the same, and by the same translator.

WHEN now the Thunderer* on the sea-beat coast,
 Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
 He left them to the fates, in bloody fray,
 To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.
 Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
 Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
 To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
 And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
 And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
 Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
 Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
 Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
 Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
 No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
 While his high law suspends the powers of heaven.

Meantime the monarch of the wat'ry main†
 Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observed in vain,
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
 He sat and round him cast his azure eyes,
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
 Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;
 The crowded ships, and sable seas between
 There, from the crystal chambers of the main
 Emerg'd, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives slain.
 At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
 Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forest shakes; earth trembled as he trod,
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.
 From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
 And at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.

They, musing mighty deeds,
 With ranks unbroken as in combat, sat
 Through the long night, while many a fire blazed round.
 As beautiful the stars shine out in heaven
 Around the splendid moon, no breath of wind
 Ruffling the blue calm ether; clear'd from mist
 The beacon hill-tops, crags, and forest dells
 Emerge in light; the immeasurable sky
 Breaks from above, and opens on the gaze;
 The multitude of stars are seen at once
 Full sparkling, and the shepherd looking up
 Feels gladden'd at his heart; so many fires,
 Midway the ships and Xanthus' glimmering stream,
 Blazed up in front of Troy. A thousand flames
 Burn'd on the plain: around each separate pile
 Sate fifty men, on whom the reddening glare
 Reflected shone. Meanwhile the steeds all stood
 Fast by their chariots, champing the white grain;
 And farried till the bright-thron'd morn appear.

[Eden's *Specimens of the Classic Poets*.]

BUT Troy elate, in orderly array
 All night around her numerous watchfires lay,—
 As when in heaven the stars at night's still noon
 Beam in their brightness round the full orb'd moon,
 When sleeps the wind, and every mountain's height,
 Rocks, cliffs, and groves, shine towering up in light,
 And the vast firmament immensely niven,
 Expands for other stars another heaven,
 Gladdening the shepherd's heart; so numerous rose
 The watch-fires round the warriors armed repose,
 In sight of Troy, and wide illum'd the scene.
 The flow of Xanthus and the fleet between;
 A thousand fires; and each with separate blaze
 O'er fifty warriors cast the undying rays,
 Where, ranged beside the cars, full fed with corn,
 The steeds impatient stood, and snuffed the coming morn.

[Sotheby's *Homer*.]

* Jupiter.

† Neptune.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
 Eternal frame ! not rais'd by mortal hands ;
 This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
 Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies :
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep ;
 Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,
 Gambol around him on the wat'ry way ;
 And heavy whales in awkward measures play
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main :
 The parting waves before his coursers fly ;
 The wondering waters leave the axle dry.

[*Pope's Iliad, Book XIII.*]

MEETING OF ULYSSES AND HIS FATHER.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Now, from the town, Ulysses and his band
 Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
 The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
 And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
 There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
 With useful buildings round the lowly court :
 Where the few servants that divide his care,
 Took their laborious rest, and homely fare ;
 And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
 With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band
 And martial son, Ulysses gave command :
 Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
 Select the largest to the powers divine.
 Alone, and unattended, let me try
 If yet I share the old man's memory :
 If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know
 (Their light and dearest object long ago),
 Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with
 woe ?

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield ;
 The house they enter ; and he seeks the field,
 Through rows of shade, with various fruitage crown'd,
 And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
 Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
 Nor servants, absent on another care ;
 To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
 Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn,

But all alone the hoary king he found ;
 His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around ;
 His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
 Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair :
 His buskins old, in former service torn,
 But well repair'd ; and gloves against the thorn.
 In this array the kingly gardener stood,
 And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
 Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
 Gaz'd o'er his sire, retracing every line,
 The runs of himself ! now worn away
 With age, yet still majestic in decay !
 Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store ;
 The much-enduring man could bear no more.
 Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace

His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
 With eager transport to disclose the whole,
 And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
 Not so : his judgment takes the winding way
 Of question distant, and of soft essay :
 More gentle methods on weak age employs ;
 And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
 Then, to his sire with beating heart he moves ;
 And with a tender pleasantry reproves :
 Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
 Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said :
 Great is thy skill, O father, great thy toil,
 Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
 Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
 The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear ;
 And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
 On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,
 Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
 Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame ;
 Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
 Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind ;
 Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind :
 I read a monarch in that princely air,
 The same thy aspect, if the same thy care :
 Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine.
 These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
 Who then thy master, say ? and whose the land
 So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand ?
 But chief, oh tell me ! (what I question most)
 Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast ?
 For so reported the first man I view'd,
 (Some story islander, of manner, rude)
 Nor further conference vouchsaf'd to stay ;
 Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way.
 But thou ! whom years have taught to understand,
 Humanely hear, and answer my demand :
 A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
 Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave ?
 Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest ;
 He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
 And old Laertes was his father's name.
 To him whatever to a guest is ow'd
 I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd :
 To him seven talents of pure ore I told,
 Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stuff with
 gold ;

A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
 And skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.

At this the father, with a father's fears,
 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears,)
 This is the land ; but ah ! thy gifts are lost,
 For godless men, and rude, possess the coast :
 Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore !
 Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more !
 Full recompence thy bounty else had borne ;
 For every good man yields a just return :
 So civil rights demand ; and who begins
 The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
 But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd
 What years have circled since thou saw'st that
 guest ?

That hapless guest, alas ! for ever gone !
 Wretch that he was ! and that I am ! my son !

If ever man to misery was born,
 'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
 Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
 He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
 Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
 Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
 Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
 Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
 Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
 Seal'd his cold eyes or dropp'd a tender tear!
 But tell me, who thou art! and what thy race?
 Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
 Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
 What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
 Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?

Then thus the son: From Alybas I came,
 My palace there; Eperitus my name.
 Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
 Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
 Some adverse Dæmon from Sicania bore
 Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore:
 Far from the town, an unfrequented bay;
 Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.
 Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
 Ulysses parting through the sable flood;
 Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
 And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
 Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore,
 Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick through the father's heart these accents ran:

Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
 Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
 A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
 Trampling with agonies of strong delight
 Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight;
 He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
 With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face:
 I, I am he; O father rise, behold
 Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
 Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
 Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
 These floods of sorrow, O my sire, restrain!
 The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train
 Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.

Amaz'd, Laertes: "Give some certain sign,
 (If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
 Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
 The scar indented by the tusky boar,
 When by thyself and by Anticlea sent
 To old Autolychus's realms I went,
 Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
 The several trees you gave me long ago,
 While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
 And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
 To every plant in order as we came,
 Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
 Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
 Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
 And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
 Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
 Of various vines that then began to blow,
 A future vintage! when the Hours produce
 Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the signs, which all his doubts explain,
 His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
 Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
 Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
 He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
 Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
 Soon as returning life regains its seat,
 And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
 Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
 Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
 'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—
 But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
 If, while the news through every city flies,
 All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?

To this Ulysses: As the Gods shall please
 Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
 Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
 And take the banquet which our cares provide:
 There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
 And there the young Telemachus attends.

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
 And stooping enter'd at a lowly door.
 The swains and young Telemachus they found,
 The victim portion'd and the goblet crown'd.
 The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
 Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
 Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
 With awful port, and majesty divine;
 His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
 And air celestial dawning o'er his face;
 What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
 How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!

[Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, Book XXIV.

CREATION OF PANDORA.

From the Greek of Hesiod*.

Translated by Charles A. Elton.

THE food of man in deep concealment lies,
 The angry gods have veil'd it from our eyes.
 Else had one day bestow'd sufficient cheer,
 And though inactive fed thee through the year.
 Then might thy hand have laid the rudder by,
 In blackning smoke for ever hung on high;
 Then had the labouring ox foregone the soil,
 And patient mules had found reprieve from toil.
 But Jove conceal'd our food, incensed at heart
 Since mock'd by wise Prometheus' wily art.
 Sore ills to man devised the Heavenly Sire,
 And hid the shining element of fire.
 Prometheus, then, benevolent of soul,
 In hollow reed the spark recovering stole,
 Cheering to man, and mock'd the god whose gaze
 Serene rejoices in the lightning's rays.
 "Oh son of Japhet! with indignant heart
 Spake the Cloud-gatherer; oh unmatch'd in art!
 Exultest thou in this the flame retriev'd,
 And dost thou triumph in the god deceiv'd?"

* The period of Hesiod's birth is involved in as much uncertainty as that of Homer. It is supposed by some writers that they were contemporary and that they lived about 900 years before Christ.

But thou, with the posterity of man,
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began :
I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,
An ill which all shall love, and all desire."

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole

Had said, and laughter fill'd his secret soul.
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay ;
Imbreathe the human voice within her breast,
With firm-strung nerves th' elastic limbs invest :
Her aspect fair as goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that dies
The web with colours as the shuttle flies :
He call'd the magic of love's charming queen
To breathe around a witchery of mein :
Then plant the rankling stings of keen desire,
And cares that trick the limbs with prank'd attire :
Bade Hermes impart the craft refined
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.

He gives command, th' inferior powers obey,
The crippled artist moulds the temper'd clay :
A maid's coy image rose at Jove's behest ;
Minerva clasp'd the zone, diffused the vest ;
Adored Persuasion and the Graces young
Her taper'd limbs with golden jewels hung ;
Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tressed Hours
A garland twined of Spring's purpurcal flowers ;
The whole attire Minerva's graceful art
Disposed, adjusted, form'd to every part ;
And last the winged herald of the skies,
Slayer of Argos, gave the gift of lies ;
Gave trickish manners, honey'd words instill'd,
As he that rolls the deep'ning thunder will'd :
Then by the feather'd messenger of Heaven,
The name Pandora to the maid was given :
For all the gods conferr'd a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.

The Sire commands the winged herald bear
The finish'd nymph, th' inextricable snare :
To Epimetheus was the present brought ;
Prometheus' warning vanish'd from his thought :
That he disclaim each offering from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to man arise.
But he received, and conscious knew too late
Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.

On earth of yore the sons of men abode
From evil free and labour's galling load ;
Free from diseases that with racking rage
Precipitate the pale decline of age.
Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
And misery's pressure tarns the temples gray.
The woman's hands an ample casket bear :
She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air.
Hope sole remain'd within, nor took her flight,
Beneath the vessel's verge conceal'd from light :
Or ere she fled, the maid, advised by Jove,
Seal'd fast th' unbroken cell, and dropp'd the lid
above.

Issued the rest in quick dispersion hurl'd,
And woes innumerable roam'd the breathing world :
With ills the land is full, with ills the sea ;
Diseases haunt our frail humanity :

Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they glide,
Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied :
Know then this awful truth—it is not given
T' elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

[Works and Days, Book I.

DANAË*.

From the Greek of Simonides.

Translated by a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine.

AROUND the helpless wandering bark
The gathering tempests howled,
And swelling o'er the ocean dark
The whitening billows rolled.

The fair one feared ; she turned her eyes,
Her eyes with anguish filled,
To where her sleeping infant lies,
She looked, and clasped the child.

"What griefs oppress this wearied breast !
Yet nought oppresses thine ;
No sorrows break thy placid rest :
Ah ! were these slumbers mine !

"Here e'en denied one scanty beam
The gloomy night to cheer,
Yet soft thou sleep'st, nor dost thou dream
Of tempest raging near.

"O lovely Babe ! around thy brow,
Unharm'd the curls play ;
Not all the angry blasts that blow
Can draw one sigh from thee.

"Yet did'st thou know how deep I moan,
Thou'dst bend thine infant ear,
Thy little heart would sighs return,
Thine eyes an answering tear.

"O sink, ye stormy winds, to rest !
Be still, thou troubled deep !
O sleep, ye sorrows in my breast,
And let me cease to weep !

"Sleep, sleep, my child, and may thine eyes
These sorrows never see !
On thee may brighter fortunes rise
Than ever shone on me !

"Almighty Jove ! to whom alone
The way of fate belongs,
O spare, O spare this little one
To wreak his mother's wrongs !"

* It may perhaps be right to remind some of our readers that Acrisius, King of the Argives, having learned from the Oracle that he should be killed by his grandson, shut up his daughter in a turret, who nevertheless became pregnant to Jupiter of the Golden Shower. When he understood that she had given birth to a son, he ordered them to be put into a chest or ark, and thrown into the sea. The chest was found by a fisherman, and given to Pilumnus, King of the Rutulians, who married Danaë. When Perseus, her son, grew up, he slew his grandfather, and thus the oracle was fulfilled.—Blackwood's Magazine.

† Simonides flourished in the time of the expedition of Xerxes, that is, about the seventy-fifth Olympiad.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

*From the same.**Translated by J. H. Merivale.*

ALL human things are subject to decay ;
 And well the man of Chios tuned his lay,—
 "Like leaves on trees the race of man is found"—
 Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
 Or in their hearts imprint this solemn truth ;
 For hope is near to all, but most to youth.
 Hope's vernal season leads the laughing hours,
 And strews o'er every path the fairest flowers :
 To cloud the scene no distant mists appear ;
 Age moves no thought, and death awakes no fear.
 Ah ! how unmindful is the giddy crowd
 Of the small span to youth and life allow'd !
 Ye who reflect, the short-lived good employ,
 And while the power remains, indulge your joy.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

** From the Greek of Ariphron of Sicyon***Translated by Robert Bland.*

HEALTH, brightest visitant from heaven,
 Grant me with thee to rest !
 For the short term by nature given,
 Be thou my constant guest !
 For all the pride that wealth bestows,
 The pleasure that from children flows,
 What'e'er we court in regal state
 That makes men covet to be great ;
 Whatever sweets we hope to find
 In love's delightful snares,
 Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,
 Whatever pause from cares,
 All flourish at thy smile divine :
 The spring of loveliness is thine ;
 And every joy that warms our hearts
 With thee approaches and departs.

THE ROSE. A FRAGMENT, ATTRIBUTED TO SAPPHO†.

Translated by Thomas Moore.

IF Jove would give the leafy bowers
 A Queen for all their world of flowers,
 The Rose would be the choice of Jove,
 And blush, the queen of every grove.
 Sweetest child of weeping morning,
 Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
 Eye of flowerets, glow of lawns,
 Bud of beauty nurs'd by dawns ;
 Soft the soul of love it breathes,
 Cypria's brow with magic wreathes,
 And to the Zephyr's warm caresses
 Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
 Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
 It blushes a diviner ray !

ODE.

From the Greek of Anacreon.**Translated by Thomas Moore.*

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,
 She drinks the droppings of the sky ;
 And then the dewy cordial gives
 To every thirsty plant that lives.
 And vapours which at evening weep,
 Are beverage to the swelling deep.
 And when the rosy sun appears,
 He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
 The moon too quaffs her paly stream
 Of lustre from the solar beam.
 Then hence with all your sober thinking,
 Since Nature's holy law is drinking ;
 I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
 And pledge the universe in wine.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

*From the Greek of Anacreon.**Translated by Francis Faukes.*

THE sable night had spread around
 This nether world a gloom profound ;
 No silver moon nor stars appear,
 And strong Brôtes urg'd the Bear :
 The race of man, with toils oppress'd
 Enjoy the balmy sweets of rest ;
 When from the heav'nly court of Jove
 Descended swift the god of love,
 (Ah me ! I tremble to relate)
 And loudly thunder'd at my gate.
 "Who's there ?" I cry'd, "Who breaks my door
 At this unseasonable hour !"
 The god, with well-dissembled sighs,
 And moan insidious thus replies :
 "Pray ope the door, dear Sir—'tis I,
 A harmless miserable boy ;
 Benumb'd with cold and rain I stray
 A long, uncomfortable way—
 The winds with blust'ring horror roar—
 'Tis dismal dark—Pray ope the door."
 Quite unsuspecting of a foe
 I listen'd to the tale of woe,
 Compassion touch'd my breast, and strait
 I struck a light, unbar'd the gate ;
 When, lo ! a winged boy I spy'd,
 With bow and quiver at his side :
 I wonder'd at his strange attire ;
 Then friendly plac'd him near the fire.
 My heart was bounteous and benign,
 I warm'd his little hands in mine,
 Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
 And wrung the water from his hair.
 Soon as the fraudful youth was warm,
 "Let's try," says he, "if any harm
 Has chanc'd my bow this stormy night ;
 I fear the wet has spoil'd it quite."
 With that he bent the fatal yew,
 And to the head an arrow drew :

‡ Nothing is known of the personal history of this poet.
 † This poetess flourished about the forty-second Olympiad.

* Anacreon was born in the second year of the fifty-fifth Olympiad.

Loud twang'd the sounding string, the dart
Pierced through my liver and my heart.
Then laugh'd amon the wanton boy,
And, "Friend," he cry'd, "I wish thee joy ;
Undamag'd is my bow, I see,
But what a wretch I've made of thee."

HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.

From the Greek of Anacreon.

BEST and happiest artisan,
Best of painters, if you can,
With your many-colour'd art
Paint the mistress of my heart ;
Describe the charms you hear from me
(Her charms you could not paint and see),
And make the absent nymph appear
As if her lovely self were here.

First draw her easy-flowing hair,
As soft and black as she is fair ;
And, if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly ;
Beneath the shade of flowing jet,
The ivory forehead smoothly set.
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend,
That the fair space which lies between
The meeting shade may scarce be seen.
The eye must be uncommon fire,
Sparkle, languish, and desire ;
The flames unseen must yet be felt,
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow.

Let her lips persuasion wear,
In silence elegantly fair :
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be sure to deck
With every grace her polish'd neck ;
While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
In the swelling bosom meet.
The rest in purple garments veil,
Her body, not her shape conceal.
Enough !—the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will speak anon*.

THE CHOICE.

From the Greek of Moschus.

Translated by F. Faukes.

WHEN zephyrs gently curl the azure main,
On land impatient, I can scarce sustain
At ease to dwell ; a calm yields more delight :
But when old Ocean to a mountain's height
Rolls with tremendous roar, his foaming floods,
I loathe the sea, and sigh for fields and woods.

* The above translation appears in one of Steele's papers in *The Guardian*.

† Flourished about 290 years before Christ.

Safe is the land ; then piny forests please,
Though hoarse winds whistle through the bending
trees
Hapless the fisher's life ! the sea his toil,
His house a bark, and faithless fish his spoil.
But O ! to me how sweet are slumbers, laid
Beneath a lofty plane's embowering shade :
And thence the tinkling of a rill to hear,
Whose sound gives pleasure unallayed by fear !

ANACREONTIC.

From the Greek of Julian.*

Translated by J. H. Mcrivale.

WHILE for my fair a wreath I twined
Of all the flowers which spring discloses,
It was my evil fate to find
Cupid lurking in the roses.

I seized the little struggling boy,
I plunged him in the mantling cup,
Then pledged it with a rapturous joy,
And mad with rapture drank him up.

But ever since, within my breast,
All uncontroll'd the urchin rages,
Disturbs my labour, breaks my rest,
And an eternal warfare wages.

PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

From the Latin of Lucretius†.

Translated by Charles A. Elton.

'Tis sweet, when rising whirlwinds turbid sweep
O'er the great sea and heave its waters deep,
To stand upon a rock, and view from shore
Some other strive and buffet with the roar ;
Not that another's sufferings yield delight,
But ill's unfelt are pleasant to the sight.
'Tis sweet, remote from peril, to survey
The mighty battle roll its dense array
O'er the far plains ; and sweet to climb on high
The pinnacles of calm Philosophy,
And thence look down on those who wander wide
Life's mazy road, and search on every side ;
In rivalry the palm of genius claim ;
Contend for honours of a noble name ;
Toil with the break of morn, at midnight's hour ;
Emerge to wealth, or grasp the reins of power‡.

* Not Julian, the Apostate, but Julian the prefect of Egypt. See the Article on the Greek Anthology in Blackwood's Magazine, July, 1833.

† Lucretius was born about the second year of the 171st Olympiad—or about the 65th year of Rome.

‡ Lord Bacon has given a translation of a part of this passage in his Essay on Truth.—"It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tost upon the sea ; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below ; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below ; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride."

TROY BESIEGED BY THE GREEKS.—FRIENDSHIP OF
NISUS AND EURYALUS: THEIR UNHAPPY FATE.

From the Latin of Virgil.*

Translated by John Dryden.

THE post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard ; to watch the walls ;
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand :
And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs command :

All clad in shining arms the works invest ;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy
ground ;

They laugh, they sing, the jolly howls go round :
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day ;
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld ;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd :
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore ;
Join works to works with bridges ; tower to tower :
Thus all things needful for defence abound ;
Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round :
Commission'd by their absent prince to share
The common danger, and divide the care,
The soldiers draw their lots ; and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.

Nigh were the foes their utmost guards advance
To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hirtucus of noble blood ;
His mother was a huntress of the wood ;
And sent him to the wars ; well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear :
But, better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
Beside him stood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast.
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun ;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd ;
And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.

Then Nisus, thus : Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire ?
A generous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest ;
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou seest the foe secure : how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires ! the most in sleep supine
Along the ground an easy conquest lie ;
The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply :
All hush around. Now hear what I revolve ;
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn ;
By message both would hasten his return :
If they confer what I demand on thee
(For fame is recompence enough for me),
Methinks beneath yon hill, I have espied
A way that safely will my passage guide.

Euryalus stood listening while he spoke,
With love of praise, and noble envy struck ;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind :
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd ?
Think'st thou I can, my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field ?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms,
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms ;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase fame.

Then Nisus, thus : Alas ! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears ;
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war :
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life : I would not perish all.
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date :
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate :
To bear my mangled body from the foe ;
Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow.
Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O let me not the widow's tears renew :
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue ;
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily.
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When every weary matron staid behind.
To this Euryalus : You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain ;
No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes
The nodding watch ; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures else forgot their daily care ;
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share :
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sat
In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief ;
Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
Remote their clamour, and secure from foes,
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear,
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admission eager to be heard ;
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd
Ascanius bids them be conducted in ;
Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
Then Nisus thus : Ye fathers, lend your ears,
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Neglect their watch ; the fires but thinly shine ;
And where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Covering the plain, and curling to the skies,
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,

* Virgil flourished in the time of Augustus, and was born in the year of Rome 683. He died at the age of 54.

Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may ;
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way ;
 For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between :
 And know the winding course, with every ford.
 He ceas'd ; and old Ælethes took the word.
 Our country gods, in whom our trust we place
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race :
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.
 Then into tears of joy the father broke ;
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took :
 Panted, and paus'd ; and thus again he spoke :
 Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 In recompence of such desert, decree ?
 The greatest sure, and best you can receive,
 The gods, and your own conscious worth, will
 give.

The rest our grateful general will bestow ;
 And young Ascanius till his manhood owe.
 And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
 Ascanius adds, by the great deities,
 By my dear country, by my household-gods,
 By hoary Vesta's rites, and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both (on you my fortune stands,
 That and my faith I plight into your hands) :
 Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wonted presence I can only mourn,
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be,
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery :
 And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
 My conquering sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd.
 And more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
 With two great talents of the finest gold :
 Beside a costly bowl, engrav'd with art,
 Which Dido gave when first she gave her heart.
 But it in conquer'd Italy we reign,
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,
 Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
 That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
 And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy
 share ;

Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids young
 and fair,

And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
 And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
 And a large portion of the king's domains.
 But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
 No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
 From thee, heroic youth ; be wholly mine :
 Take full possession ; all my soul is thine.
 One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend ;
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend ;
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,
 And to thy conduct my concerns in war.

Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd :
 Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
 This only from your goodness let me gain
 (And this ungranted, all rewards are vain) :

Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
 And sure the best that ever bore the name :
 Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold
 From me departing, but, o'erspent, and old,
 My fate she follow'd ; ignorant of this,
 Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave ;
 And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
 By this right hand, and conscious might I swear,
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
 Be you her comfort ; fill my vacant place
 (Permit me to resume so great a grace).
 Support her age, forsaken and distress'd ;
 That hope alone will fortify my breast
 Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.
 He said : the mov'd assistants melt in tears,
 Then thus Ascanius (wonder-struck to see
 That image of his filial piety) :
 So great beginnings, in so green an age,
 Exact the faith, which I again engage.
 Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
 Creusa had : and only want the name.
 Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
 'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
 Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
 (My father us'd it) what returning here
 Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
 That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.

He said ; and weeping while he spoke the word,
 From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
 Magnificent with gold. Lycæon made,
 And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade :
 This was his gift : great Mnesthus gave his friend
 A lion's hide, his body to defend :
 And good Ælethes furnish'd him beside,
 With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
 Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate.
 With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
 Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
 And messages committed to their cure,
 Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd ; then took their
 way

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay ;
 To many fatal, ere themselves were slain : [plain.
 They found the careless host dispers'd upon the
 Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore ;
 Unbarnes'd chariots stand along the shore ;
 Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
 A medley of debauch and war they lie.
 Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight ;
 Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
 Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd ;
 There lies our way ; be thou upon the guard,
 And look around, while I securely go,
 And hew a passage through the sleeping foe.
 Softly he spoke ; then, striding, took his way,
 With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay :
 His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath,
 And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath :
 A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd ;
 But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd ;
 Him, and his sleeping slaves, he slew. Then spies

Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies :
 His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
 His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels :
 And his lov'd horses : last invades their lord ;
 Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword :
 The gasping head flies off ; a purple flood
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood :
 Which, by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
 The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
 Lamus the bold, and Lamyris the strong,
 He slew ; and then Serranus fair and young.
 From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
 And puff'd the fuming god from out his breast :
 Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play ;
 More lucky had it lasted till the day.
 The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
 O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold ;
 And tears the peaceful flocks ; with silent awe
 Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
 Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
 The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys :
 But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew ;
 He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhætus slew.
 Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
 But Rhætus, wakeful, and observing all,
 Behind a spacious jar he shrink'd for fear ;
 The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
 For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
 And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
 The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood :
 The purple soul comes floating in the flood.
 Now where Messapus quarter'd they arrive ;
 The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
 The warrior-horses tied in order fed ;
 Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said,
 Our eager thirst of blood may both betray ;
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
 For to nocturnal theft : no more, my friend,
 Here let our glutt'd execution end ;
 A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made ;
 The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd,
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
 A precious load ; but these they leave behind.
 Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey,
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhannus lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
 The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
 This present Cedicus the rich bestow'd
 On Remulus, when friendship first their vow'd ;
 And absent, join'd in hospitable ties ;
 He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize :
 Till by the conquering Ardean troops oppress'd,
 He fell ; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
 These glittering spoils (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits ; but suits in vain.
 Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
 But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
 Three hundred horse with Volscens for their guide.
 The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,
 But the swift horse the slower foot prevent ;

And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
 They saw the pair ; for thro' the doubtful shade
 His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd,
 'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volscens, from the crowd,
 These men go there ; then rais'd his voice aloud :
 Stand, stand : why thus in arms, and whither bent :
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent ?
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
 To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to night.
 The speedy horse all passages belay,
 And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way ;
 And watch each entrance of the winding wood ;
 Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood ;
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
 Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear misled the younger from his way.
 But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
 And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd ;
 And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
 Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
 Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
 And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around :
 Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
 Th' unhappy youth ; where shall I hope to find ;
 Or what way take ! Again he ventures back :
 And treads the mazes of his former track,
 He winds the wood, and listening hears the noise
 Of trampling coursers, and the rider's voice.
 The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
 The foes enclosing, and his friend pursu'd :
 Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
 What should he next attempt ? What arms employ ?
 What fruitless force to free the captive boy ;
 Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
 With odds oppress, in such unequal strife ?
 Resolv'd at length his pointed spear he took ;
 And casting on the moon a mournful look,
 Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,
 Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright :
 If e'er my pious father for my sake,
 Did grateful offerings on thy altars make ;
 Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
 And hung the holy roofs with savage spoils,
 Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
 The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove ;
 Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken wood.
 He staggers round ; his eye-balls roll in death,
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
 All stand amaz'd ; a second javelin flies
 With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies :
 This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
 And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
 Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
 Descri'd not him who gave the fatal wound :
 Nor knew to fix revenge. But thou, he cries,
 Shall pay for both, and at the prisoner flies

With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep
 despair,
 That cruel sight the lover could not bear :
 But from his covert rush'd in open view ;
 And sent his voice before him as he flew :
 Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone
 On me ; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth ;
 Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth !
 His only crime (if friendship can offend)
 Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
 Too late he speaks ; the sword, which fury guides,
 Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
 Down fell the beauteous youth ; the yawning wound
 Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
 His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
 Like a fair flower by the keen share oppress'd :
 Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
 Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
 Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd :
 Volsens he seeks : on him alone he bends ;
 Borne back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
 Onward he press'd ; and kept him still in sight ;
 Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might :
 Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke
 Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen
 broke :

Dying he flew ; and staggering on the plain,
 With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain :
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell ;
 Content in death to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends ! for, if my verse can give,
 Immortal life, your fame, shall ever live :
 Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies ;
 And spread where'er the Roman eagle flies !

The conquering party first divide the prey,
 Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
 With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
 To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
 Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found :
 Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround :
 And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
 All knew the helmet which Messapus lost ;
 But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
 Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed ;
 And, with the dawn of day, the skies o'erspread.
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
 But added colours to the world reveal'd.

When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
 All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
 His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd ;
 And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
 This done, to give new terror to his foes,
 The heads of Nisus, and his friend he shows,
 Rais'd high on pointed spears : a ghastly sight ;
 Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls ;
 They line their trenches, and they man their walls :
 In front extended to the left they stood :
 Safe was the right surrounded by the flood.
 But casting from their towers a frightful view,
 They saw the faces which too well they knew ;
 Though then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er

With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore,
 Soon hasty fame, through the sad city bears
 The mournful message to the mother's ears :
 An icy cold benumbs her limbs : she shakes :
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes,
 She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
 Nor fears the flying darts : she rends her hair,
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
 Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears !
 Thus looks the prop of my declining years !
 Was't on his face my famish'd eyes I fed !
 Ah how unlike the living is the dead ?
 And couldst thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son !
 No look, no last adieu before he went,
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent !
 Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
 To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey !
 Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies ;
 To call about his corpse his crying friends,
 Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
 On his dear body, which I wove with care,
 Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
 Where shall I find his corpse ? What earth sustains
 His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains ?
 For this, alas ! I left my needful ease,
 Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas !
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts :
 Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
 And send me thunder-struck to shades below !
 Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,
 Unman their courage and augment their fears :
 Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain :
 But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent,
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.

[Dryden's *Virgil's Æneis*, Book IX.]

NIGHT SCENE.

From the Latin of Virgil.

• Translated by John Dryden.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
 Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose :
 The winds no longer whisper through the woods.
 Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods ;
 The stars in silent order moved around,
 And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
 ground.
 The flocks and herds, and party colored fowl,
 Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
 Stretched on the quiet earth securely lay,
 Forgetting the past labors of the day.
 All else of Nature's common gift partake ;
 Unhappy Dido was alone awake*.

[*Æneis*, Book IV.]

* The following is Pitt's translation of the same scene.

'Twas night ; and weary with the toils of day,
 In soft repose the whole creation lay,
 The murmers of the groves and surges die
 The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky ;

RURAL HAPPINESS*.

*From the Latin of Virgil.**Translated by Dryden.*

O HAPPY, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land !
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
To admit the tides of early visitants,

Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
The flocks lie stretched beneath the flowery plains.
The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods ;
All, all, beneath the general darkness, share
In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care ;
All but the hopeless Queen, &c.

In the notes to Fawkes's translation of the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius it is observed that the following passage evidently furnished Virgil with the hint of his night scene.

Now rising shades a solemn scene display
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the ethereal way ;
All night the sailor marks the northern team
And golden circlet of Orion's beam ;
A deep repose the weary watchman shares,
And the faint wanderer sleeps away his cares !
E'en the fond maid, while yet all breathless lies
Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes.
No sound of village-dog, no noise invades
The deathlike silence of the midnight shades,
Alone Medea wakes ;—&c.

[Argonautics, Book III.]

I leave the reader to form his own opinion of the comparative merits of these descriptions.—*Computer.*

* As this is a very celebrated passage it may be as well to give more than one translation. Dryden's is very spirited but it is rather too paraphrastic. The original consists of 17 lines, of which Dryden has made 34. The following translation by Sotheby is much closer. I have tried myself to produce one rather closer even than his, but with what success the classical reader will determine. I have not hesitated, in two or three places, to use the same expressions when perfectly true to the original.—*Computer.*

Am I happy swain ! ah ! race beloved of heaven !
Too blest, if conscious of the blessing given !
For the just Earth from her prolific beds,
Far from wild war spontaneous plenty sheds—
Though nor high domes thro' all their portals wide,
Each morn disgorge the flatterer's refulgent tide ;
Though nor thy gaze on tortoise columns rest,
The Ephyrean brass, and gold wrought vest,
Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil
Nor Cassia taint thy uncorrupted oil ;
Yet peace is thine, and life that knows no change,
And various wealth in nature's boundless range.
The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
And lowing herds, and sheep in soothing shade,
Thine, all of tame and wild, in lawn and field !
That pastured plains or savage woodlands yield ;
Content and patience youth's long toils assuage,
Repose and reverence tend declining age.
There hallow'd shrines, and, as she fled mankind,
There Justice left her last lone trace behind.

Sotheby.

Am I happy swains ! if they their bliss but knew,
Whom far from boisterous war, Earth's bosom true
With easy food supplies. If they behold,
No lofty dome its gorgeous gates unfold,
And pour at morn from all its chambers wide
Of flattering visitants the mighty tide,
Nor gaze on beauteous columns richly wrought,
Or tissued robes or busts from Corinth brought ;
Nor their white wool with Tyrian poison soil,
Nor taint with Cassia's bark their native oil ;
Yet peace is theirs ; a life true bliss that yields ;
And various wealth, leisure mid ample fields,
Grottoes, and living lakes, and valleys green,
And lowing herds ; and 'neath a sylvan screen
Delicious slumbers. There the lawn and cave
With beasts of chase abound. The young ne'er crave
A prouder lot ; their patient toil is cheered ;
Their gods are worshipp'd, and their sires revered ;
And there when Justice passed from earth away
She left the latest traces of her sway.

D. L. R.

With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten from high pedestals ;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests, which through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill dissembled gold :
He boasts no wool whose native white is dyed
With purple poison of Assyrian pride :
No costly drugs of Araby defile
With foreign scents the sweetness of his oil ;
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty, the rich owner bless ;
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys—
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound ;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inured to hardship and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train ;
Nor are the gods adored with rites profane.
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

[Georgics, Book II.]

TO CHLOE.

From the Latin of Horace.**Translated by Dr. Philip Francis.*

Chloe being now marriageable, Horace reproves her affected coyness.

CHLOE flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequester'd lawn
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently-breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion, fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game
To destroy her tender frame.

TO VIRGIL.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Horace admonishes his friend to bear with patience the death of Quintilius.

WHEREFORE restrain the tender tear ?
Why blush to weep for one so dear ?
Sweet muse, of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quintilius—sunk to endless rest,
With death's eternal sleep oppress'd !

* Horace was born 65 years before Christ or in the year of Rome 746.

Oh ! when shall Faith, of soul sincere,
Of Justice pure the sister fair,
And Modesty, unspotted maid,
And Truth in artless guise array'd,
Among the race of humankind
An equal to Quintilius find ?

How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn ?
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain ;
Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
In vain do you the gods implore
Thy loved Quintilius to restore ;
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature fated to the grave.

What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the list'ning trees along,
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat*.
The shadowy form to animate :
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
'Tis hard : but patience must endure,
And soothe the woes it cannot cure.

TO APOLLO.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Horace asserts that a sound state of body and mind, together with a taste for poetry, exceeds all other blessings of life.

WHEN at Apollo's hallow'd shrue
The poet hails the power divine,
And here his first libations pours,
What is the blessing he implores ?
He nor desires the swelling grain,
That yellows o'er Sardinia's plain ;
Nor the fair herds, that lowing feed
On warm Calabria's flowery mead ;
Nor ivory, of spotless shine ;
Nor gold, forth-flaming from its mine ;
Nor the rich fields, that Liris laves,
And eats away with silent waves.

Let others quaff the racy wine,
To whom kind Fortune gives the vine ;
The golden goblet let him drain
Who vent'rous ploughs the Atlantic main,
Bless'd with three safe returns a year,
For he to every god is dear.

To me boon Nature frankly yields
Her wholesome sallad from the fields ;
Nor ask I more, than sense and health
Still to enjoy my present wealth.
From age and all its weakness free
Oh son of Jove, preserved by thee,
Give me to strike the tuneful lyre,
And thou my latest song inspire !

* The theology of the ancients taught, that when a man was dead, his soul or the spiritual part of him went to heaven ; that his body continued in the earth ; and his image or shadow went to hell. The image was a corporeal part of the soul, a kind of subtle body, with which it was clothed.—This and the following notes are by various commentators. They are given in Francis's Horace.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS*.

From the same, and by the same translator.

In this ode the proper use of riches is delineated, together with the happiness of that man who can subdue his passions.

GOLD hath no lustre of its own,
It shines by temperate use alone,
And when in earth it hoarded lies,
My Sallust can the mass despise.
With never-failing wing shall fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Procleius†, who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.
By virtue's precepts to control
The furious passions of the soul
Is over wider realms to reign,
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Libya join,
And both the Carthages were thine.
The dropsy, by indulgence nursed,
Pursues us with increasing thirst,
Till art expels the cause, and drains
The wat'ry languor from our veins‡.
But virtue can the crowd unteach
Their false, mistaken forms of speech ;
Virtue, to crowds a foe profess'd,
Disdains to number with the bless'd
Phrautes, by his slaves adored,
And to the Parthian crown restored,
But gives the diadem, the throne,
And laurel wreath to him alone,
Who can a treasured mass of gold
With firm, undazzled eye behold.

TO LYDIA§.

From the same, and by the same translator.

A Dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

Horace. WHILE I was pleasing to your arms,
Nor any youth of happier charms,
Thy snowy bosom blissful press'd,
Not Persia's king like me was bless'd.
Lydia. While for no other fair you burn'd,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
What maid was then so bless'd as thine ?
Not Ilia's fame could equal mine.

* Sallust was a courtier of a philosophical character. Contented with the rank in which he was born, like a faithful follower of Epicurus he knew how to join an open, unbounded luxury to a laborious care of the public affairs ; and the poet, in setting forth the maxims of Epicurean philosophy, seems indirectly to applaud the person who could thus bound his desires, and enjoy with honor the considerable fortune his uncle had raised.

† Procleius had two brothers, Terentius and Licinius. Terentius was designed consul in the year seven hundred and thirty, but died before he could enter on his office. Licinius unfortunately engaged himself in a conspiracy against Augustus, nor could all the interest of his brother Procleius and Mecenas, who had married his sister Terentia, preserve him from banishment. An old commentator relates a particular story, which greatly enlightens this passage. He says that Procleius divided his patrimony with his brothers, whose fortunes were ruined in the civil wars.

‡ The ancients frequently compared the covetous and ambitious to persons afflicted with a dropsy. Water only irritates the thirst of the one, as honors and riches provoke the insatiable appetite of the other. Indeed great fortunes rather enlarge, than fill our desires.

§ Horace in this ode hath found an art of joining the politeness of courts to the simplicity of the country.

H. Now Chloe reigns ; her voice and lyre
Melt down the soul to soft desire,
Nor will I fear e'en death, to save*
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

L. My heart young Calais inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutual fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.

H. Yet what if love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke ;
Should I shake off bright Chloe's chain,
And take my Lydia home again† ?—

L. Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star ;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas,
When vex'd with storms ; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA†.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Horace promises to the fountain a sacrifice, and renown from his verses.

FOUNTAIN, whose waters far surpass
The shining face of polish'd glass,
To thee, the goblet, crown'd with flowers,
Grateful the rich libation pours ;
A goat, whose horns begin to spread,
And bending arm his swelling head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which war, or kindling love inspires,
Now meditates his blow in vain,——
His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.
When the fierce dogstar's fervid ray
Flames froth, and sets on fire the day.
To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
You a refreshing coolness yield.
Or to the labor-wearied Team
Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The oak, that spreads thy rocks around,
From whence thy babbling waters bound.

* According to the superstition of the ancients, who believed that the death of one person might be prevented by that of another. From hence came the custom of those devotements, made for the lives of princes.

† Horace was willing to try whether Lydia would consent to a reconciliation ; but, to avoid a refusal, he leaves the sense unfinished, and rather insinuates than expresses his own inclination ; or perhaps the break is owing to the warmth of Lydia, who interrupts him, and prevents what he was going to say.

‡ A beautiful fountain in the estate of a great poet ought to be immortal ; and surely as long as the name of Horace shall live, or as long as poetry shall be loved, the name of Bandusia shall be remembered among the poetical fountains Castalia, Aganippe, Hippocrene, &c. There is in this ode an inimitable simplicity of description, and it is yet more valuable, as it is a curious example of the sacrifices offered to fountains, or rather to the deities who presided over them.

TO TORQUATUS.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Horace exhorts Torquatus to live in a cheerful and joyous manner, by representing to him the certainty of death.

THE snow dissolves, the field its verdure spreads,
The trees high wave in air their leafy heads ;
Earth feels the change ; the rivers calm subside,
And smooth along their banks decreasing glide ;
The elder Grace, with her fair sister-train,
In naked beauty dances o'er the plain.
The circling Hours, that swiftly wing their way,
And in their flight consume the smiling day ;
Those circling Hours, and all the various year,
Convince us nothing is immortal here.

In vernal gales cold winter melts away ;
Soon wastes the spring in summer's burning ray :
Yet summer dies in autumn's fruitful reign,
And slow-paced winter soon returns again.
The moon renews her orb with growing light ;
But when we sink into the depths of night*,
Where all the good, the rich, the brave are laid,
Our best remains are ashes and a shade.

Who knows, that heaven, with ever-bounteous power†,

Shall add to-morrow to the present hour ?
The wealth, you give to pleasure and delight,
Far from thy ravening heir shall speed its flight :
But soon as Minos, throned in awful state,
Shall o'er thee speak the solemn words of fate,
Nor virtue, birth, nor eloquence divine,
Shall bid the grave its destined prey resign :
Nor chaste Diana from infernal night
Could bring her modest favorite back to light ;
And hell-descending Theseus strove in vain
To break his amorous friend's Lethean chain.

THE DOG IN THE RIVER.

From the Latin of Phadrus.

Translated by Christopher Smart.

THE churl that wants another's fare
Deserves at least to lose his share.
As through the stream a dog convey'd
A piece of meat, he spied his shade
In the clear mirror of the flood,
And thinking it was flesh and blood,
Snapp'd to deprive him of the treat :—
But mark the glutton's self-defeat,
Miss'd both another's and his own,
Both shade and substance, beef and bone.

* The seasons return and are renewed, but man dies once, and for ever. There is a beautiful passage in the third Idyl of Moschus on the death of Bion, which perhaps our poet had in his view.

Our plants and trees revive ; the breathing rose
With annual youth, in pride of beauty glows ;
But when the masterpiece of nature dies,
Man, who alone is great, and grave, and wise,
No more he rises to the realms of light,
But sleeps unwaking in eternal night.

† This is a second motive to persuade Torquatus not to neglect any opportunity of pleasure. It is even more pressing than the first ; for to represent to a man that he shall certainly die hereafter, is not so forcibly a manner of bidding him enjoy the present hour, as if he told him perhaps he may die to-morrow. To deter our pleasures is probably to lose them for ever, and death is a law which Nature publishes through all her works.

‡ Little is known of the personal history of this writer. The date of his birth is not recorded, but he is supposed to have lived to the age of seventy. He was patronized by Augustus.

THE STAG AT THE FOUNTAIN.

From the same, and by the same translator.

FULL often what you now despise
Proves better than the things you prize ;
Let Esop's narrative decide :

A Stag beheld, with conscious pride,
(As at the fountain-head he stood)
His image in the silver flood,
And there extols his branching horns,
While his poor spindle-shanks he scorns—
But, lo ! he hears the hunter's cries,
And, frighten'd, o'er the champaign flies—
His swiftness baffles the pursuit ;
At length a wood receives the brute,
And by his horns entangled there,
The pack began his flesh to tear :
Then dying thus he wail'd his fate :
' Unhappy me ! and wise too late !
How useful what I did disdain !
How grievous that which made me vain !'

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

From the same, and by the same translator.

HIS folly in repentance ends,
Who to a flatt'ring knave attends.
A Crow, her hunger to appease,
Had from a window stolen some cheese,
And sitting on a lofty pine
In state, was just about to dine.
This, when a Fox observed below,
He thus harangued the foolish Crow :
' Lady, how beauteous to the view
Those glossy plumes of sable hue !
Thy features how divinely fair !
With what a shape, and what an air !
Could you but frame your voice to sing,
You'd have no rival on the wing.'
But she, now willing to display
Her talents in the vocal way,
Let go the cheese of luscious taste,
Which reynard seized with greedy haste.
The grudging dupe now sees at last
That for her folly she must fast.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

From the Latin of Ovid.**Translated by A. Pope.*

No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd ; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought ;

* Born 43 years before Christ—died at the age of 60.

Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery Lotos grows ;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie.
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son ;
And I myself the same rash act had done,
But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form ; and fixing here became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd :
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above ;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below :
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate ;
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear and for their Dryope inquire ;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind ;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' un pitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
In mutual innocence our lives we led :
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey !
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,

To hail this tree ; and say, with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
 Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
 My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
 If in your breasts, or love or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
 Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
 I can no more : the creeping mild invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades ;
 Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ;
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
 Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

[*Odus Metamorphosis, Book*

THE SACRED GROVE.

From the Latin of Lucan.*

Translated by Nicholas Rowe.

Not far away for ages past had stood
 An old inviolated sacred wood ;
 Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
 A chilly cheerless everlasting shade :
 There, nor the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport,
 Nor fauns and sylviæ with the nymphs resort ;
 But barbarous priests some dreadful power adore,
 And lustrate every tree with human gore.
 If mysteries in times of old receiv'd,
 And pious awe may yet be believ'd,
 There not the feather'd song or builds her nest,
 Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast :
 There no tempestuous winds presune to fly,
 Even lightnings glance about, and shoot obliquely by.
 No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
 But shivering horror in the branches heaves.
 Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,
 And bubbling tumble with a sullen sound.
 Old images of forms misshapen stand,
 Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand ;
 With hoary filth begrin'd, each ghastly head
 Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
 No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
 Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd :
 But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
 And still the less they know, they fear the more.
 Oft (as Fæne tells) the earth in sounds of woe
 Is heard to groan from hollow depths below ;
 The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen
 To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green ;

With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
 And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.
 The pious worshippers approach not near,
 But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear :
 The priest himself, when, or the day, or night,
 Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
 Retrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
 Dreading the demon of the grove to meet ;
 Who, terrible to sight, at that fix'd hour,
 Still treads the round about his dreary bower.

This wood near neighb'ring to th' encompass'd
 town
 Untouch'd by former wars remain'd alone ;
 And since the country round it naked stands,
 From hence the Latian chief supplies demands.
 But lo ! the bolder hands, that should have struck,
 With some unusual horror trembling shook :
 With silent dread and reverence they survey'd
 The gloom majestic of the sacred shade :
 None dares with impious steel the bark to rend,
 Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend.
 Cæsar perceiv'd the spreading fear to grow,
 Then eager, caught an axe, and aim'd a blow.
 Deep sunk within a violated oak
 The wounding edge, and thus the warrior spoke :
 " Now let no doubting hand the task decline ;
 Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine."
 The trembling bands unavailingly obey'd ;
 Two various ills were in the balance laid,
 And Cæsar's wrath against the gods was weigh'd.
 Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow ;
 The lofty ash and knotty holm lay low ;
 The floating alder by the current born,
 The cypress by the noble mourner worn,
 Veil their aerial summits, and display
 Their dark recesses to the golden day :
 Crowding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
 And heap'd on high the leafy piles arise.
 With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
 Their holy grove by impious soldiers fell'd ;
 While the Massilians, from th' encompass'd wall,
 Regret'd to see the sylvan honors fall.
 They hope such power can never prosper long,
 Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.
 But, ah ! too oft success to guilt is given,
 And wretches only stand the mark of Heaven,
 With timber largely from the wood supply'd.
 For wans the legions search the country wide ;
 Then from the crooked plough wyoke the steer,
 And leave the sown to mourn the fruitless year.

[*Lucan's Icaralia, Book III.*

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AMMON.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Now to the sacred temple they draw near,
 Whose only altars Libyan lands revere ;
 There but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd.
 A form uncouth, stands Heaven's almighty lord.
 No regal ensigns grace his potent hand,
 Nor shakes he there the lightning's flaming brand :
 But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
 Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.

* A Roman Poet born at Corduba, in Spain about A. D. 38. He went to Rome when a child. He died at the age of 27.

There though he reigns unrivall'd and alone,
O'er the rich neighbours of the torrid zone;
Though swarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the blest, and wealthy Inde;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are seen,
To blaze upon his shrines with costly sheen;
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,
Such as, to whom our great forefathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temples safe from Roman gold.
Here and here only, through wide Libya's space,
Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace;
Here the loose sands by plenteous springs are
bound,

Knit to a mass, and moulded into ground:
Here smiling Nature wears a fertile dress,
And all things here the present god confess.
Yet here the Sun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically shines:
Hence, e'en the trees no friendly shelter yield,
Scarce their own trunks the leafy branches shield;
The rays descend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central point the shadow chase.
Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant Zodiac in its round:
Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion rise,
Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the skies:
Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
Nor bids the Maid the fishy sign descend.
The Boys and Centaur justly time divide,
And equally their several seasons guide:
Alike the Crab and wintery Goat return,
Alike the Lion and the flowing Urn.
If any farther nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan fires, and scorching zone;
Northward from them the Sun's bright course is
made,

And to the southward strikes the leaning shade:
There slow Bootes, with his lazy wain
Descending, seems, to reach the watery main.
Of all the lights which high above they see,
No star whate'er from Neptune's waves is free,
The whirling axle drives them round, and plunges in
the sea.

Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crowds of eastern pilgrims wait:
These from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His host, (as crowds are superstitious still)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And foud to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
Entreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common suit to Cato mov'd:

"Chance, and the fortune of the way," he said,
"Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:
This greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wise! and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust!
To thee their fore-determin'd will shall tell:

Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it
well.

Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
To impious Caesar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at least, thy country's doom.
Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore:
Or else, if laws and right shall be no more.
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind."

Full of the god that dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might
well

Become e'en oracles themselves to tell.

"Where would thy fond, thy vain inquiry go?
What mystic fate, what secret would'st thou know?
Is it a doubt if death should be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than see a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or would'st thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?
What by old age and length of days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the sense of pain?
Or if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The universal malice of mankind,
Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind?
If stable virtue can her ground maintain,
Whilst fortune feebly threatens and throws in vain?
If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,
And honesty consist in meaning well?
It might be independent of success,
And conquest cannot make it more nor less?
Are these, my friend, the secrets thou would'st
know,

Those doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.
From God don't, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though our priests are mute, and temples still,
God never wants a voice to speak his will.
When first we from the teeming womb were brought,
With in-born precepts then our souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our useful knowledge then.
Canst thou believe, the vast Eternal Mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confin'd?
That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd?
Is there a place that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon Heaven above,
And virtuous minds, the noblest throne for Jove?
Why seek we farther then? Behold around,
How all thou seest does with the God abound,
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling priests for oracles repair;

One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain soul from doubt has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.*
So spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
But left the crowd at freedom to believe,
And take such answers as the priest should give.

[*Lucan's Pharsalia, Book IX.*]

IMITATIVE HARMONY.

From the Latin of Vida.*

Translated by Christopher Pitt.

ATTEND, young bard, and listen while I sing;
Lo! I unlock the muses' sacred spring;
Lo! Phœbus calls thee to his inmost shrine;
Hark! in one common voice, the tuneful nine
Invite and court thee to the rites divine.
When first to man the privilege was given,
To hold by verse an intercourse with heaven,
Unwilling that th' immortal art should lie
Cheap and expos'd to every vulgar eye,
Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
Which more exalted spirits may pursue,
And left it open to the sacred few.
For many a painful task, in every part,
Claims all the poet's vigilance and art.
'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, numbers, or discern'd feet;
Or render things, by clear expression bright,
And set each object in a proper light:
To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense:
The correspondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the men the same.
His thoughts the bard must suitably express,
Each in a different face and different dress;
Lest in unvary'd looks the crowd be shown,
And the whole multitude appear as one.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
That, vast of size, his limbs, huge, broad, and strong,
Moves ponderous, and scarce drags his bulk along,
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And Venus, breathes on every limb a grace:
That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows,
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind:
At once the image and the lines appear
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Nor are those figures given without a cause,
But fixt and settled by determin'd laws;
All claim and wear, as their deserts are known,
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.
Lo! when the sailors steer the ponderous ships,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around;

Beneath their labouring oars the waves resound,
The prow wide-echoing through the dark profound:
To the loud call each distant rock replies,
Tost by the storm the frothy surges rise;
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar.
Flash at the shock, and gathering in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep.
See through her shores Trinacra's realms rebound,
Starting and trembling at the bellowing sound;
High-towering o'er the waves the mountains ride,
And clash with floating mountains on the tide.
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas:
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And o'er the level light the valley glides.
The poet's art and conduct we admire,
When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire;
When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
And wraps the crackling stubble in the blaze.
Nor less our pleasure, when the flame divides,
And climbs aspiring round the cauldron's sides;
From the dark bottom work the waters up,
Swell, boil, and hiss, and bubble to the top.
Thus in smooth lines, smooth subjects we rehearse,
But the rough rock roars in as rough a verse,
If gay the subject, gay must be the song;
And the brisk numbers quickly glide along:
When the fields flourish; or the skies unfold
Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.
If sad the theme, then each grave line moves slow,
The mournful numbers languishingly flow,
And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe:
If e'er the boding bird, of night, who mourns
O'er ruins, desolation, graves, and urns,
With piercing screams the darkness should invade,
And break the silence of the dismal shade.
When things are small, the terms should still be so;
For low words please us, when the theme is low.
But when some giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb,
Stalks towering on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce
move.
When each stiff clod beneath the ponderous plough,
Crumbles and breaks; th' encumber'd lines march
slow,
Nor less, when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their surounds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd
sails.
But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away;—
And when the viper issues from the brake;
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and fire, attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.
When night descends; or, stunn'd by numerous
strokes,
And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
And hush their roarings and their rage to peace:

* A modern Latin Poet, born 1490 at Cremona. Died at Alba 1566.

So oft we see the interrupted strain
 Stopp'd in the midst,—and with the silent main,
 Pause for a space—at last it glides again.
 When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw
 His unavailing javelin at the foe;
 (His blood congeal'd, and every nerve unstrung,)
 Then with the theme compiles the artful song;
 Like him the solitary numbers flow
 Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
 Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
 Beats down embattled armies in his course;
 The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
 Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;
 Provokes his flying courser to his speed,
 In full career to charge the warlike steed;
 He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
 He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain

Art of Poetry

FRANCESCA'S ACCOUNT OF HER LOVE.

From the Italian of Dante.*

Translated by H. F. Carey.

As doves

By fond desire invited, on wide wings
 And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
 Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
 They came——
 Then, turning, I to them my speech addressed,
 And thus began—"Francesca! your sad fate
 Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
 But tell me, in the time of your sweet sighs,
 By what and how Love granted that ye knew
 Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
 "No greater grief than to remember days
 Of joy, when misery is at hand. That knows
 Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
 If thou art bent to learn the primal root
 From whence our love got being, I will do,
 As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day
 For our delight we read of Lancelot,
 How him Love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
 Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
 Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
 Fled from our altered cheeks. But at one point
 Alone, we fell. When of that smile we read,
 The wish'd-for smile, so rapturously kissed
 By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
 From me shall separate at once my lips
 All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
 Were I ove's purveyors. In its leaves that day
 We read no more."

[*Inferno. Canto V.*

UGOLINO.

From the same.

Translated by Ichabod Charles Wright.

[Ugolino is seen in the infernal regions gnawing the hairy scalp of his enemy who in this world had confined him and his children in a prison, and left them to die of famine. Ugolino relates his sufferings.]

"WHEN I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,
 I heard my sons, who with me were confined,
 Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.
 Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,

* Dante was born at Florence 1265.—Died 1321.

Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind!
 And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve?
 They were awake; and now the hour drew near,
 Which had been wont to bring their scant repast.
 And each was pondering o'er his dream of fear.—
 When from within the dreadful tower I heard
 The entrance underneath with nails made fast:—
 I gazed upon my boys—nor spake a word.
 I wept not, for my heart was turn'd to stone;—
 My children wept;—and little Anselm cried,
 'What ails thee, father?—strange thy looks are
 grown.'

Yet still I wept not—still made no reply
 Throughout that day, and all the night beside;
 Until another sun lit up the sky.
 But, when a faint and broken ray was thrown
 Within that dismal dungeon, and I view'd
 In their four looks the image of my own,—
 Then both my hands through anguish did I bite;
 And they, supposing that from want of food
 I did so—sudden raised themselves upright,
 And said, 'O father! less will be our pain,
 If thou wilt feed on us:—thou did'st bestow
 This wretched flesh:—'tis thine to take again.'
 Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.
 Two days all silent we remain'd!—O thou
 Hard earth, why did'st thou not beneath us cleave?
 Four days our agonies had been delay'd,
 When Gaddo at my feet his body threw,
 Exclaiming,—'Father! why not give me aid?'
 He died:—and, as distinct as here I stand,
 I saw the three fall one by one, before
 The sixth day closed;—then, groping with my
 hand,
 I felt each wretched corpse, for sight had fail'd;
 Two days I call'd on those who were no more;
 Then hunger—stronger—e'en than grief—prevail'd.
 This said—aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,
 And with his teeth the skull again he tore,
 Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone.

[*Inferno, Canto XXXIII.*

SONNET.

From the Italian of Dante.

Translated by Rev. C. Strong.

SAY, pilgrims, ye that onward journey slow,
 Musing, perchance, on things remote and dear,
 From such far distant people come ye here,
 As from your outward guise ye seem to show?

Why through the mourning city straightway go,
 Your cheeks unmoistened with a single tear,
 All heedless of her sorrow ye appear,
 Like those who never heard her tale of woe.

If ye but stay with wish to hear it told,
 The sighs that rend my breast assure me this,
 That ye would sorely weep ere ye withdrew;

She hath for ever lost her Beatrice—
 And the discourse that one of her might hold,
 Would even strangers' eyes with tears bedew.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Petrarch.**Translated by Archdeacon Wingham.*

CREATURES there are i'th' world, of glance so bold,
That not day's broadest glare offends their sight ;
While others, dazzled with excess of light,
Venture not forth till evening's bell is toll'd :

And some, by veriest foolishness cajoled,
Rush to the gorgeous flame on pinion slight,
And find its tempting lustre not as bright—
With these, alas ! 'tis mine to the enroll'd !

Too weak to bear that beauty's fatal blaze,
To seek retirement's solitary shade
Unknowing, and the silent hours of gloom ;

With tearful eye, by destiny betray'd,
Backward I turn in purblind awe to gaze—
Turn, ah ! too well I feel, to meet my glittering
doom.

SONNET.

From the same, and by the same translator.

A THOUSAND thousand times, my lovely foe,
To purchase peace from your triumphant eyes,
To you my heart I've tender'd : you despise
The humble boon, nor deign to look so low.

And if love's flames for me in others glow,
Still is it theirs to court a hopeless prize :
Nor can it, since to you it worthless lies,
E'er in this breast its ancient station know.

Thus by its master chased, by you denied
Soft solace in its exile, doom'd to hate
Others' society, its own abhorr'd,

Haply it may provoke untimely fate :
Where heavy were the guilt on either side ;
But heaven, Lady, yours, as more you are adored.

SONNET.

*Love does not die with the beauty which first excited it.**From the same.**Translated by Lieut. R. Macgregor.*

[A friend of Petrarch, disappointed in the personal appearance of Laura, is said to have observed, that her beauty neither deserved such high encomium nor such great love: the poet is supposed to have replied in the above sonnet, which paints her, in the bloom of youth, as she appeared during their early acquaintance.]

UPON the light breeze flow'd her golden hair,
In many a mazy ringlet wildly blown,
And in bright lustre from her fine eyes shone
The witching glances which are now so rare ;

And, true or false, methought, she seem'd to wear
Soft Pity's ensign o'er her fair cheek thrown ;
What marvel then that that I, whose breast was sown
With Love's quick seed, such crop so soon should
bear.

* Born 1304.—Died 1374.

Not mortal seem'd her step the green sward on ;
Her form angelic ; and, in each sweet word
Which from her fell, no human voice was heard.
A spirit heavenly, a living sun
Was what I saw ; if *such* not still are found
Now to unbend the bow will never heal the wound.

SONNET.

From the same, and by the same translator.

WHERE is that face whose slightest look could wind
My fond heart where it would, now here, now there ?
Where the twin stars which, from that forehead fair
Shone on my life's dim course with influence kind ?
Where is that talent, prudence, virtue join'd ?
That courteous, clear, mild, modest eloquence,
where ?

And where, all met in her, the graces rare
Which so long ruled at will my captive mind ?
Where is the gentle shade of that sweet mien,
Which calm'd at once my aching spirit's strife,
And smooth'd my brow, where every thought was
seen ?

Ah ! where is she who held in hand my life ?
How great the loss, O wretched world, to thee !
Mine too how great, whose tears must ceaseless be !

SONNET.

*From the same.**Translated by Lady Dacre.*

A TENDER paleness stealing o'er her cheek
Veil'd her sweet smile as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avow'd
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak :

Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in heaven ; so beam'd serene
That pitying thought, by *every eye unseem*
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.

Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love e'er to his fairest votaries lent,
By this were deem'd ungentle cold disdain !

Her lovely looks with sadness downward bent,
In silence to my fury seem'd to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away ?

SONNET.

From the same, and by the same translator.

IF faith most true, a heart that cannot feign,
If love's sweet languishment and chasten'd thought,
And wishes pure by nobler feelings taught,
If in a labyrinth wanderings long and vain,

If on the brow each pang pourtray'd to bear,
Or from the heart low broken sounds to draw,
Withheld by shame, or check'd by pious awe,
If on the faded cheek love's hue to wear,

If than myself to hold one far more dear,
If sighs that cease not, tears that ever flow,
Wrung from the heart by all love's various woe,
In absence if consumed, and chill'd when near,
If these be ills in which I waste my prime,
Though I the sufferer be, yours, lady, is the crime.

CANZONE.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Y^E waters clear and fresh, to whose bright wave
 She all her beauties gave,—
 Sole of her sex in my impassion'd mind !
 Thou sacred branch so graced,
 (With sighs e'en now retraced !)
 On whose smooth shaft her heavenly form reclined !
 Herbage and flowers that bent the robe beneath,
 Whose graceful folds comprest
 Her pure angelic breast !
 Ye airs serene that breathe
 Where Love first taught me in her eyes his lore !
 Yet once more all attest,
 The last sad plaintive lay my woe-worn heart may
 pour !

If so I must my destiny fulfil,
 And Love to close these weeping eyes be doom'd
 By Heaven's mysterious will,
 Oh ! grant that in this loved retreat, entomb'd,
 My poor remains may lie,
 And my freed soul regain its native sky !
 Less rude shall Death appear,
 If yet a hope so dear
 Smooth the dread passage to eternity !
 No shade so calm—serene,
 My weary spirit finds on earth below ;
 No grave so still—so green,
 In which my o'ertail'd frame may rest from mortal
 woe !

Yet one day, haply, she—so heavenly fair !
 So kind in cruelty !—
 With careless steps may to these haunts repair,
 And where her beaming eye
 Met mine in days so blest,
 A wistful glance may yet unconscious rest,
 And seeking me around,
 May mark among the stones a lowly mound,
 That speaks of pity to the shuddering sense !
 Then may she breathe a sigh,
 Of power to win me mercy from above !
 Doing Heaven violence,
 All-beautiful in tears of late relenting love !

Still dear to memory ! when, in odorous showers,
 Scattering their balmy flowers,
 To summer airs th' o'ershadowing branches bow'd,
 The while, with humble state,
 In all the pomp of tribute sweets she sate,
 Wrapt in the roseate cloud !
 Now clustering blossoms deck her vesture's hem,
 Now her bright tresses gem,—
 (In that all-blissful day,
 Like burnish'd gold with orient pearls inwrought,)
 Some strew the turf—some on the waters float !
 Some, fluttering, seem to say
 In wanton circlets tost, "Here Love holds sovereign
 sway !"

Of I exclaim'd, in awful tremor rapt,
 "Surely of heavenly birth
 This gracious form that visits the low earth !"
 So in oblivion lapt

Was reason's power, by the celestial mein,
 The brow,—the accents mild—
 The angelic smile serene !
 That now all sense of sad reality
 O'erborne by transport wild, —
 "Alas ! how came I here, and when ?" I cry,—
 Deeming my spirit past into the sky !
 E'en though the illusion cease
 In these dear haunts alone, my tortured heart finds
 peace.

If thou wert graced with numbers sweet, my song !
 To match thy wish to please ;
 Leaving these rocks and trees,
 Thou boldly might'st go forth, and dare th' assem-
 bled throng.

SONNET.

From the same, and by the same translator.

TH^Y eyes, the face, the limbs of heavenly mould,
 So long the theme of my impassion'd lay,
 Charms which so stole me from myself away,
 That strange to other men the course I hold :
 The crisped locks of pure and lucid gold,
 The lighting of the angelic smile, whose ray
 To earth could all of Paradise convey,
 A hute dust are now !—to feeling cold !
 And yet I live !—but that I live bewail,
 Sunk the loved light that through the tempest led
 My shatter'd bark, bereft of mast and sail :
 Hush'd be the song that breathed love's purest fire !
 Lost is the theme on which my fairy fed,
 And turned to mourning my once tuneful lyre.

SONNET.

From the same, and by the same translator.

Nor skies serene, with glittering stars inlaid,
 Nor gallant ships o'er tranquil ocean dancing,
 Nor gay careering knights in arms advancing,
 Nor wild herds bounding through the forest glade,
 Nor tidings new of happiness delay'd,
 Nor poete, Love's witchery enhancing,
 Nor lady's song beside clear fountain glancing,

In beauty's pride, with chastity array'd ;
 Nor aught of lovely, aught of gay in show,
 Shall touch my heart, now cold within her tomb
 Who was erewhile my life and light below !
 So heavy—tedious—sad—my days unblest,
 That I, with strong desire, invoke Death's gloom,
 Her to behold, whom ne'er to have seen were best.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Lorenzo de Medici.**Translated by the Rev. C. Strong.*

ORT on the recollection sweet I dwell,
 Yea, never from my mind can aught efface
 The dress my mistress wore, the time, the place,
 Where first she fixed my eyes in rapture's spell.

* Died 1492.

How she then looked, thou, Love, rememberest well,
For thou her side hast never ceased to grace,
Her gentle air, her meek, angelic face
The power of language and of thought excel.

As o'er the mountain peaks deep-clad in snow
Apollo pours a flood of golden light,
So down her snowy vesture streamed her hair :

The time and place how vain it were to show !
It must be day where shines a sun so bright,
And paradise where dwells a form so fair.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Matteo Maria Boiardo.*

Translated by the Rev. C. Strong.

Who never on that face has gazed awhile,
The world's sole light that dims the day-star's beam,
Those features bright with intellectual gleam,
That manner so distinct from mortal style ;

Who never saw the bloom of that sweet smile,
Where violets with the rose fresh-budding scum,
Nor listened to her lips' angelic theme,
Sounds th' it with dreams of heaven the sense beguile !

Who never felt that look address his soul,
Whose glance, as lightning sped, awakes the glow
Of kindling passion in the gazer's heart ;

Who never saw the motion soft and slow
Of those dark eyes as they in splendour roll,
Hath yet to learn Love's power, and feel his smart.

MADNESS OF ORLANDO.

From the Italian of Ariosto.*

Translated by John Hoole.

He reach'd a stream that through a meadow led,
Whose vivid turf an emerald carpet spread,
Spangled with flowers of many a dazzling hue,
Where numerous trees in beauteous order grew,
Whose shadowy branches gave a kind retreat
To flocks and naked swains from mid-day heat.
With ponderous cuirass, shield, and helm, oppress'd,
Orlando soon the welcome gales confess'd ;
And entering here to seek a short repose,
In evil chance a dreadful seat he chose ;
A seat, where every hope must fade away
On that unhappy, that detested day.

There, casting round a casual glance, he view'd
Full many a tree, that trembled o'er the flood,
Inscrib'd with words, in which, as near he drew,
The hand of his Angelica he knew.

This place was one, of many a mead and bower,
For which Medoro, at the sultry hour,
Oft left the shepherd's cot, by love inspir'd,
And with Cathay's unrivall'd queen retir'd.
Angelica and her Medoro twin'd,
In amorous posies on the sylvan rind.

* Author of the "Orlando Innamorato." Born 1434.—Died 1494.

† Born 1474.—Died 1533.

He sees, while every letter proves a dart,
Which love infixes in his bleeding heart.
Fain would he by a thousand ways deceive
His cruel thoughts, fain would he not believe
What yet he must—then hopes some other fair
The name of his Angelica may bear.

"But, ah!" he cried, "too surely can I tell
These characters oft seen and known so well—
Yet should this fiction but conceal her love,
Medoro then may blest Orlando prove."

Thus, self-deceiv'd, forlorn Orlando strays
Still far from truth, still wanders in the maze
Of doubts and fears, while in his breast he tries
To feed that hope his better sense denies.
So the poor bird, that from the fields of air
Lights in the fraudful gin or viscous snare,
The more he flutters, and the subtle wiles
Attempt, to 'scape, the faster makes the toils.

Now came Orlando where the pendent hill,
Curv'd in an arch, o'er-hung the limpid rill :
Around the cavern's mouth were seen to twine
The creeping ivy and the curling vine.
Oft here the happy pair were wont to waste
The noontide heats, embracing and embrac'd ;
And chiefly here, inscrib'd or carv'd, their names
Innumerable witness'd to their growing flames.
Alighting here, the warrior pensive stood,
And at the grotto's rustic entrance view'd
Words, by the hand of young Medoro wrought ;
And fresh they seem'd, as when his amorous thought
For bliss enjoy'd his grateful thanks express'd,
And first in tuneful verse his passion dress'd.
Such in his native tongue might sure excel,
And thus, in ours transfus'd, the sense I tell.

"Hail ! lovely plants, clear streams, and meadows
green ;
And thou, dear cave, whose cool-solitude scene
No sun molests ! where she, of royal strain,
Angelica, by numbers woo'd in vain,
Daughter of Galaphron, with heavenly charms
Was oft enfolded in these happy arms !
O ! let me, poor Medoro, thus repay
Such boundless rapture ; thus with every lay
Of grateful praise the tender bosom move,
Lords, knights, and dames, that know the sweets of
love :

Each traveller, or hind of low degree,
Whom choice or fortune leads the place to see ;
Till all shall cry—"Thou Sun ! thou Moon, attend !
This fountain, grotto, mead, and shade defend !
Guard them, ye choir of nymphs ! nor let the swain
With flocks or herds the sacred haunts profane !"

These verses, in Arabian written, drew
The knight's attention, who their idiom knew.
To him full well was many a language known,
But chiefly this, familiar to his own :
Such knowledge sav'd him oft, in distant lands,
From wrong and shame amid the Pagan bands.
But, ah ! no more th' advantage shall he boast,
That in one fatal hour so dearly cost !
Three times he reads, as oft he reads again
The cruel lines ; as oft he strives, in vain,
To give each sense the lie, and fondly tries
To disbelieve the witness of his eyes ;

While at each word he feels the jealous smart,
And sudden coldness freezing at his heart.
Fix'd on the stone, in stiffening gaze, that prov'd
His secret pangs, he stood with looks unmov'd,
A seeming statue ! while the godlike light
Of reason nearly seem'd eclips'd in night.
Confide in him, who by experience knows,
This is the woe surpassing other woes !
From his sad brow the wonted cheer is fled,
Low on his breast declines his drooping head ;
Nor can he find (while grief each sense o'erbears)
Voice for his plaints, or moisture for his tears.
Impatient sorrow seeks its way to force,
But with too eager haste retards the course.
As when a full-brimm'd vase, with ample waist
And slender entrance form'd, is downward plac'd,
And stands revers'd, the rushing waters pent,
All crowd at once to issue at the vent :
The narrow vent the struggling tide restrains,
And scarcely drop by drop the bubbling liquor
drains.

He wishes—hopes—believes some foe might frame
A falsehood to defile his fair-one's name :
Or with dire malice, by the tainting breath
Of jealous rage, to work his certain death.
Yet he, whose'er the foe, his skill had prov'd
In feigning well the characters belov'd.

When now the Sun had to his sister's reign
Resign'd the skies, Orlando mounts again
His Brighadoro's back, and soon espies
The curling smoke from neighbouring hamlets rise.
The herds are heard to low, the dogs to bay ;
And to the village now his lonely way
Orlando takes, there pale and languid leaves
His Brighadoro, where a youth receives
The generous courser ; while, with ready haste,
One from the champion has his mail unbrac'd :
One takes his spurs of gold ; and one from rust
His armour scours and cleanses from the dust.

Lo ! thus the cot, where, feeble with his wound,
Medoro lay, where wondrous chance he found.

No nourishment the warrior here desir'd,
On grief he fed, nor other food requir'd.
He sought to rest, but ah ! the more he sought,
New pangs were added to his troubled thought :
Where'er he turn'd his sight, he still descri'd
The hated words inscrib'd on every side.
He would have spoke, but held his peace in fear
To know the truth he dreaded most to hear.

The gentle swain, who mark'd his secret grief,
With cheerful speech, to give his pains relief,
Told all th' adventure that the pair befel,
Which oft before his tongue was wont to tell
To every guest that gave a willing ear,
For many a guest was pleas'd the tale to hear.
He told how to his cot the virgin brought
Medoro wounded : how his cure she wrought,
While in her bosom Love's impoison'd dart
With deeper wound transfix'd her bleeding heart : *
Hence, mindless of her birth, a princess bred,
Rich India's heir, she deign'd, by passion led,
A friendless youth of low estate to wed.
In witness of his tale, the peasant show'd
The bracelet by Angelica bestow'd,

Departing thence, her token of regard,
His hospitable welcome to reward.

This fatal proof, his well-known present, left
Of every gleam of hope his soul bereft ;
Love, that had tortur'd long his wretched thrall,
With this concluding stroke determin'd all.

At length, from every view retir'd apart,
He gives full vent to his o'erlabour'd heart ;
Now from his eyes the streaming shower releas'd,
Stains his pale cheek, and wanders down his breast ;
Deeply he groans, and, staggering with his woes,
On the lone bed his listless body throws.
But rests no more than if in wilds forlorn,
Stretch'd on the naked rock or pointed thorn.
While thus he lay, he sudden call'd to mind,
That on the couch, where then his limbs reclin'd,
His faithless mistress, and her paramour,
Had oft with love beguil'd the amorous hour.
Stung with the thought, the hated down he flies ;
Not swifter from the turf is seen to rise
The swain, who, courting grateful sleep, perceives
A serpent darting through the rustling leaves.
Each object now is loathsome to his sight :
The bed—the cot—the swain—he heeds no light
To guide his steps, not Dian's silver ray,
Nor cheerful dawn, the harbinger of day.
He takes his armour, and his steed he takes,
And through surrounding gloom impatient makes
His darkling way, there vents his woes alone,
In many a dreadful plaint and dreary groan.
Unceasing still he weeps, unceasing mourns ;
Alike to him the night, the day returns ;
Cities and towns he shuns ; in woods he lies,
His bed the earth, his canopy the skies.
He wonders oft what fountain can supply
His flood of grief ; how sigh succeeds to sigh.
“ These are not tears,” he cried, “ that ceaseless
flow ;

Far other signs are these that speak my woe.
Before the fire my vital moisture flies,
And now, exhaling, issues at my eyes :
Lo ! thus it streams, and thus shall ever spend,
Till with its course my life and sorrows end.
These are not sighs that thus my torments show ;
Sighs have a pause, but these no respite know.
Love burns my heart ! these are the gales he makes,
As round the flame his fanning wings he shakes.
How canst thou, wondrous Love ! surround with fire,
Yet, unconsum'd, preserve my heart entire ?
I am not he, the man my looks proclaim,
The man that lately bore Orlando's name ;
He, by his fair one's cruel falsehood, dies ;
And now, interr'd, her hapless victim lies.
I am his spirit freed from mortal chains,
Doom'd in this hell to rove with endless pains ;
A wretched warning here on earth to prove
For all henceforth who put their trust in love.”

Through the still night, the earl from shade to
shade

Thus lonely rov'd, and when the day display'd
Its twilight gleam, chance to the fountain led
His wandering course, where first his fate he read
In fond Medoro's strains—the sight awakes
His torpid sense, each patient thought forsakes

His maddening breast, that rage and hatred breathes,
And from his side he swift the sword unsheaths.
He hews the rock, he makes the letters fly;
The shatter'd fragments mount into the sky:
Hapless the cave whose stones, the trees whose
rind,

Bear with Angelica Medoro join'd;
From that curs'd day no longer to receive,
And flocks or swains with cooling shade relieve;
While that fair fountain, late so silvery pure,
Remain'd as little from his arm secure:
Together boughs and earthen clods he drew,
Crag, stones, and trunks, and in the waters threw;
Deep to its bed, with ooze and mud he spoil'd
The murmuring current, and its spring defil'd.
His limbs now moisten'd with a briny tide,
When strength no more his senseless wrath sup-
plied,

Proned on the turf he sunk, unnerv'd and spent,
All motionless, his looks on Heav'n intent,
Stretch'd without food or sleep; while thrice the
Sun

Had stay'd, and thrice his daily course had run.
The fourth dire morn, with frantic rage possess'd,
He rends the armour from his back and breast:
Here lies the helmet, there the bossy shield,
Cushes and cuirass further spread the field;
And all his other arms at random strow'd,
In divers parts he scatters through the wood;
Then from his body strips the covering vest,
And bares his smewy limbs and hairy chest;
And now begins such feats of boundless rage,
As far and near th' astonish'd world engage.

His sword he left, else had his dreadful hand
With blood and horror fill'd each wasted land:
But little, pole-ax, sword, or mace he needs
To assist his strength, that every strength exceeds.
First his huge grasp a lofty pine uptears
Sheer by the roots, alike another fates
Of equal growth; as easy round him strow'd,
As lowly weeds, or shrubs, or dwarfish wood.
Vast oaks and elms before his fury fall;
The stately fir, tough ash, and cedar tall.
As when a fowler for the field prepares
His sylvan warfare; ere he spreads his snares,
From stubble, reeds, and furze, th' obstructed land
Around he clears: no less Orlando's hand
Levels the trees that long had tower'd above,
For rolling years the glory of the grove!
The rustic swains that mid the woodland shade
Heard the loud crash, forsook their flocks that
stray'd

Without a shepherd, while their masters flew
To learn the tumult and the wonder view.

[*Orlando Furioso*, Book XXIII.

SONNET.

From the same.

Translated by the Rev. C. Strong.

THE Sun was wrapt in veil of blackest dye,
That floating hung the horizon's verge around
The leaves all trembling moan'd with hollow sound
And bursting thunders peal'd along the sky;

5 o

I saw fierce rain, or icy storm was nigh,
Yet ready stood o'er the rough waves to bound
Of that proud river in whose depths profound
The scorch'd remains of much-wept Phaëton lie;

When turning to the further bank my view,
I caught thine eye's bright beam, and words I heard
That might some day Leander's fate renew;

Instant the threatening clouds all disappear'd,
Shone out the fervent Sun, winds silent grew,
And smilingly the level stream career'd.

TO DANTE.

By Michel Angelo.*

How shall we speak of him, for our blind eyes
Are all unequal to his dazzling rays?
Easier it is to blame his enemies
Than for the tongue to tell his lightest praise.
For us did he explore the realms of woe;
And at his coming did high Heaven expand
Her lofty gates, to whom his native land
Refused to open her's. Yet shalt thou know,
Ungrateful city, in thine own despite,
That thou hast foster'd best thy Dante's fame;
For virtue, when oppress'd, appears more bright,
And brighter therefore shall his glory be,
Suffering, of all mankind, most wrongfully,
Since in the world there lives no greater name.

DUEL BETWEEN TANCRED AND ARGANTES.

From the Italian of Tasso.

Translated by John Hoole.

Now wide-destroying death or pale affright
Remov'd the Pagans from their ramparts' height:
Alone, still fix'd to triumph or to fall,
Argantes turns not from th' abandon'd wall;
Secure he stands, his front undaunted shows,
And singly combats midst a host of foes:
Far more than death he dreads a sullied name,
And, if he dies, would close his days with fame.
Before the rest intrepid Tancred flies
And lifts his falchion, and the chief defies:
Well, by his mien and arms confess'd to view,
His plighted foe the fierce Argantes knew.
"Thus dost thou, Tancred! keep thy faith?" he
"Late art thou come our battle to decide: [cried,
We meet not here as heroes heroes dare;
Thou com'st a base artificer of war!
Those engines are thy guard, those troops thy shield;
Thou bring'st strange weapons to disgrace the field!
Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful strife,
(Thou woman's murderer!) now to 'scape with life!
He said; and Tancred, smiling with disdain,
In words indignant thus replied again:
"Late am I come!—Suppress thy senseless scorn;
Soon shalt thou find too speedy my return;

* Died 1563.

† Born 1544.—Died 1595.

When thou shalt wish, to ease thy doubtful soul,
That 'twixt us Alps might rise, or oceans roll;
And know, by fatal proof too well display'd,
Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor sloth delay'd.
Come, glorious chief! thou terror of the plain,
By whom are heroes quell'd and giants slain!
With me retire, and prove thy boasted might;
The woman's murderer dares thee to the fight!"

Then to his troops—"Withhold your wrathful hands,

This warrior now my sword alone demands;
No common foe; by challenge him I claim;
By former promise mine, and mine by fame."

"Descend," again the proud Circassian cried,
"Or singly, or with aid, the cause decide:
The place frequented or the desert try;
With every odds thy prowess I defy!"

The stern convention made, at once they move,
With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.
Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,
And burns with zeal to take the Pagan's life:
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,
And envies even a drop to vulgar hands.
He spreads his shield, forbids the threatening blow,
And guards from darts and spears his mighty foe.
They leave the walls, impatient of delay,
And through a winding path pursue their way.
At length, amid surrounding hills, they view'd
A narrow valley, black with shady wood;
That seem'd a sylvan theatre, design'd
For chase or combat with the savage-kind.
Here both the warriors stopp'd; when, pensive
grown,

Argantes turn'd to view the suffering town.
Tancred, who saw his foe no buckler wield,
Straight cast his own at distance on the field;
Then thus began—"What means this sudden gloom?
Think'st thou, at last, thy destin'd hour is come?
If such foreboding thoughts a doubt create,
Too late thy prescience, and thy fears too late."

"Yon city fills my mind," the chief replied,
"The queen of nations, and Judea's pride,
That vanquish'd now must fall, while I in vain
Attempt her sinking ruins to sustain:
How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,
Thy life by Heaven devoted to my sword!"

He ceas'd: then wary each to combat drew:
For each his adverse champion's valour knew,
Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.
Argantes tower'd superior by the head,
With larger limbs, with shoulders broader spread.
Now Tancred wheels, now bends to elude the foe,
Now with his sword averts th' impending blow.
But high erect the bold Argantes stood,
And equal art, with different action, show'd:
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,
Against the prince the brandish'd steel he drove.
That, on his art and courage most relies;
This, on his mighty strength, and giant size.

Two vessels thus their naval strife, maintain,
When no rude wind disturbs the watery plain:
• Their bulk though different, equal is the fight,
In swiftness one, and one excels in height.

But while the Christian seeks to reach the foe,
And shuns the sword that seems to threaten the blow,
Full at his face the point Argantes shook;
Then swift, as Tancred turn'd toward the stroke,
He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exulting, said,
"Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd!"
With rage and shame indignant Tancred burn'd,
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd;
Then with his falchion to the boast replies,
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.

Argantes breaks the blow: with shorten'd sword
On him intrepid rush'd the Christian lord:
The Pagan's better hand he seiz'd, and dy'd
With many a ghastly wound his bleeding side.
"Receive this answer," loud the hero cries,
"The vanquish'd to his victor thus replies!"

The fierce Circassian foams with rage and pain,
But strives to free his captive arm in vain:
At length, dependant from the chain, he leaves
The trusty falchion, and his hand reprieves.
Each other now in rude embrace they press'd,
Arms lock'd in arms, and breast oppos'd to breast.
Not with more vigour, on the sandy field,
Great Hercules the mighty giant held.
Such is their conflict, so the warriors strain,
Till both together, sidelong, press the plain.
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or skill,
Bore high his better arm releas'd at will:
But Tancred's hand, that should the weapon wield,
Was held beneath him prisoner on the field.
Full well the Frank th' unequal peril view'd,
And, soon recovering, on his feet he stood.

More slow the Saracen the ground forsook,
And, ere he rose, receiv'd a sudden stroke.
But as the pine, whose leafy summit bends
To Eurus' blast, at once again ascends;
So from his fall arose the Pagan knight
With equal wrath and unabated might.
Again with flashing swords, the war they wag'd:
Now less of art and more of horror rag'd,
From Tancred's wounds appear'd the trickling
blood;

But from Argantes pour'd a crimson flood:
Tancred full soon his feeble arm beheld
Slow and more slow the weighty falchion wield:
All hatred then his generous breast forsook,
And, back retreating, mildly thus he spoke:

"Yield, dauntless chief! enough thy worth is
shown;

Or, me, or fortune, for thy victor own:
I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight,
Nor to myself reserve a conqueror's right."

At this, with rage renew'd, the Pagan burn'd:
"Use what thy fortune gives," he fierce return'd,
"And dar'st thou then from me the conquest claim?
Shall base concessions stain Argantes' fame?
Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize;
This arm shall yet thy senseless pride chastise."
As, near extinct, the torch new light acquires,
Revives its flame, and in a blaze expires:
So he, when scarce the blood maintain'd its course,
With kindled ire recruits his dying force;
Resolv'd his last of days with fame to spend,
And crown his actions with a glorious end.

Grasp'd in each hand, his vengeful steel he took :
 In vain the Christian's sword oppos'd the stroke :
 Full on his shoulder fell the deadly blade,
 Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury stay'd,
 But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his side,
 And stain'd his armour with a purple tide.
 Yet Tancred's looks nor doubt nor fear confess'd ;
 For Nature's self had steel'd his dauntless breast.
 A second stroke the haughty Pagan try'd ;
 The wary Christian now his purpose spy'd,
 And slipt, elusive, from the steel aside.
 Then, spent in empty air thy strength in vain,
 Thou fall'st, Argantes ! headlong on the plain :
 Thou fall'st ! yet (unsubdu'd alike in all)
 None but thyself can boast Argantes' fall !
 Fresh stream'd the blood from every gaping
 wound,

And the red torrent delug'd all the ground :
 Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight
 His bulk supported, and provok'd the fight.
 Again his hand the courteous victor stay'd :
 " Submit, O chief ! preserve thy life," he said :
 But, while he paus'd, the fierce insidious foe
 Full at his heel directs a treacherous blow,
 And threats aloud. Then flash from Tancred's eyes
 The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries :
 " And dost thou, wretch ! such base return afford
 For life so long preserv'd from Tancred's sword ?"
 He said, and as he spoke, no more delay'd,
 But through his vizor plung'd th' avenging blade.
 Thus fell Argantes : as he liv'd he died ;
 Untam'd his soul, unconquer'd was his pride :
 Nor escap'd his spirit at th' approach of death,
 But threats and rage employ'd his latest breath.

Then Tancred in the shruth his sword bestow'd,
 And paid to God the thanks his conquest ow'd :
 But dear his triumph has the victor cost :
 His senses fail, his wonted strength is lost.
 Again he strives to pass the valley o'er,
 And tread the steps his feet had trod before.
 Not far his tottering knees their load sustain,
 His utmost strength he tries, but tries in vain.
 Now, laid on earth, his arm supports his head,
 (His arm that trembles like a feeble reed)
 Each object swims before his giddy sight ;
 The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night ;
 He faints—he swoons ! and scarce to mortal eyes
 The victor differing from the vanquish'd lies.

[Jerusalem Delivered, Book XIX.

SONNET.

To Italy.

From the Italian of Filicaja*.

WHERE is thine arm, Italia ?—Why shouldst thou
 Fight with the strangers ?—fierce alike, to me
 Seem thy defender, and thine enemy ;
 Both were thy vassals once—though victors now.
 Thus dost thou guard the wreath that bound thy brow,
 The wreck of perish'd empire ?—When to thee
 Virtue and Valour pledged their fealty,
 Was this thy glorious promise, this thy vow ?

* Born 1642.—Died 1707.

Go then : reject thine ancient worth, and wed
 Degenerate Sloth : 'midst blood, and groans, and
 cries,
 Sleep on, all heedless of the loud alarms.
 Sleep, vile adulteress : from thy guilty bed.
 Too soon th' avenging sword shall bid thee rise,
 Or pierce thee slumbering in thy minion's arms.

SONNET*.

From the same.

Translated by Rev. C. S. Strong.

ITALIA ! Italia ! O thou on whom was shed
 Beauty's ill-fated gift, whence springs such store
 Of troubles infinite, that anguish sore
 Hath o'er thy brow a cloud of sorrow spread !

Oh ! that thou wert less lovely, or more dread,
 That those might prize thee less, or fear thee more,
 Who now in lovers' guise thy charms adore,
 Yet aim the blow would leave their victim dead !

Then should I no more see, like wasteful flood,
 From Alp the foe pour down, nor Gallic steed
 Drink the Po's wave, that reddens with thy blood.

Nor wouldst thou, girt with weapon not thine own,
 Leave the hired stranger at thy post to bleed—
 In victory or defeat alike o'erthrown.

SONNET.

From the same.

On the Death of Christina, Queen of Sweden.

THE tree, which shaken of its royal boughs
 Gave with its trunk a shelter and a shade—
 Whose broad and towering top to heaven arose,
 High, as in earth its roots were deeply laid—
 Where men the nest of all their hopes had made,
 Whence Virtue sought support amidst her woes,
 The branches of whose glory broadly spread
 From the far West to where the Caspian flows—
 Yields, as its massy roots are rent away,
 And in its mighty ruin buries all
 That in the shelter of its shadow lay.
 It sinks as if the solid world gave way,
 Majestic in the thunder of its fall,
 And mighty, e'en in ruin and decay.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Metastasio†.

WHAT though the stream, that runs uncheck'd its
 race,
 Begins its rugged course in limpid light !
 Soon travel-stain'd, and with retarded pace
 Within some gloomy glen it hides from sight ;
 But, if confined within some narrow space,
 Soon high and strong its waves begin to rise,
 Till lo ! a beauteous fountain draws our eyes,
 And pilgrims turn to gaze upon its grace !

* See stanzas XLII. and XLIII. of the 4th canto of Byron's
 Child Harold, column 1109. They are nearly a literal trans-
 lation of this celebrated sonnet.

† Born 1693.—Died 1782.

Ah me ! that luckless stream am I, which burns
 In every sunbeam—freezes in each frost—
 And, spent and soil'd, to this dark valley turns ;
 Whilst Thou—by holy hopes and thoughts engross'd—

Art that more fortunate Fount, which pure and bright,
 Soars up to Heaven, and sparkles in the light.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Giambattista Cotta.

"THERE is no God," the fool in secret said,
 "There is no God that rules or earth or sky."
 Rend the dark veil that shades the wretch's head,
 That God may burst upon his faithless eye.

Is there no God ? The stars in myriads spread,
 If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
 And his own features in the mirror read,
 Reflect the image of Divinity.

Is there no God ? The stream that silver flows,
 The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
 The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,

All speak of God, throughout one voice agrees,
 And eloquent his dread existence shows ;—
 Blind to thyself, yet see him, fool in these.

SONNET.

From the Italian of Petrocchi.

I ASK'D of Time, "To whom arose this high
 Majestic pile here mouldering in decay ?"
 He answer'd not, but swifter sped his way,
 With ceaseless pinions winnowing the sky.

To Fame I turn'd : "Speak thou, whose sons defy
 The waste of years, and deathless works essay !"—
 She heaved a sigh as one to grief a prey,
 And silent downward cast her tearful eye.

Onward I pass'd, but sad and thoughtful grown,
 When stern in aspect, o'er the ruin'd shrine,
 I saw Oblivion stalk from stone to stone,

"Dread Power," I cried, "tell me whose high
 design"—
 He check'd my further speech in sullen tone,
 "Whose once it was I care not, now, 'tis mine."

SONNET.

To Homer.

From the Italian of Girolamo Fracastoro.

POET of Greece ! when'er thine ample page
 My soul enraptures with its noble strain,
 Whether it be Achilles' high disdain,
 Or wise Ulysses' toilsome pilgrimage,

Methinks that from some mountain's lofty stage
 I see towns, forests, rivers, and blue main,
 There desert wilds, and here the fruitful plain,
 Teeming with countless forms, my sight engage.

Such various climes, rites, laws, thy Muse explores,
 Unfolding sunny banks, and grottos cold,
 Valleys and mountains, promontories, shores,

'T would seem, so Heaven inspires thy genius
 bold,
 That Nature's self but copied from thy stores,
 Thou first great painter of the things of old !

From the Italian of Giovanni Della Casa.

THIS mortal life—that in its rapid night
 Counts but a few brief hours, obscure and cold—
 Had wrapt till now in clouds of thickest fold
 My purer soul, and dimm'd her sacred light.

At length thy mercies burst upon my sight,
 I see how fruits and flowers, and heat, and cold,
 And Heaven's sweet harmonies, by love controll'd,
 Proclaim, eternal God ! thy power and might.

Yea, the pure balmy air, the light so clear
 That the round world to our glad vision shows
 Were raised by thee from chaos dark and drear :

And all that shines on earth, in heaven that glows,
 Out of thick darkness thou hast made appear,
 And at thy word the day and sun arose.

SONNET†.

From the Italian of Giambattista Pastorini.

Written after the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV.

My Genoa, if I view with tearless eye
 Thy beautiful bosom in its blood bedew'd,
 'Tis not a thankless child's ingratitude,
 But that my struggling soul denies a sigh.

I glory in thy ruin'd majesty,
 Stern token of thy courage unsubdued ;
 Where'er I turn I see thy fragments strew'd,
 And in thy peril read thy prowess high.

The noblest triumph is to suffer well,
 And nobly hast thou triumph'd o'er thy foes
 In that immutable tranquillity ;

Still in thine honour'd walls may Freedom dwell ;
 Still may'st thou proudly say amidst thy woes,
 "Yes ! welcome Ruin ; never Slavery."

* This is a very celebrated Sonnet and has given birth to innumerable dissertations of Italian critics and commentators.

† This sonnet is cited by the *Edinburgh Review* as the finest in the Italian language.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

From the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens.**Translated by William Julius Mickle.*

"Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvass swell'd ;
 From these rude shores our fearless course we held :
 Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
 Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
 When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
 And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
 A black cloud hover'd : nor appear'd from far
 The Moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;
 So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,
 Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.
 Meanwhile a hollow hursting roar resounds,
 As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds ;
 Nor had the blackening wave nor frowning heaven
 The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
 Amaz'd we stood—'O thou, our fortune's guide,
 Avert this omen, mighty God,' I cried ;
 'Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,
 Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
 Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
 Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallow'd eye ?
 Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
 Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
 When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore."

"I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
 Appall'd we saw a ludicrous phantom glare :
 High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
 And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd ;
 An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
 Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red ;
 Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
 Sharp and disjoint, his quashing teeth's blue rows ;
 His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
 Revenge and horror in his mien combin'd ;
 His clouded front, by withering lightnings scar'd,
 The inward anguish of his soul declar'd.
 His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
 Shot livid fires : far echoing o'er the waves
 His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
 With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
 Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast,
 Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd
 Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly wan,
 His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fir'd,
 By daring pride, by lust of fame inspir'd,
 Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
 Through these my waves advance your fearless prow,
 Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
 And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
 Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
 Where never hero brav'd my rage before ;
 Ye sons of Lusos, who with eyes profane
 Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
 Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
 To veil her secret shrine from mortal view ;
 Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
 And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend."

"With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
 Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,

The next proud fleet that through my drear domain
 With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,
 That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tost
 And raging seas, shall perish on my coast :
 Then he who first my secret reign descried,
 A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
 Shall drive—Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
 O Lusos ! oft shalt thou thy children wail ;
 Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
 Each year thy sheeted niasts shall strew my shore."

* * * * *

"He paus'd, in act still further to disclose
 A long, a dreary prophecy of woes :
 When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
 And midst his rage the threatening shade confounds :
 'What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air ?
 By Heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare.'
 His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
 And from his breast deep hollow groans arose ;
 Sternly askance he stood ; with wounded pride
 And anguish torn, 'In me, behold,' he cried,
 While dark-red sparkles from his eye-balls roll'd,
 'In me the spirit of the Cape behold,
 That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
 By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
 When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
 With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
 And Afric's southern mound unmov'd I stand :
 Nor Roman prow nor daring Tyrian oar
 Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore -
 Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
 On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
 You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
 And with the human voice disturb my lonesome
 reign."

"He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
 A dolorful sound, and vanish'd from the view :
 The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
 And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell ;
 Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
 And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
 High to the angel host, whose guardian care
 Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
 And Heaven's dread king implore, as o'er our head
 The fiend, dissolved, an empty shadow fled ;
 So may his curses by the winds of Heaven
 Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven !"

[Lusiad, Book V.

GAMA'S ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

From the same and by the same translator.

Now more, serene in dappled gray, arose
 O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows ;
 Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam ;
 Blue o'er the silver flood Malabar's mountains gleam :
 The sailors on the main-top's airy round,
 "Land ! Land !" aloud, with waving hands, resound :
 Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries,
 "Behold, O chief, the shores of India rise !"
 Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
 And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd ;
 Gama's great soul confess'd the rushing swell,
 Prone on his manly knees the hero fell,

* Born 1517.—Died 1579.

"O bounteous Heaven," he cries, and spreads his hands

To bounteous Heaven, while boundless joy commands
No further word to flow. In wonder lost,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools tost,
Now snatch'd by demons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of despair;
Awaked, amazed, confused with transport glows,
And, trembling still, with troubled joy o'erflows;
So, yet affected with the sickly weight
Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,
The hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian shores before his prow unfold:
Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud desire.

O glorious chief, while storms and oceans raved,
What hopeless toils thy dauntless valour braved!
By toils like thine the brave ascend to Heaven,
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly slumbers on the couch of down;
Who proudly boasts through heroes old to trace
The lordly lineage of his titled race;
Proud of the smiles of every courtier lord,
A welcome guest at every courtier's board;
Not he, the feeble son of ease, may claim
Thy wreath, O Gama, or may hope thy fame.
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,
From whose brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,
With manly face unmoved, secure, serene,
Amidst the thunders of the deathful scene,
From horror's mouth dares snatch the warrior's crown,

His own his honours, all his fame his own:
Who proudly just to honour's stern commands,
The dog-star's rage on Afric's burning sands,
Or the keen air of midnight polar skies,
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honest scars;
Who cloth'd in steel, by thirst, by famine worn,
Through raging seas by bold ambition borne,
Scornful of gold, by noblest ardour fired,
Each wish by mental dignity inspired,
Prepared each ill to suffer or to dare,
To bless mankind, his great his only care;
Him whom her son mature experience owns,
Him, him alone heroic glory crowns.

[*Lusiad*, Book VI.]

THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

From the German of Schiller.*

Translated by S. T. Coleridge.

NEVER, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone:

Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
Bacchus! but in came Boy Cupid the smiler;
Lo! Phœbus the glorious descends from his throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!
With divinities fills my terrestrial hall!

* Born 1759.—Died 1805.

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial quire?

Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of un-
buoyance

Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!

Ha! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my
soul!

O give me the nectar!

O fill me the bowl!

Give him the nectar!

Pour out for the poet,

Hebe! pour free!

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Pæan, I cry!
The wine of the Immortals forbids me to die!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

From "The Bride of Messina, a Tragedy."

From the German of Schiller.

Translated by W. C. Hurry.

SAY then what shall we commence
Now that the Princes' strife will cease,
How pass the vacant hours of peace,
From weariness, find what defence?
Somewhat for the coming morrow
Man must fear, and hope, and sorrow,
To bear this lagging being's weight,
The daily sameness of his state,
And with action's fresh'ning breeze
Stir his life from stagnant ease.

One of the Chorus.

How beautiful is peace, a lovely child
He lies all day beside the murmuring brook,
Around him grazing sport the lambkins mild,
Whilst with his plaintive flute's melodious tone
He wakes the echoes from each mountain's nook,
Till evening lulls him to repose alone,—
But war has its honors, war has its charms
Give me the sight and the sound of arms.
Give me for pleasure a lively life
No pause of suspense in the joy of strife.
Give me the endless ebb and flow
Of fortune's sea, now falling low,
Now rising high, amidst hope or hate
The plaything of chance on the billows of fate.
For manhood in peace can scarce be shewn
Idle repose is the grave of might,
The laws befriend the weak alone
They promise to all an equal right.
But war makes way for the strong and the bold
She raises the talents her fields requite,
In them the great and the rare unfold
And even the timid grow brave in the fight.

A Second.

Are not love's temples ever open wide
Does not the world do homage to the fair,

There are the fears of scorn, the hopes beside,
He who delights the eye sits sovran there.
Love raises life's grey tones until they gleam
Like the bright clouds that paint the evening sky
Weaving the images of fancy's dream
In the sad web of dull reality.

A Third.

Leave the flowers of blooming spring,
Let the young pluck garlands there
To a graver god, the service bring
Of our manly age, than to Cupid fair.

The First.

Let us follow, through the forest wild
The stern Diana, patron of the chase
Where the tangled thickets bar the day
Where the roebuck tries his vent'rous race
For hunting is the mace of the fray,
The earnest war-god's ever pleasing bride.
Then let us over the mountains ride
Rising with the dawning light
Merrily out through the foggy dale
Whenever the quavering horns invite.
In the bracing breath of the morning gale
Refreshing our limbs with pure delight.

The Second.

Or shall we rather our lot confide
To the blue, the ever moving tide,
Whose friendly glances like mirror bright
To her boundless, heaving breast invite?
Shall we construct, as a castle afloat
On the dancing waves, a pleasant boat?
For who with hast'ning keel is hurled
O'er the crystal held, for him is the world.
He reaps the crops he has never sown
He is wedded to fortune, she is his own.
For the region of hope is the sea,
Ever the freakish realm of chance,
There the rich in a moment poor may be
And the poorest to princely wealth advance.
Like thought in swiftness, as the wind
Round the compass changes ever,
So fortune's rolling globe we find
Ranging still and resting never.

KNOWEST THOU THE LAND.

From the German of Goethe.*

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's
gloom?

Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the house, with its turretted walls,
Where the chambers are glancing, and vast are the
halls?

Where the figures of marble look on me so mild,
As if thinking: "Why thus did they use thee, poor
child?"

* Born 1749. Died 18—.

Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,
My guide and my guardian, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-covered arch,
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild torrent
march?

In the clefts of it, dragons lie coil'd with their brood;
The rent crag rushes down, and above it the flood.
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,
Our way leadeth: Father! O come let us go!"

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The Lord and the Host of Heaven.

Enter three Archangels.

From the German of Goethe.

Translated by P. B. Shelley.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle roll'd
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may:—
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth, as with a band.
A flashing desolation there,
Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord! revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may;—
Thy world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation's day*.

* RAPHAEL.

The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,
In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres.
And its fore-written circle
Fulfills with a step of thunder.
Its countenance gives the Angels strength,
Though no one can fathom it,
The incredible high works
Are excellent as at the first day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and inconceivably swift
The adornment of earth winds itself round,

BALLAD.

*From the German of Ludwig Uhland.
The Minstrel's Curse.*

So loftily in olden times a royal castle stood,
Wide looked it o'er a landscape of hill, and plain,
and flood;
And round it lay a garden, a bright and flowery ring,
Where flashed in rainbow splendour the gush of
many a spring.

There dwelt a haughty monarch who ruled o'er far
and near,
So pale he sate upon his throne, so gloomy was his
cheer;
And what he thinks is terror, and what he looks is
wrath—
And what he speaks is cruelty, and what he writes
is death.

Once came there to the castle a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden ringlets, the other gray of hair;
The old man bore his cherished harp, and gaily did
he ride,
And his young and gallant comrade went ever by
his side.

Then spake the aged minstrel—"Now be prepared,
my son,
Think o'er our choicest melodies—collect thy deepest
tone—
Thy mirthful and thy passion'd lays be ready thou
to sing,
For all we need to soften the heart of yonder king."

And soon within the pillar'd hall the minstrels both
were seen,
Where sate the throned monarch, and by his side
the queen;
The monarch fearfully arrayed, like the blood-red
Northern glare,
The lady like the glorious moon, so gentle and so
fair;

And exchanges Paradise-clearness
With deep dreadful night.
The sea foams in broad waves
From its deep bottom, up to the rocks,
And rocks and sea are torn on together
In the eternal swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar in emulation
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And make, raging, a chain
Of deepest operation round about.
There flames a flashing destruction
Before the path of the thunderbolt.
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle alternations of thy day.

Thy countenance gives the Angels strength,
Though none can comprehend thee:
And all thy lofty works
Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is a literal translation of this astonishing Chorus; it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a caput mortuum.—*Author's Note.*

The old man touch'd his favourite harp, he touch'd
it wondrous well,
That richer, ever richer rose the music's kindling
swell:
Then poured with heavenly clearness the young
man's strain along,
Betwixt his master's melody, like a happy spirit's
song.

They sang of spring; they sang of love, of the golden
days of youth,
Of freedom and immortal deeds, of virtue and of truth;
They sang of every tender thought that makes the
bosom thrill,
They sang of every lofty deed which makes it loftier
still.

The courtiers ceased from jesting—their hearts were
overawed—
The warriors of the monarch they bowed themselves
to God;
The queen, in love and transport, more melted than
the rest,
Threw down unto the minstrel the rose from out her
breast.

"Ye have misled my people, and dare ye shame my
queen!"
The king cried out in anger, he stepped in wrath be-
tween;
He plunged his weapon, lightning-swift, into the
young man's side,
And marr'd the gush of golden song in nature's rud-
diest tide.

The courtier crowd are scattered in terror and alarm—
The youth hath fallen senseless into his master's arm,
Who wrapp'd his mantle round him, and placed him
on his steed,
And bound the body upright, and left the place with
speed.

But by the lofty portal, there stopped the minstrel gray,
There seized he on his harp which bore the prize
from all away;
And 'gainst a marble pillar that jewel hath he flung,
And spoke, till with his prophet voice the hall and
garden rung—

'Wo to thee, haughty palace! O never may the
strain
Of harp, or lute, or melody be raised in thee again!
No! only may the step of slaves, the sigh and bitter
groan,
Be heard 'till the avenging sprite hath torn thee stone
from stone.

"Wo to ye, airy gardens, in the glorious light of
May!
To you this bleeding corpse, this sight of ruin I dis-
play;
That a spell may come upon ye, that your fountains
may abate,
And that for ever ye may lie destroyed and desolate!"

"Wo to thee, wicked murderer! To bards a curse
and shame—

In vain be all thy strivings for a bloody wreath of
fame:

Forgotten be thy very name—forgotten and for aye,
Lost utterly in empty air, like a wretch's latest sigh!"

The old man hath proclaimed it, and heaven hath
heard his call;

Low lies the haughty palace, and ruin'd is the hall;
And but one pillar standeth yet of all its perished
might,

And that, already cleft in twain, may fall before the
night.

And round, instead of gardens, is a dry and barren
land;

No tree gives shade or shelter, no fountain slakes
the sand;

No song, no roll of chivalry, that monarch's name
rehearse,

Unnoticed—unremembered—that is the Minstrel's
Curse!

TO DEATH.

From the German of Gluck.

MEETINGS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity.

These clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,—
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings:

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day,
Life's tedious nothing o'er,
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;—
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide silent scene!

I cannot doff all human fear,—
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;—
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

5 P

THE SWORD SONG.

From the German of Körner.

By Cyrus Redding.

Thou sword upon my belted vest,
Why glitters thus thy polished crest,
Kindling high ardours in my breast,
From thy bright beams?—Hurrah!

A horseman brave supports my blade,
Proud for a freeman to be made—
For him I shine, for him I wade
Through blood and death.—Hurrah!

Yes, my good sword, behold me free,
In fond affection bound to thee,
As though thou wert betrothed to me,
A first dear bride.—Hurrah!

Soldier of Freedom, I am thine!
For thee alone my beams shall shine
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine
Joined in the field?—Hurrah!

When the shrill trumpet's summons flies,
When red guns flash upon the skies,
Then will our bridal sun arise,
And join our hands.—Hurrah!

O welcome union! haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay!
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To wear thy wreath.—Hurrah!

Why restless in thy scabbard, why,
Thou iron child of destiny?
So wild, as if the battle-cry
Thou heardest now.—Hurrah!

Impatient in my dread reserve,
Restless in battle-fields to serve,
I burn our freedom to preserve
Thus with bright gleams.—Hurrah!

Rest, but a little longer rest,
In a short space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp compest,
Ready for fight.—Hurrah!

Then let me not too long await—
I love the gory field of fate,
Where Death's rich roses blow elate
In bloody bloom.—Hurrah!

Then out, and from thy bondage fly,
Thou treasure of the freeman's eye!
Come, to the scene of slaughter hie,
Our nuptial home.—Hurrah!

Thus be our glorious marriage tie,—
Wedded beneath heaven's canopy;
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky
Glitters my bride.—Hurrah!

Then, forth for the immortal strife,
Thou German soldier's new-made wife !
Glow's not each heart with tenfold life
Embracing thee?—Hurrah !

While in thy scabbard at my side,
I seldom gazed on thee, my bride—
Our hands now joined, we'll ne'er divide ;
Ever in sight.—Hurrah !

Thee sparkling to my lips I press,
And thus my ardent vows profess—
O cursed be he beyond redress
Who parts us now !—Hurrah !

“Come joy into thy polished eyes,
Let thy bright glances flashing rise—
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,
My Bride of Steel.—Hurrah !”

THE RETURN.

From the German of C. Mächler.

Art thou the land with which my fancy teems,
Whose golden plains once brightly round me
shone ?
Which oft hath shed sweet magic o'er my dreams,
And cheer'd me on with hope when feeble grown ?
Art thou the land ? Art thou the land ?
I greet thee, I greet thee, O my fatherland !

Art thou the town, beside the rippling stream,
Toward which, in sadness, oft my eye I've cast ?
Where life's unclouded spring did on me beam,
And the young hours in thrilling pleasure passed ?
Art thou the town ? Art thou the town ?
To thee, to thee I come, O native town !

Art thou the home in which my cradle stood,
Where sorrow's bitter pang I never knew ?
The future there appeared a glowing flood,
The world a path, where joys celestial grew.
Art thou the home ? Art thou the home ?
Receive me once again, paternal home !

Are ye the meads ? Art thou the peaceful vale,
Which oft at silent eve, I've blithely crossed ?
My spirit then would o'er your bound'ries steal,
Until each trace in fading blue was lost.
Are ye the meads ? Are ye the meads ?
Receive me once again, O native meads !

Could I here rest, and rural joys be mine,
The storm would cease—a brighter morning break ;
My pilgrim-staff I'd to the brook consign,
And, borne by friendship, life's last journey take
To thee, O grave—To thee, O grave,
Where rest my fathers ; gladly, then, O grave !

TO EBERT.

From the German of Klopstock.

EBERT, a dark and melancholy thought
Hath seized me ;—vainly o'er the sparkling wine
Thou bidd'st me cherish happier images ;—
I must away and weep,—and haply tears
Will bring relief ; and I will weep away
All sadness !—Soothing tears !—how merciful—
How wise is Heaven !—Companions of man's grief,
Tears, soothing tears, are given ! oh say, could man,
Unblest with tears, unprivileged to weep
His miseries, endure life's weary weight ?
I must away and weep !—this mournful thought
Weights on my heart, and still oppresses me ;—
Ebert—a moment dwell upon the thought—
Our friends—suppose them dead—the quiet grave
Covering all—a silent sanctuary ;—
And we—alone on earth—abandoned here—
Of all that once we loved the sad survivors !—
Are thou not dumb with fear ? does not thine eye
Gleam timid round, then gaze in fixed trance
As tho' the soul had fled ?—thus my sight died
Away, thus trembled I, when the dread thought
First thundered on my soul.—

Red beam of heaven,
That when the wanderer on his homeward road
Thinks of the joys that wait him—of his son
Elate in youthful strength, the blooming cheek
Of his daughter, when already Fancy gives
His wife's embrace,—red beam of heaven, thou
comest ;

In silence thou dost smite, and slay, and wither
The wanderer's bones to dust, then triumphing
Dost seek the heights of heaven ; thus flash'd the
thought

Upon my shuddering spirit, and my eye
Swam round in darkness, and my failing knees
Shivered and sank :—in the silence of the night
I saw the vision of the dead,—I saw
All pass away ;—in the silence of the night
I saw the open graves of all my friends !—

When Giseke's mild eye no longer smiles :—
When worthy Cramer, thou shalt fade removed
From thy loved Rudikin ;—when Gärtner dies,—
And Rabener's voice Socratic breathes no more ;—
When every string in princely Gellert's heart
Hath stilled its music ;—when beyond the grave
Kind-hearted Rothé seeks his old companions ;—
When Schlegel's mourning friends no more receive
Memorials of the exile's changeless love !—
And when in Schmidt's embrace my eye no more
Utters in tears the language of the heart ;—
When Hagedorn—our father Hagedorn—
Sleeps the last sleep ;—what, Ebert, are we then ?—
Coheirs of pain, whom sad fatality
Condemns to linger here. A darker thought
Shadows my soul ; should one of us then die,
And one yet hang on earth, and should I be
That one ; should she too pass into the grave
Whom yet I know not, but whose love shall bless
Long years of after life, and gilds e'en now
Many a lone hour,—should she too pass away

Into the grave*,—and I be left alone,
 A lingerer on earth without a friend,—
 Wilt thou, my soul, thou who wert form'd for
 friendship,
 Behold those desert days, and yet retain
 Thy faculties and feelings? or benumbed,
 Wilt thou forget the past, and slumber on
 In sullen apathy? But shouldst thou wake
 To feel thy wants, undying, suffering spirit;
 But shouldst thou wake, then from the grave call
 back
 The image of my friend, and it will sooth me!

Graves of the dead! beds where my friends repose,
 Why are ye separate? why lie ye not
 Together in one valley or deep grove?
 —Oh! who will lead the lonely gray old man;
 For I would wander on with tottering step
 To plant on every grave a cypress-tree,
 And tend, for after years, the mournful shrub,
 Too young as yet from summer suns to screen
 The lonely mound;—in the silence of the night
 Oft will I see the spirits of my friends
 Upon the stirring boughs;—in some such hour
 Will tremble, gaze on heaven, and weep, and die!—
 Oh bury then the dead beside the grave
 Near which he died! 'Thou, mouldering earth,
 receive
 My tears and me!—

Hence, melancholy dream!
 Oh cease to roll like thunder thro' the heart,
 Dreadful as Judgment;—as Eternity
 Awful!—Dark images, away—the soul
 No longer can support the stunning thought.
 N. R.

THE MOSS ROSE.

From the German.

THE angel of the flowers one day,
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
 That spirit to whom charge is given
 To bathe the young buds in dews of heaven;
 Awaking from his light repose,
 The angel whispered to the Rose:
 'O fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found, where all are fair;
 For the sweet shade thou givest to me,
 Ask what thou wilt 'tis granted thee.'
 'Then,' said the Rose, with deepened glow,
 'On me another grace bestow.'—
 The spirit paused in silent thought,
 What grace was there that flower had not?
 'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
 A veil of moss the angel throws,
 And robed in nature's simplest weed,
 Could there a flower that rose exceed?

RURAL FETES.

*From Jocelyn, a Poem by Lamartine, the French Poet.
 (Translated by an Edinburgh Reviewer.)*

How calm that morn above the valley breaks:
 Each roof to light beneath its light awakes;
 The lattice bolts, with earliest day withdrawn,
 Let in, like some familiar friend, the dawn;
 Slow rising through the air in azure piles,
 The smoke from every humble cottage coils;
 And, bounding through the valleys, runs the knell
 Light-floating, jocund, of the pious bell.
 Roused by the peal, the village maidens peep
 Through their half-opened casements, half asleep;
 Each unto each some kindly greeting sending,
 While some are seen from high balconies bending,
 Combing their tresses, like a shower descending;
 Then with bare feet, and robe that round them swims
 Transparent, such as clasps a statue's limbs,
 Down tripping glide, to cull with rosy fingers
 The flower on which the morning's moisture lingers;
 Whose dewdrops trickling down their necks of snow,
 Like pearls escaping from a neck's lace show,
 Each flowery path that from the wood leads down,
 With steps, with sounds, with voices of its own
 Resounds; straw hats are mingling with the green;
 And crimson stays round slender waists are seen;
 And hurrying groups, that hour on hour glide past,
 Till round the village-elm all meet at last.
 What scenes of kind embrace and happy greeting!
 Gray hairs the brows of youthful maidens meeting—
 Old feelings all revived, old friends regained,
 And stranger guests to rustic feasts constrained.
 The virgins kneeling round the chapel walls,
 The pious groups the pealing bell recalls
 Chaplet in hand, and brows devoutly bent,
 To dedicate to God the day he lent.

How gay with growing eve the dances grew!
 And still the more, the more the day withdrew
 His jealous light; as if to snatch the treasure
 Which time with every moment stole from pleasure.
 Each orchard with its woodland choir was graced,
 Its little band on blocks of timber placed;
 The fife's shrill note, the hautboy's softer tone,
 The pipe slow breathing out its airy groan;
 Lively the one, the other plaintive—blending
 In melody or deep accord, and sending
 Together, or by turns, in varying strains
 The thrill of pleasure through the throbbing veins,
 Eyes seek each other, hands each other press,
 Answering the notes with timid, fond caress.
 Love, like a whirlwind, in his restless sway,
 Bears, two by two, the loving pairs away.
 Feet, hands, and hearts, touched by the spell of love,
 Obedient to the common madness move;
 They meet, they part, but meet as soon as parted:
 So when the summer eve his beams has darted
 Upon the sultry sand that lines the shore,
 A crowd of glittering specks are seen to soar;
 To rise, to sink, now meeting, now divided.
 By some invisible attraction guided,

* This strange conceit about a future mistress is often alluded to in Klopstock's smaller poems; see particularly "De Künftige Geliebte."

A flickering fiery column high uprearing,
And in the sunbeam's radiant sphere careering.

Then later, when the fife and hautboy's voice
Began to languish like a failing voice,
And moistened ringlets by the dance unstrung,
Close to the cheek in drooping tresses clung,
And wearied groups along the darkening green
Gliding, in converse soft and low, were seen,
What sounds enchanting to the ear are muttered !
Adieus, regrets, the kiss, the word half uttered—
My soul was stirred ; my ear with sweet sounds rife
Drank languidly the luscious draught of life ;
I followed with my step, my heart, my eye,
Each maiden that with wearied eyes went by,
Thrilled at the rustle of each silken dress,
And felt that each that passed still left a joy the less.
At last the dance is hushed, the din at rest,
The moon is risen above the mountain's crest ;
Only some lover, heedless of the hour,
Wends homeward, dreaming, to his distant bower ;
Or, where the village-paths divide, there stand
Some loitering couples, lingering hand in hand,
Who start to hear the clock's unwelcome knell,
Then dive and vanish in the forest dell.

And now I am at home, alone. 'Tis night.
All still within the house, no fire, no light.
Let me, too, sleep. Alas ! no sleep is there !
Pray then !—My spirit will not hear my prayer,
My ear is still with dancing measures ringing,
Echoes which memory back to sense is bringing ;
I close my eyes—before my inward glance
Still whirls the fête, still whirls the giddy dance :
The graceful phantoms of the vanished ball
Come flitting by in beauty each and all ;
A glance still haunts my couch ; a soft hand seems
To press my hand, that trembles in my dreams,
Fair tresses in the dance's flight brought nigh,
Just touch my cheek, and like the wind flow by,
I see from maiden brows the roses falling,
I hear beloved lips my name recalling—
Anne, Lucy, Blanche !—Where am I—What is this ?
What must love be, when even love's dream is bliss !

SUMMER RAIN.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

THE rain, the rain, the summer rain !
How sweet this balmy eve !
My footsteps on the velvet grass,
A greener print they leave.
The bird beneath those weeping boughs
(Heaven bless him !) shakes his wing,
And singing to the wind, that makes
A stilly murmuring,
Watches the rain-drops as they fall,
Like pearls from some gay coronal.

The shower, the summer shower is past ;
Again th' unclouded sky
Smiles on the glittering fields, beneath
A silver net that lie.
The streamlet of the plain, grown fierce,
With blades of grass, and store
Of sleeping lizards burthened,
Speeds on, and tumbling o'er
Some dangerous pebble's precipice,
Makes Niagaras to the mice !

Whirling amain on that wild flood,
Some oarless insects sweep,
Perched on a larger insect's wing,
A wreck upon the deep ;
Or, clinging to some floating isle,—
A withered leaf,—they deem
Their troubles light, if, pendant o'er
The brink of that rude stream,
A straw's majestic point appear,
To stop them in their dread career.

The currents o'er the sand have gushed,
The vapours sunward fly ;
The dim horizon, dimmer grown,
Escapes the gazer's eye.
And now a few bright trembling specks,
Like lonely stars are seen ;
Till rushing on the sight, the hills
Have burst the veil between,
While thousand rain-brooks bubbling down,
Stream from their bare and shining crown.

Oh, come—along the humid plain—
Come, by the linden grove,
Thy gentle arm embracing mine !
Alone, we there may rove.
But ere the sloping hill we leave,
A moment turn thine eyes
Where palaces and huts are bright
With sunset's gorgeous dies.
And, on a heaven of darkest blue,
A golden city shuts the view.

Oh see ! from yonder misty roofs,
A thousand smokes ascend ;
There happy hearts and kindred sighs
In sweet communion blend.
The windows flashing in the sun,
A light like torches fling ;
The illuminated city shows
A noiseless triumphing :—
Such be the coarsest lights that fall
On nature's sun-set festival.

The rainbow—oh ! the rainbow, see
Grasping the illumined sky ;
A treasure the Almighty sends,
When rains and tempests fly.
How oft, eternal spheres ! my soul
Has longed for wings of wind,
That some Ithuriel I might crave
The secret to unbind—
To what far worlds of endless day
That golden sun-bridge leads the way.

THE OBSEQUIES OF DAVID THE PAINTER.

Ex-member of the National Convention.**From the French of M. Béranger.*

THE pass is barred ! " Fall back ! " cries the guard ;
 " cross not the French frontier ! "

As with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the funeral
 drew near.

For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no plume,
 no pall can hide,

That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a banished
 regicide !

" But pity take, for his glory's sake," said his chil-
 dren to the guard ;

Let his noble art plead on his part—let a *grave* be
 his reward !

France knew his name in her hour of fame, nor the
 aid of his pencil scorned ;

Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he
 adorned ! "

" That corpse can't pass ! 'tis my duty, alas ! " said
 the frontier sentinelle.

" But pity take, for his country's sake, and his clay
 do not repel

From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth ! "
 cried the mourners, in their turn.

" Oh ! give to France the inheritance of her painter's
 funeral urn :

His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the path-
 less Mont Gothard,

Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse !—let a
grave be his reward !

For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to paint
 her fame he'd lend her :

Let his passport be the memory of his native coun-
 try's splendour ! "

" Ye cannot pass," said the guard, " alas ! (for tears
 bedimmed his eyes)

Though France may count to pass that mount a
 glorious enterprise."

" Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake," cried the
 mourners once again :

" *Her* favourite was Leonidas, with his band of
 Spartan men ;

Did not his art to *them* impart life's breath, that
 France might see

What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Ther-
 mopylae ?

Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the youth-
 ful bosom fired :

Let his passport be the memory of the valour he in-
 spired ! "

* The painter David, then a member of the Convention, had voted for the death of Louis XVI. ; subsequently the imperial artist, whose glorious picturings of " The Passage of the Alps by Bonaparte," of " The Spartans at Thermopylae," and " The Emperor in his Coronation Robes," shed such radiance on his native land. The Bourbons had the bad taste not only to enforce the act of proscription in his case while he lived, but to prohibit his dead body from being interred in the French territory. His tomb is in Brussels, but his paintings form the ornament of the Louvre ; and he has been fortunate enough to be sung by Béranger, thus doubly certain of immortality—*Fraser's Magazine*.

† Born 1780.

" Ye cannot pass."—" Soldier, alas ! a dismal boon
 we crave—

Say is there not some lonely spot where his friends
 may dig a grave ;

Oh ! pity take, for that hero's sake, whom he gloried
 to portray

With crown and palm at Nôtre Dame on his coro-
 nation-day.

Amid that band the withered hand of an aged pon-
 tiff rose,

And blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgiving
 his own woes :

He drew that scene—nor dreamt, I ween, that yet a
 little while,

And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in a
 lonely isle ! "

" I am charged, alas, not to let you pass," said the
 sorrowing sentinelle ;

" His destiny must also be a foreign grave ! "—" 'Tis
 well !—

Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place
 of rest,

And to bear away his banished clay from the land
 that he loved best.

But let us hence !—Sad recompence for the lustre
 that he cast,

Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of
 the past !

Our sons will read with shame this deed (unless my
 mind doth err) ;

And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's
 sepulchre ! "

THE THREE-COLOURED FLAG.

From the same.

COMRADES, around this humble board,

Here's to our banner's by-gone splendour,

There may be treason in that word—

All Europe may the proof afford—

All France be the offender ;

But drink the toast

That gladdens most,

Fires the young heart and cheers the old—

" May France once more

Her tri-color

Blest with new life behold ! "

List to my secret. That old flag

Under my bed of straw is hidden,

Sacred to glory ! War-worn rag !

Thee no *informers* thence shall drag,

Nor dastard *spies* say 'tis forbidden.

France, I can vouch,

Will, from its couch,

The dormant symbol yet unfold,

And wave once more .

Her tri-color

Through Europe, uncontrolled !

For every drop of blood we spent,
 Did not that flag give value plenty ?
 Were not our children as they went,
 Jocund, to join the warrior's tent,
 Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty ?
 France ! who were then
 Your noblemen ?
 Not *they* of parchment-must and mould !
 But they who bore
 Your tri-color
 Through Europe, uncontrolled !

Leipsic hath seen our eagle fall,
 Drunk with renown, worn out with glory ;
 But, with the emblem of old Gaul
 Crowning our standard, we'll recall
 The brightest days of *Jemmappe's* story !
 With terror pale
 Shall despots quail,
 When in their ear the tale is told,
 Of France once more
 Her tri-color
 Preparing to unfold !

Far be the *lawless* ruffian chiel,
 Worse than the vilest monarch he !
 Down with the dungeon and Bastille !
 But let our country never kneel
 To that grim idol, *Anarchy* !
 Strength shall appear
 On our frontier—
 France shall be Liberty's stronghold !
 And Earth once more
 The tri-color
 With blessing shall behold !

O my old flag ! that liest hid,
 There where my sword and musket lie—
 Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid
 Are filling fast a warrior's lid,
 Which thou alone canst dry.
 A soldier's grief
 Shall find relief ;
 A veteran's heart shall be consoled—
 France shall once more
 Her tri-color
 Triumphant unfold !

THE BLIND MOTHER.

From the same.

I.

LISTEN, daughter, listen, Lizzy,
 Whilst your wheel pursues its rounds ;
 At Colin's name your brain is dizzy,
 Your fluttering bosom bounds.
 Ah, of him take heed, and fear ;
 Though I'm blind, I well can hear,
 And the traitor all too near
 Your soft low sighs reveal ;
 Ah, I'm sure it must be so !
 Why the casement open throw ?
 Lizzy, mind your wheel.

II.

" 'Tis warm," you cry ; you're warm, in sooth !
 But do not at the window stand,
 And to the ever-watchful youth
 Cast looks, or kiss your hand.
 You do not like to hear me scold ;
 Ah, Liz, I was not always old,
 Early I learnt that love is bold,
 Lost honour nought can heal,
 And virtue gone, returns no more.
 Ah, I hear some one at the door,
 I do not hear your wheel !

III.

" It is the wind," you cry, " that howls,
 And makes the hinges shake and creak ;"
 And that old dog of mine that growls,
 You silence with a kick.
 Yes, take advantage of three-score ;
 But Colin, Liz, will cheat you more ;
 Take heed you have not to deplore
 The charms you now reveal.
 What ! do my ears hear truly ? yes,
 I hear a deep, soft, tender kiss.
 Liz, you have left your wheel.

IV.

" 'Tis but your little bird," you cry, " it
 Loves at your kissing lips to peck ;"
 Liz, keep that pet of yours more quiet,
 Or I must wring his neck.
 Of one false step beware, beware,
 It cannot be retrac'd, take care ;
 Know, he who leads you to the snare
 Mocks the delight you feel ;
 Ay, mocks you in enjoyment's hour.
 Ah, you are stealing to the bower,
 Liz, Liz, you've left your wheel.

V.

" You go to take a nap," you say ;
 Ah Lizzy, fie, 'tis no such thing !
 Send Colin, (for he's here,) away,
 Or let him bring the ring ;
 And stir not from your mother's side
 Until you go to church a bride ;
 Then, when the gordian knot is tied,
 You need not him conceal.
 So, spin away ; and, Lizzy, hist,
 Get not your thread or fame a-twist !
 You'd better mind your wheel.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

From the French of M. Rouget de l'Isle.*

YE sons of France awake to glory,
 Hark ! what myriads bid you rise,
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary ;
 Behold their tears and hear their cries :

* M. ROUGET DE L'ISLE, author of the words and music of this noble composition, was born at Louis le Saulnier, in the department of the Jura, May 10, 1760. He is now therefore in his seventieth year, enjoying a second spring of hope and glory.

At the breaking out of the first Revolution, M. de l'Isle was an officer of engineers. He adopted the new opinions with fervour, and out of the heat of his patriotism struck the Hymn before us, which is said to have added many thousands to the

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death !

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous kings, confederate, raise ;
The dogs of war let loose, are howling,
And lo ! our fields and cities blaze ;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embru'ing ?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death !

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air :
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore :
But man is man, and who is more ?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death !

O Liberty ! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame ?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield ;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, ye brave, &c.

FIDELITY.

(From the Spanish).

ONE eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river ;

French armies. He was before known as a man of letters and a composer. In 1796 he had produced an ode to Hope (*Hymne a l'Esperance*) and a small dramatic piece entitled *Adelaide and Monville*. From time to time he has subsequently published other pieces, both in verse and prose. We have seen none of them but the *Marseilles Hymn*. It is seldom that a writer has the good fortune to be able to compose such fine music, and at the same time to have written words not unworthy of it.

This great song of liberty was no sooner heard, than it was heard every where. It was shouted in the streets ; it filled the theatres : it was struck up wherever freedom was to be expressed, or tyrants daunted : it was thundered forth by whole armies. A celebrated living poet saw the French army after the battle of Hohenlinden, enter that town, singing the *Marseilles Hymn*, in one mighty and victorious body.—*Leigh Hunt's Tattler*, Sept. 20, 1830.

Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair !

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 't was silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be ?
The Syren wrote upon the shore—
' Death, not Inconstancy !'

And then her two large languid eyes
So turned on mine, that, lackadaisy !
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
With such an eye and such a hand :
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

From the Spanish.

By J. G. Lockhart*.

" My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they 've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."—
"T was thus Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuarez' daughter,
" The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water—
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I cannot tell.

" My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget ;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well.
Oh what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

" My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas ! I cannot

* Son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. He is now editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way,
 He 'll think, a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
 He 'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses
 From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed;
 He 'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble
 My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He 'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
 He 'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—

But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
 And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his
 My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless luckless well
 For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

"I 'll tell the truth to Muça, and hope he will believe—
 That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him
 That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
 His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all
 And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
 And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in

"RECUERDE ET ALMA DORMIDA."

From the Spanish.

O LET the soul its slumber break,
 Arouse its senses, and awake,
 To see how soon
 Life with its glories glides away,
 And the stern footstep of decay
 Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
 Fades from our grasp, and leaves behind
 But grief at last:
 How still our present happiness
 Seems to the wayward fancy less
 Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
 Down which our hasting minutes glide
 Away so fast.

Let us the present hour employ,
 And deem each future dream of joy
 Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
 No happier let us hope to find
 To-morrow than to-day:
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright;
 Like them the present shall delight,
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
 That into one engulfing sea
 Are doom'd to fall:

The sea of death, whose waves roll on
 O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
 Alike the humble riv'lets glide,
 To that sad wave;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the grave.

VIRTUE AND TRUTH.

From the Dutch of Kinker.

Translated by a Westminster Reviewer.

GOODNESS and truth require no decoration;
 They in and through themselves are great and fair;
 All ornament is supererogation,
 Giving false colourings and fictitious air.
 Beauty is virtue's image, truth's best light,
 Virtue and truth its representatives,
 'Tis the grand girdle that, with radiance bright,
 To both—in all that are—their lustre gives.
 To its sublime control all evil bows,
 Or sneaks away, subjected to its reign,
 O'er each defect, a garb of mystery throws,
 Or seeks her midnight nakedness again.
 Error must be the lot of mortal kind,
 But virtue, in life's night, man's guide may be;
 For man's dim eye, so weak—'tis almost blind—
 Scarce looks through mist-damps of mortality.
 Vain is endeavour!—true; but that endeavour,
 It goodness, truth, and virtue testifies,
 Struggles and fails, but fails through weakness ever,
 Yet, failing, pours out light on darken'd eyes.
 Ye vainly dream, obscurers of the earth!
 That all is tending downwards to its fall;
 Vain are your scoffs on manhood, and man's worth,
 And that great tendency which governs all.
 In vain, with fading and offensive flowers,
 Ye hide the chains of mental tyranny:
 Th' unhealthy spirit, lur'd to treacherous bowers,
 May joy in its free-chosen slavery,
 Call what is incomplete, degenerate;
 God's children, bastards; and its curses throw
 At all who bend not at its temple gate,
 Nor to night's image kneel in worship low.
 We see in the unfinish'd, tottering, frail,
 A slowly, surely, sweetly-working leaven,
 And in the childish dreams of life's low vale,
 The faint, but lovely shadowings-forth of heaven.
 We sink not, sacred ones! but flutt'ring tend—
 Tho' weak, we tend tow'rd's God: the word we
 Audibly, bidding us uprise, and wend [hear,
 Our way above man's feebleness and fear.
 An idle toil is slumb'ring man's poor fate,
 And duty neither lovely looks, nor true;
 God's mandate seems despotic—desolate
 His doings—and his voice terrific too.
 Yet duty is but deeds of loveliness,
 And truth is power to make the pris'ner free;
 And he whose self-forg'd chains his spirit press,
 No effort shall arouse from slavery.
 What's true and good demands no decoration;
 It, in and through itself is great and fair.
 All ornament is supererogation,
 Giving false colouring and fictitious air.

EPIGRAMS.

ODD CAUSE OF PRIDE.

JACK his own merit sees. This gives him pride
That he sees more than all the world beside.

A DIFFERENCE.

A HAUGHTY courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets ;
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit ;
The scholar said, *I do* ; and gave him it.

THE HUMOURIST.

Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

GENEROSITY.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend :
Dear Dick ! thou on my friendship may'st depend ;
I know thy fortune is but very scant ;
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see, Dick, in want.
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would
free him :

*—His word he kept—in want he ne'er wou'd see him.

DISINTERESTED ADMIRATION.

STRUT always smiles whenever he recites ;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes ;
And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

A BAD MEMORY.

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free :
Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf :
You wonder that he don't remember me ;
Why so ? You see he has forgot himself.

A FIT REVENGE.

LIE on ! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

A LIKENESS.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own,
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had ;
Ye Gods ! she cries, in ecstasy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art !
Well ! it is wondrous like !—nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip,—the killing eye !
Blunt and severe, as Manly* in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam ! do you say ?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
The canvas painted is, and so are you.

* A character in Wycherly's comedy of *The Plain Dealer*.

A CURE FOR POETRY.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

CHARLES II.

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II. By Lord Rochester.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

A COMPLIMENT.

Written on a glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit ;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

SUICIDE.

By Dr. Sewel.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

WHAT IS A POET ?

By Prior.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool :
By demonstration Ned can show it :
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

ON THE BUSTS IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE.

By Swift.

LEWIS the living learned fed
And raised the scientific head :
Our frugal queen, to save her meat
Exalts the head that cannot eat.

A MISTAKE.

By Prior.

As after noon one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river ;
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.
With skill he chose his sharpest dart ;
With all his might his bow he drew ;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.
I faint ! I die ! the goddess cried :
Oh cruel ! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on ? Parricide !
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak ;
Indeed, Mama, I did not know ye :
Alas ! how easy my mistake !
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

RULE OF LIFE.

By Dr. Doddridge, on his Motto of Dum vivimus, vivamus.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day :
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.—
Lord, in my view let both united be !
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee.

TREASON.

TREASON does never prosper ; what's the reason ?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

ON BUTLER.

On his Monument in Westminster Abbey.

By S. Westley.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch ! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give :
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust !
The poet's fate is here an emblem shown ;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

THE EXCHANGE.

By Coleridge.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping ;
I could not tell the reason why
But Oh ! I trembled like an aspen :
Her father's love she bade me gain ;
I went and shook like any reed !
I strove to act the man—in vain !
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

By the same.

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there.

ON BAD POETS.

By the same.

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

ON A BAD TRANSLATION.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it, no doubt,
For sure I am, that murder will come out.

ON A BAD FIDDLER.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well,—he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddlestick.

THE SURPRISE.

By Thomas Moore.

CHLORIS, I swear by all I ever swore
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.
"What ! love no more ? Oh ! why this altered vow ?"
Because I cannot love thee more than now.

A SPECULATION.

By the same.

OF all speculations the market holds forth
The best that I know for a lover of pelf
Is, to buy _____ up at the price he is worth³
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

TIMID LOVE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.
That grief that on my quiet preys—
That rends my heart—that checks my tongue—
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715. By Dr. Trapp.

THE king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment ; for why ?
That learned body wanted loyalty :—
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Answered by Sir William Browne.

THE king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force.
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

A COURT AUDIENCE.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport,
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd ; began to call,
"Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale :
"My lord ! why, 'tis a monstrous thing !
"You snore so loud—you'll wake the king."

A GLOSSARY.

A.

Achate, *n. Fr.* purchase.
 Achatour, *n. Fr.* a purchaser, a caterer.
 Adoun, *adv. Sax.* downward.
 Adrad, adrade, *part. pa. of adrede, v. Sax.* afraid.
 Afile, *v. Fr.* to file, polish.
 Again, *prep. Sax.* against, toward, *adv.*
 Agen, *adv.* again.
 Ageyne, again.
 Aggrate, to please.
 Alderbest, best of all.
 Ale-stake, *n. Sax.* a stake set up before an alehouse by way of sign.
 Alyate, always.
 Allé, all.
 Aller, of all, *gen. plu.*
 Alyve, alive.
 Anadem, a diadem.
 Anelace, *n.* a kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the girdle.
 Araie, array.
 Archchimie, alchemy.
 Arerage, *n. Fr.* arrear.
 Arette, *v. Fr.* to impute to.
 Arwes, arrows.
 Assoile, *v. Fr.* to absolve, to answer, assoileth, *imp. m. 2d pers. pl.*
 Astoned, astonished, *part. pa. Fr.* confounded, astonished.
 At, *atte, prep. Sax.* at after souper, as soon as supper was finished; at day, at break of day; at on, of one mind.
 Auditour, auditor.
 Aulf, elf.
 Avise, consideration.

B.

Banning, cursing.
 Baren, bore.
 Barre, *n. Fr.* a bar of a door, a stripe.
 Baudrick, belt.
 Bauldricks, belts.

Becke, *v. Fr.* to nod.
 Bede, *v. Sax.* to order, to bid, to offer, to pray; to bede his necke, to offer his neck for execution.
 Beforen, beforme, *adv. and prep. Sax.* before.
 Ben, *inf. m. Sax.* to be, *pr. t. pl. are, part. pa. been.*
 Benison, *n. Fr.* benediction.
 Berd, beard.
 Besmotred, *part. pa. Sax.* smutted.
 Besprent, besprinkled.
 Beste, *n. Fr.* a beast.
 Binne, be.
 Blake, black.
 Bledde, bled.
 Bokeler, buckler.
 Bokes, books.
 Boras, *n. Fr.* borax.
 Borde, *n. Sax.* a table.
 Bote, *n. Sax.* remedy, help, profit.
 Bote, *v. Sax.* to help.
 Bote, *pa. t. of bite, v. Sax.* bit.
 Bracer, *n. Fr.* armour for the arm.
 Brache, a dog.
 Breame, bream, a fish.
 Breres, *n. pl. Fr.* briars.
 Bretful, quite full.
 Brode, broad.
 Burdoun, *n. Fr. bourdon*, a humming noise, the bass in music.
 Burgeis, burgess.
 Burgeon, to bud or shoot.

C.

Cappe, *n. Lat.* a carp or hood; to set a man's cap, to make a fool of him.
 Carfe, *pa. t. of carve, v. Sax.* cut.
 Carpe, to talk.
 Cas, *n. Fr. cas*, chance, upon *cas*, by chance.
 Cattel, cattle.
 Ceruse, *n. Fr.* whitelead.
 Chapman, *n. Sax.* a merchant or trader.

Chere, *n. Fr.* countenance, appearance, entertainment, good cheer.
 Chevachie, *n. Fr.* an expedition.
 Chevisance, *n. Fr.* an agreement for borrowing of money.
 Chiste, chest.
 Chivachee, *n.* as chevachie.
 Clepe, *v. Sax.* to call, to name.
 Clote, clout, a rag; *clouet*, a nail; *clouette*, the white mark of a butt.
 Compere, companion.
 Compleignen, complain.
 Contrefete, *v. Fr.* to counterfeit, imitate.
 Copesmate, a purchaser.
 Corage, *a. Fr.* heart, inclination, spirit, courage.
 Cordewane, *n. Fr.* cordouan, Spanish leather so called from Corduba.
 Cosin, *n. Fr.* a cousin or kinsman: it is sometimes used adjectively, allied, related.
 Coverchiefs, *n. pl. Fr.* headclothes.
 Countour, *n. Fr.* a steward or accountant.
 Courtepy, a short cloke of coarse cloth.
 Couth, couthe, coulede, *pa. t.* of conne, knew, was able, *part. pa.* known.
 Covin, fraud.
 Crois, *n. Fr.* a cross.
 Croppe, *n. pl. Sax.* the extremities of the shoots of vegetables; now in the crop, now at the top: *crope* and *rote*, root and branch; the whole of a thing.
 Crull, *adj. Sax.* curled.
 Culpous, *n. pl. Fr.* shreds, logs.
 Curteis, *adj. Fr.* courteous.

D.

Dede, deed.
 Defalk, to cut off.
 Deinte, dainty, valuable.
 Deis, the raised floor of a hall.
 Del, *n. Sax.* a part; never a del, not a bit; every del, every part.
 Delen, to deal.
 Delit, *n. Fr.* delight.
 Delve, *v. Sax.* to dig.
 Deliver, nimble.
 Depe, deep.
 Despitous, *adj.* angry to excess.
 Deth, death.
 Dight, *v. Sax.* to dispose, to dress.
 Digne, proud.
 Dill, to sooth.
 Disport, *v.* to divert.
 Diswitted, E.
 Dome, *n. Sax.* judgment, opinion.
 Don, to do, to put on.
 Driehed, sorrow.

E.

Elles, *adv. Sax.* else; elles what, any thing else; elles wher, elsewhere.
 Embrouded, *part. pa. Fr.* embroidered.
 Ensampl, exsample.

Ensude, followed.
 Envyned, furnished.
 Erlich, early.
 Escheve, *eschue*, *v. Fr.* to shun, to decline.
 Ese, *n. Fr.* pleasure.
 Ese, *v.* to accommodate.
 Esloyne, to remove.
 Essoine, *n. Fr.* a legal excuse.
 Essoyne, excuses.
 Estatelich, *adj.* stately.
 Everich, *adj. Sax.* every one of many, each of two.
 Every, chone, one.
 Eyen, *n. pl. Sar.* eyes.

F.

Fader, father.
 Falding, a kind of coarse cloth, *Sk.*
 Farsed, stuffed.
 Fay, *n. Fr.* faith.
 Fayre, *adj. Sax.* fair.
 Fer, far.
 Ferre, *comp.* further.
 Fere, *n. Sax.* a companion, a wife, in fere, together, in company.
 Ferme, *n. Fr.* a farm.
 Ferthing, *n. Sar.* a farthing, any very small thing; no ferthing—of grese, not the smallest spot of grease.
 Fetise, *adj.* well made, neat.
 Fetisely, *adv.* neatly, properly.
 Fette, fetched.
 Fidel, *n. Sax.* a fiddle.
 Finch, *n. Sar.* a small bird; to pull a finch, was a proverbial expression, signifying to strip a man by fraud of his money, &c.
 Fine, fin, *n. Fr.* end.
 Fine, *v. Fr.* to cease.
 Fine, *adj. Fr.* of fine force, of very necessity.
 Fleeings, E. fleecing, scouring.
 Flete, *v. Sax.* to float, to swim.
 Flete, *for* fleteth.
 Fleting, *part. pr.*
 Floyting, playing on the flute.
 Forneis, furnace.
 Forpined, *part. pa. Sax.* wasted away, tormented.
 Forster, *n. Fr.* a forester.
 Fortunen, to make fortunate.
 Foule, *v. Sax.* a bird.
 Foure, four.

G.

Galingale, sweet cyperus.
 Garner, *n. Fr.* a granary or store-room.
 Gat-tothed, this word is not understood.
 Gaudes, borders.
 Gere, *n. Sax.* all sorts of instruments; of cookery, of war, of apparel, of chemistry; in hir quaint geres, in their strange fashions.
 Gerlond, *n. Fr.* a garland, the name of a dog.
 Get, fashion.
 Gipciere, *n. Fr.* a pouch or purse.
 Gipon, *n. Fr.* a short cassock.

Gise, *n.* *Fr.* guise, fashion; at his owen gise, in his own manner, as he would wish.

Gnarre, *n.* a hard knot in a tree.

Goliardeis, *Fr.* This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Goliath, the real or assumed name of a man of wit toward the end of the 12th century.

Gon, *inf. m. Sax.* to go; so mote I gon, so may I fare well; so mote I ride or go, so may I fare well riding or walking, *i. e.* in all my proceedings. See Go.—Gon, *par. t. pl. part. pa.* gone.

Goth, *imp. d. perf. pl.* go ye.

Grame, grief.

Gris, fur.

Grisly, *adj. Sax.* dreadful.

Grope, to search.

Grundsel, threshold.

H.

Habergeon, *n. Fr.* a diminutive of hauberg, a coat of mail.

Halwes, holy things.

Haveour, behaviour.

Hed, *n. Sax.* head; on his hed, on pain of losing his head.

Hem, *obl. c. pl.* of he, them. See Him.

Heng, *pa. t. and part.* of hang.

Hente, *v. Sax.* to take hold of, to catch.

Herberwe, *n. Sax.* an inn, a lodging—the place of the sun:—herber, an arbour.

Heres, hai.

Hethe, beath.

Heve, *v. Sax.* to heave, to raise—*v. neut.* to labour.

Hight, *n. Sax.* heighth, on hight seems to signify—aloud, in a high voice: *en haut, Fr.*

Highte, *v. Sax.* called.

Hine, a farm servant.

Hir, *pron. poss. Sax.* their.

Hire, *obl. c.* of she, *pron. Sax.* is often put for herself, and without the usual preposition. See Him.

Hire, *pron. poss. Sax.* her.

Hishewe, (probably issue.)

Hode, hood.

Holly, *adv.* entirely, wholly.

Holt, for holdeth.

Holwe, hollow.

Honde, *n. Sax.* a hand; an honde-brede, an hand's breadth; withouten honde, without being pulled by any hand—Honden, *pl.*

Hosen, breeches.

Hostelrie, *n. Fr.* an inn or lodging-house.

Hote, *adj. Sax.* hot.

Hove, *v. Sax.* to hover.

Hydagies, (*Hida* is a quantity of land.)

I. J.

Ilke, *adj. Sax.* same.

Induth, investment.

Jofite, jollity.

Juste, to fight as knights.

K.

Kell, the cawl or omentum.

Kirtel, *n. Sax.* a tunick or waistcoat, in kirtels and none other wede; *qui estoient en pure cottes*, orig.

Knobbes, *n. pl. Sax.* excrescences in the shape of buds or buttons. See Knoppe.

L.

Las, *n. Fr.* a lace—a snare.

Laton, *n. Fr.* a kind of mixed metal of the colour of brass.

Lazar, *n. Fr.* a leper.

Leese, false.

Lene, to lend.

Lere, lerne, *v. Sax.* to learn, to teach—Lered, *p.* learned.

Lest, list, lust, *n. Sax.* pleasure.

Leste, liste, luste, *v.* to pleasure; it is generally used as an impersonal, in the third person only, for it pleaseth or it pleased; him luste to ride so, it pleased him to ride so; wel to drink us leste, it pleased us well to drink; if you lest, if it please you; me list not play, it pleaseth me not to play.

Leste, *adj. Sax. superl. d.* least, at the leste way, at the leste, at least.

Leste, for last.

Letarge, lethargy.

Lettuarie, *n. Fr.* an electuary.

Lich, (*a corpse.*)

Lif, *life.*

Limbec, alembec.

Limitour, *n.* a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.

Lin, to stop, to cease.

Liste, *v.* See Leste.

Lite, *adj. Sax.* little

Loche, a medicine.

Lodemanage, pilotage

Longen, to belong.

Love-days, days appointed for settling disputes.

Luce, *n. Lat.* the fish called a pike.

Luste, *v.* See Leste.

M.

Maistrie, the art of medicine.

Male, *n. Fr.* a budget or portmanteau.

Manciple, a steward.

Mede, *n. Sax.* reward, a meadow.

Mède, methe, meth, *n. barb. Lat.* mead, a liquor made of honey.

Medlee, *adj.* of a mixed stuff or colour.

Mere, to divide.

Mete, *adj. Sax.* fitting, convenient.

Mete, *n. Sax.* meat; during the metes space, during the time of eating.

Mete-borde, *n. Sax.* an eating-table.

Mewe, *n. Fr.* a cage for hawks while they mew or change their feathers, a cage in general, or any sort of confinement; in mewe, in secret.

Meynd, mind.
 Mickle, much.
 Mochel, moche, *adj. Sax.* great in quantity, in number, in degree—*adv.* much, greatly.
 Moile, to dirty.
 Molte, *pa. t.* of melte, *v. Sax.* melted, *part. pa.*
 Mone, *n. Sax.* the moon—lamentation.
 Monumised, freed.
 Mormal, *n.* a cancer or gangrene.
 Mortrewes, *n.* It seems to have been a rich broth or soup, in the preparation of which the flesh was stamped or beat in a mortar, from whence it probably derived its name, *unc mortreusc.*
 Morwe, *n. Sax.* the morning ; in the morning of the following day—To-morwe, means the following day, and it includes the whole day ; to-morwe at night.
 Mote, *v. Sax.* must, may ; Moten, *pl.*
 Motteleé, motley.
 Mull, rubbish.

N.

Narwe, *adj. Sax.* close, narrow ; when they hem narwe avise, when they closely consider their conduct.
 Nathelesse, natheles, *adv. Sax.* not the less, nevertheless.
 Nede, *n. Sax.* need, necessity.
 Nede, *v.* is generally used as an impersonal ; it nedeth thee nought teche ; nedeth him no dwale ; neded no more to hem to go ne rid.
 Nete, *n. Sax.* neat cattle.
 Nightertale, night-time.
 None, *n. Fr.* the ninth hour of the natural day, nine o'clock in the morning ; the hour of dinner.
 Nones, for the nones, for the occasion.
 Nonne, *n. Fr.* a nun.
 Nose-thirles, nostrils.
 Not-hed, a head like a nut.
 Nouthc, *adv. Sax.* now.

O.

O, one.
 Offertorie, *n. Fr.* a part of the mass.
 Othe, oath.
 Overest, uppermost.
 O'y, yes.

P.

Palmeres, *n. pl.* pilgrims to foreign parts.
 Panim, pagan.
 Parde, pardieu, a common French oath.
 Pardoner, a priest, who sold indulgences.
 Paruis, portico, a place of resort for lawyers.
 Peine, *n. Fr.* penalty ; up peine of deth. See Up.—Grief, torment, labour.
 Penada, panada ?
 Perrie, *n. Fr.* jewels, precious stones.
 Perse, *adj. Fr.* sky-coloured, of a bluish gray.
 Personé, a parson.
 Pifled, rather piled, *part. pa. Fr.* pelé, bald.

Pilwe, *n. Sax.* a pillow,
 Pilwe-bere, *n. Sax.* the covering of a pillow.
 Pitous, *adj. Fr.* merciful, compassionate, exciting compassion.
 Plein, *adj. Fr.* full, perfect.
 Pomelee, dappled.
 Poudre-marchant, (unknown sort of spice.)
 Pouraille, low people, beggars.
 Pourchas, acquisition.
 Pourtraie, to draw a picture.
 Prickasour, *n.* a hard rider.
 Pris, *n. Fr.* price, praise ; it be prys, or it be blame, *Conf. Am.* 165.
 Proyn, to prune.
 Purified, *part. pa. Fr.* worked upon the edge.

Q.

Quite, *adj. Fr.* free, quiet.
 Quite, *v. Fr.* to requite, to pay for, to acquit.
 Qutte, *part. pa.* requited.

R.

Raught, *pa. t.* of ræcan, *v. Sax.* reached ; on his way he raught, he sprang forth on his way.
 Raught, *pa. t.* of reccan, *v. Sax.* cared, recked.
 Reallich, *adv.* royally.
 Reck, care.
 Redde, red, *pa. t.* of rede, *v. Sax.*
 Rede, *n. Sax.* advice, counsel, a reed.
 Rede, *v. Sax.* to advise, to read, to explain.
 Rede, *adj. Sax.* red.
 Reeve, robber.
 Refte, rift, *n. Sax.* a chink or crevice.
 Reguerdon, reward.
 Reule, rule.
 Reve, *n. Sax.* a steward or bailiff.
 Reve, *v. Sax.* to take away.
 Rewe, *v. Sax.* to have compassion, to suffer, to have cause to repent.
 Reysed, travelled.
 Rive, *v. neut. Sax.* to split, to fall asunder.
 Rote, root.
 Rouncie, *n. barb. Lat.* a common hackney horse.

S.

Sampler, a pattern.
 Sange, saug.
 Sanguin, *adj. Fr.* of a blood-red colour.
 Sausefeme, a composition, of which two of the ingredients are brimstone and quicksilver : some explain it *pimpled*.
 Sautrie, *n. Fr. Gr.* a musical stringed instrument.
 Scathe, *n. Sax.* harm, damage.
 Scole, school.
 Scolere, scholar.
 Seche, such, to seek.
 See, *v. Sax.* to see ; God you see ; God him see ; may God keep you or him in his sight ; God you save and see ; to look ; on to see—to look on—that ye wolden sometimes look friendly on me see ; that ye would sometimes look friendly on me.

See, *n. Sax.* the see ; the grete see.
 Seele, seal?
 Seint, a girdle.
 Seke, *v.* to seek.
 Seke, *adj. Sax.* sick.
 Semeliche, semely, *adj. Sax.* seemly, comely.
 Semicope, *n.* a half or short cloak.
 Sen, sene, *inf. m. of se, part. pa.*
 Sendalle, a silk stuff.
 Seson, season.
 Sethe, *v.* to boil.
 Sethe, for sethed, *pa. t.*
 Sette, *v. Sax.* to place, to put ; setteth him down, placeth himself on a seat ; yet sette I cas, yet I put the case, or suppose—to put a value on a thing, to rate ; I n'olde sette his sorrow at a myte, I would not value his sorrow—to sette a man's cappe, to make a fool of him. Sette *pa. t.*
 Seyl, sail.
 Shamefast, *adj. Sax.* modest.
 Shamefastnesse, bashfulness.
 Shapelich, *adj. Sax.* fit, likely.
 Shefe, *n. Sax.* a bundle ; a sheaf of arrows ; sheaves, *pl. of corn.*
 Sheld, *n. Sax.* a shield ; sheldes, *pl.* French crowns, called in *Fr. ecus*, from their having on one side the figure of a shield.
 Shepe, sheep.
 Shoon, shoes.
 Shope, shaped.
 Shrive, to confess.
 Sikerly, *adv.* surely.
 Sin, *adv. Sax. abbrev.* of sithen, since.
 Sithe, for sithes, *n. pl. Sax.* times.
 Sithen, sith, *adv. Sax.* since.
 Sithes, *n. pl. Sax.* scythes.
 Sle, *v. Sax.* to kill, to slay.
 Sleight, *n. Sax.* contrivance.
 Sligh, sly.
 Smale, small.
 Smerte, *v. Sax.* to smart, to suffer pain.
 Smerte, seems to be used as an *adv.* smartly, Gloss *v.* Forthought.
 Snewe, *v. Sax.* to snow, to be in as great abundance as snow.
 Snibbe, *v. Sax.* to snub, to reprove.
 Solempne, *adj. Fr.* solemn.
 Somdel, *adv. Sax.* somewhat, in some measure.
 Sommer, *n. Sax.* summer ; a sommer game.
 Sompnour, *n.* an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an Apparitor.
 Songes, songs.
 Sop, *n. Fr.* a piece of bread dipped in any sort of liquor ; he toke a soppe. *Conf. Am.* 104.
 Sote, *n. Sax.* soot.
 Sote, swote, *adj. Sax.* sweet.
 Sote, *n. Fr.* a fool.
 Soted, *part. pa. Fr.* fooled, besotted.
 Soth, sothly, *adv.* truly.
 Sothe, *n. Sax.* truth.
 Soules, souls.
 Soun, *n. Fr.* sound, noise.
 Souning, agreeing with.
 Sparwe, sparrow.

Speken, speak.
 Spiced, spiced, applied to conscience, seems to signify nice, scrupulous.
 Standergrass,
 Stede, stead.
 Stente, *v. Sax.* to cease, to desist.
 Stepe, *adj.* seems to be used in the sense of deep, so that eyen stepe may signify eyes sunk deep in the head.
 Sterre, *n. Sax.* a star.
 Stonden, *part. pa.* of stonde or stande, *v. Sax.* stood.
 Stot, *n. Sax.* probably for stod, a stallion.
 Stoynd, astonished.
 Strandes, strands.
 Streite, *adj. Fr.* straight ; streite, swerd.
 Stremes, *n. pl.* the rays of the sun.
 Swiche, *adj. Sax.* corruption of swilke, such.
 Swilled, to swell, also to swallow.
 Swinke, *n. Sax.* labour.
 Swinken, worked.
 Swinker, worker.

T.

Tabard, a sleeveless coat, or jacket.
 Taffetas, silk stuff.
 Taille, *n. Fr.* a tally, an account scored on a piece of wood.
 Takel, *n. Sax.* an arrow.
 Tapiser, a maker of tapestry.
 Tapstere, *n. Sax.* a woman who has the care of the tap in a public house ; that office formerly was usually executed by women.
 Targe, *n. Fr.* a sort of shield.
 Tawnyhued, brown complexion.
 Thilke, *adj. Sax.* this same, that same.
 Thomb, thumb.
 Thrie, thries, *adv. Sax.* thrice.
 Throwe, a time.
 Tollen, take toll.
 Tormentel, well proportioned.
 Tretis, long and well proportioned.
 Trewe, *n. Fr.* a truce.
 Trewe, *adj. Sax.* true, faithful.
 Trompe, trumpet.
 Tway, two.

U. V.

Vavasour, *n.* the precise import of this word is obscure ; perhaps it means the middling class of landholders.
 Venerie, hunting.
 Veray, *adj. Fr.* true.
 Verdite, *n. Fr.* judgment, sentence.
 Vermelle, vermilion.
 Vernicle, *n.* diminutive of *Veronike*, *Fr.* a copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome.
 Viage, *n. Fr.* a journey by sea or land.
 Vitaille, *n. Fr.* victuals.

W.

Waide, *v.* to pass.
 Wan, *pa. t.* of win, *v. Sax.* gained.
 Wastel-brede, cake-bread, bread made of the finest flour, from the French *gâteau*, a cake.
 Webbe, a weaver.
 Welkin, *n. Sax.* the sky.
 Werche, *n.* and *v.* as Werke.
 Weren, *pa. t. pl.* of am. *v. Sax.* were.
 Werke, *v. Sax.* to work,
 Werre, *n. Fr.* war,
 Whan, when.
 Whelkes, blotches.
 Whit, white.
 Whootings, hootings.
 Wimple, *n. Fr.* a covering for the neck; it is distinguished from a veil, which covered the head also.
 Win, to get.
 Wiste, *pa. t.* of wiste, *v. Sax.* knew.
 Wittol, a cuckold.
 Wolde, *pa. t.* would wolden, *pa. t. subj. m.* wolde God! God wolde! O that God were willing! ne wolde God! God forbid!
 Wold, *part. pa.* willed, been willing,
 Wone, *v. Sax.* to dwell.
 Wone, custom, *v.* to dwell.
 Woned, *part. pa.* wont, accustomed.
 Woning, *n. Sax.* a dwelling.

Woning, dwelling.
 Wood, mad.
 Wrack, to afflict.

Y.

Yaf, gave.
 Yave, *pa. t.* of yeve, gave.
 Y-be, *part. pa.* been.
 Y-chaped, *part. pa.* furnished with chapes, from *chappe, Fr.*
 Y-chaped, handled.
 Y-cleped, named.
 Yeddinges, would seem to mean story-telling.
 Yefe, give.
 Yelwe, yellow.
 Yeman, *n. Sax.* a servant of middling rank; a bailiff—Yemen, *pl.*
 Yerde, *n. Sax.* a rod or staff, sod, earth.
 Yeven, yeve, *part. pa.* given.
 Y-falle, *part. pa.* fallen.
 Y-piked, *part. pa.* picked, spruce.
 Y-pinched, } the Saxon form of the past participle.
 Y-taught, }
 Y-ronne, y-ronnen, *part. pa.* run.
 Yse, *n. Sax.* ice.
 Y-shorne, cut.
 Y-teyed, tied.
 Y-wimpled, *part. pa.* veiled, covered with a wimple.

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